

CELESTIAL & SONGS



COMPILED BY
R.F. BEVERIDGE

SELECTION OF
900
CHOICE PIECES

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MCMXXI.

CELESTIAL SONGS

A COLLECTION OF 900

CHOICE HYMNS AND CHORUSES

SELECTED FOR ALL KINDS OF

Christian Gatherings, Evangelistic Work,

Solo Singers, Choirs, and the

Home Circle

Compiled and Edited by

R. F. BEVERIDGE

"In psalms and hymns and spiritual songs singing
with grace in your hearts to the Lord" (Col. 3. 16).

PICKERING & INGLIS

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EDITIONS AND BINDINGS
OF
CELESTIAL SONGS

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HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

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R. F. BEVERIDGE.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

- I.—"O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things; His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise" (Psalm 98. 1, 4).
II.—"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth" (Rev. 5. 9, 10).

"**CELESTIAL SONGS**" Hymn Book is a combination of the Compiler's previous publications: "Triumphant Melodies," "Gospel Harmonies," and "New Songs of Grace," with nearly 200 extra pieces added, many of which have been selected from the latest and best books obtainable, and are published in this country for the first time. The book also contains new and original hymns, both words and music, composed exclusively for the present collection. The extra pieces include many of the fine old Scots Psalm tunes, old favourite hymns and Revival melodies, without which no modern hymn book would be complete, and also several of the plaintive Jubilee songs which moved the hearts of the people when sung by the Jubilee Singers.

An examination of the book will show that it is eminently suitable for all kinds of Christian conferences and evangelistic meetings, with a large number of specially selected pieces for the great army of Gospel singers who devote their time and talents to the service of the Master in the ministry of song. All are arranged and classified under their proper headings.

Thousands of hymns have been examined, the very best, both old and new, have been selected, and no expense has been spared to make the hymn book one of the most unique and useful of its kind. The correspondence and labour involved have been great, but the Compiler received every kindness and encouragement from the many authors and copyright owners of the hymns published, some of whom granted their contributions gratuitously, while other pieces were obtained at quite a reasonable fee.

Every effort has been made to trace the various owners, who are scattered all over the world, but in a few instances this has been unsuccessful, and if any infringement has been unwittingly and certainly unintentionally committed, it is hoped that the same will be forgiven.

The majority of the hymns have been tried and tested for many years, and have stood the test, and we are sure that those who have listened to and received help and comfort through the messages contained in the songs will be glad to possess in one full volume that which they appreciated and loved in former years.

While a great measure of blessing attended the earlier compilations, it is anticipated that even greater and more lasting results through the spread of the Gospel in the lives and homes of the people, the building up of Christian character, and the encouragement to all engaged in aggressive Gospel effort, will be achieved by this complete publication. This is our earnest hope, and if fulfilled, then, in the words of Hymn No. 148, we can sincerely say:

"I SHALL FEEL LIKE GIVING HIM THE GLORY."

THE COMPILER.

PREFACE.

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CELESTIAL SONGS.

1

O Worship the King!

R. GRANT.

W. CROFT.

1. O wor - ship the King all - glor - ious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. This earth with its store of won - ders un - told, Al - might - y, Thy
4. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

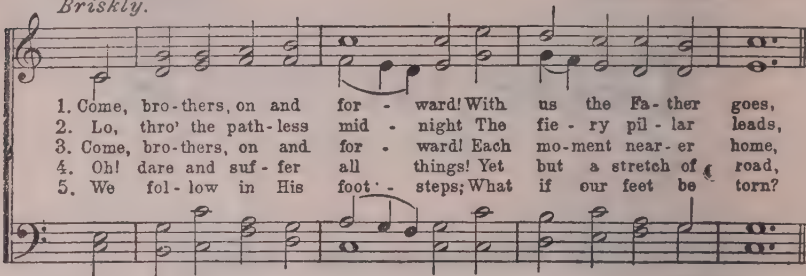
1. sing His power and His love, Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
2. light, Whose can - o - py space. His char - iots of wrath deep
3. power hath found - ed of old, Hath 'established it fast by a
4. air; it shines in the light; It streams from the hills; it de -

1. An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendour, and gird - ed with praise.
2. thun - der - clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. changeless de - cres, And round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
4. scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.

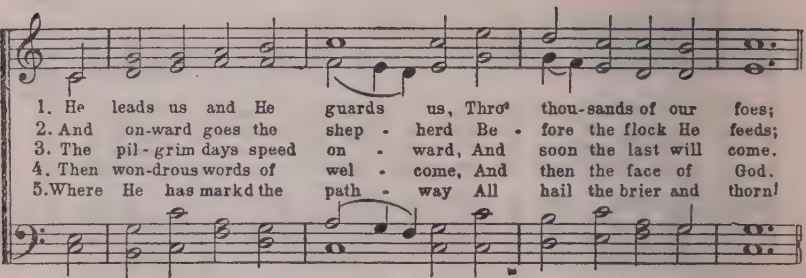
Come, Brothers, on.

Tr. By Frances Bevan.
Briskly.

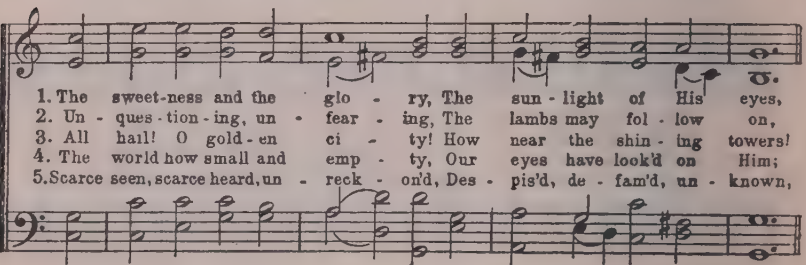
Melchior Teschner, 1613.



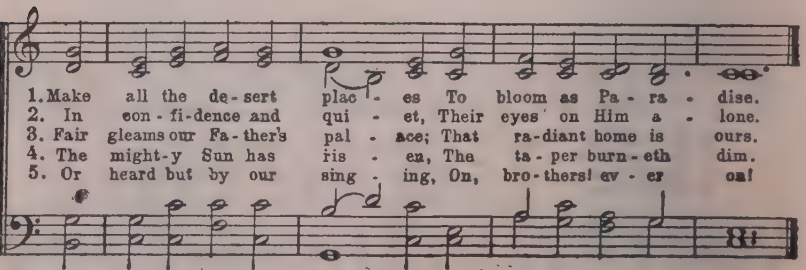
1. Come, bro - thers, on and for - ward! With us the Fa - ther goes,
 2. Lo, thro' the path - less mid - night The fie - ry pil - lar leads,
 3. Come, bro - thers, on and for - ward! Each mo - ment near - er home,
 4. Oh! dare and suf - fer all things! Yet but a stretch of road,
 5. We fol - low in His foot - steps; What if our feet be torn?



1. He leads us and He guards us, Thro' thou - sands of our foes;
 2. And on - ward goes the shep - herd Be - fore the flock He feeds;
 3. The pil - grim days speed on - ward, And soon the last will come.
 4. Then won - drous words of wel - come, And then the face of God.
 5. Where He has mark'd the path - way All hail the brier and thorn!



1. The sweet - ness and the glo - ry, The sun - light of His eyes,
 2. Un - ques - tion - ing, un - fear - ing, The lambs may fol - low on,
 3. All hail! O gold - en ci - ty! How near the shin - ing towers!
 4. The world how small and emp - ty, Our eyes have look'd on Him;
 5. Scarce seen, scarce heard, un - reck - on'd, Des - pis'd, de - fam'd, un - known,

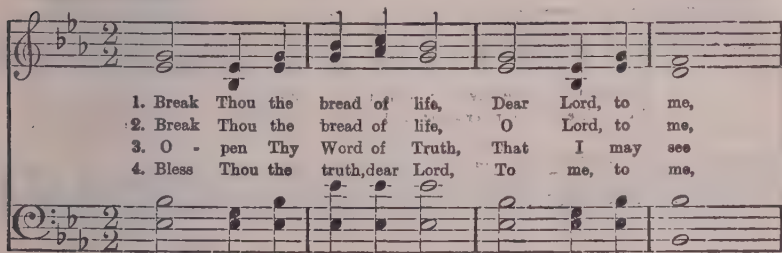


1. Make all the de - sert plac - es To bloom as Pa - ra - dise.
 2. In con - fi - dence and qui - et, Their eyes' on Him a - lone.
 3. Fair gleams our Fa - ther's pal - ace; That ra - diant home is ours.
 4. The might - y Sun has ris - en, The ta - per burn - eth dim.
 5. Or heard but by our sing - ing, On, bro - thers! av - er on!

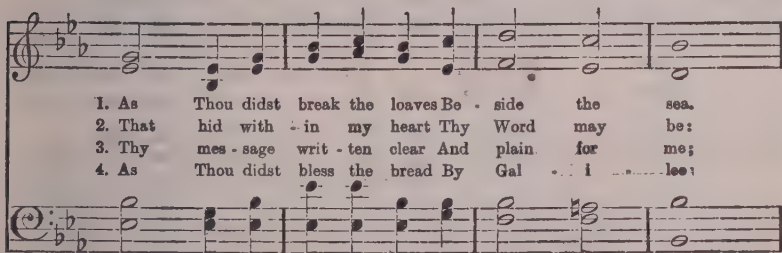
3 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY

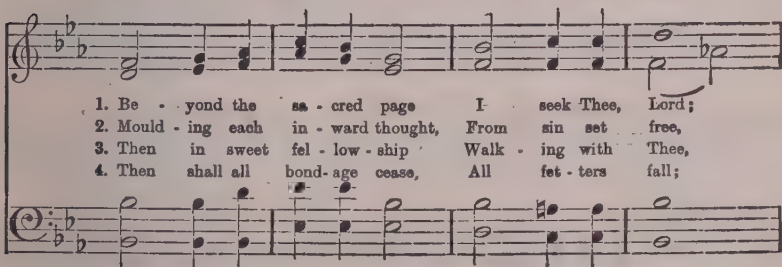
W. F. SHERWIN.



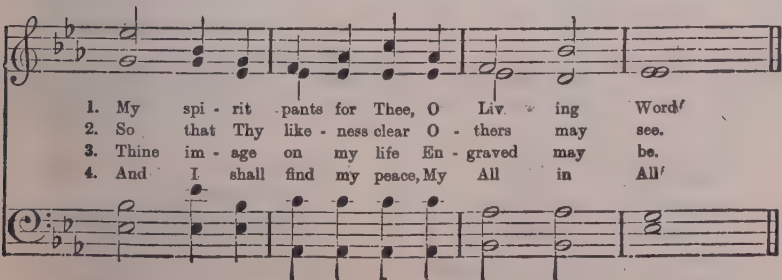
1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
 2. Break Thou the bread of life, O Lord, to me,
 3. O - pen Thy Word of Truth, That I may see
 4. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me,



1. As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea.
 2. That hid with - in my heart Thy Word may be:
 3. Thy mes - sage writ - ten clear And plain for me;
 4. As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee:



1. Be - yond the as - cred page I seek Thee, Lord;
 2. Mould - ing each in - ward thought, From sin set free,
 3. Then in sweet fel - low - ship Walk - ing with Thee,
 4. Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters fall;



1. My spi - rit pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
 2. So that Thy like - ness clear O - thers may see.
 3. Thine im - age on my life En - graved may be.
 4. And I shall find my peace, My All in All!

The Everlasting Word.

Arranged by R. G. M. from MENDELSSOHN.

1. Thou art the Ev - er - last - ing Word, The Fa - ther's on - ly
 2. In Thee most per - fect - ly ex - pressed, The Fa - ther's glo - ries

Son, God man - i - fest - ly seen and heard, And
 shine, Of the full De i - ty pos - sessed, E

rit. CHORUS.
 heaven's be - lov - ed One. } Wor thy, O
 ter - nal - ly di - vine.

Lamb of God, art Thou, That ev - 'ry knee to Thee should bow.

2. True Image of the Infinite,
 Whose essence is concealed,
 Brightness of uncreated light,
 The heart of God revealed.

4. But the high myst'ries of His name
 An angel's grasp transcend;
 The Father only (glorious claim)!
 The Son can comprehend;

5. Yet loving Thee, on Whom His love
 Ineffable doth rest;
 Thy members all, in Thee—above,
 As one with Thee are blest.

6. Throughout the universe of bliss,
 The centre Thou, and Sun,
 Th' eternal theme of praise is this,
 To heaven's beloved One;

Eternal Praise, the Lord is mine!

Dedicated to my Brother—Sapper J. E. BEATTIE, R.E.—
saved in France while on Active Service, 7th August, 1917.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

1. E - ter - nal praise, the Lord is mine ! No tongue my joy can tell ;
2. Such love sub - lime on me bestowed, Tho' I de - served it not :
3. Once in the Lord, for e - ver His, Im - mor - tal life is mine ;

Je - sus has snapped the chains that bound, De - li - vered me from hell.
Love, that re - claimed my way - ward heart When I my God for - got.
No pow'r can pluck me from His Hand—Se - cure thro' grace Di - vine.

CHORUS.

I will praise Him ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! Praise Him joy - ful - ly !.....

He has saved me ! Hal - le - lu - jah ! For e - ter - ni - ty !

4.

Though earth's foundations rend beneath,
And clouds the sky o'ercast,
Steadfast upon the Rock I stand,
Which shall through ages last.
I will praise Him ! etc.

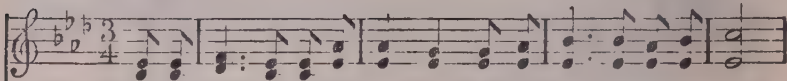
5.

Oh, joy supreme ! my happy song
With grateful heart I'll raise,
To Him who reigns beyond the sky
Through everlasting days.
I will praise Him ! etc.

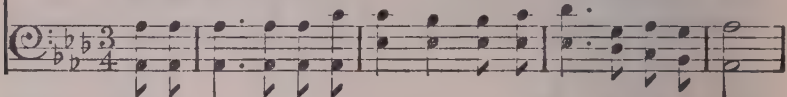
Revive the Hearts of All.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. God is here, and that to bless us With the Spi - rit's quick'ning pow'r:
2. God is here! we feel His pre - sence In this con - se - crat - ed place;
3. God is here! oh, then, be - liev - ing, Bring to Him our one de - sire,
4. Sa - viour, grant the pray'r we of - fer, While in sim - ple faith we bow,



1. See, the cloud al - read - y bend - ing, Waits to drop the grateful show'r.
2. But we need the soul re - fresh - ing Of His free, unbounded grace.
3. That His love may now be kind - led, Till its flame each heart in - spire.
4. From the win - dows of Thy mer - cy Pour us out a bless - ing now.



CHORUS.

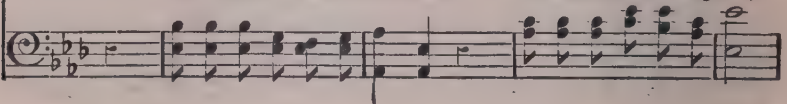
Let it come,

Let the show'r



Let it come, O Lord, we pray Thee,

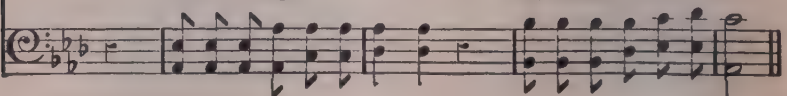
Let the show'r of bless - ing fall;



We are wait - ing, we are wait - ing, Oh, re - vive the hearts of all.

We are waiting,

Oh, re - vive



7 To God be the Glory.

"Who doeth great things" (Job v. 9).

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To God be the glo - ry, great things He hath done, So lov'd He the
 2. O per - fect re - demp - tion, the pur - chase of blood, To ev - 'ry be -
 3. Great things He hath taught us, great things He hath done, And great our re -

1. world that He gave us His Son, Who yield - ed His life an a -
 2. liev - er the pro - mise of God; The vil - est of - fen - der who
 3. joic - ing thro' Je - sus the Son; But pur - er, and high - er, and

D.S. O come to the Fa - ther thro'

1. tone - ment for sin, And o - pen'd the Life Gate that all may go in.
 2. tru - ly be - lieves, That mo - ment from Je - sus a par - don re - ceives.
 3. great - er will be Our won - der, our trans - port when Je - sus we see.

FINE.

Je - sus the Son, And give Him the glo - ry, great things He hath done.

REFRAIN.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear His

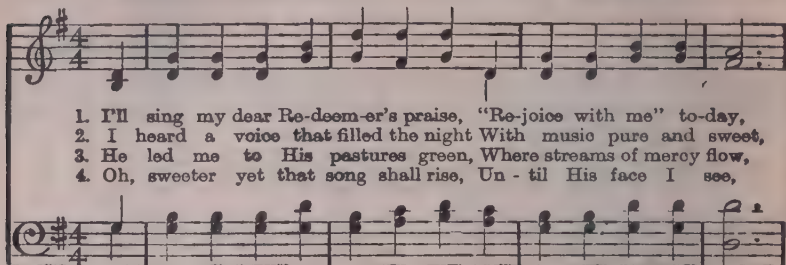
D.S.

voice, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the peo - ple re - joice.

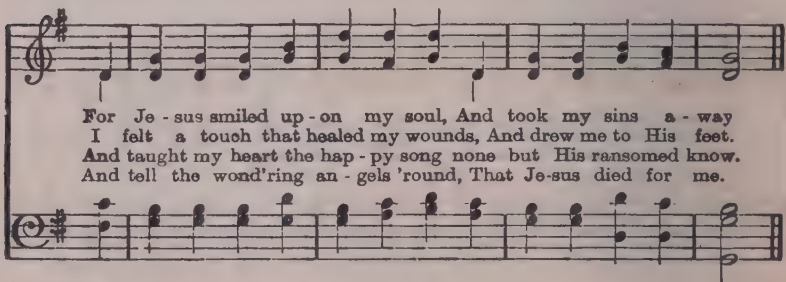
8 I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

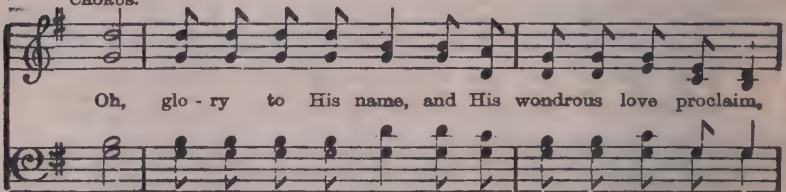


1. I'll sing my dear Re-deem-er's praise, "Re-joice with me" to-day,
2. I heard a voice that filled the night With music pure and sweet,
3. He led me to His pastures green, Where streams of mercy flow,
4. Oh, sweeter yet that song shall rise, Un - til His face I see,

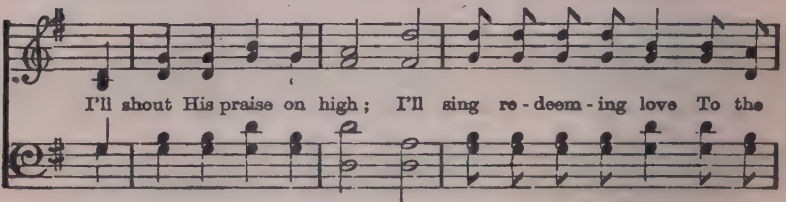


For Je - sus smiled up - on my soul, And took my sins a - way
I felt a touch that healed my wounds, And drew me to His feet.
And taught my heart the hap - py song none but His ransomed know.
And tell the wond'ring an - gels 'round, That Je-sus died for me.

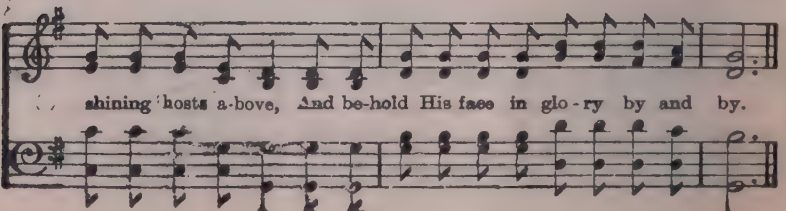
CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ry to His name, and His wondrous love proclaim,



I'll shout His praise on high; I'll sing re-deem-ing love To the



shining hosts a-bove, And be-hold His face in glo-ry by and by.

Blessed and Holy One!

DAVID J. BEATTIE.
Prayerfully.

"WAUCHOPE."

J. MOUNTAIN, D.D.

1. Bless - ed and ho - ly One, Dwell Thou with me !
 2. Help - less I am, and poor, With love grown cold ;
 3. Stay ev - 'ry an - gry word, Rule Thou my will ;
 4. All that I am and have, Lord, now I give ;

Fain would I ev - 'ry hour Com - mune with Thee.
 O Sa - viour, Lord, to me Thy grace un - fold :
 With heav'n - ly Christ - like love My bo - som fill :
 And ask not, but hence - forth For Thee to live :

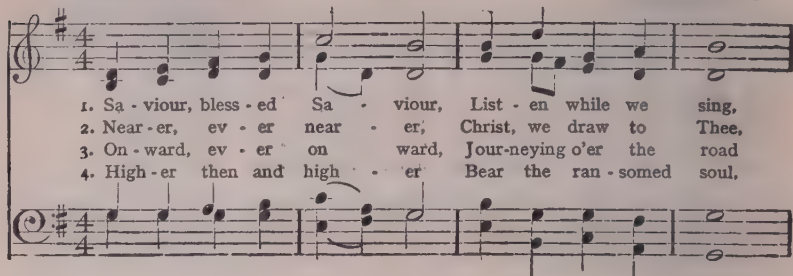
Si - lence earth's strife with - out ; Come, Lord, draw near ;
 Fan now love's smoul - d'ring flame, Il - lume my soul ;
 Quench ev - 'ry i - dle thought, That I may be
 Un - known doth lie the path— Be Thou my Guide ;

Still Thou my throb - bing breast, Dis - pel each fear !
 I would more faith - ful - ly Thy name ex - tol.
 A ves - sel pu - ri - fied, And meet for Thee.
 Un - til life's days shall close, With me a - bide !

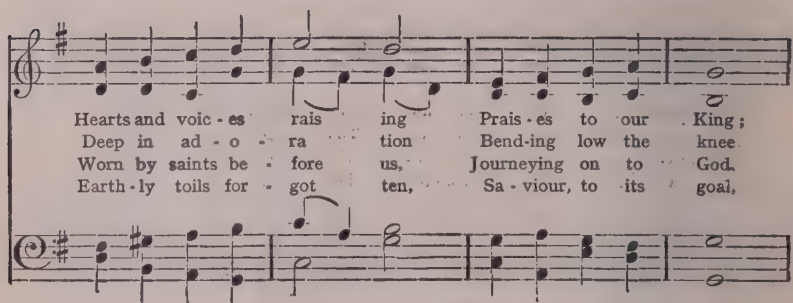
G. THRING.

"EDINA."

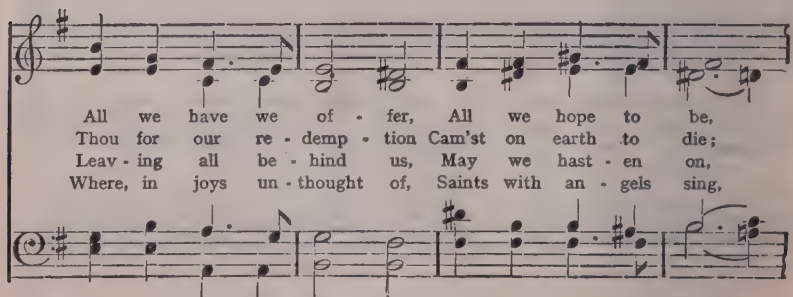
H. S. OAKELEY.



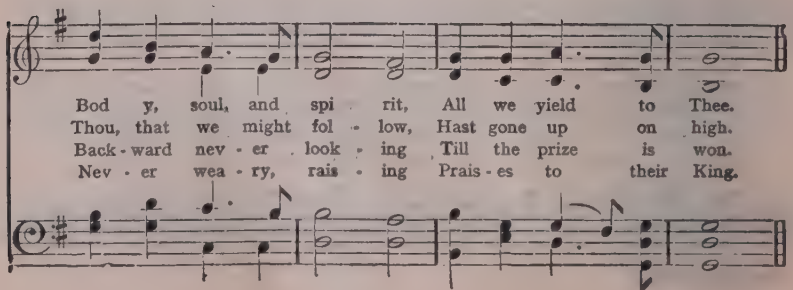
1. Sa - viour, bless - ed Sa - viour, List - en while we sing,
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee,
 3. On - ward, ev - er on ward, Jour - ney - ing o'er the road
 4. High - er then and high - er Bear the ran - somed soul,



Hearts and voic - es rais ing Prais - es to our King;
 Deep in ad - o - ra tion Bend - ing low the knee.
 Worn by saints be - fore us, Jour - ney - ing on to God.
 Earth - ly toils for - got ten, Sa - viour, to its goal,



All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be,
 Thou for our re - demp - tion Cam'st on earth to die;
 Leav - ing all be - hind us, May we hast - en on,
 Where, in joys un - thought of, Saints with an - gels sing,



Bod y, soul, and spi rit, All we yield to Thee.
 Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high.
 Back - ward nev - er look - ing Till the prize is won.
 Nev - er wea - ry, rais - ing Prais - es to their King.

11 My Song shall be of Jesus.

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth" (Psalm xxxiv. 1).

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

W. H. DOANE.

1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days, He
 2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When sit - ting at His feet, I
 3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While press - ing on my way, To

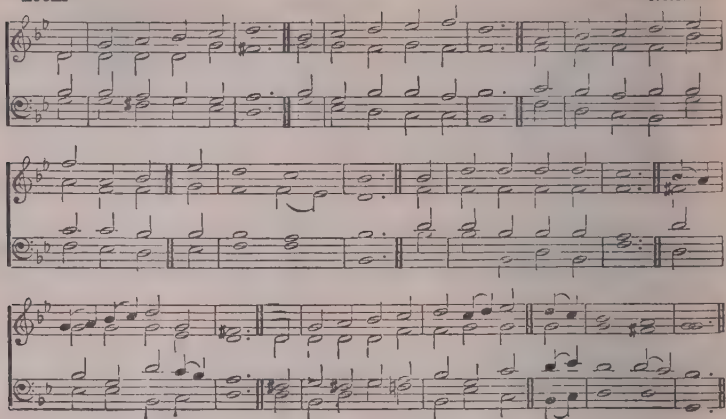
1. fills my cup with bless - ings, And tunes my heart to praise; My
 2. call to mind His good - ness, In med - i ta - tion sweet: My
 3. reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day; And

1. song shall be of Je sus, The pre - cious Lamb of God, Who
 2. song shall be of Je - sus, What - ev er ill be - tide; I'll
 3. when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair, A

1. gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood,
 2. sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.
 3. song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for ev er there.

"Leoni"

6.6.8.4. D

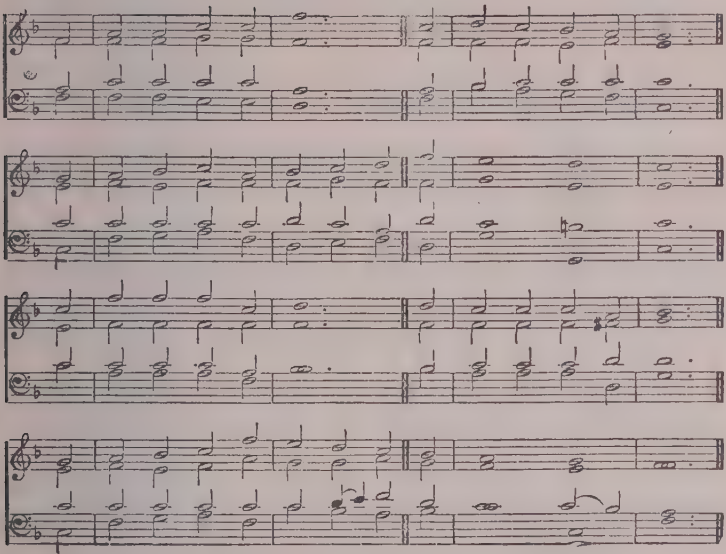


- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blessed.
- 2 The God of heaven praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek my joys
At His right hand.
He calls me to forsake
Earth's wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my pilgrim days.
In all my ways:
He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on eagle-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

Salvation to our God!

"Abraham"

6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.

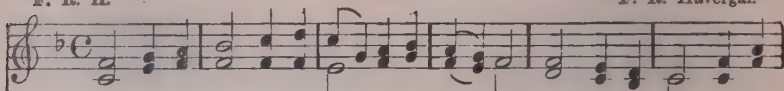


- 3 **SALVATION to our God!**
 Salvation to the Lamb!
 The shedding of His precious blood
 Our only claim.
 Our God salvation gives,
 And through the Lamb it flows;
 Once slain for us—for us He lives,
 Our sole repose.
- 2 **The Lamb once slain is seen**
 On God's eternal throne:
 And His redeemed are white and clean,
 Through Him alone.
 Salvation's joyful sound
 Bursts from the blood-bought throng:
 And holy angels all around
 Take up the song.
- 3 **Our hearts are tuned for this,**
 Their songs our tongues employ;
 The Lamb, the spring of all our bliss,
 And God our joy.
 Salvation to our God,
 Thanksgiving, power, and might!
 And to the Lamb who shed His blood,
 Our life and light!

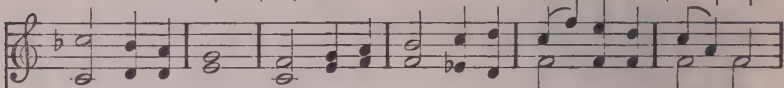
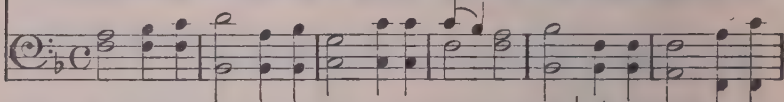
True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

F. R. H.

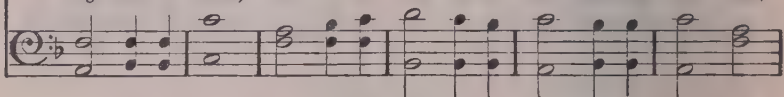
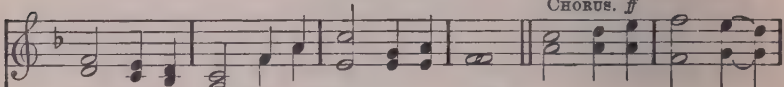
F. R. Havergal.



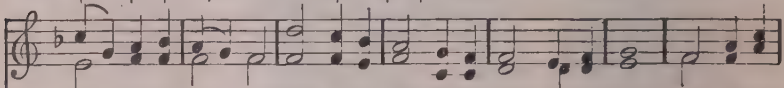
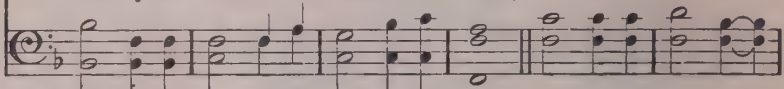
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy - al, King of our lives by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full - est al - le - giance Yielding henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sa-viour all glo - rious! Take Thy great pow - er and



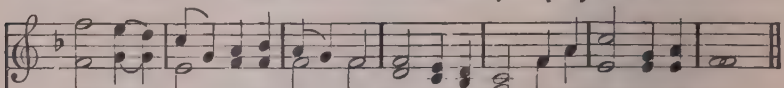
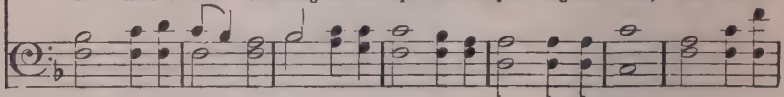
1. grace we will be! Un - der the stan - dard ex - alt - ed and roy - al,
2. glo - ri - ous King; Va - liant en - dea - vour and lov - ing o - be - dience,
3. reign there a - lone; Ov - er our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious,

CHORUS. *f*

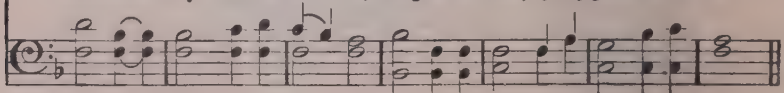
1. Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee. }
2. Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. } Peal out the watch - word!
3. Free - ly sur - ren - der'd and whol - ly Thine own. }



si - lence it nev - er! Song of our spi - rits re - joic - ing and free; Peal out the



watch-word! loy - al for ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!



Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

LYNGHAM, C.M.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro -
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows
 4. He breaks the power of can - celled sin, He sets the pris - 'ner

praise, My great . . . Re - deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of . . . my
 cease, That bids . . . our sor - rows cease; To spread thro' all . . . the
 free, He sets . . . the pris - 'ner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace, The
 claim, a - broad, The hon - ours of Thy name, The
 sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis
 foul - est clean, His blood a - vail'd for me, His

The tri - umphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His
 The hon - ours of Thy name, The hon - ours of Thy
 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and
 His blood a - vail'd for me, His blood a - vail'd for

tri - umphs of His grace, . . . The tri - umphs of His grace!
 hon - ours of Thy name, . . . The hon - ours of Thy name.
 life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 blood a - vail'd for me, . . . His blood . . . a - vail'd for me.

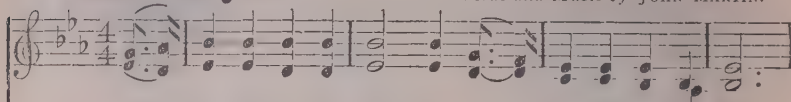
grace, . . . The tri - umphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace!
 name, . . . The hon - ours of Thy name, The hon - ours of Thy name.
 peace, . . . 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 me, . . . His blood a - vail'd for me, His blood a - vail'd for me.

A New Year's Hymn.

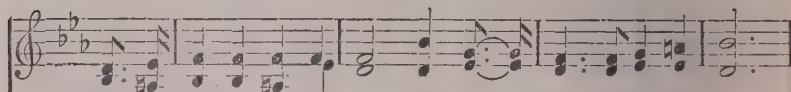
"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

Moderato. MM. ♩ = 100.

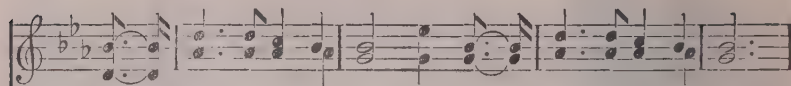
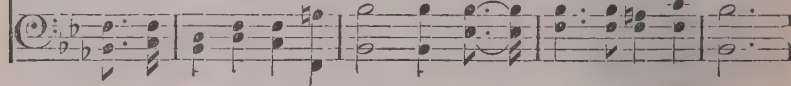
Words and Music by JOHN MARTIN.



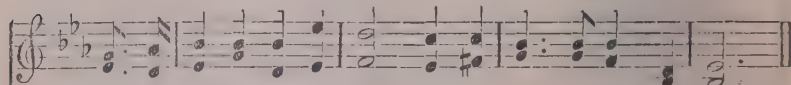
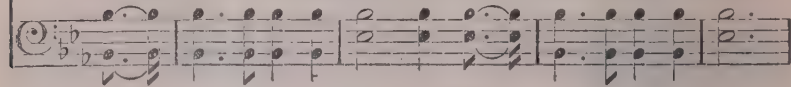
1. At the op - 'ning of this New Year We turn our hearts to Thee,
2. We thank Thee, then, our Fath - er, For Thy care on us be-stowed,
3. We re-mem-ber, then, with glad - ness, All the way by which we're led,
4. Looking for-ward to the fu - ture For Thy com-ing back in power,



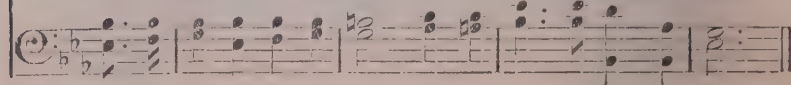
Who hast bless'd us all our life - time, Who died to make us free;
For the food which Thou hast given us, And a place for our a - bode;
While we're marching thro' the des - ert, Cloudy pil - lar at our head;
Help us al-ways to be rea - dy For the glo - ry of that hour,



From sin and all its sor - row, From sins and all their pain,
For cloth - ing to pro - tect us From the snow, the wind and rain,
With Je - sus for our Cap - tain, And His glo - ry to pro - claim,
To re - ceive our Blessed Mas - ter— The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



At the op-'ning of this New Year We turn to Thee a - gain.
At the op-'ning of this New Year We thank Thee yet a - gain.
At the op-'ning of this New Year We praise Thy Name a - gain.
At the op-'ning of this New Year, All hail! The King must reign.

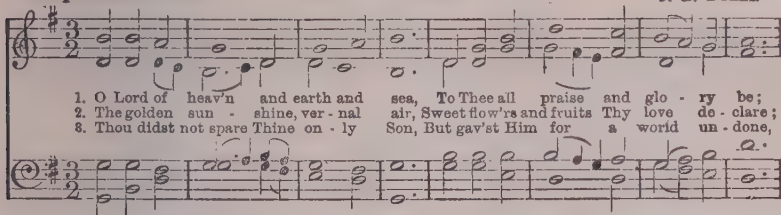


17

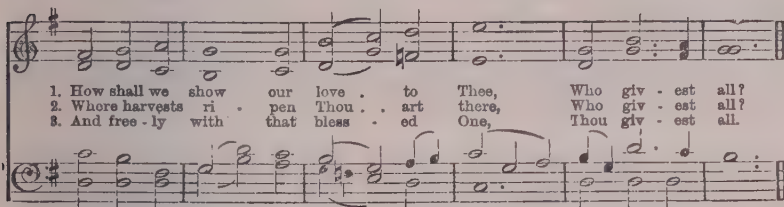
Lord of Heaven.

Bishop WORDSWORTH.

J. B. STOKES.



1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;
 2. The golden sun - shine, ver - nal air, Sweet flow'rs and fruits Thy love do - clare;
 3. Thou didst not spare Thine on - ly Son, But gav'st Him for a world un - done,



1. How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all?
 2. Where harvests ri - pen Thou art there, Who giv - est all?
 3. And free - ly with that bless - ed One, Thou giv - est all.

4. Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessed dower,
 Spirit of life and love and power,
 And dost His sevenfold graces shower
 Upon us all.

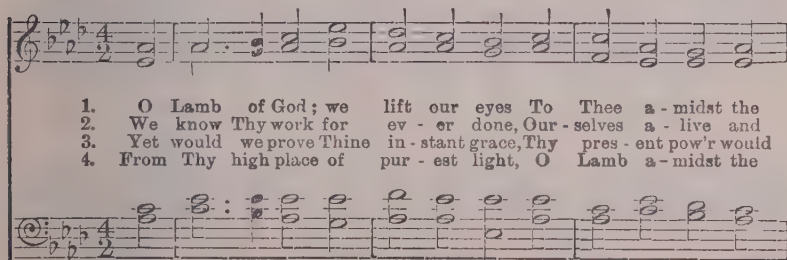
5. For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
 For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
 Father, what can to Thee be given,
 Who givest all?

18

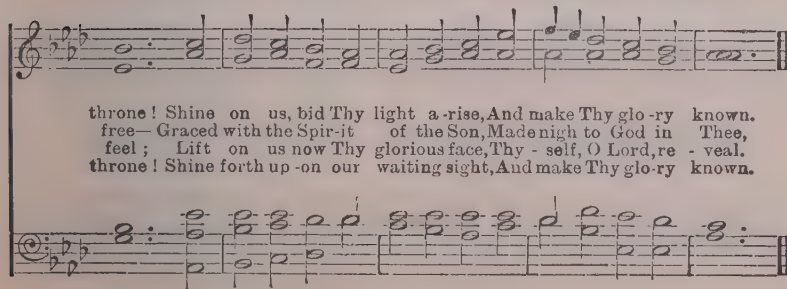
Lamb of God.

Tune "Ashley Down."

W. KANE.



1. O Lamb of God; we lift our eyes To Thee a - midst the
 2. We know Thy work for ev - er done, Our - selves a - live and
 3. Yet would we prove Thine in - stant grace, Thy pres - ent pow'r would
 4. From Thy high place of pur - est light, O Lamb a - midst the

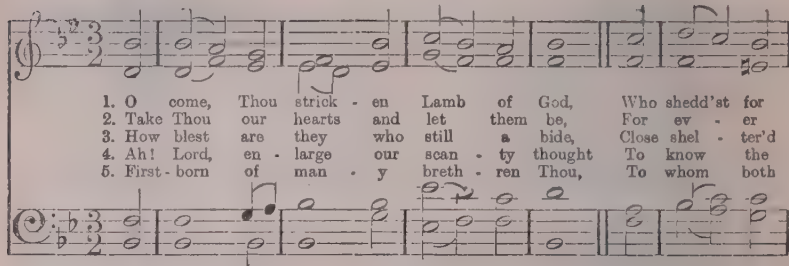


throne! Shine on us, bid Thy light a - rise, And make Thy glo - ry known.
 free— Graced with the Spir - it of the Son, Made nigh to God in Thee,
 feel; Lift on us now Thy glorious face, Thy - self, O Lord, re - veal.
 throne! Shine forth up - on our waiting sight, And make Thy glo - ry known.

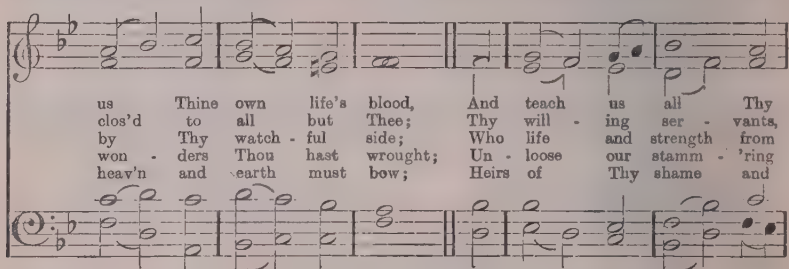
19 Come, Thou Stricken Lamb of God.

(WAREHAM. L.M.)

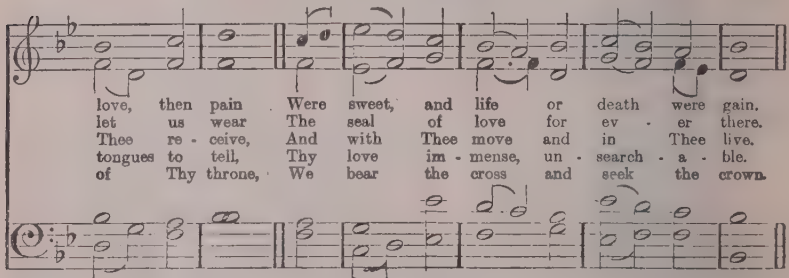
W. KNAPP.



1. O come, Thou strick - en Lamb of God, Who shedd'st for
 2. Take Thou our hearts and let them be, For ev - er
 3. How blest are they who still a bide, Close shel - ter'd
 4. Ah! Lord, en - large our scan - ty thought, To know the
 5. First-born of man - y breth - ren Thou, To whom both



us clos'd Thine own life's blood, And teach us all Thy
 by Thy watch - ful side; Thy will - ing ser - vants,
 won - ders Thou hast wrought; Who life and strength from
 heav'n and earth must bow; Heirs of Thy shame and



love, then pain Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
 let us wear The seal of love for ev - er there.
 Thee re - ceive, And with Thee move and in Thee live.
 tongues to tell, Thy love im - mense, un - search - a - ble.
 of Thy throne, We bear the cross and seek the crown.

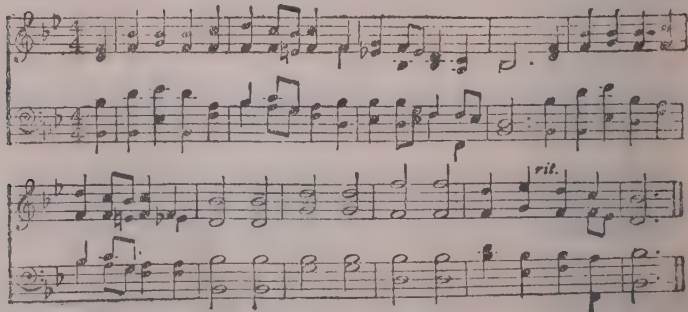
20

Crown Him.

"Miles' Lane"

(Words Opposite)

C.M.



EDWARD PERROUET.

Tune—DIADÉM.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Crown Him ye mar - tyrs of your God, Who from His al - tar call,
 3. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, A remnant weak and small,
 4. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
 5. Let eve - ry kin - dred, eve - ry tribe On this terr - es - trial ball,
 6. O that with yon - der sac - red throng We at His feet may fall,

Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And
 Who from His al - tar call; Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And
 A rem - nant weak and small; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And
 The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And
 On this terr - es - trial ball; To Him all ma - jes - ty a - scribe, And
 We at His feet may fall; Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And

crown..... Him,
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown.....

crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, and crown Him Lord of all.
 Him.

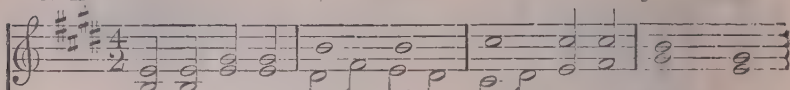
Opening: Praise.

21 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.

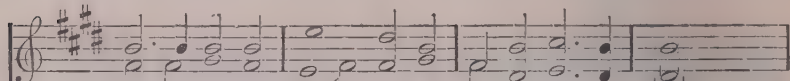
R. HEBER.

"NICÆA."

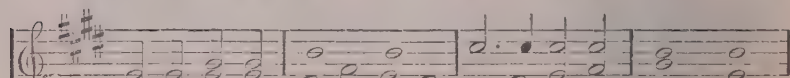
J. B. DYKES.



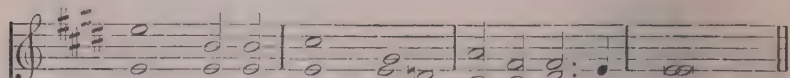
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might y!



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glas - sy sea,
 Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,
 All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side Thee,
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

Who is on the Lord's Side?

F. R. Havergal.

"ARMAGEDDON."

Adapted by J. Gosse.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe; But the King's own

1. help - ers, O - ther lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
 2. ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth
 3. life - blood For Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
 4. ar - my, None can o - ver - throw: Round His stand - ard rang - ing,

1. Who will face the foe?
 2. Lives for whom He died:
 3. All who come to Thee,
 4. Vict - ry is se - cure,

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast
 For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the

CHORUS.

1. Him will go?
 2. on His side!
 3. made us free.
 4. tri - umph sure.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King?
 By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine,

1. Who will be His help - ers, O - ther lives to bring?
 We are on the Lord's side; Sa - viour, we are Thine!

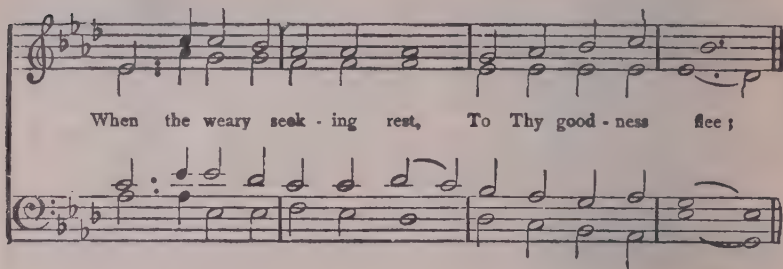
When the Weary seeking Rest.

DR. H. BONAR.

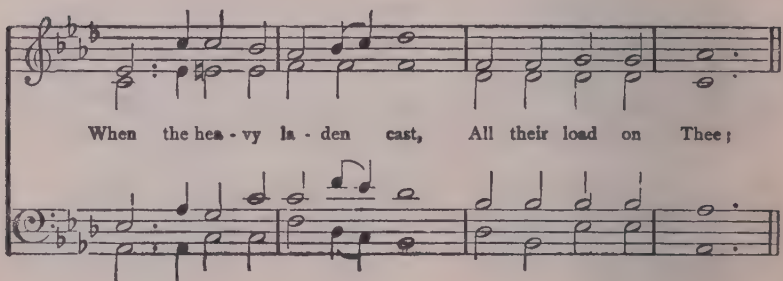
INTERCESSION.

W. H. CALLEOTT.

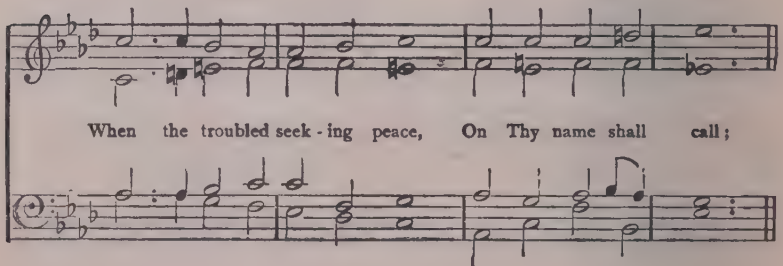
Last two lines from MENDELSSOHN.



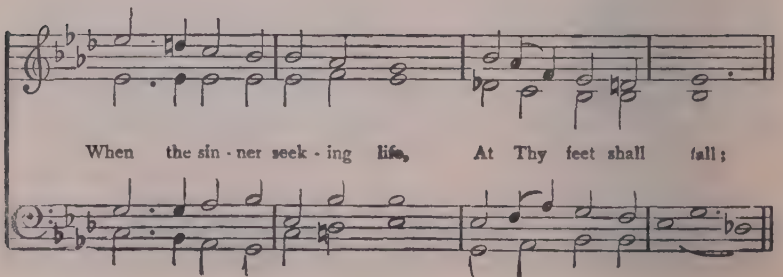
When the weary seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee ;



When the hea - vy la - den cast, All their load on Thee ;



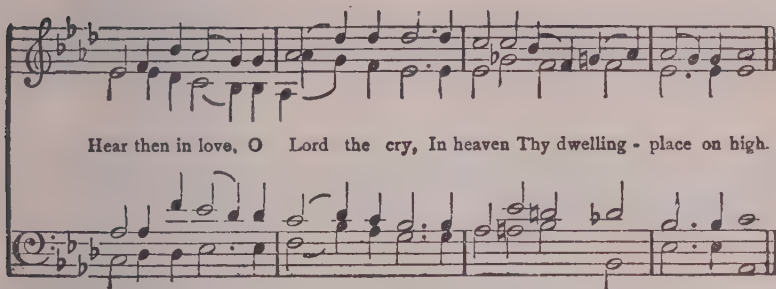
When the troubled seek - ing peace, On Thy name shall call ;



When the sin - ner seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall ;

When the Weary seeking Rest—Continued.

Flower.



Hear then in love, O Lord the cry, In heaven Thy dwelling - place on high.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>4. When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor,
Names the name of God;
When the learned and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessed name;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
| <p>3. When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | <p>5. When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe;
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> |
| <p>6. When creation in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh,
'Come, Lord Jesus, come!'
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.</p> | |

Opening: Praise.

24

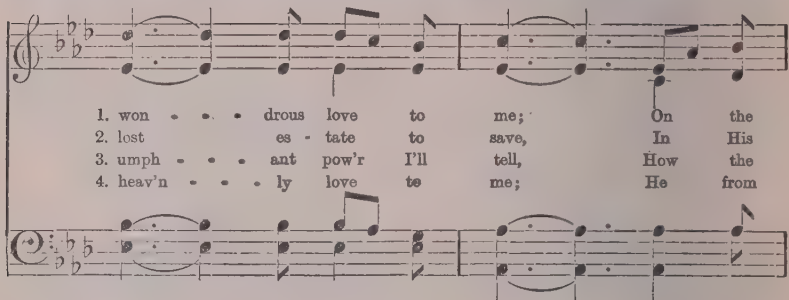
I will Sing of My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

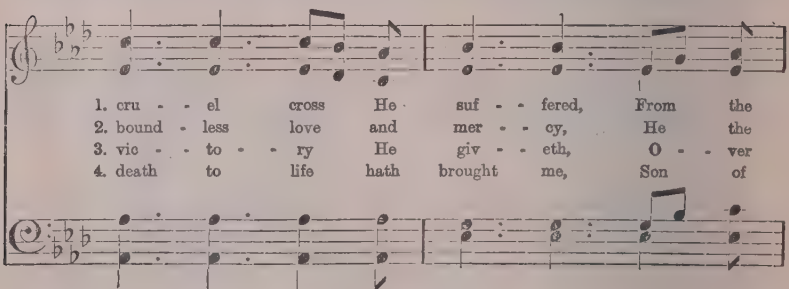
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



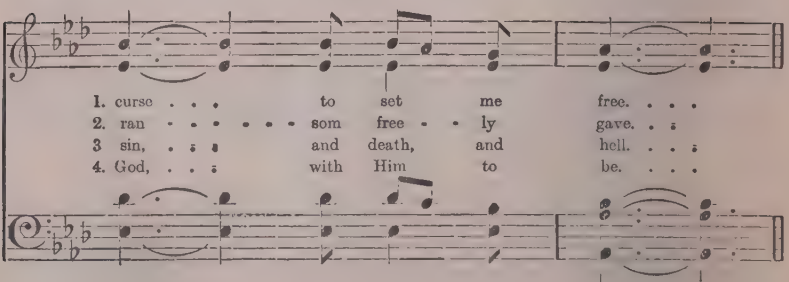
1. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His
 2. I will tell the won - drous sto - ry, How my
 3. I will praise my dear Re - deem - er, His tri-
 4. I will sing of my Re - deem - er, And His



1. won - . . . drous love to me; On the
 2. lost es - tate to save, In His
 3. umph - . . . ant pow'r I'll tell, How the
 4. heav'n - . . . ly love to me; He from



1. cru - - el cross He suf - - fered, From the
 2. bound - less love and mer - - cy, He the
 3. vic - - to - - ry He giv - - eth, O - - ver
 4. death to life hath brought me, Son of



1. curse . . . to set me free. . . .
 2. ran som free - - ly gave. . . .
 3. sin, . . . and death, and hell. . . .
 4. God, . . . with Him to be. . . .

Opening: Praise.

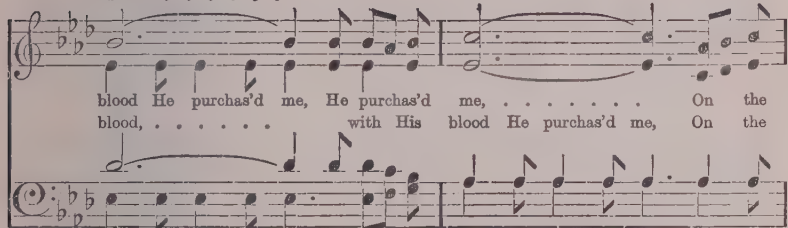
I will Sing of My Redeemer.—Continued.

CHORUS.



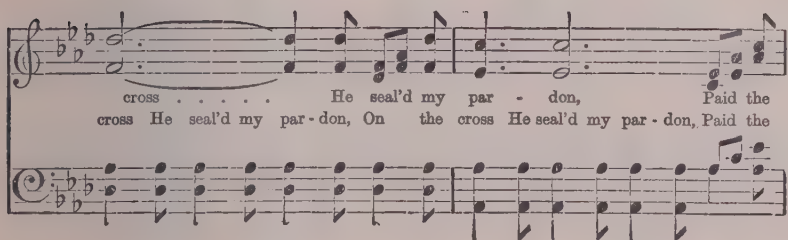
Sing, oh sing of my Redeem - er, With His
Sing, oh sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, oh sing of my Redeem-er, With His

blood



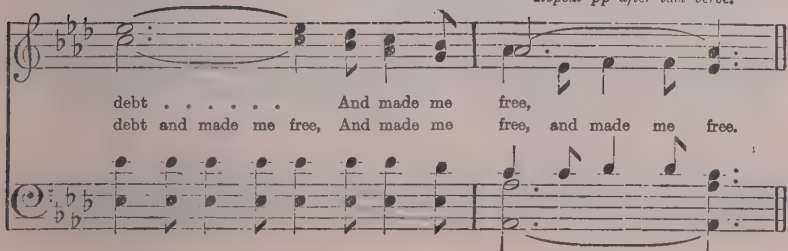
blood He purchas'd me, He purchas'd me, On the
blood, with His blood He purchas'd me, On the

cross He seal'd my par - don, Paid the



cross He seal'd my par-don, On the cross He seal'd my par - don, Paid the

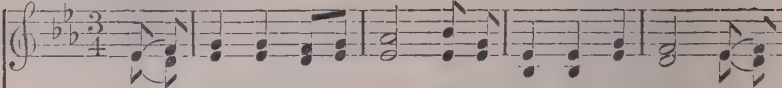
Repeat pp after last verse.



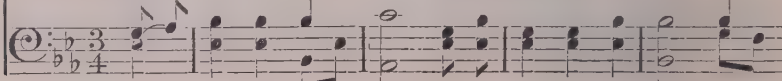

debt And made me free,
debt and made me free, And made me free, and made me free.

25 Praise, Praise Ye the Name.

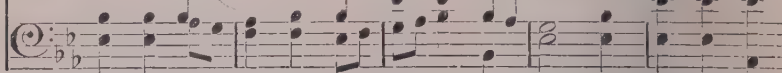

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.




1. Praise, praise ye the name of Je - ho - vah, our God; De -
 2. Praise, praise ye the Lamb, who for sin - ners was slain; Who went
 3. Then the heav'n's and the earth, and the sea shall re - joice; The
 4. Her brid - al at - tire, and her fes - tal ar - ray, All

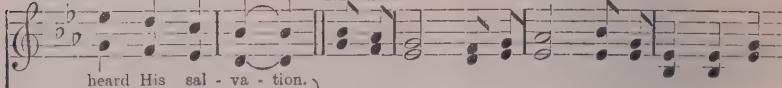
clare, oh ! de - clare ye His glo - ries a - broad; Pro - claim ye His
 down to the grave, and as - cend - ed a - gain; And who soon shall re -
 field and the for - est shall lift their glad voice, The sands of the
 na - ture shall wear on that glo - ri - ous day, For her King com - eth

mer - cy, from na - tion to na - tion, Till the ut - ter - most is - lands have
 turn, when those dark days are o'er, To set up His king - dom, in
 de - sert shall flour - ish in green, And Le - ban - on's glo - ry be
 down, with His peo - ple to reign, And His pre - sence shall bless her with



REFRAIN.



heard His sal - va - tion.
 glo - ry and pow - er. } For His love floweth on, free and full as a
 shed o'er the scene.
 E - den a - gain.



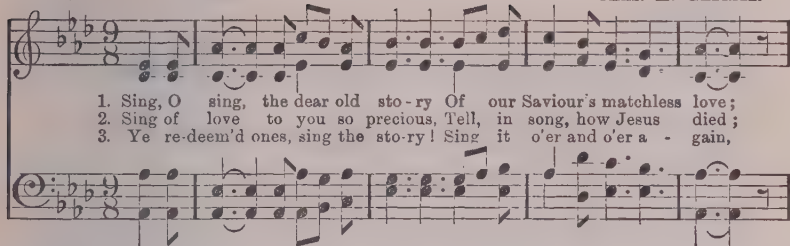

riv - er; And His mer - cy en - dur - eth for ev - er and ev - er.



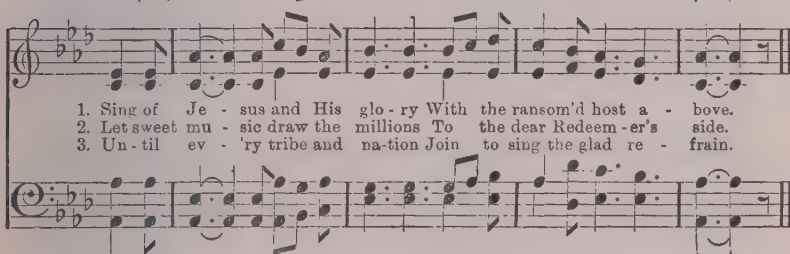
Sing the Love of Jesus.

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Sing, O sing, the dear old sto-ry Of our Saviour's matchless love;
 2. Sing of love to you so precious, Tell, in song, how Jesus died;
 3. Ye re-deem'd ones, sing the sto-ry! Sing it o'er and o'er a - gain,

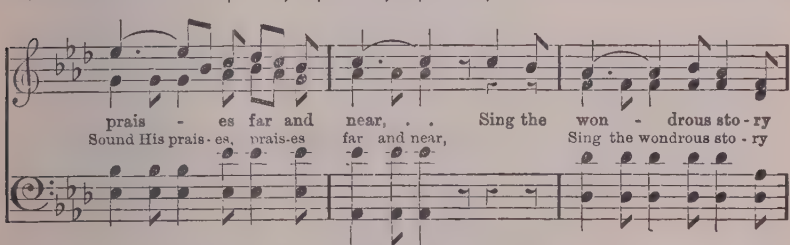


1. Sing of Je - sus and His glo - ry With the ransom'd host a - bove.
 2. Let sweet mu - sic draw the millions To the dear Redeem - er's side.
 3. Un - til ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion Join to sing the glad re - frain.

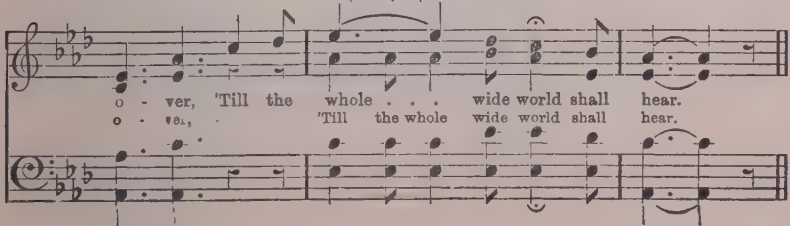
CHORUS.



Sing, O sing . . . the love of Je - sus, — Sound His
 Sing, O sing the love, the love of Je - sus,



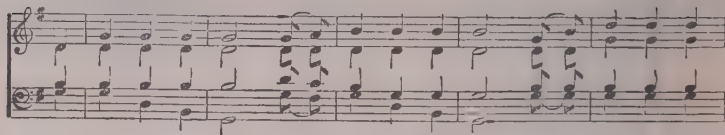
prais - es far and near, . . . Sing the won - drous sto - ry
 Sound His prais - es, prais - es far and near, Sing the wondrous sto - ry



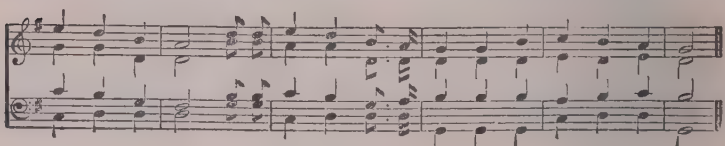
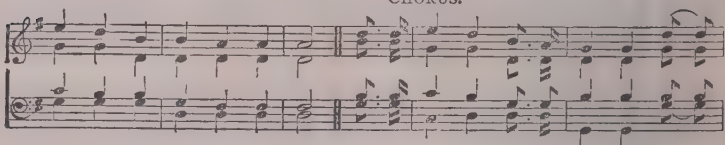
o - ver, 'Till the whole . . . wide world shall hear.
 o - ver, 'Till the whole wide world shall hear.

"Thine the Glory"

P.M.



CHORUS.



- 1 My God, I have found
The thrice blessed ground,
Where life, and where joy,
And true comfort abound.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory! Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah: Thine the glory! Revive me again!

- 2 'Tis found in the blood
Of Him who once stood
My refuge and safety,
My surety with God.

- 3 He bore on the tree
The sentence for me,
And now both the surety
And sinner are free.

- 4 Accepted I am
In the once-offered Lamb;
It was God, who Himself
Had devised the plan.

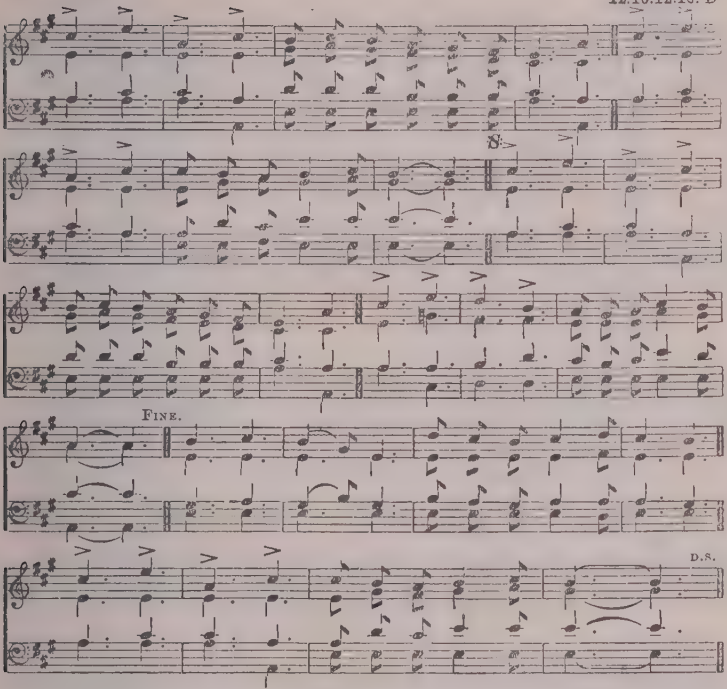
- 5 And though here below,
'Mid sorrow and woe,
My place is in Heaven
With Jesus, I know.

- 6 And this I shall find,
For such is His mind,
"He'll not be in glory
And leave me behind."

Hallelujah! Thine the glory! Hallelujah! Amen!
Hallelujah! soon the glory! Come, Saviour, again!

Praise Him! Praise Him.

12.10.12.10. D



1 PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our
blessed Redeemer! [claim;
Sing, ye saints! His wonderful love pro-
Hail Him! hail Him! mightiest angels in
glory, [name.
Strength and honour give to His holy
Like a shepherd, Jesus will feed His people,
In His arms He carrieth them all day long;
O ye saints that dwell in the light of His
presence, [song.
Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful

2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our
blessed Redeemer, [died;
For our sins He suffered, and bled, and
He's our rock, our hope of eternal salva-
tion, [fied.
Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the cruci-
Loving Saviour, meekly enduring sorrow,
Crowned with thorns that cruelly pierced
His brow; [saken,
Once for us rejected, despised, and for-
Prince of Glory! He is triumphant now.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer,
Heavenly portals loud with hosannahs ring,
Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;
Crown Him! crown Him! prophet, and priest, and king.
Death is vanquished! tell it with joy, ye faithful,
Where is now thy victory, boasting grave?
Jesus lives! no longer thy portals are cheerless;
Jesus lives; the mighty and strong to save.

29 Revive Thy Work, O Lord.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

Spirited.

1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Dis turb this sleep of death; Quick -
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul - thirst for Thee; And
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name; And

1. with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy peo - ple hear!
 2. en the smoul-d'ring em - bers now By Thine Al-might - y breath.
 3. hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spi - rits be!
 4. by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

REFRAIN.

Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, While here to Thee we bow; De -
 O Lord!

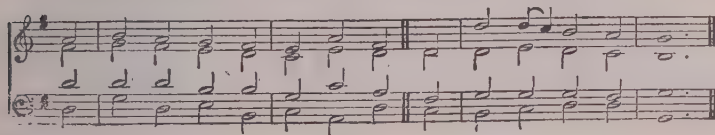
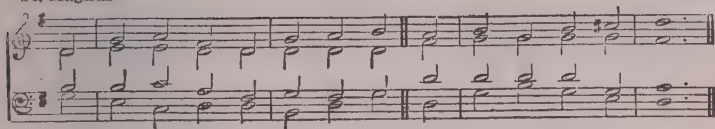
scend O gra - cious Lord, de - scend, Oh, come and bless us now!

32

○ God, our help.

"St. Magnus"

C.M.



1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

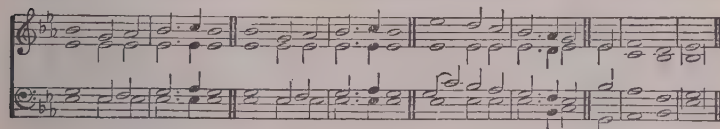
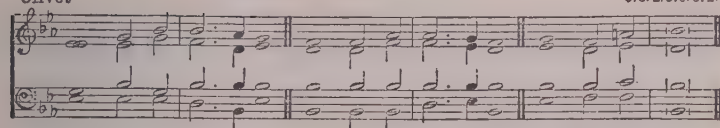
4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home!

33

Glory to God on high.

"Olivet"

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.



1 "GLORY to God on high!
Peace upon earth and joy,
Good will to man."
We who God's blessing prove,
His Name all names above,
Sing now, the Saviour's love,
Too vast to scan.

2 Mercy and truth unite,
O 'tis a wondrous sight—
All sights above!
Jesus the curse sustains!
Guilt's bitter cup He drains!
Nothing for us remains—
Nothing but love.

3 Love that no tongue can teach,
Love that no thought can reach:
No love like His.
God is its blessed source,
Death ne'er can stop its course,
Nothing can stay its force;
Matchless it is.

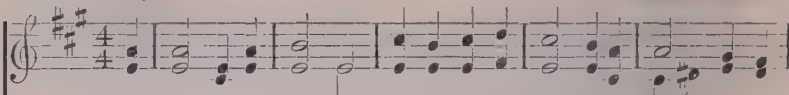
4 Blest in this love we sing;
To God our praises bring;
All sins forgiven.
Jesus, our Lord, to Thee
Honour and majesty,
Now, and for ever be,
Here, and in heaven!

Oh Come, all ye Faithful!

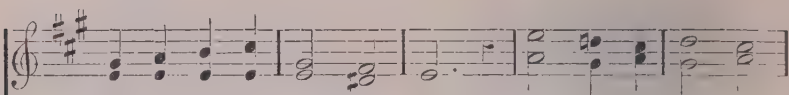
"ADESTE FIDELES."

W. MERCER (tr.)

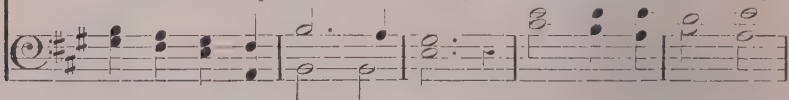
JOHN READING.



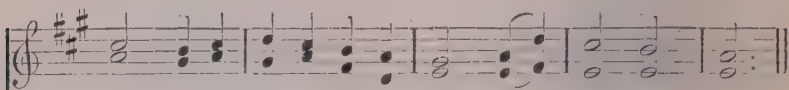
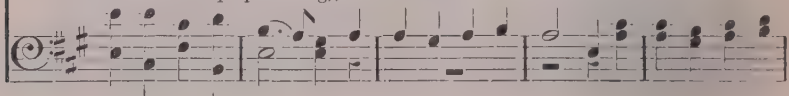
1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful-ly, tri-umphant, To Beth - le-hem
2. Raise, raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of loud-est triumph; Thro' hea - ven's high
3. A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va-tion, O Je - sus! for



hast - en now with glad ac - cord, Lo! in a man - ger
arch - es be your prais - es poured: Now to our God be
ev - er be Thy name a - dored; Word of the Fa - ther,



Lies the King of an - gels; }
Glo - ry in the high - est; } Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Oh come, let us a -
Late in flesh ap - pear - ing; }



dore Him, Oh come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!



35

Thee God We Praise.

Latin, by W. ROBERTSON.

"ELY."

T. TURTON.

1. Thee God we praise, Thee Lord confess, Thee Father ev - er - last - ing bless ;
 2. To Thee all an - gels ceaseless cry, With all the princes of the sky ;
 3. "Thee ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly King, Lord of Sab - a - oth, Thee we sing ;

The tribes of earth and air and sea With wondrous voic - es wor - ship Thee.
 The cher - ub and the ser - aph join, And thus they hymn the praise Di - vine .
 Both heaven and earth are full of Thee, Fa - ther of boundless ma - jes - ty."

4. Thee the apostles' glorious choir,
 Thee prophets with their tongues of fire,
 Thee white-robed hosts of martyrs bright,
 All serve and praise by day and night.
5. Thee through the earth Thy saints confess ;
 Thee, Father infinite, they bless,
 Thee, true, Divine, and only Son,
 Thee, Holy Spirit—Three in One.

36

Praise, My Soul.

H. F. LYTE.

(TRIUMPH.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven ; To His feet 'hy tribute bring ; Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiv'n,
 2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vour To our fathers in distress ; Praise Him, still the same as ev - er,

Who like Thee His praise shall sing ? Praise Him, (rep.) praise Him, (rep.) Praise the ev - er - last - ing King !
 Slow to chide and swift to bless : Praise Him, (rep.) praise Him, (rep.) Glorious in His faithful - ness !

- 8 Father-like He tends and spares us,
 Well our feeble frame He knows ;
 In His hands He gently bears us,
 Rescues us from all our foes :
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Widely as His mercy flows.
- 4 Angels, help us to adore Him,
 Ye behold Him face to face !
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him.
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise Him, praise Him,
 Praise with us the God of grace !

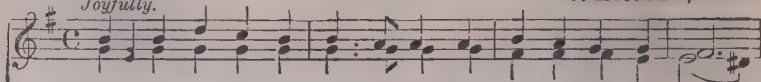
37 Blest Fountain of Eternal Love!

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

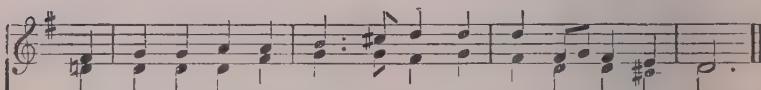
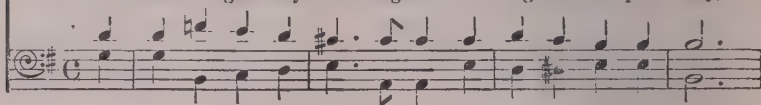
"LANGHOLM."

J. MOUNTAIN, D.D.

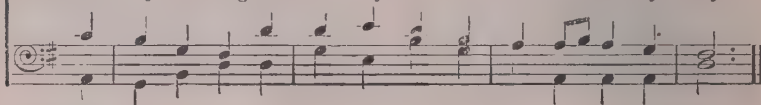
Joyfully.



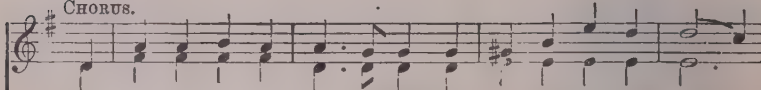
1. Blest Foun-tain of e - ter - nal love! For ev - er Thou art mine;
2. When fears with-in my heart a - rise, And sor-rows veil my way,
3. Thy sym - pa - thi - sing voice re-ponds To ev - 'ry fee - ble call;
4. O pre-cious thought! soon shall mine eyes In ho - ly rap - ture see
5. Till then still guide my fal - tring feet A - long life's che-quer'd way,



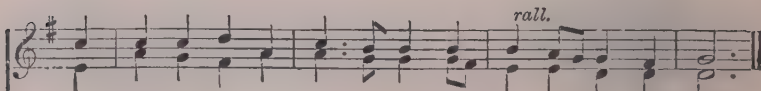
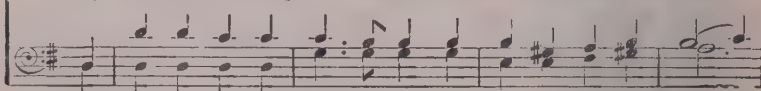
In Thee my long-ing soul hath found A Com - fort - er Di - vine.
 I know that Thou, O Christ my Lord, Wilt ev - er near me stay.
 No grief is borne un-known to Thee, No tear un-seen doth fall.
 Thy bless-ed form, O spot-less Lamb, Which bore God's wrath for me!
 And may the fra-grance of Thy love Grow sweet-er ev - 'ry day!



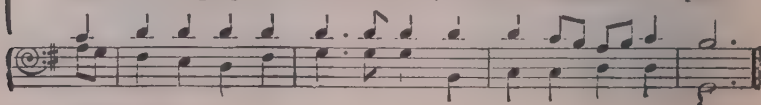
CHORUS.



Thy ten-der touch of love Di-vine Can heal the bro - ken heart;



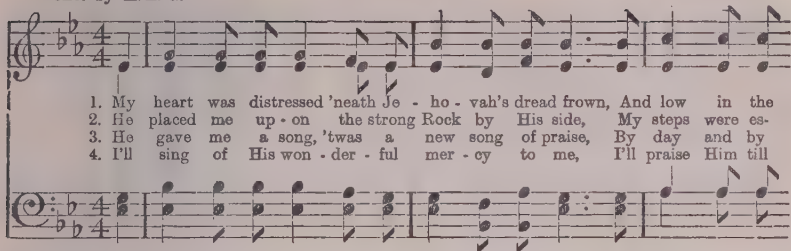
There is no pang that rends the frame, But Thou dost share a part.



Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMORE.

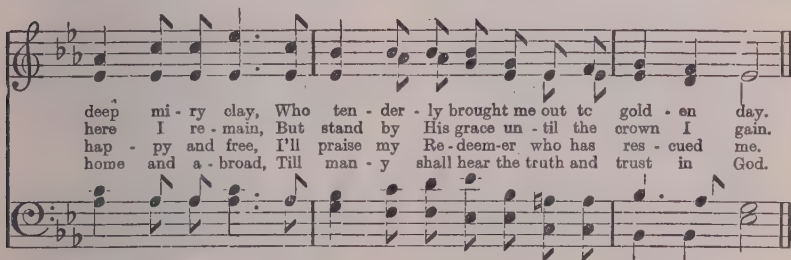
Cho. by H. L. G.



1. My heart was distressed 'neath Je - ho - vah's dread frown, And low in the
 2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by His side, My steps were es-
 3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by
 4. I'll sing of His won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise Him till

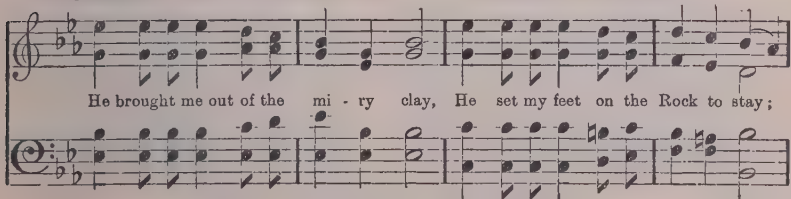


pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the
 tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while
 night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm
 all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at




deep mi - ry clay, Who ten - der - ly brought me out to gold - en day.
 here I re - main, But stand by His grace un - til the crown I gain.
 hap - py and free, I'll praise my Re - deem - er who has res - cued
 home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

CHORUS.



He brought me out of the mi - ry clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;



He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

C. WESLEY.

(SAWLEY—C.M.)

J. J. WALCH.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart re-sig'n'd, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. A hum-ble, ho-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
 4. Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a-bove;

A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me;
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone;
 Where neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in;
 Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

40

Teach us More.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,
 Thou holy Lamb of God!
 And fix and root us in Thy grace,
 As those redeem'd by blood.</p> <p>2 O tell us often of Thy love,
 Of all Thy grief and pain:
 And let our hearts with joy confess
 That thence comes all our gain.</p> | <p>3 For this, O may we freely count
 Whate'er we have but loss;
 The dearest object of our love,
 Compared with Thee but dross.</p> <p>4 Engrave this deeply on our heart,
 Conform our ways to Thine,
 That so we may, in some degree,
 Reflect the light divine.</p> |
|---|---|

41

Come, Let Us to the Lord.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
 With contrite hearts return;
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave
 The desolate to mourn.</p> <p>2 His voice commands the tempest
 And stills the stormy wave; (forth
 And though His arm be strong to
 'Tis also strong to save. (smite,</p> <p>3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
 The dawn shall bring us light;
 God shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.</p> | <p>4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
 Shall know Him, and rejoice;
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs His voice.</p> <p>5 As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round;
 As show'rs that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground;</p> <p>6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light;
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.</p> |
|--|--|

42

Praise Ye the Lord Again.

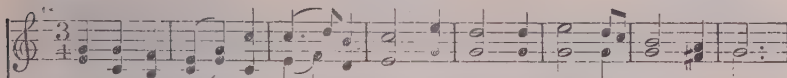
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 "PRAISE ye the Lord!" again, again,
 The Spirit strikes the chord;
 Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain—
 We praise, we praise the Lord.</p> <p>2 "Rejoice in Him!" again, again,
 The Spirit speaks the word;
 And faith takes up the happy strain
 Our joy is in the Lord.</p> | <p>3 "Stand fast in Christ!" ah! yet
 He teaches all the band; (again
 Our best endeavours are in vain—
 In Christ alone we stand.</p> <p>4 For ever be the glory given
 To Thee, O Lamb of God!
 No joy for us, in earth or heaven.
 We owe not to Thy blood.</p> |
|--|--|

43 We Sing the Praise of Him who Died.

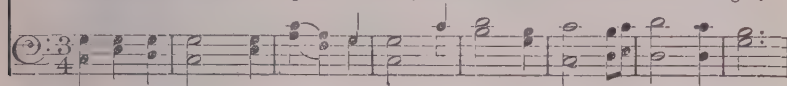
T. KELLY.

Tune—WARRINGTON.

R. HARRISON.



1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross,
2. Inscribed up - on the cross we see, In shin - ing let - ters, "God is Love!"
3. The cross, it takes our guilt a way, It holds the faint - ing spi - rit up;
4. It makes the cow - ard spi - rit brave, And nerves the fee - ble arm for fight;



The sin - ner's hope—though men de ride, For Him we count the world but loss.
 The Lamb who died up - on the tree Has brought us mer - cy from a - bove.
 It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, And sweet - ens ev 'ry bit - ter cup.
 It takes its ter - ror from the grave, And gilds the bed of death with light.



44 We Praise, We Worship Thee.

We praise, we worship Thee, O God;
 Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
 All nations bow before Thy throne,
 And Thee the great Jehovah own.

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
 Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
 Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

Apostles join the glorious throng,
 And swell the loud triumphant song;
 Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
 And spread the hallelujah round.

Glory to Thee, O God most high:
 Father, we praise Thy majesty,
 The Son, the Spirit we adore—
 One Godhead, blest for evermore.

45 Jesus shall Reign.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more
 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King,
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long "Amen."

46 As Sinners Saved.

As sinners saved we gladly praise
 The Author of redeeming grace;
 Father, 'tis Thine Almighty power
 Secures us when the tempests lower.

Thy love's a refuge ever nigh,
 Thy watchfulness a mountain high;
 Thy name a rock, which winds above
 And waves below can never move.

Thy faithfulness for ever sure,
 For endless ages shall endure;
 Thy perfect work shall ever prove
 The depth of Thine unceasing love.

Lord, we would then rejoice and praise
 The Source of all this wondrous grace;
 Father, Thine everlasting power
 Will keep us safe in danger's hour.

Oh for a heart.

C. WESLEY.

(SAWLEY—C.M.)

J. J. WALCH.

1. Oh for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart re-sign'd, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. A hum-ble, ho-ly, con-trite heart, Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
 4. Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quickly from a-bove;

A heart that al-ways feels the blood So free-ly shed for me;
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone;
 Where neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells with-in;
 Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love.

40

Teach us More.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O TEACH us more of Thy blest ways,
 Thou holy Lamb of God!
 And fix and root us in Thy grace,
 As those redeem'd by blood.</p> <p>2 O tell us often of Thy love,
 Of all Thy grief and pain:
 And let our hearts with joy confess
 That thence comes all our gain.</p> | <p>3 For this, O may we freely count
 Whate'er we have but loss;
 The dearest object of our love,
 Compared with Thee but dross.</p> <p>4 Engrave this deeply on our heart,
 Conform our ways to Thine,
 That so we may, in some degree,
 Reflect the light divine.</p> |
|---|---|

41

Come, Let Us to the Lord.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
 With contrite hearts return;
 Our God is gracious, nor will leave
 The desolate to mourn.</p> <p>2 His voice commands the tempest
 And stills the stormy wave; (forth
 And though His arm be strong to
 'Tis also strong to save. (smite,</p> <p>3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
 The dawn shall bring us light;
 God shall appear, and we shall rise
 With gladness in his sight.</p> | <p>4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
 Shall know Him, and rejoice;
 His coming like the morn shall be,
 Like morning songs His voice.</p> <p>5 As dew upon the tender herb,
 Diffusing fragrance round;
 As show'rs that usher in the spring,
 And cheer the thirsty ground;</p> <p>6 So shall His presence bless our souls,
 And shed a joyful light;
 That hallow'd morn shall chase away
 The sorrows of the night.</p> |
|--|--|

42

Praise Ye the Lord Again.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 "PRAISE ye the Lord!" again, again,
 The Spirit strikes the chord;
 Nor toucheth He our hearts in vain—
 We praise, we praise the Lord.</p> <p>2 "Rejoice in Him!" again, again,
 The Spirit speaks the word;
 And faith takes up the happy strain
 Our joy is in the Lord.</p> | <p>3 "Stand fast in Christ!" ah! yet
 He teaches all the band; (again
 Our best endeavours are in vain—
 In Christ alone we stand.</p> <p>4 For ever be the glory given
 To Thee, O Lamb of God!
 No joy for us, in earth or heaven.
 We owe not to Thy blood.</p> |
|--|--|

43 We Sing the Praise of Him who Died.

T. KELLY.

Tune—WARRINGTON.

R. HARRISON.

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross,
 2. Inscribed up - on the cross we see, In shin - ing let - ters, "God is Love!"
 3. The cross, it takes our guilt a way, It holds the faint - ing spi - rit up;
 4. It makes the cow - ard spi - rit brave, And nerves the fee - ble arm for fight;

The sin - ner's hope—though men de ride, For Him we count the world but loss.
 The Lamb who died up - on the tree Has brought us mer - cy from a - boys.
 It cheers with hope the gloom - y day, And sweet - ens ev 'ry bit - ter cup.
 It takes its ter - ror from the grav - e, And gilds the bed of death with light.

44 We Praise, We Worship Thee.

We praise, we worship Thee, O God;
 Thy sovereign power we sound abroad;
 All nations bow before Thy throne,
 And Thee the great Jehovah own.

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Thou God of hosts, by all adored,
 Earth and the heavens are full of Thee,
 Thy light, Thy power, Thy majesty.

Apostles join the glorious throng,
 And swell the loud triumphant song;
 Prophets and martyrs hear the sound,
 And spread the hallelujah round.

Glory to Thee, O God most high:
 Father, we praise Thy majesty,
 The Son, the Spirit we adore—
 One Godhead, blest for evermore.

45 Jesus shall Reign.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more

People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King,
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long "Amen."

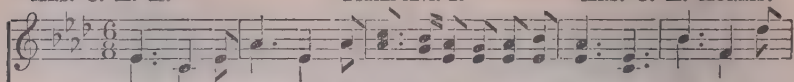
46 As Sinners Saved.

As sinners saved we gladly praise
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 Father, 'tis Thine Almighty power
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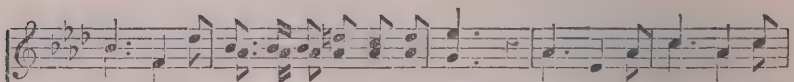
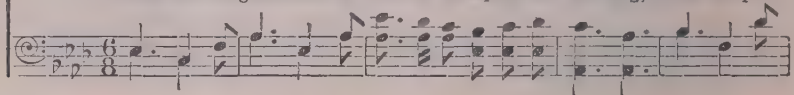
Thy love's a refuge ever nigh,
 Thy watchfulness a mountain high;
 Thy name a rock, which winds above
 And waves below can never move.

Thy faithfulness for ever sure,
 For endless ages shall endure;
 Thy perfect work shall ever prove
 The depth of Thine unceasing love.

Lord, we would then rejoice and praise
 The Source of all this wondrous grace;
 Father, Thine everlasting power
 Will keep us safe in danger's hour.



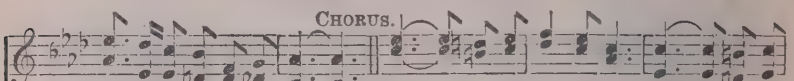
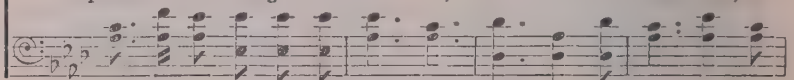
1. Prais-es, sing prais-es to Je-sus, our blessed Re-deem-er, Let ev-'ry
2. Praise for the mer-cy which sought us when far we were straying, Sought till He
3. Prais-es, sing prais-es, for glo-ry our bosoms o'er-flow-ing, When in His
4. Prais-es, sing prais-es, our wondering eyes shall be-hold Him, When in His
5. Praise for the grace which is a-ble to keep us from fall-ing, And to pre-



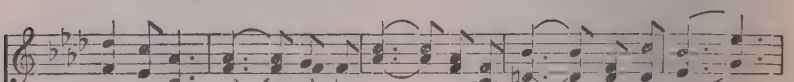
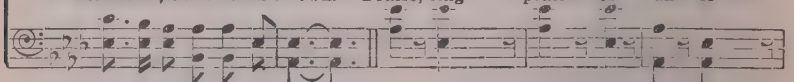
voice to Him now a sweet mel-o-dy raise; Come ye be-fore Him, O
found us and bound us with strong cords of love; Praise for sal-va-tion this
ful-ness the Com-fort-er comes to a-bide; Ho-ly a-noint-ing, lost
beau-ty King Je-sus descendeth to reign; Com-ing in glo-ry, O
sent us all fault-less before the white throne; 'Mid joys su-per-nal to



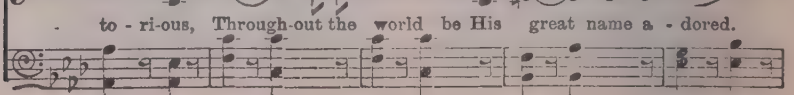
wor-ship and laud and a-dore Him, Lo, He is wor-thy our
won-der-ful, blest rev-e-la-tion, He who re-deems us, car-
sin-ners to Cal-va-ry point-ing, Pow-er for ser-vice now
tell out the won-der-ful sto-ry, Sing hal-le-lu-jah! the
praise Him thro' a-ges e-ter-nal, All the re-deem'd ones, the



highest ascriptions of praise.
-nal-i-ty, too, will re-move. Make His praise glo-ri-ous, Sav-iour vic-
free-ly and ful-ly sup-plied.
Sav-iour is com-ing a-gain.
blood-wash'd, His lov'd and His own. Praise, sing prais-es un-to



to-ri-ous, Through-out the world be His great name a-dored.

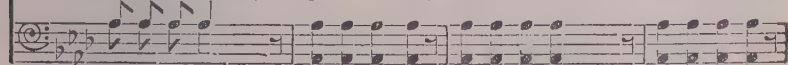


Je-sus, Be His ho-ly name a-dored, O

Make His Praise Glorious—Continued.



Make..... His praise glo - ri - ous, Sav - - iour vic - to - ri - ous;



praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord! praise ye the Lord!



Let..... ev - 'ry - thing..... that hath breath praise the Lord.



Let ev-'ry-thing that hath breath, ev-'ry-thing that hath breath, praise the Lord.

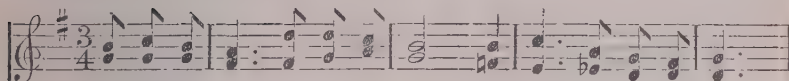
48

A Song of Thanksgiving.

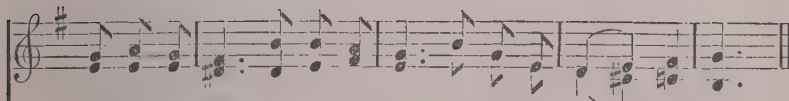
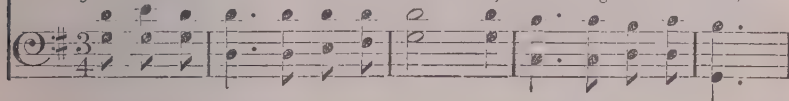
D. M. T.

"CATHERINE'S."

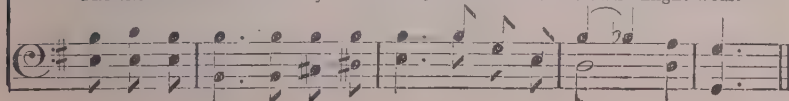
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. I thank Thee, Lord, for all the gifts,	Thy hand bestows on me;
2. I thank Thee for the love-ly flowers,	Whose per-fume fills the air;
3. I thank Thee for the birds that sing	Their morn-ing songs to me;
4. Thou too hast made the sun to shine,	Dif - fus - ing Life and Light;
5. I thank Thee best of all that Thou	My sin and grief did'st bear;



For ev-'ry-thing on earth that lifts My long-ing eyes to Thee.
 Like fragrance fill the hallowed hours, I spend with Thee in prayer.
 So day by day help me to bring My song of praise to Thee.
 Let Thy love fill this heart of mine, And drive a - way the night.
 The thorns en - cir - cled Thy fair brow, That mine a crown might wear.



Glory to Jesus.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

Har. by CAROLINE WICHERN and ELLA MACGILL.

1. Je - sus has lov'd me— won-der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has lov'd me, I
 2. Je - sus has sav'd me— won-der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus has sav'd me, I
 3. Je - sus will lead me— won-der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus will lead me, I
 4. Je - sus will crown me— won-der - ful Sa - viour! Je - sus will crown me, I

can - not tell why: Came He to res - cue sin - ners all worthless, My heart He
 can - not tell how: All that I know is He was my ran - som, Dy - ing on
 can - not tell where; But I will fol - low through joy or sor - row, Sunshine or
 can - not tell when: White throne of splendour hail I with gladness, Crown'd 'mid the

CHORUS.

conquered, for Him I would die.
 Cal - v'ry with thorns on His brow.
 tem - pest, sweet peace or des - pair.
 plau - dits of an - gels and men. } Glo - ry to Je - sus, won - der - ful

Sa - viour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, the One I a - dore. Glo - ry to

Je - sus, won - der - ful Sa - viour! Glo - ry to Je - sus, and praise ev - er - more.

Love that wilt not let me go.

G. MATHESON, D.D.

ST. MARGARET.

A. L. PEACE, Mus. Doc.

Slow

O Love that wilt not let me go . . I rest my weary soul in Thee:

I give thee back the life I owe . . That in Thine ocean depths its

flow May rich - er, full - er be.

2. O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee:
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3. O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee:
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be

4. O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee:
I lay in dust life's glory dead, [red
And from the ground there blossoms
Life that shall endless be.

Opening : Praise.

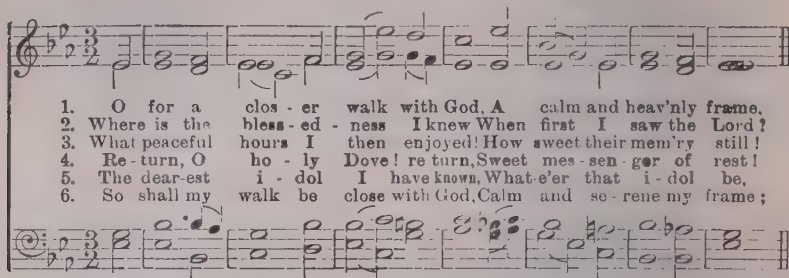
51

for a closer walk.

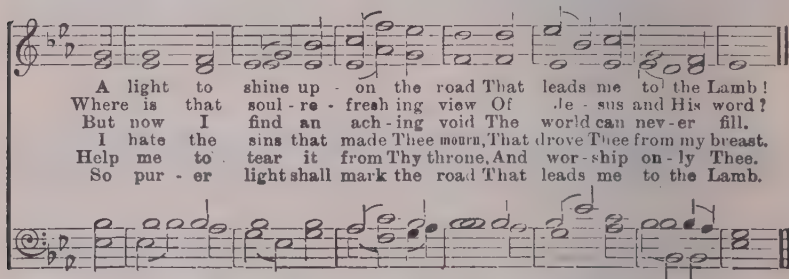
COWPER.

STRACATHRO.

CHARLES HUTCHESON.



1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'nly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peaceful hours I then enjoyed! How sweet their mem'ry still!
 4. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove! re turn, Sweet mes - sen - ger of rest!
 5. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What e'er that i - dol be,
 6. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;



A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is that soul - re - freshing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 But now I find an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, That drove Thee from my breast.
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

52

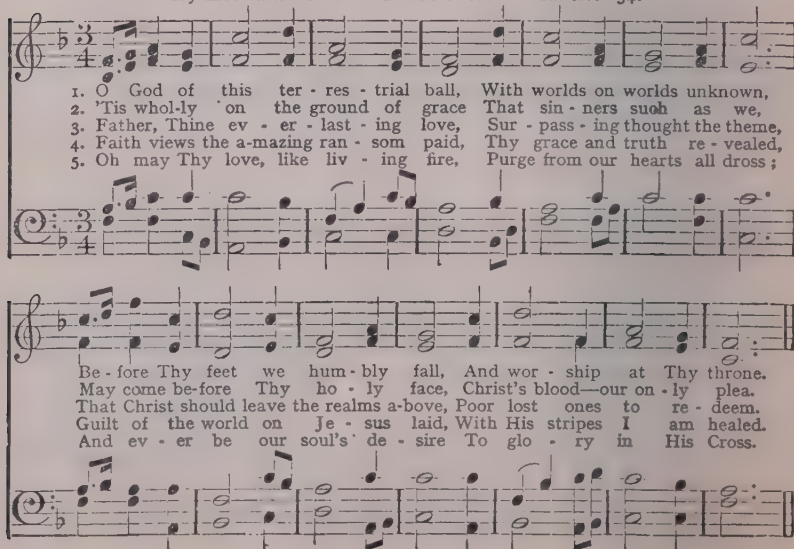
O God of this Terrestrial Ball.

MALCOLM WALKER.

"GARTMORE." (C.M.)

D. MACFARLAN.

"My meditation of Him shall be sweet"—Psa. civ. 34.



1. O God of this ter - res - trial ball, With worlds on worlds unknown,
 2. 'Tis whol - ly on the ground of grace That sin - ners such as we,
 3. Father, Thine ev - er - last - ing love, Sur - pass - ing thought the theme,
 4. Faith views the a - mazing ran - som paid, Thy grace and truth re - vealed,
 5. Oh may Thy love, like liv - ing fire, Purge from our hearts all dross;

Be - fore Thy feet we hum - bly fall, And wor - ship at Thy throne.
 May come be - fore Thy ho - ly face, Christ's blood - our on - ly plea.
 That Christ should leave the realms a - bove, Poor lost ones to re - deem.
 Guilt of the world on Je - sus laid, With His stripes I am healed.
 And ev - er be our soul's de - sire To glo - ry in His Cross.

Glory all the Way!

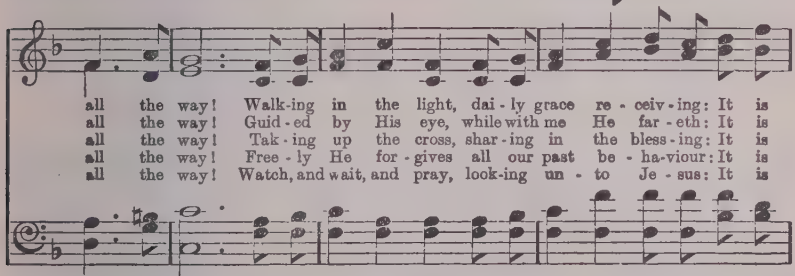
"And he went on his way rejoicing."—ACTS viii. 39.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

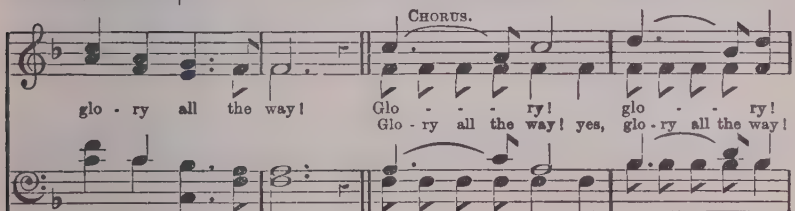
D. B. TOWNER.



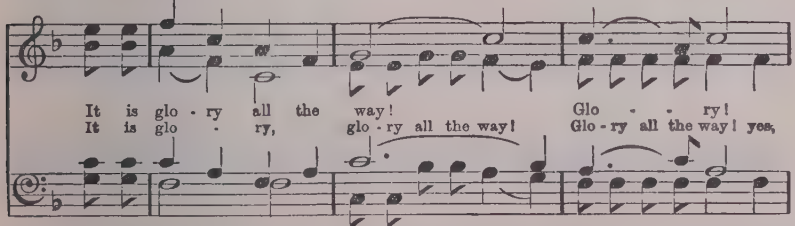
1. Saved by grace a lone, God's own Word be - liev - ing: It is glo - ry
 2. Not a care have I since my Sa - vour car - eth: It is glo - ry
 3. Se - ver'd from the world His dear name con - fess - ing: It is glo - ry
 4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sa - vour: It is glo - ry
 5. Work - ing day by day, min - ded that He sees us: It is glo - ry



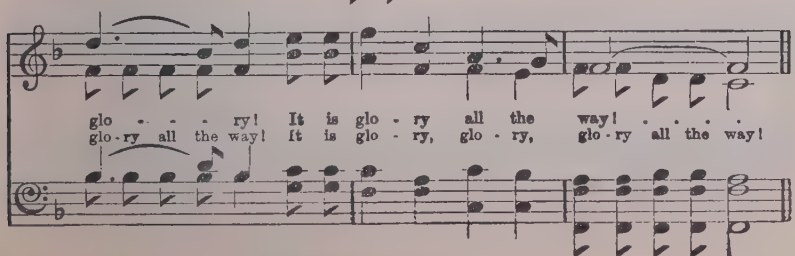
all the way! Walk - ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing: It is
 all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth: It is
 all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing: It is
 all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - ha - viour: It is
 all the way! Watch, and wait, and pray, look - ing un - to Je - sus: It is



glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way! yes, glo - ry all the way!
 Glo - ry all the way! yes, glo - ry all the way!



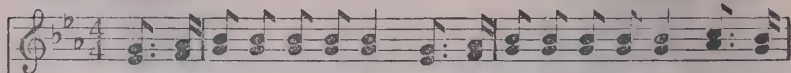
It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry!
 It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way! yes,



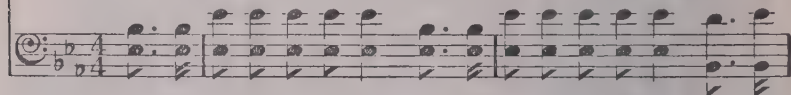
glo - - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way!
 glo - ry all the way! It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

HARRY STEPHENS.

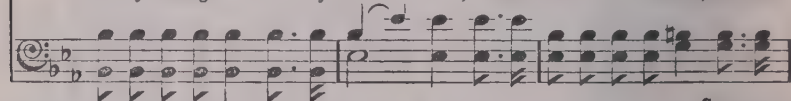
FRANK M. DAVIS.



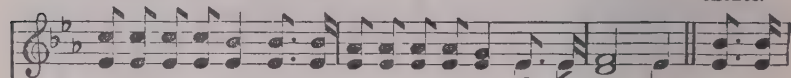
1. I am glad I've been set free, By the blood Christ shed for me On the
2. When the storms of life are o'er, I shall land u - pon the shore, And sing
3. I shall see the warriors bold, Who were slain in days of old, For the



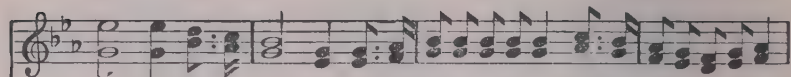
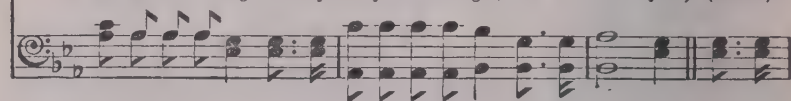
cross of Cal - va - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! For my sins are wash'd away, And I'm
prais - es ev - er - more, Hal - le - lu - jah! I shall wear a crown of gold, And I
sto - ry having told Of my Sa - viour; I shall wear a robe of white, And shall



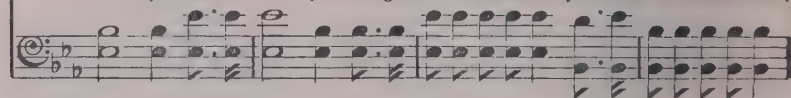
CHORUS.



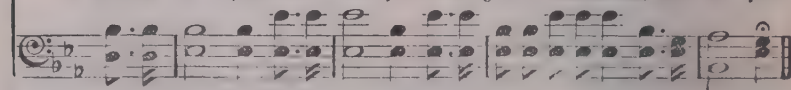
hap - py all the day, As I trust Him all the way, Hal - le - lu - jah! } Hal - le
shall my Lord be - hold, When the pear - ly gates unfold, Hal - le - lu - jah! }
walk the streets of light, Al - ways in my Saviour's sight, Hal - le - lu - jah! } (Faster.)



lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am glad I've been set free, By the blood Christ shed for me;



Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I am glad I've been set free, Hal - le - lu - jah!

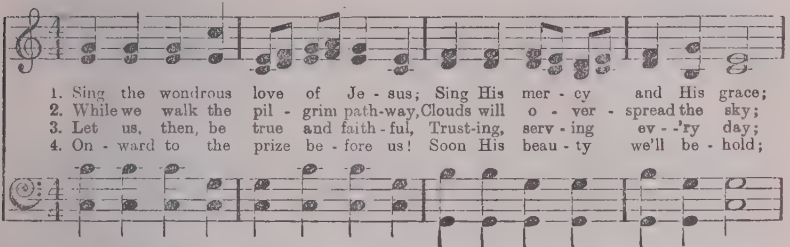


When we all get to Heaven.

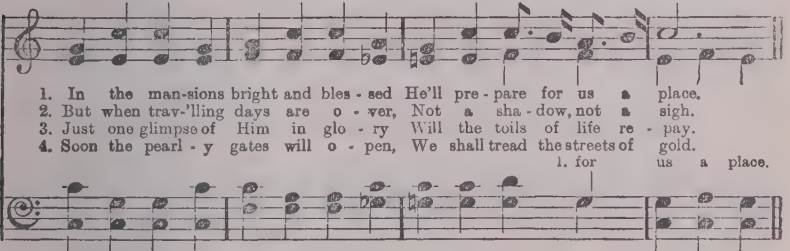
"The redeemed of the Lord shall come with singing unto Zion."—ISAIAH li. 12.

E. E. HEWITT.

Mrs. J. G. WILSON.

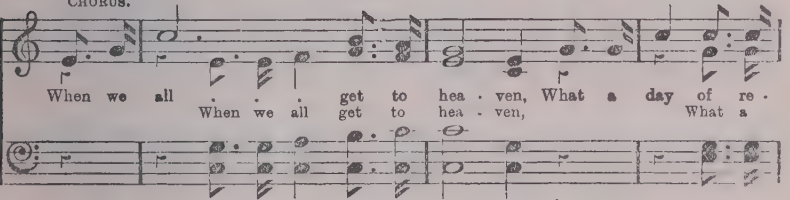


1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus; Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
 2. While we walk the pil - grim path-way, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
 3. Let us, then, be true and faith - ful, Trust - ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

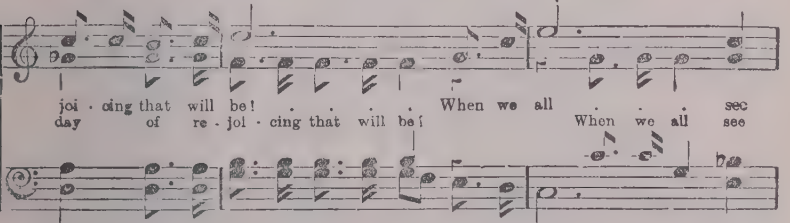


1. In the man - sions bright and bles - sed He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 2. But when trav - 'ling days are o - ver, Not a sha - dow, not a sigh.
 3. Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
 4. Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
 1. for us a place.

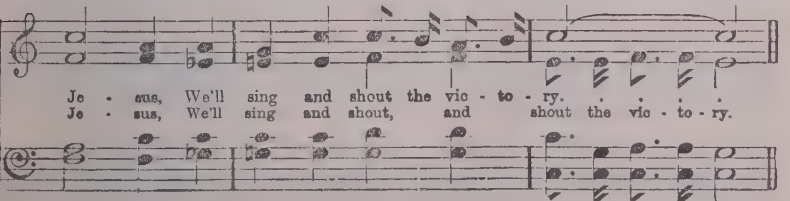
CHORUS.



When we all When we all get to hea - ven, What a day of re -
 When we all get to hea - ven, What a



joy - ing that will be! When we all When we all sec
 day of re - joy - ing that will be! When we all sec



Jo - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.
 Jo - sus, We'll sing and shout, and shout the vic - to - ry.

Cheer Up!

"Jesus said, Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

S. F.

JAMES FITZGERALD

Joyfully:

1. Cheer up, my bro-ther, sis-ter, the world may laugh at you, They
 2. The night it may be stor-my and all a-round look dark, And
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave us, nor yet for-sake us here, His

pp *pp* *f*
 did it to your Mas-ter, and they cru-ci-fied Him too, The
 Sa-tan, too, will try his best to sink your lit-tle barque; With
 word shall stand for ev-er, and we've noth-ing now to fear, He's

grave it could not hold Him, He's reign-ing now on high, And
 Je-sus in the ves-sel, dry up your tear-ful eye, For
 fit-ting up a man-sion a-bove the bright blue sky, And

soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.
 soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.
 soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.

CHORUS.

Oh! that will be joy-ful in that land so fair,

Cheer Up!—Continued.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are as follows:

I shall be like my Sa - viour, His glo - ry I shall share,

Oh! that will be joy - ful, 'twill be a grand sur - prise, When

God Him-self shall wipe a - way all tears from our eyes.

1. Cheer up my brother, sister, the world may laugh at you,
They did it to your Master, and they crucified Him too,
The grave it could not hold Him, He's reigning now on high,
And soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.

CHORUS.

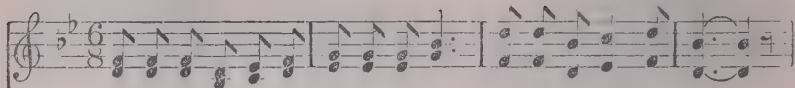
Oh! that will be joyful in that land so fair,
I shall be like my Saviour, His glory I shall share,
Oh! that will be joyful, 'twill be a grand surprise,
When God Himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

2. The night it may be stormy and all around look dark,
And Satan, too, will try his best to sink your little barque;
With Jesus in the vessel, dry up your tearful eye,
For soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.
3. He'll never, never leave us, nor yet forsake us here,
His word shall stand for ever, and we've nothing now to fear,
He's fitting up a mansion above the bright blue sky,
And soon we'll all be with Him in the sweet by and bye.
4. Poor sinner, come to Jesus, for time is flying fast,
Your days on earth will soon be o'er and you will breathe your last,
Come with us to that country, up there they never die,
And praise the Lamb for ever in the sweet by and bye.

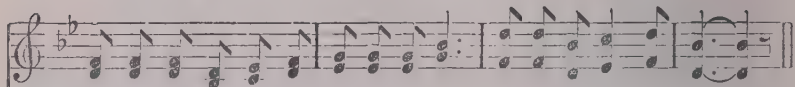
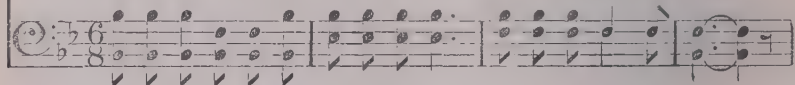
57 Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

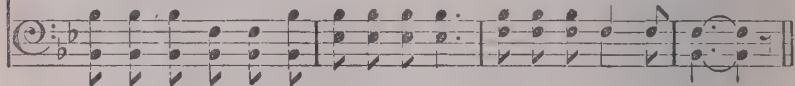
Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| 5. Art thou now walk-ing in hea-ven's pure light? | Is thy heart right with God? |



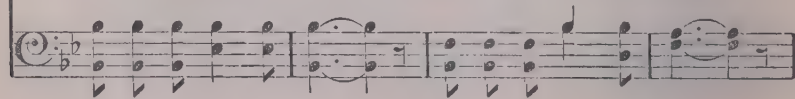
- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? | Is thy heart right with God? |
| Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? | Is thy heart right with God? |



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood,



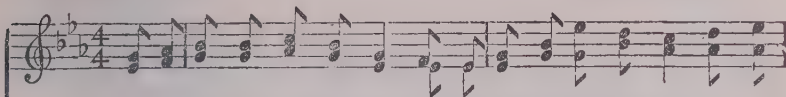
Cleansed and made ho-ly, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?



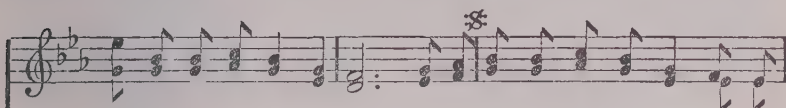
58 There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

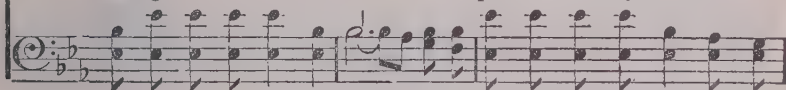
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I have laid my bur-den down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
2. I have laid my bur-den down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
3. I have laid my bur-den down; oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
4. I have laid my bur den down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a

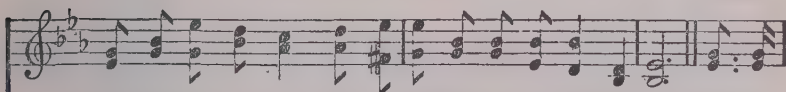


blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
 blessing at the cross for me; I am learn-ing there by faith my Re-
 blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
 blessing at the cross for me; I can pil-low now my head on His

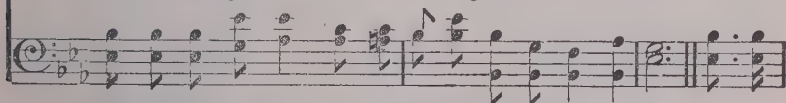


D.S.—found a spring of joy that the

Fine. CHORUS.

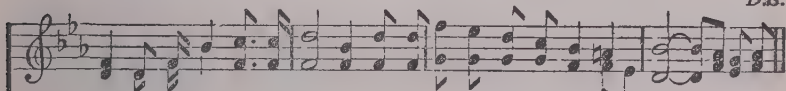


world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
 deem-er's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
 Sav-iour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
 gen-tle, lov-ing breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.



world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

D.S.



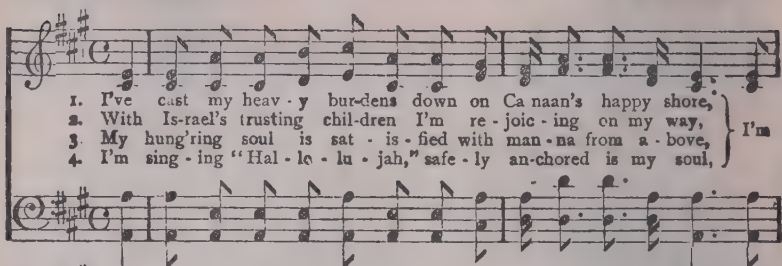
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have



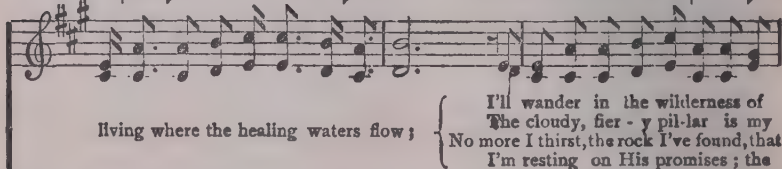
59 Living where the Healing Waters Flow.

INA DULEY OGDON.

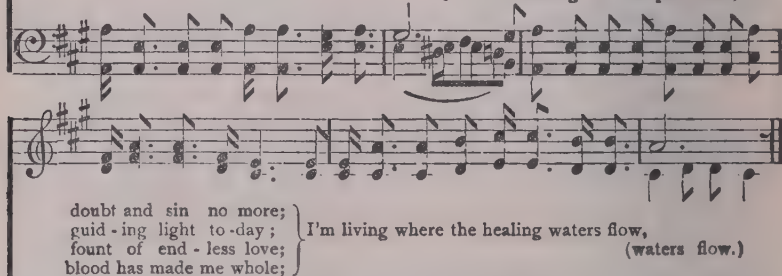
P. P. BILHORN.



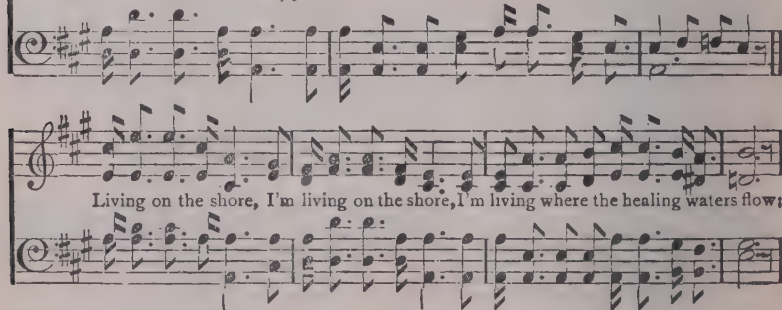
1. I've cast my heav-y bur-dens down on Ca-naan's happy shore,
2. With Is-rael's trusting chil-dren I'm re-joic-ing on my way,
3. My hung'ring soul is sat-is-fied with man-na from a-bove,
4. I'm sing-ing "Hal-le-lu-jah," safe-ly an-chored is my soul, } I'm



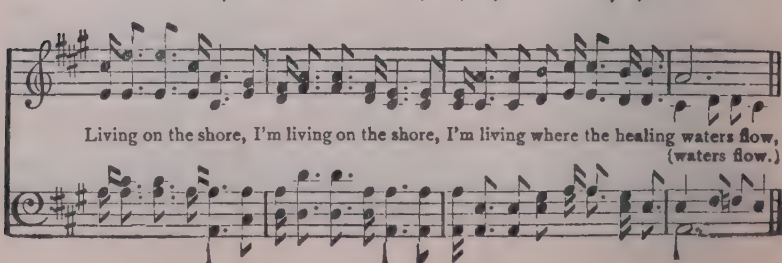
living where the healing waters flow ; { I'll wander in the wilderness of
The cloudy, fier-y pil-lar is my
No more I thirst, the rock I've found, that
I'm resting on His promises ; the



doubt and sin no more ; } I'm living where the healing waters flow,
guid-ing light to-day ; } (waters flow.)
fount of end-less love ; }
blood has made me whole ; }



Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow ;



Living on the shore, I'm living on the shore, I'm living where the healing waters flow,
(waters flow.)

Never Mind: Go On!

Brigadier SLATER.

H. H. BOOTH.

mf Allegro.

1. In the fight, say, does your heart grow weary? Do you find your
Lay a-side all fear, and, onward pressing, Brave-ly fight, and

path is rough and thorny, And above, the sky is dark and stormy?
God will give His blessing; Though the war at times may prove distressing,

f CHORUS.
Never mind: go on!
Never mind: go on! When the road we tread is rough, Let us bear in mind,

cres.
In our Saviour strength enough We may always find; Though the fighting may be tough,

f Go on, go on to vic-t'ry.
Let our motto be, Go on, go on to vic-t'ry.

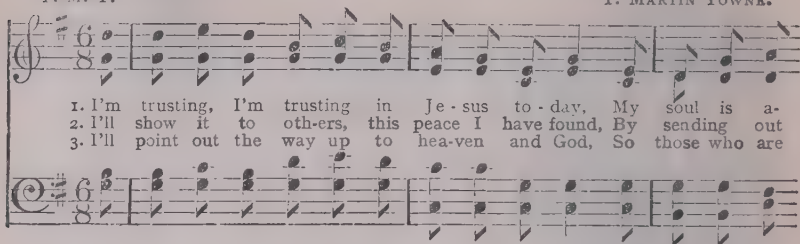
2. Faithful be, delaying not to follow
Where Christ leads, though it may be
through sorrow;
If the strife should fiercer grow to-morrow,
Never mind: go on!
Cheerful be, it will your burdens lighten,
One glad heart will always others brighten,
Though the strife the coward's soul may frighten,
Never mind: go on!

3. When down hearted, look away to Jesus,
Who for you did shed His blood most
precious;
Let us say, though all the world should hate us,
Never mind: go on!
Do your best in fighting for your Saviour.
For His sake, fear not to lose men's favour,
If beside you should a comrade waver,
Never mind: go on!

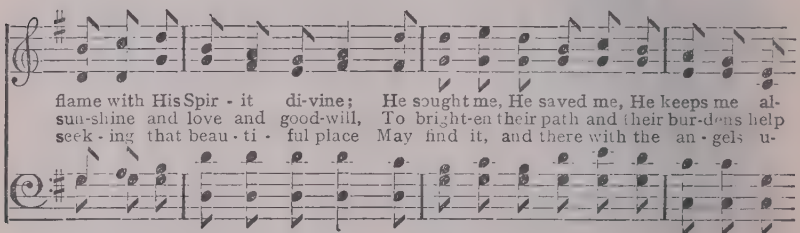
I'm Trusting in Jesus To-day.

T. M. T.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. I'm trusting, I'm trusting in Je - sus to - day, My soul is a -
 2. I'll show it to oth - ers, this peace I have found, By sending out
 3. I'll point out the way up to hea - ven and God, So those who are

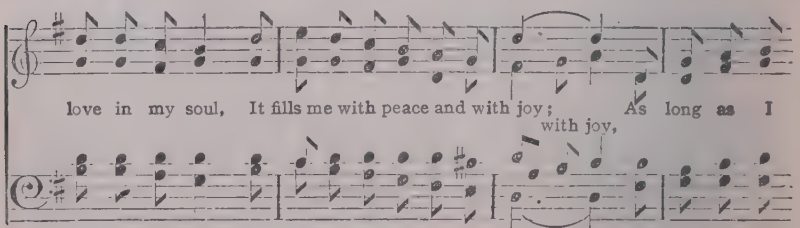


flame with His Spir - it di - vine; He sought me, He saved me, He keeps me al -
 sun - shine and love and good - will, To bright - en their path and their bur - dens help
 seek - ing that beau - ti - ful place May find it, and there with the an - gels u -

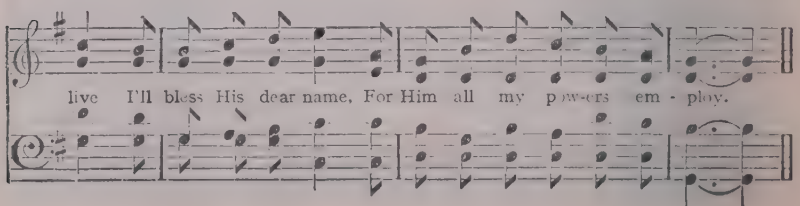
CHORUS.



way, The glo - ry. O Saviour! be Thine.
 lift, And thus the good rule to ful - fil.
 nite In laud - ing His won - der - ful grace. } There's love in my soul, there's



love in my soul, It fills me with peace and with joy; As long as I
 with joy,

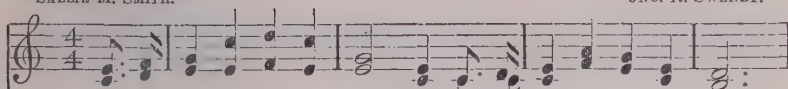


live I'll bless His dear name, For Him all my powers em - ploy.

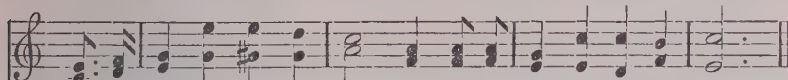
Wondrous Glory.

SALLIE M. SMITH.

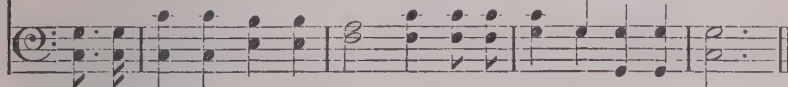
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Borne a - loft by faith we stand,
2. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where so oft 'tis ours to be,
3. On the mount of wondrous glo - ry, Where He bids me come and rest,
4. If on earth our souls are hon - our'd With such vis - ions of de - light,



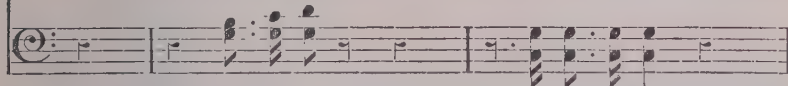
While we drink the crys - tal wa - ters Flowing down from E - den's land.
 In the brightness of His pres - ence, Christ, our Lord, reveal'd we see.
 Je - sus spreads a feast be - fore us, Mak - ing each a wel - come guest.
 Who can tell our heights of rap - ture, When our faith is lost in sight.



CHORUS.



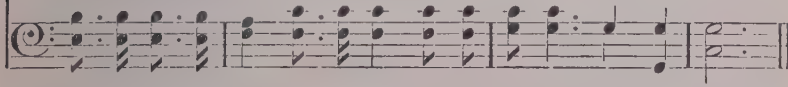
How the heart its toil for - gets, In the
 How the heart its toil for - gets,



joy In the joy we there be - hold; In the ful - In the
 we there be - hold, there behold,



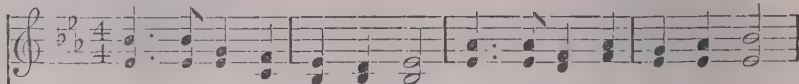
ness of His love, That is bet - ter felt than told.
 ful - ness of His love, of His love,



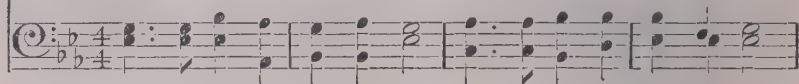
Jesus Guides Me all the Way.

Pastor W. J. STUART.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.



1. Out of sha-dow in - to light, Out of blindness in - to sight;
2. Out of sor-row in - to joy, Praise His name 'tis sweet em - ploy,
3. Out of life in - to the tomb, By His side there is no gloom;
4. Out of death to end-less life, Up from all the sin and strife;



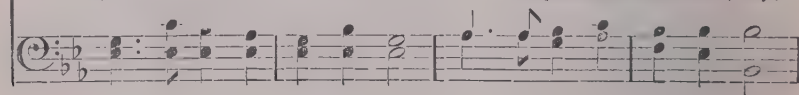
Out of dark-ness in - to day, Je-sus guides me all the way.
Ev - er to my Lord to pray, Je-sus guides me all the way.
From the throne there comes a ray, Je-sus guides me all the way.
Clothed up-on with white ar - ray, Je-sus guides me all the way.



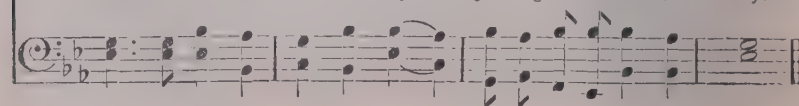
CHORUS.



Je - sus guides me all the way, Je - sus guides me all the way;



Out of darkness in - to day, Je-sus guides me all the way.



My Saviour's Footsteps.

AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

EDWIN MOORE.

1. In the path - way of my jour - ney I see steps that lead to God ;
 2. Thou hast borne my ev - 'ry bur - den, Borne death's anguish on the tree ;
 3. Thou hast lived on earth for oth - ers, Spent Thy life for us in love ;

They're the foot - steps of my Sa - viour, Show - ing me the path He trod.
 All this hast Thou meek - ly suf - fered E'en for my in - i - qui - ty.
 Thus would I my life be spend - ing Till I meet Thee, Lord, a - bove.

CHORUS.

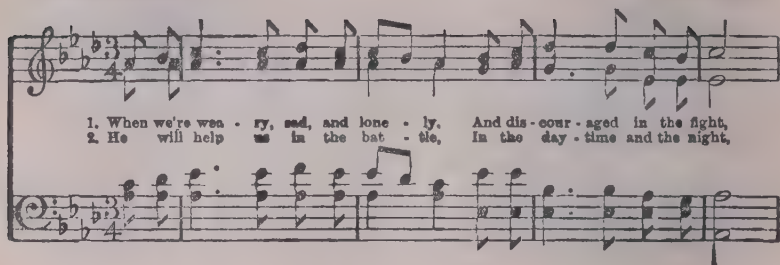
Lead me, Sa - viour, lead me ev - er, Lead me, Je - sus, all the way ;

Keep me ev - er in Thy foot - steps, Lest I from Thy path - way stray ;

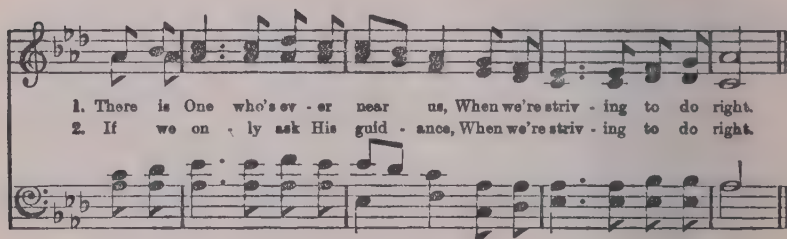
Keep me ev - er in Thy foot - steps, Lest I from Thy path - way stray.

ROBT. CROSBIE.

WM. FRASER.

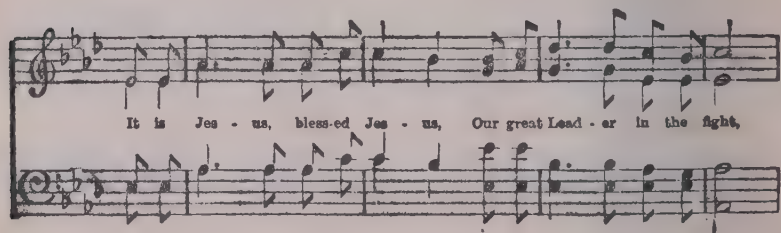


1. When we're wea - ry, sad, and lone - ly, And dis - cour - aged in the fight,
2. He will help us in the bat - tle, In the day - time and the night,

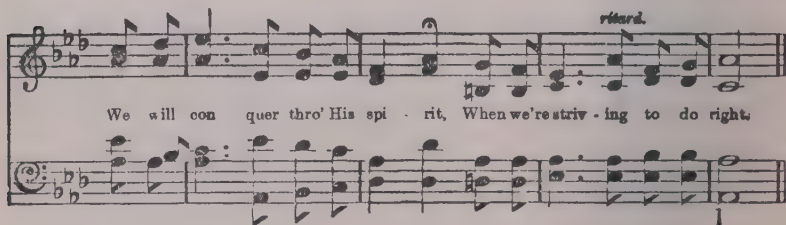


1. There is One who's ev - er near us, When we're striv - ing to do right.
2. If we on - ly ask His guid - ance, When we're striv - ing to do right.

CHORUS.



It is Jes - us, bless - ed Jes - us, Our great Lead - er in the fight,



We will con - quer thro' His spi - rit, When we're striv - ing to do right.

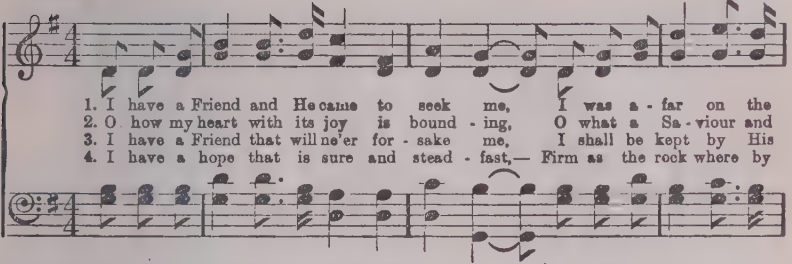
3. If we only would remember,
Our Redeemer's strength and might.
That we have His arms around us,
When we're striving to do right.

4. As we journey on to glory,
We must trust Him in the fight,
And we'll find a mighty Helper,
When we're striving to do right.

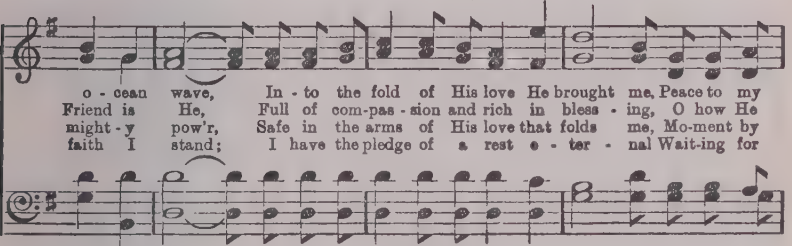
I have a Friend.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

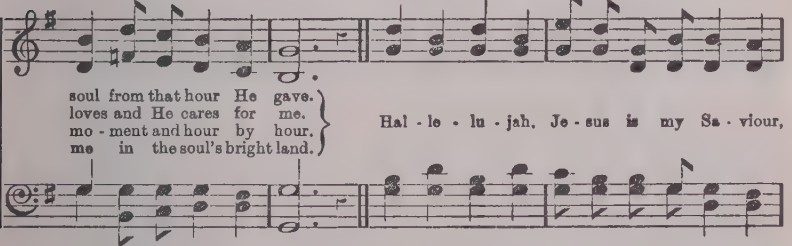


1. I have a Friend and He came to seek me, I was a - far on the
 2. O how my heart with its joy is bound - ing, O what a Sa - viour and
 3. I have a Friend that will ne'er for - sake me, I shall be kept by His
 4. I have a hope that is sure and stead - fast, — Firm as the rock where by



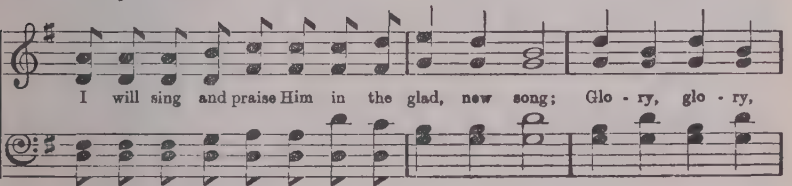
o - cean wave, In - to the fold of His love He brought me, Peace to my
 Friend is He, Full of com - pas - sion and rich in bless - ing, O how He
 might - y pow'r, Safe in the arms of His love that folds me, Mo - ment by
 faith I stand; I have the pledge of a rest e - ter - nal Wait - ing for

CHORUS.

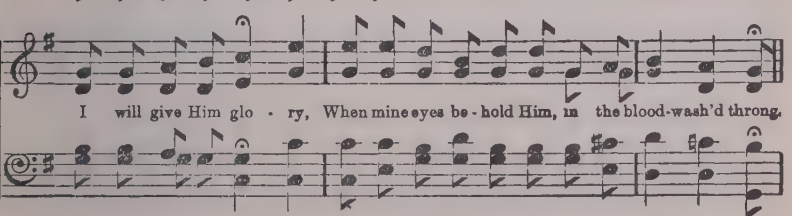


soul from that hour He gave.
 loves and He cares for me.
 mo - ment and hour by hour.
 me in the soul's bright land.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus is my Sa - viour,



I will sing and praise Him in the glad, new song; Glo - ry, glo - ry,



I will give Him glo - ry, When mine eyes be - hold Him, in the blood - wash'd throng,

Hidden Peace.

J. S. BROWN.

L. O. BROWN.

1. I can-not tell thee whence it came, This peace with-in my breast;
 2. Be-neath the toil and care of life, This hid-den stream flows on;
 3. I can-not tell the half of love. Un-feigned, supreme, di-vine,
 4. I can-not tell thee why He chose, To suf-fer and to die;

But this I know, there fills my soul, A strange and tranquil rest.
 My wea-ry soul no long-er thirsts, Nor am I sad and lone.
 That caused my dark-est in-most self With beams of hope to shine.
 But if I suf-fer here with Him, I'll reign with Him for aye.

CHORUS.

There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul (in my soul),

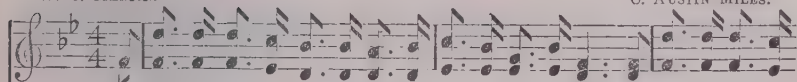
There's a deep, set-tled peace in my soul (in my soul); Though the

bil-lows of sin near me roll, He a-bides, Christ a-bides.

Still Sweeter every Day.

W. C. MARTIN.

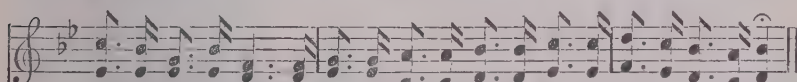
C. AUSTIN MILES.



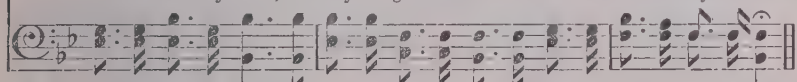
1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er drawn; He's fair - er than the
2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw Him from a - far; He's fair - er than the
3. My heart is sometimes heav - y, but He comes with sweet relief; He folds me to His



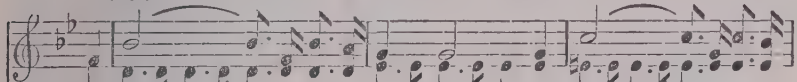
glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He's all my fan - cy pic - tured in its
lil - y, bright - er than the morn - ing star; He fills and sat - is - fies my long - ing
bo - som when I droop with blighting grief; I love the Christ who all my bur - dens



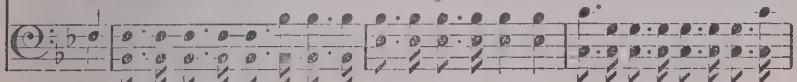
fairest dreams, and more; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be - fore.
spi - rit o'er and o'er; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be - fore.
in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows still sweeter than He was the day be - fore.



CHORUS.



The half . . . can not be fan - cied this side . . . the golden
The half cannot be fan - cied on this side the golden shore, The half cannot be fancied on this



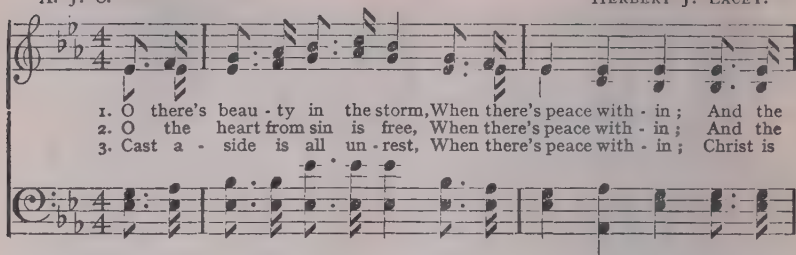
shore; Oh, there He'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.
side the golden shore; Oh there He'll be far sweeter than He ev - er was be - fore, than He ev - er was be - fore.



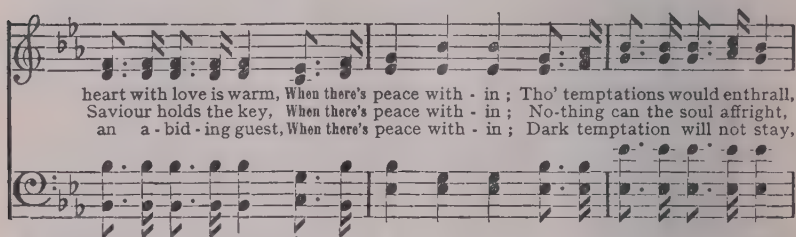
When there's Peace Within.

A. J. C.

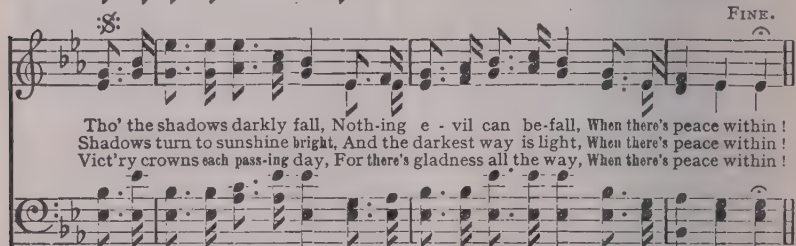
HERBERT J. LACEY.



1. O there's beau - ty in the storm, When there's peace with - in ; And the
 2. O the heart from sin is free, When there's peace with - in ; And the
 3. Cast a - side is all un - rest, When there's peace with - in ; Christ is



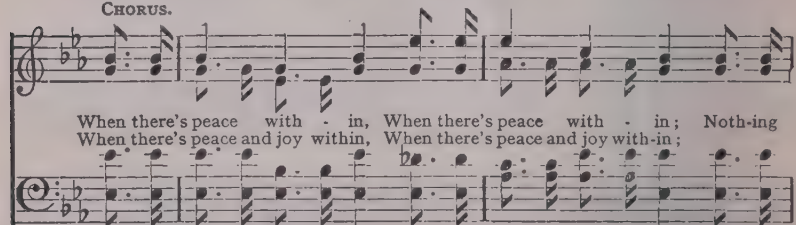
heart with love is warm, When there's peace with - in ; Tho' temptations would enthrall,
 Saviour holds the key, When there's peace with - in ; No-thing can the soul affright,
 an a - bid - ing guest, When there's peace with - in ; Dark temptation will not stay,



Tho' the shadows darkly fall, Noth - ing e - vil can be - fall, When there's peace within !
 Shadows turn to sunshine bright, And the darkest way is light, When there's peace within !
 Vict'ry crowns each pass - ing day, For there's gladness all the way, When there's peace within !

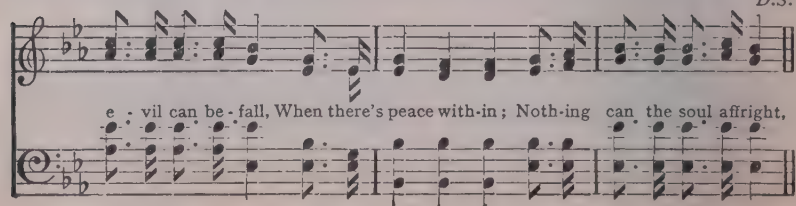
D.S.—Shadows turn to sunshine bright, And the darkest way is light, When there's peace within !

CHORUS.



When there's peace with - in, When there's peace with - in ; Noth - ing
 When there's peace and joy within, When there's peace and joy with - in ;

D.S.

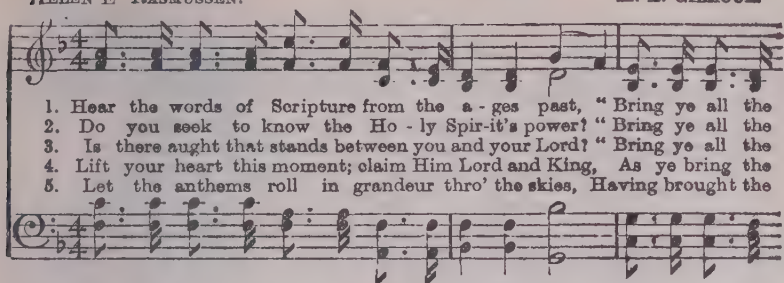


e - vil can be - fall, When there's peace with - in ; Noth - ing can the soul affright,

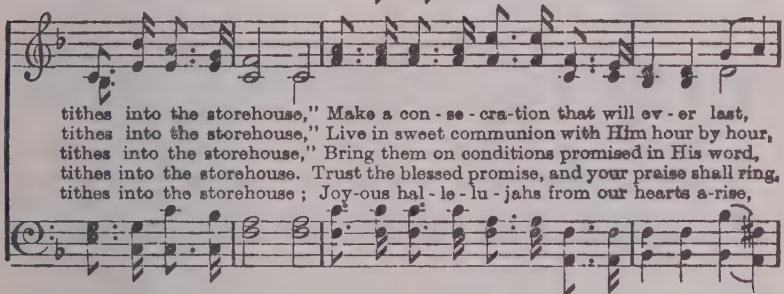
Bring ye all the Tithes.

HELEN E. RASMUSSEN.

H. L. GILMOUR.

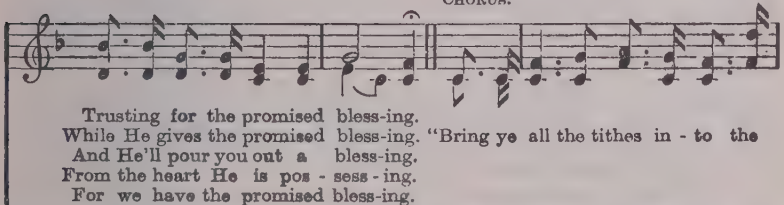


1. Hear the words of Scripture from the a - ges past, "Bring ye all the
 2. Do you seek to know the Ho - ly Spir-it's power? "Bring ye all the
 3. Is there aught that stands between you and your Lord? "Bring ye all the
 4. Lift your heart this moment; claim Him Lord and King, As ye bring the
 5. Let the anthems roll in grandeur thro' the skies, Having brought the

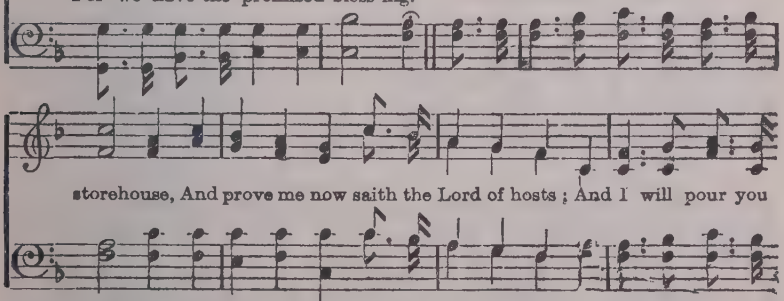


tithes into the storehouse," Make a con - se - cra - tion that will ev - er last,
 tithes into the storehouse," Live in sweet communion with Him hour by hour,
 tithes into the storehouse," Bring them on conditions promised in His word,
 tithes into the storehouse. Trust the blessed promise, and your praise shall ring,
 tithes into the storehouse; Joy-ous hal - le - lu - jahs from our hearts a-rise,

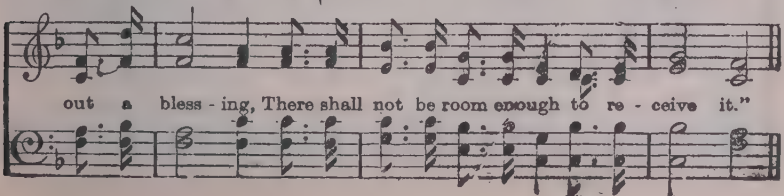
CHORUS.



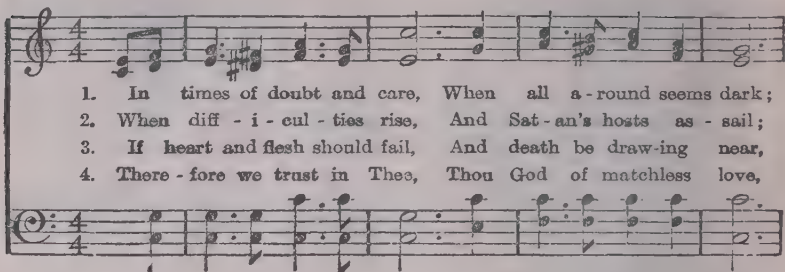
Trusting for the promised bless-ing.
 While He gives the promised bless-ing. "Bring ye all the tithes in - to the
 And He'll pour you out a bless-ing.
 From the heart He is pos - sess - ing.
 For we have the promised bless-ing.



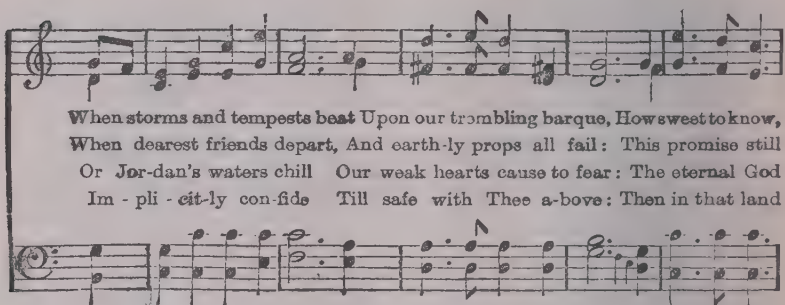
storehouse, And prove me now saith the Lord of hosts; And I will pour you



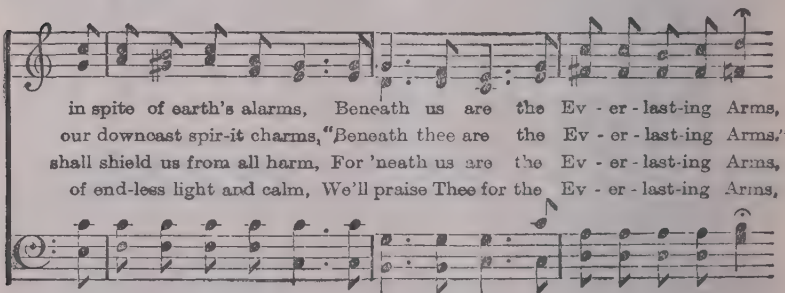
out a bless - ing, There shall not be room enough to re - ceive it."



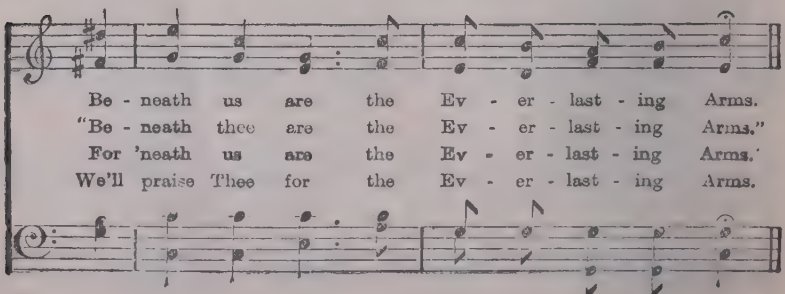
1. In times of doubt and care, When all a-round seems dark;
 2. When diff - i - cul - ties rise, And Sat - an's hosts as - sail;
 3. If heart and flesh should fail, And death be draw-ing near,
 4. There - fore we trust in Thee, Thou God of matchless love,



When storms and tempests beat Upon our trembling barque, Howsweeet to know,
 When dearest friends depart, And earth-ly props all fail: This promise still
 Or Jor-dan's waters chill Our weak hearts cause to fear: The eternal God
 Im - pli - cit-ly con-fide Till safe with Thee a-bove: Then in that land



in spite of earth's alarms, Beneath us are the Ev - er - last-ing Arms,
 our downcast spir-it charms, "Beneath thee are the Ev - er - last-ing Arms,"
 shall shield us from all harm, For 'neath us are the Ev - er - last-ing Arms,
 of end-less light and calm, We'll praise Thee for the Ev - er - last-ing Arms,

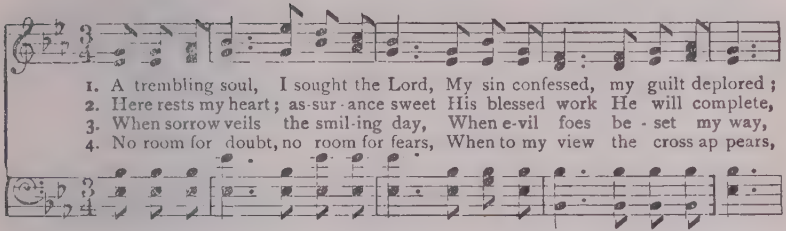


Be - neath us are the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 "Be - neath thee are the Ev - er - last - ing Arms."
 For 'neath us are the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 We'll praise Thee for the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

The Took My Place.

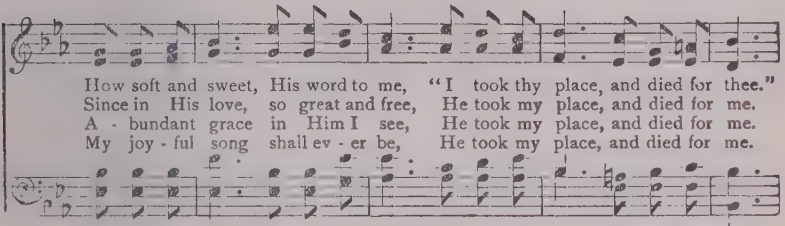
E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



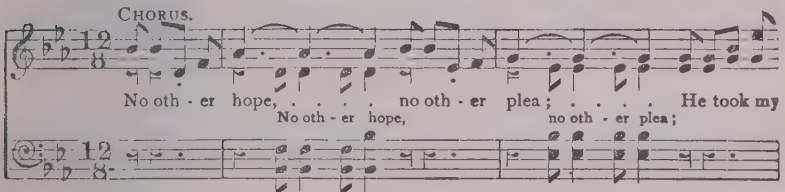
1. A trembling soul, I sought the Lord, My sin confessed, my guilt deplored ;
 2. Here rests my heart ; as-sur-ance sweet His blessed work He will complete,
 3. When sorrow veils the smil-ing day, When e-vil foes be-set my way,
 4. No room for doubt, no room for fears, When to my view the cross ap pears,

rit......

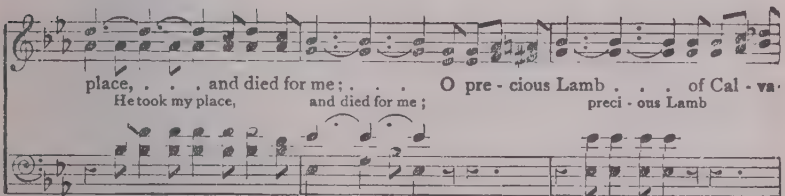


How soft and sweet, His word to me, "I took thy place, and died for thee."
 Since in His love, so great and free, He took my place, and died for me.
 A-bun-dant grace in Him I see, He took my place, and died for me.
 My joy-ful song shall ev-er be, He took my place, and died for me.

CHORUS.

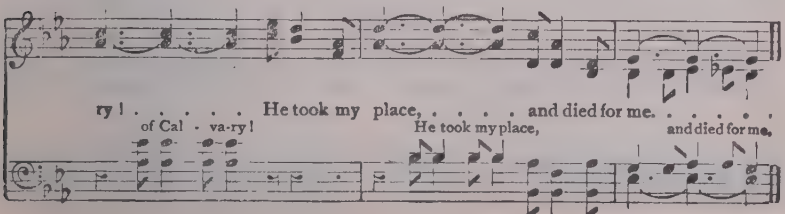


No oth-er hope, No oth-er hope, no oth-er plea ; He took my
 No oth-er hope, no oth-er plea ;



place, . . . and died for me ; O pre-cious Lamb . . . of Cal - va-
 He took my place, and died for me ; preci-ous Lamb

rit......

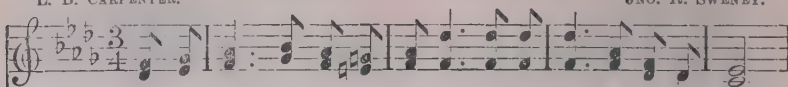


ry ! He took my place, and died for me.
 of Cal - va-ry ! He took my place, and died for me.

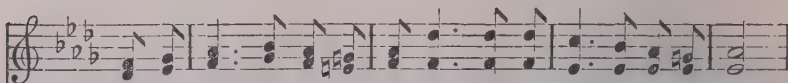
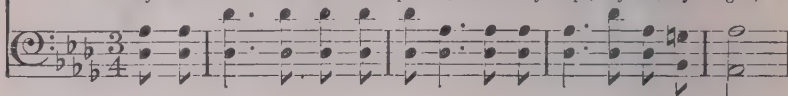
Clinging and Resting.

L. B. CARPENTER.

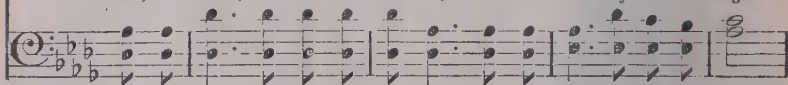
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. To the cross I long was cling-ing As a ref-uge from des-pair,—
 2. To that cross I cling no long-er, Doubts and fears no long-er feel;
 3. Oh, what need-less griefs I've car-ried! And what need-less bur-dens borne!
 4. My sal-va-tion is com-plet-ed, Christ my hope, my life, my light;



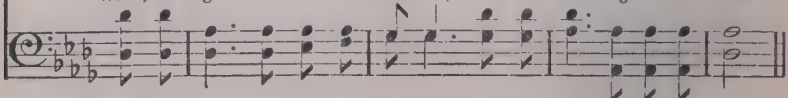
Found re-lief from guilt of sin-ning While I lin-gered clinging there;
 Faith, and hope, and love are strong-er, Je-sus' blood doth ful-ly heal.
 All be-cause I cling-ing tar-ried, While the rest-ing was un-known.
 Sin, and death, and hell de-feat-ed, Can-not now my soul af-fright.



Still life's waves and storms as-sailed me, Doubts and fears my mind dis-tress'd,
 Now my song is not, "I'm cling-ing," That to me would now be loss,
 Years of cling-ing were not wast-ed, Tho' they seem to me but loss,
 Hea-ven seems in bless-ed near-ness, And earth's trea-sures are as dross,



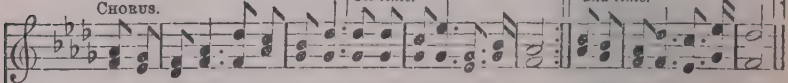
And with all the cross a-vail'd me, Cling-ing gave no per-fect rest.
 When mind, heart, and soul are sing-ing, "I am rest-ing at the cross."
 Since di-vi-ner sweets I've tast-ed In this rest-ing at the cross.
 While, 'mid light of cloud-less clear-ness, I am rest-ing at the cross.



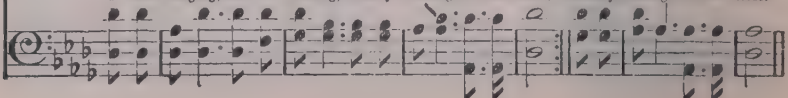
CHORUS.

1st time.

2nd time.



I was cling-ing, now I'm rest-ing, Sweetly rest-ing at the cross, Sweetly rest-ing at the cross.

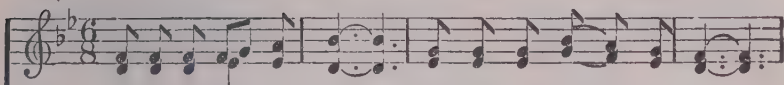


After.

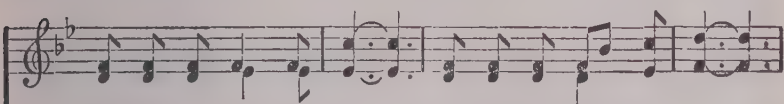
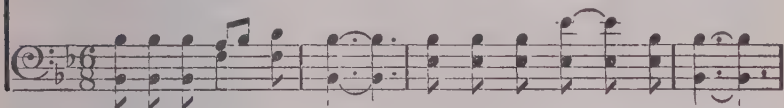
Anon.

(WITH GREAT EXPRESSION.)

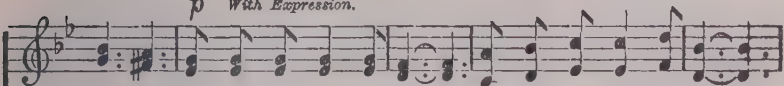
E. C. AVIS.



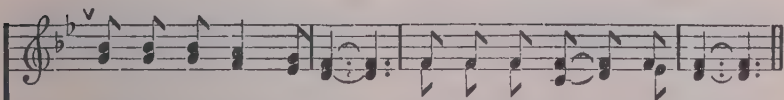
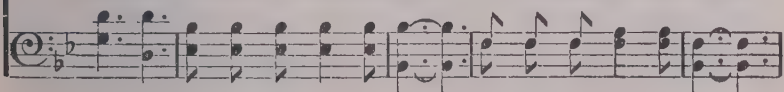
1. After the Christian's tears, Af - ter his fights and fears,
2. After this hol - y calm, Resting on Je - sus arm,
3. After the work is done, And the lost soul is won,



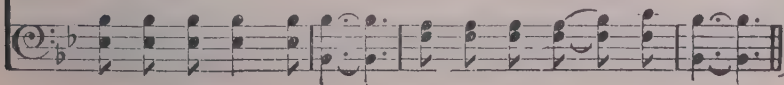
After his wear - y cross, After "all things" but loss,
 After this deep - er love, For that bright home a - bove,
 When Jesus' love and power, Have cheered the dy - ing hour,

*p With Expression.*

What then? Oh then a hol - y calm, Resting on Je - sus' arm,
 What then? Oh then glad work for Him, Perish - ing souls to win,
 What then? Oh then the crown is given, Oh then sweet rest in heaven,

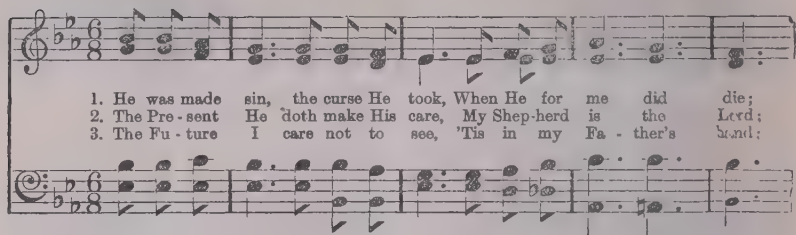


Oh then a deep - er love, For that bright home a - bove.
 Then Je - sus' presence near, Death's darkest hour to cheer.
 Life, joy, and end - less day, Sor - row for ev - er away.

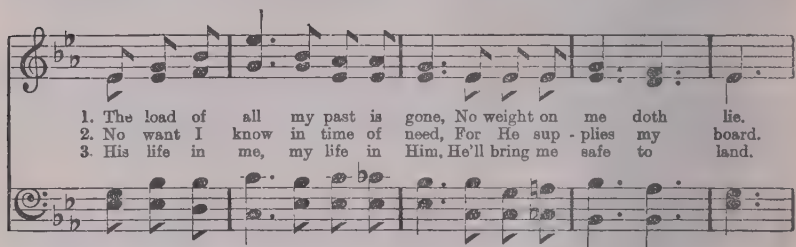


F. E. MARSH.

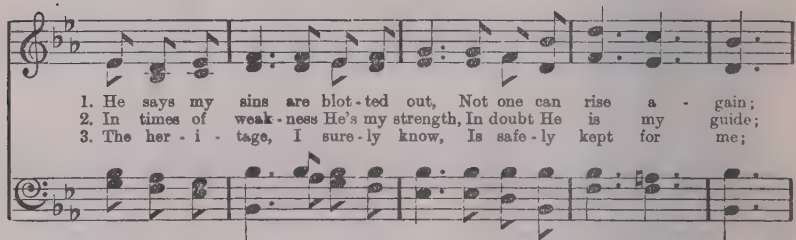
R. F. BEVERIDGE,
REFRAIN arranged by J. J. S.



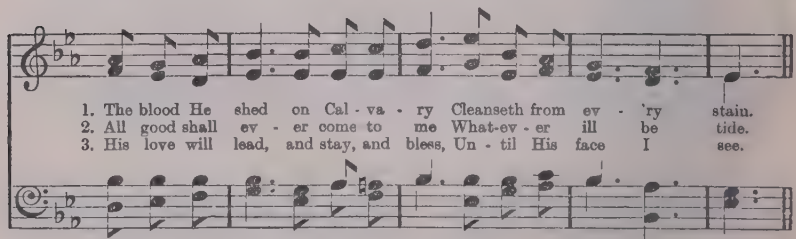
1. He was made sin, the curse He took, When He for me did die;
2. The Pre-sent He doth make His care, My Shep-herd is the Lord;
3. The Fu-ture I care not to see, 'Tis in my Fa-ther's hand;



1. The load of all my past is gone, No weight on me doth lie.
2. No want I know in time of need, For He sup-plies my board.
3. His life in me, my life in Him, He'll bring me safe to land.



1. He says my sins are blot-ted out, Not one can rise a-gain;
2. In times of weak-ness He's my strength, In doubt He is my guide;
3. The her-i-tage, I sure-ly know, Is safe-ly kept for me;



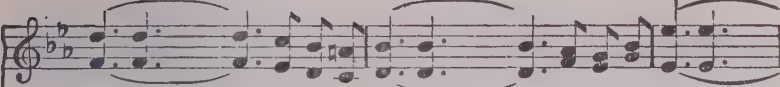
1. The blood He shed on Cal-va-ry Cleanseth from ev-'ry stain.
2. All good shall ev-er come to me What-ev-er ill be-tide.
3. His love will lead, and stay, and bless, Un-til His face I see.

REFRAIN.

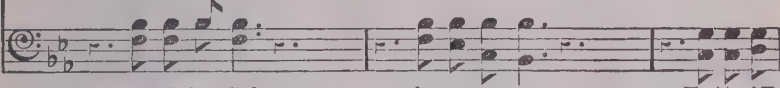


O wondrous grace, so rich and free, For He has
O wondrous grace. so rich and free,


The Past, Present, and Future—continued.



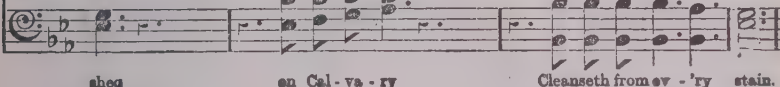
 died for e - ven me; The blood He shed . . .



 For He has died for e - ven me; The blood He



 . . . on Cal - va - ry Cleanseth from ev - 'ry stain.



 shed on Cal - va - ry Cleanseth from ev - 'ry stain.

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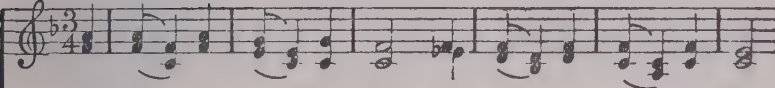
My Times are in Thy Hand.

(PSALM xxxi. 15.)

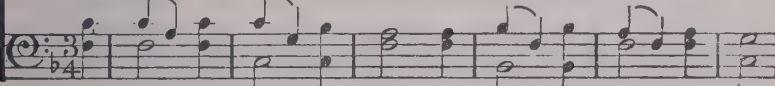
W. F. LLOYD.

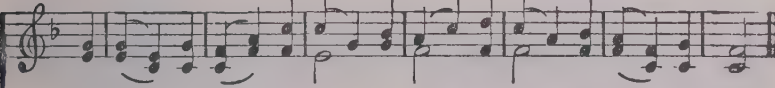
(DENNIS. S.M.)

H. G. NAGELI, (Arr.)

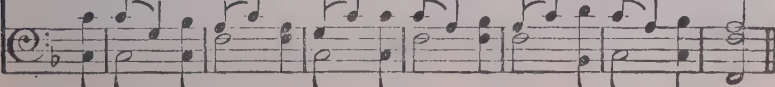


1. My times are in Thy hand: My God I wish them there;
 2. My times are in Thy hand, What - ev - er they may be;
 3. My times are in Thy hand; Why should I doubt or fear;
 4. My times are in Thy hand, Je - sus the cru - ci - fied!



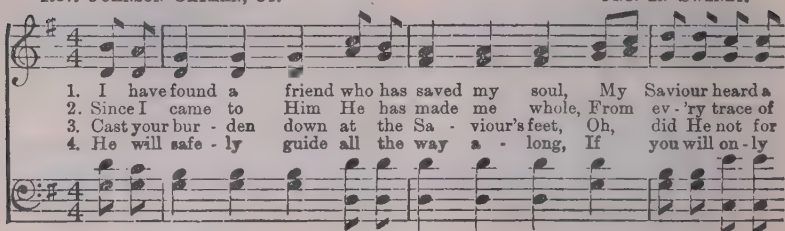


My life, my friends, my soul— I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.
 Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright As best may seem to Thee.
 My Fa - ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.
 The hand my cru - el sins had pierced, Is now my guard and guide.

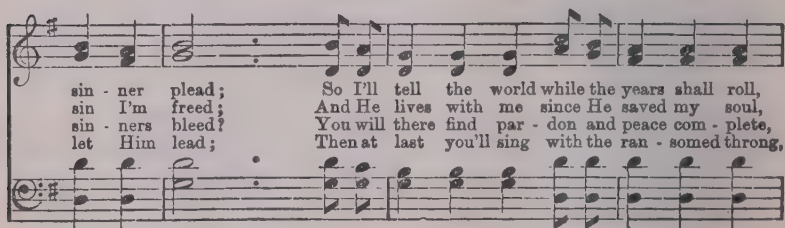


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

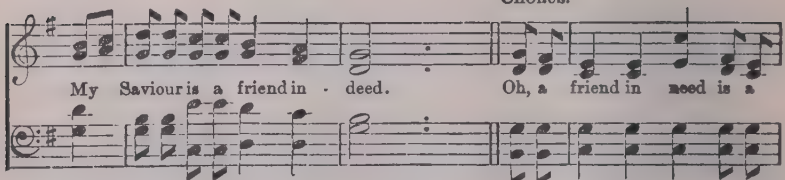


1. I have found a friend who has saved my soul, My Saviour heard a
 2. Since I came to Him He has made me whole, From ev-'ry trace of
 3. Cast your bur - den down at the Sa - vour's feet, Oh, did He not for
 4. He will safe - ly guide all the way a - long, If you will on - ly

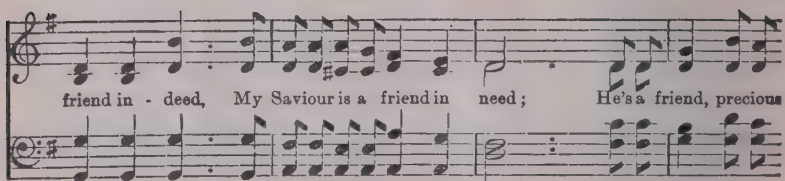


sin - ner plead; So I'll tell the world while the years shall roll,
 sin I'm freed; And He lives with me since He saved my soul,
 sin - ners bleed? You will there find par - don and peace com - plete,
 let Him lead; Then at last you'll sing with the ran - somed throng,

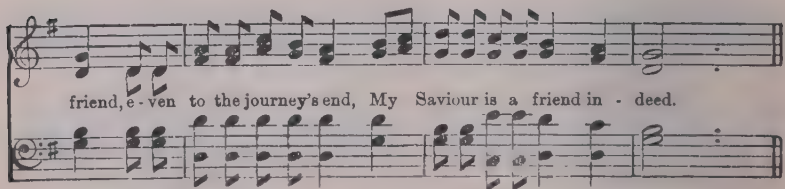
CHORUS.



My Saviour is a friend in - deed. Oh, a friend in need is a



friend in - deed, My Saviour is a friend in need; He's a friend, precious



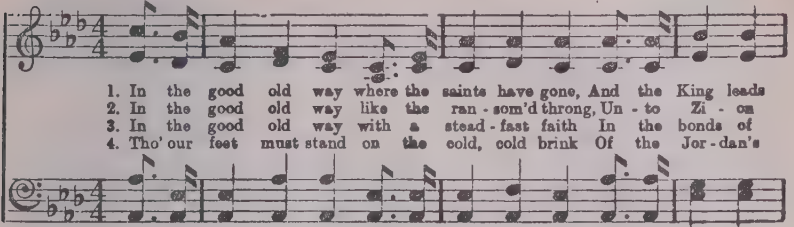
friend, e - ven to the journey's end, My Saviour is a friend in - deed.

Safe in the Glory-Land.

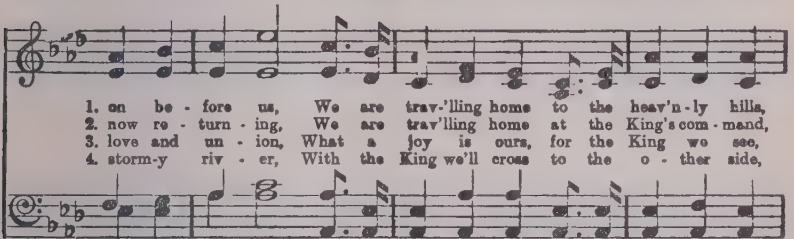
"In my Father's house are many mansions." —JOHN xiv. 2.

JAMES. L. BLACK.

JNO. B. SWENNY.

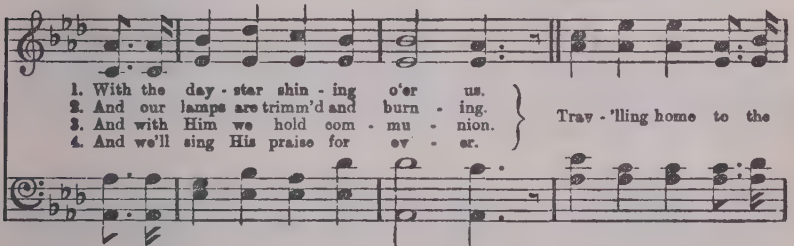


1. In the good old way where the saints have gone, And the King leads
 2. In the good old way like the ran-som'd throng, Un-to Zi-on
 3. In the good old way with a stead-fast faith In the bonds of
 4. Tho' our feet must stand on the cold, cold brink Of the Jor-dan's



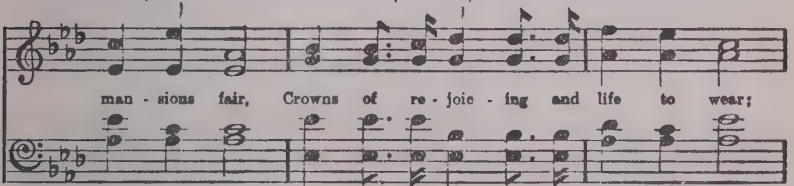
1. on be-fore us, We are trav'ling home to the heav'n-ly hills,
 2. now re-turn-ing, We are trav'ling home at the King's com-mand,
 3. love and un-ion, What a joy is ours, for the King we see,
 4. storm-y riv-er, With the King we'll cross to the o-ther side,

CHORUS.

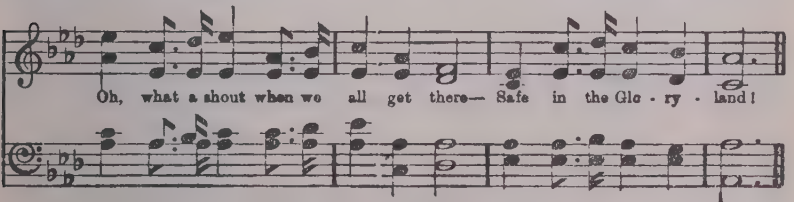


1. With the day-star shin-ing o'er us.
 2. And our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing.
 3. And with Him we hold com-mu-nion.
 4. And we'll sing His praise for ev-er.

} Trav'ling home to the



man-sions fair, Crowns of re-joice-ing and life to wear;



Oh, what a shout when we all get there— Safe in the Glo-ry-land!

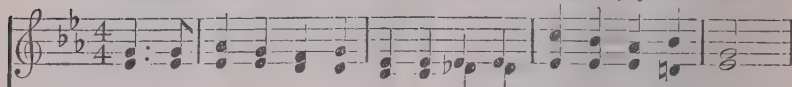
Storm and Calm;

or, The Blessed Contrast.

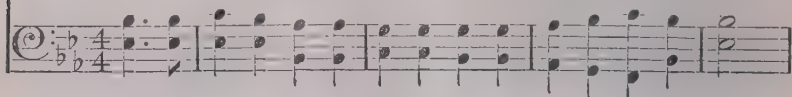
"He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm."—
Matt. viii. 26.

Andante. MM. 72.

Words and Music by JOHN MARTIN.



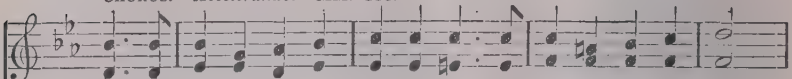
1. When the waves of sin roll round us, And our hearts are fill'd with fear,
2. When our hearts are fill'd with sad-ness, And our spi-rits crush'd with woe,
3. When dis-cou-rage-ment op-press-es, And we feel that all is wrong,



Then we're glad that Je-sus found us, We are glad when He is near.
Then it is that mer-cy's glad-ness Is so sweet for us to know.
Then it is our heart con-fess-es, Je-sus can re-new the song.



CHORUS. *Accelerando.* MM. 100.



Oh, the peace His love has bought us, By the blood which brings us nigh;



Oh, the joy that He has brought us, Oh, the glo-ry from on high!



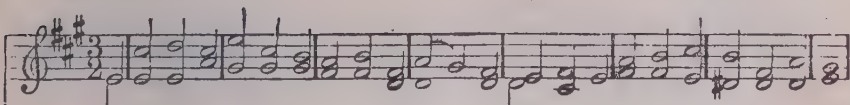
82

3 once was a Stranger to Grace.

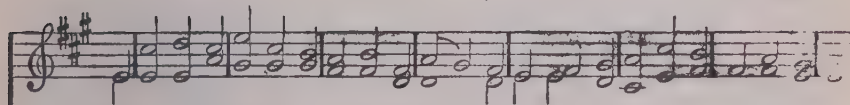
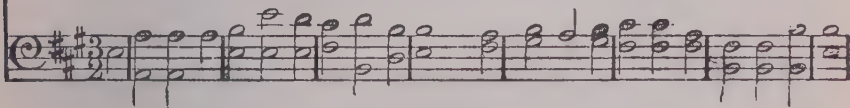
R. M. M'CHEYNE.

ST. CLEMENT.

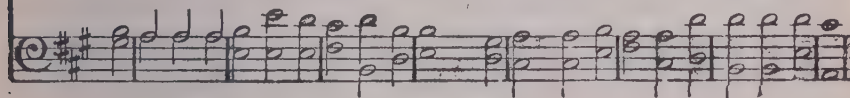
C. C. SCHOTTEPIED.



1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God, I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
2. Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll, I wept when the waters went over His soul;
3. When free grace awoke me by light from on high, Then legal fears shook me I trembled to die;
4. My terrors all vanished before that sweet name, My guilty fears banished with boldness I came



Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Je - ho - vah Tsid - kenu was nothing to me.
 Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree Je - ho - vah Tsid - kenu, 'twas nothing to me.
 No re - fuge or safe - ty in self could I see, Je - ho - vah Tsid - kenu my Saviour must be.
 To drink of the foun - tain life - giv - ing and free, Je - ho - vah Tsid - kenu is all things to me.



83

How Firm a Foundation!

(To Tune above)

G. KEITH. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Heb. xiii. 5.

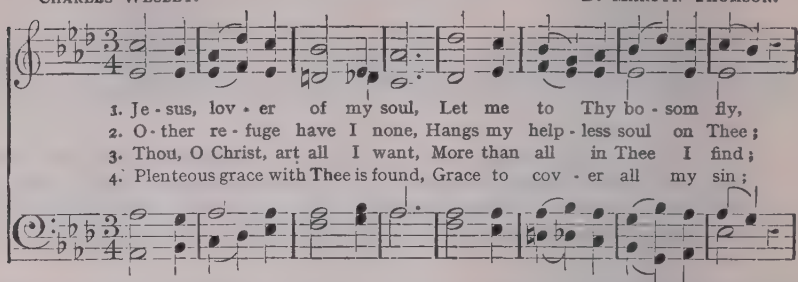
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath
said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled.
2. Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed!
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand
Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent hand.
3. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples
adorn, [born.
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be
6. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not—I will not desert to its foes;
That soul—though all hell should endeavour to
shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake!

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

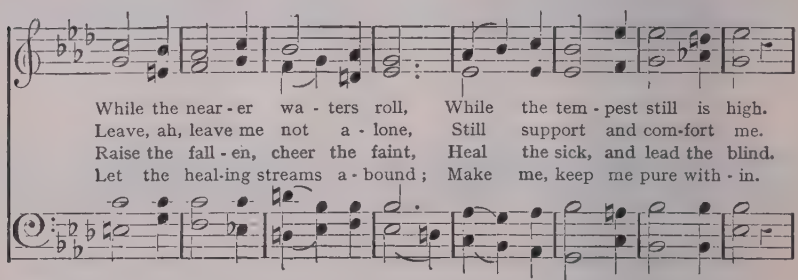
"BOGTON PARK."

CHARLES WESLEY.

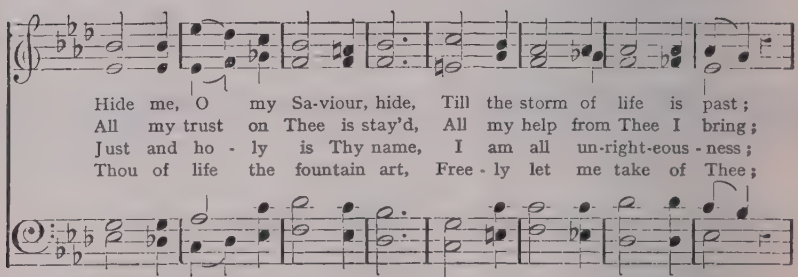
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



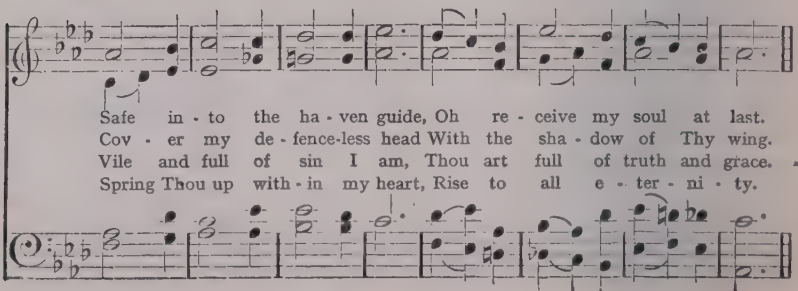
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. O - ther re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



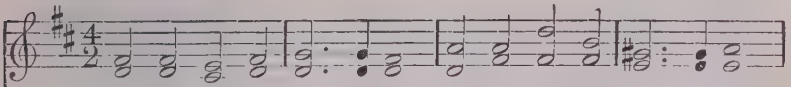
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

85

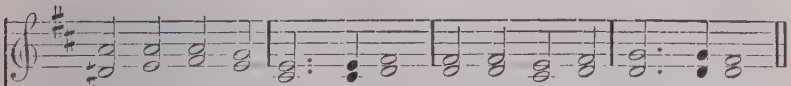
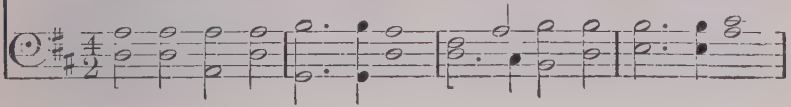
Suffering Saviour on the Tree.

THOS. H. BOYLE.

R. REDHEAD.



1. Suff-'ring Sa-viour on the tree, Thou hast borne the curse for me;
2. Now the law is mag-ni-fied, He its claims hath sat-is-fied;
3. Oh! a-maz-ing love di-vine, Wondrous work, 'tis most sub-lime;
4. Yes, dear Lord, we'll give Thee praise, To Thee heart and voi ces raise;



All my sins on Thee were laid, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
Now we put our trust in Thee, Now from law for-ev-er free.
Won-drous Per son, Son of God, Ev-er be Thy Name a-dored.
And with those now gone be-fore, Praise Thee now and ev-er-more.

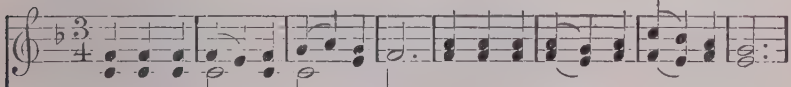


86

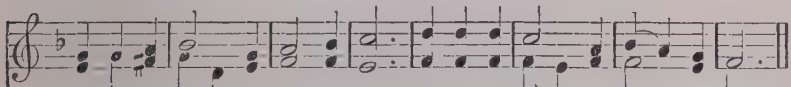
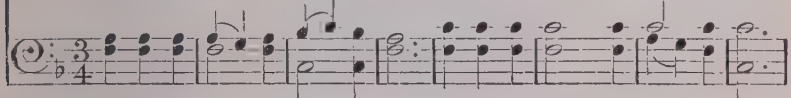
Sun of My Soul.

J. KEBLE.

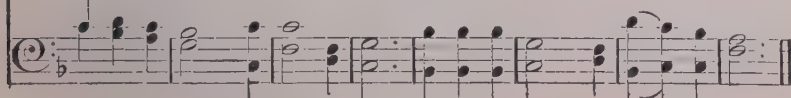
P. RITTER.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa-viour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wea-ried eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take,

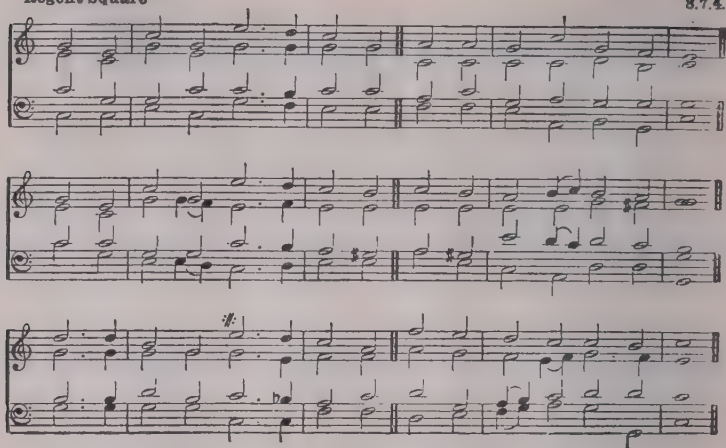


O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes!
Be my last thought: How sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sa-viour's breast!
Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a-bove.



"Regent Square"

8.7.4.

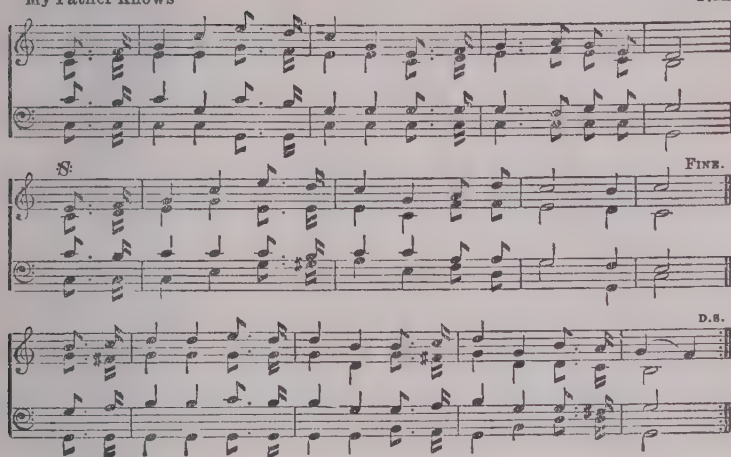


- 1 LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the "Man of Sorrows" now,
From the fight return victorious:
Every knee to Him shall bow,
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour! angels crown Him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd Him!
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.
Crown Him! crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark! these bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! crown Him!
"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!"

I'm a Pilgrim.

"My Father Knows"

P.M.

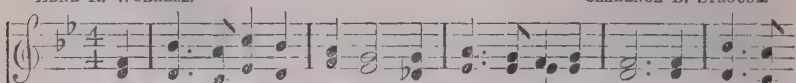


- 1 I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road,
Often in the midst of danger;
But it leads to God.
Clouds and darkness oft distress me;
Great and many are my foes;
Anxious cares and thoughts oppress me;
But my Father knows.
- 2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife,
Although sorrows past endurance,
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me;
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me;
For my Father knows.
- 3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love;
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended,—
This my Father knows.
- 4 I shall then with joy behold Him;
Face to face my Saviour see;
Fall with rapture, and adore Him
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me—
In the land of sweet repose:
Jesus stands engaged to bless me,—
This my Father knows.

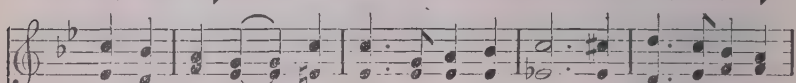
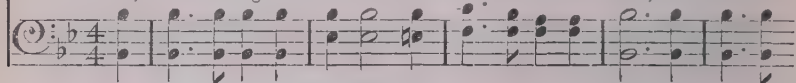
It's just like this great Love.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

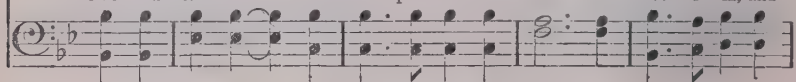
CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



1. A friend I have called Je - sus, Whose love is strong and free, And nev - er
2. Some - times the clouds of trou - ble Be - dim the sky a - bove; I can - not
3. When sor - row's clouds o'er - take me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. Oh, I could sing for ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His



fails how - e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter where I be I've sinned against this
see my Sa - viour's face, I doubt His won - drous love. But He from hea - ven's
worse than use - less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der - ness For this poor life of mine. His love is in, and



love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat, Be - hold - ing my des pair, In pi - ty bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers



CHORUS.



guilt to Him, The sin - clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be - tween, And shows me He is there. } It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers, Like sun - shine af - ter rain.
"Peace, be still," And rolls the clouds a - way.



roll the clouds a - way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,



It's just like His great Love—Continued.

It's just like Je - sus all a-long the way, It's just like His great love.

90

Songs in the Night.

E. E. P.

(Job xxxv. 10.)

E. E. PICKARD.

1. In the night of lone ly sor - row, with the soul bowed down by grief,
2. God, who made the heart so ten - der, knows a - lone what it can bear;
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, I will trust Thee, as I know I ev - er should;

And the heart-strings al - most sev - ered, oh, to know whence comes re - lief!
Christ, who yearns with deep com - pas - sion, will all use - less sor - row spare,
For I sure - ly "know that all things work to - geth - er for my good."

Sva.....

Soft - ly, slow - ly, kind - ly steal - ing, yet with - al so strange - ly real,
Come, my soul, look up! take cou - rage! God is for thee, God is love!
And how - ev - er rough the jour - ney, and how - e'er se - vere the test,

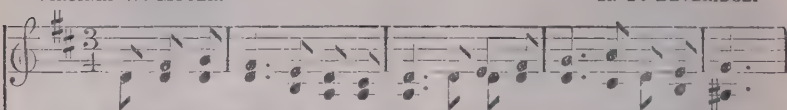
Sva.....

Comes this heav'n - ly ben - e - dic - tion, which 'tis bless - ed - ness to feel.
And the bless - ed Ho - ly Spi - rit leads thee thus to rest a - bove.
Well I know Thy hand is lead - ing home - ward, heav'n - ward to my rest.

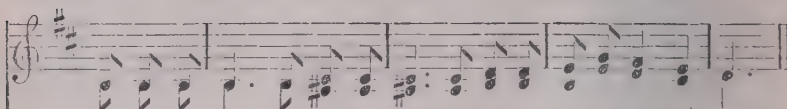
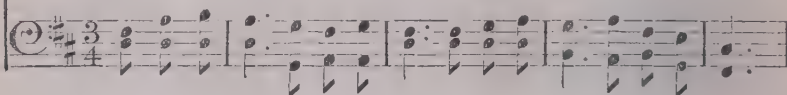
Christ, my Lover and my Friend.

VIRGINIA W. MOYER.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.



1. The world may sing its si-ren song, May lure where love and laughter blend ;
2. Tho' I may suf-fer loss and death, No hu-man arm its strength may lend ;
3. The judg-ment has no fears for me, I safe shall be when mountains rend ;



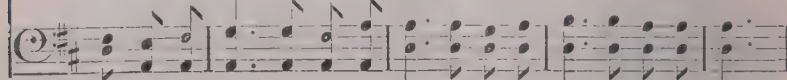
It has no charm to win my soul, For Christ my Lov-er is and Friend.
The bruised reed He will not break, For Christ my Lov-er is and Friend.
My Lord is my suf-fi-cien-cy, And He my Lov-er is and Friend.



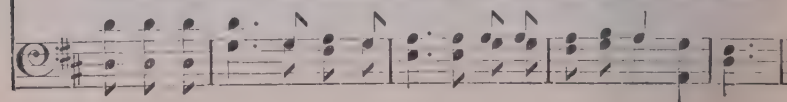
CHORUS.



I lean on Him with such de-light, I'll trust my Sa-viour to the end ;

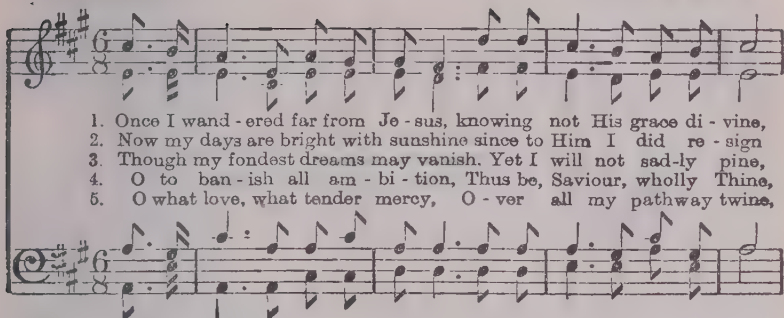


My soul's en-rap-tured with the sight Of Christ, my Lov-er and my Friend.

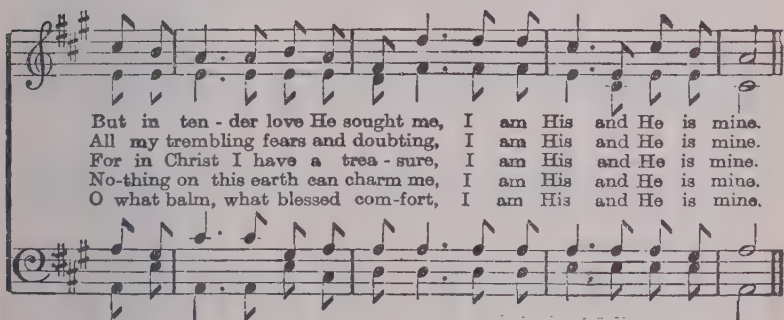


JAMES FRASER.

WILLIAM FRASER.

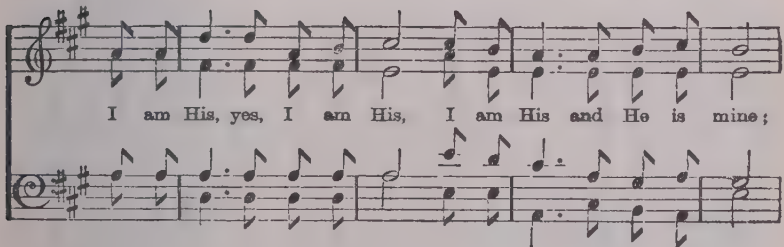


1. Once I wand - er'd far from Je - sus, knowing not His grace di - vine,
 2. Now my days are bright with sunshine since to Him I did re - sign
 3. Though my fondest dreams may vanish. Yet I will not sad - ly pine,
 4. O to ban - ish all am - bi - tion, Thus be, Saviour, wholly Thine,
 5. O what love, what tender mercy, O - ver all my pathway twine,

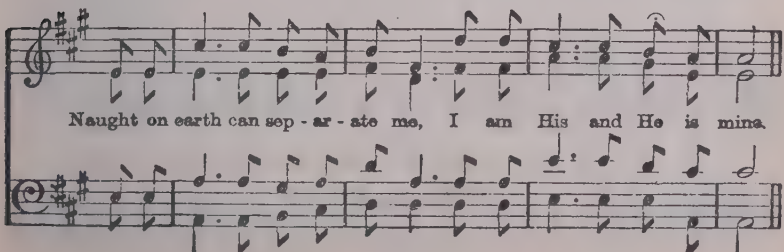


But in ten - der love He sought me, I am His and He is mine.
 All my trembling fears and doubting, I am His and He is mine.
 For in Christ I have a trea - sure, I am His and He is mine.
 No - thing on this earth can charm me, I am His and He is mine.
 O what balm, what blessed com - fort, I am His and He is mine.

CHORUS.



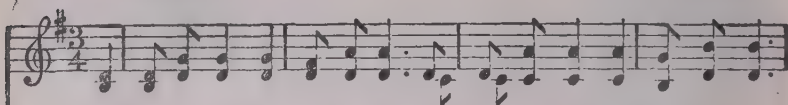
I am His, yes, I am His, I am His and He is mine;



Naught on earth can sep - ar - ate me, I am His and He is mine.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

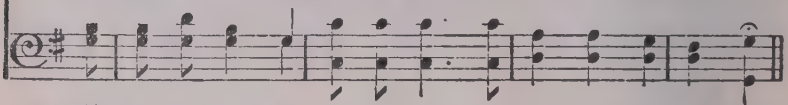
JNO. R. SWENEY.



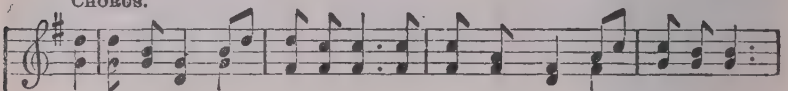
1. When I a ransomed sinner see, Redeemed from death, from sin set free,
2. I bow be-fore the mercy-seat, And Je-sus comes my soul to greet;
3. And when my heart is sore distressed, And I must part with those lov'd best,
4. And when my hour shall come to die, His ho-ly an-gels from the sky



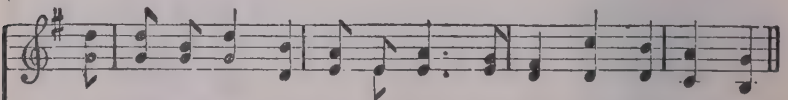
It caus-es no sur-prise to me — It's just like my Sav-iour.
And our com-mun-ion is so sweet — It's just like my Sav-iour.
He gent-ly folds me to His breast — It's just like my Sav-iour.
Will bear me to my home on high — It's just like my Sav-iour.



CHORUS.



Oh, Jesus is a friend so true! There's naught too hard for Him to do;



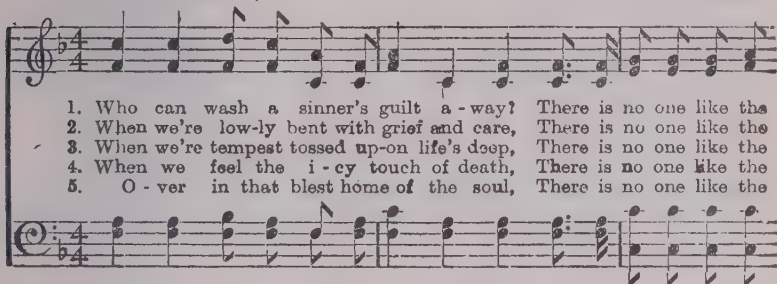
He purchased life for me and you — It's just like my Sav-iour.



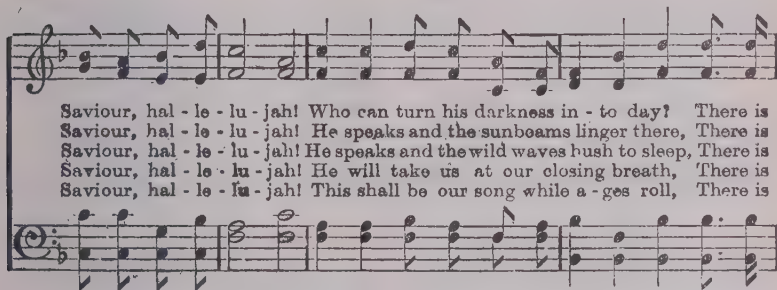
There is no one like the Saviour.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

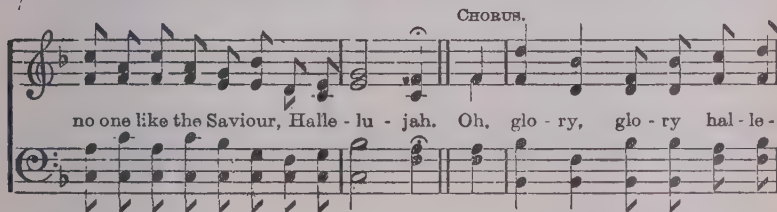


1. Who can wash a sinner's guilt a-way? There is no one like the
 2. When we're low-ly bent with grief and care, There is no one like the
 3. When we're tempest tossed up-on life's deep, There is no one like the
 4. When we feel the i-cy touch of death, There is no one like the
 5. O-ver in that blest home of the soul, There is no one like the

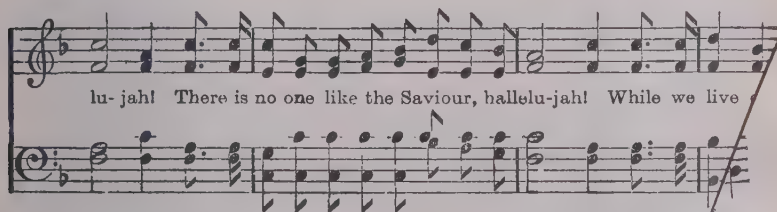


Saviour, hal-le-lu-jah! Who can turn his darkness in-to day? There is
 Saviour, hal-le-lu-jah! He speaks and the sunbeams linger there, There is
 Saviour, hal-le-lu-jah! He speaks and the wild waves hush to sleep, There is
 Saviour, hal-le-lu-jah! He will take us at our closing breath, There is
 Saviour, hal-le-lu-jah! This shall be our song while a-ges roll, There is

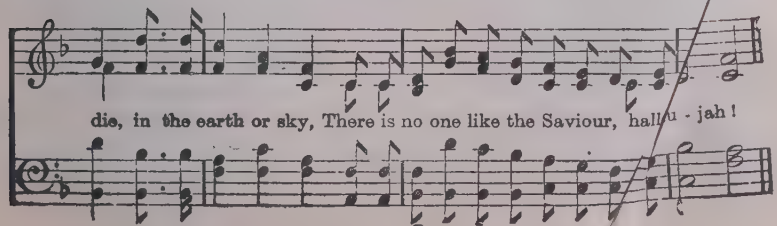
CHORUS.



no one like the Saviour, Halle-lu-jah. Oh, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-



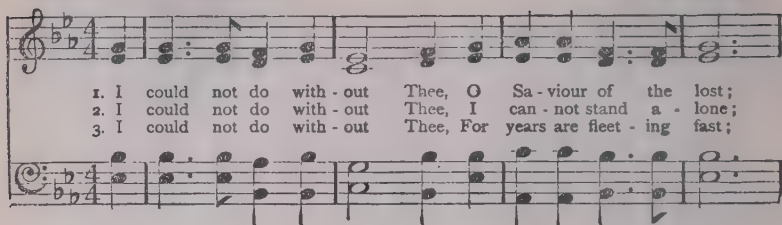
lu-jah! There is no one like the Saviour, hallelu-jah! While we live



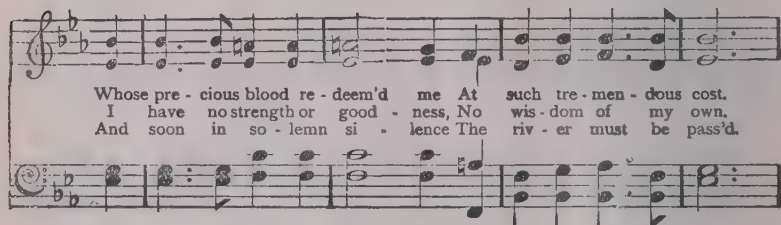
die, in the earth or sky, There is no one like the Saviour, hallu-jah!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

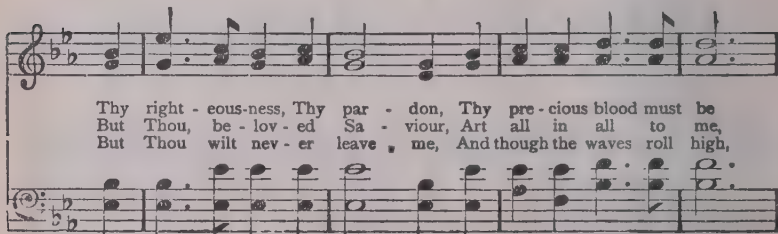
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



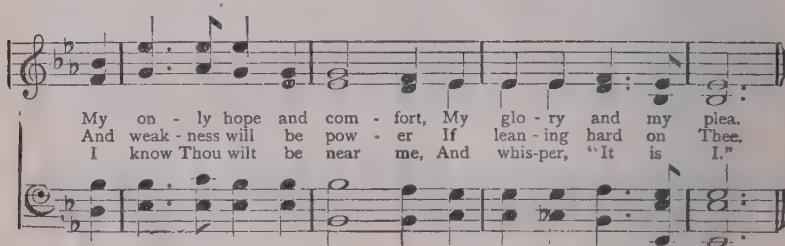
1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sa - vour of the lost;
 2. I could not do with - out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
 3. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast;



Whose pre - cious blood re - deem'd me At such tre - men - dous cost.
 I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own,
 And soon in so - lemn si - lence The riv - er must be pass'd.



Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
 But Thou, be - lov - ed Sa - vour, Art all in all to me,
 But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And though the waves roll high,



My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 And weak - ness will be pow - er If lean - ing hard on Thee.
 I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."

4 I could not do without Thee,
 Life's stormy voyage past,
 When in the peaceful haven
 I anchor safe at last.

When sorrow's night is ended,
 And death's dark shadows flee,
 I'll praise my God and Saviour
 Throughout eternity.

Copyright by R. F. B., 1903.

When He took my Sins Away.

Mrs. GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

Mrs. MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

1. When He took my sins a - way, Je - sus came to me to stay, And He
2. When I'm tempt-ed, when I'm tried, With Him ev - er at my side, Naught of
3. He has cleansed me, this I know, And he keeps me here be - low, As a
4. He's pre - par - ing me a place, Soon I'll see Him face to face, How I'll

changed my night to day, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has filled my heart with
harm can e'er be - tide, Hal - le - lu - jah! He is all in all to
con - quer - or I go, Hal - le - lu - jah! To the Ca - naan land I'm
sing re-deem-ing grace, Hal - le - lu - jah! With the blood-bought robed in

praise, Here I'll Eb - en - e - zer raise, O how plea - sant are His ways!
me, He gives per - fect vic - to - ry; Beau - ties new in Him I see!
led, On rich boun - ty I am fed, "More to fol - low," He has said,
white, Where there com - eth no more night; That blest ci - ty's just in sight!

CHORUS.

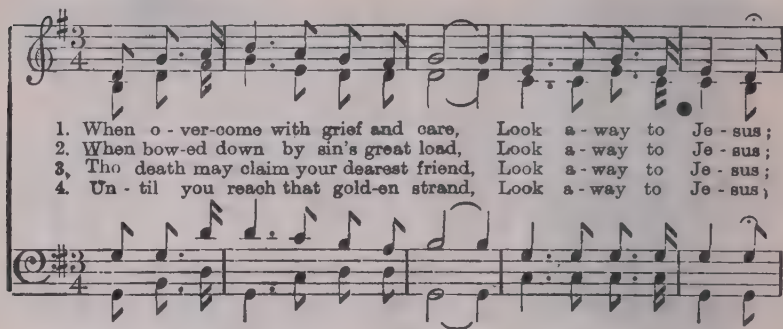
Hal - le - lu - jah! He's my Sa - vour! glo - ry! glo - ry! I will

tell the blessed sto - ry; Je - sus gives me grace and glory! Hal - le - lu - jah!

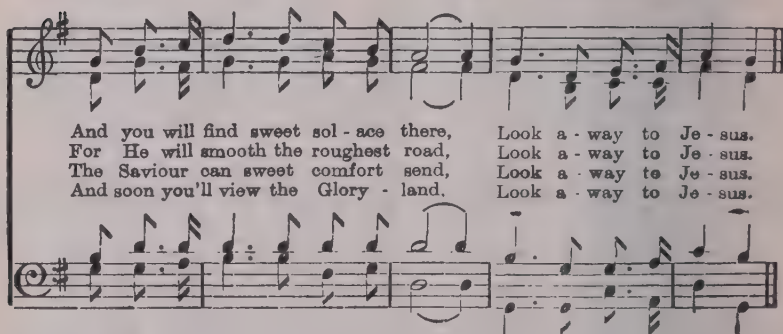
Look away to Jesus.

J. C. M. K.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

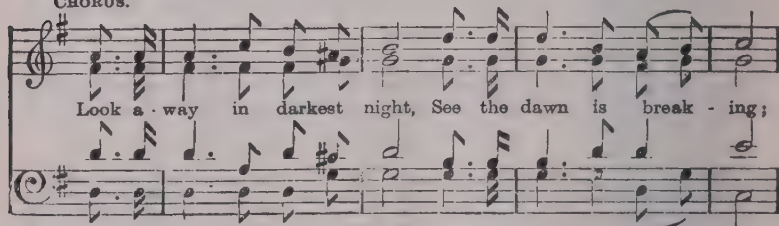


1. When o-ver-come with grief and care, Look a-way to Je-sus;
 2. When bow-ed down by sin's great load, Look a-way to Je-sus;
 3. Tho' death may claim your dearest friend, Look a-way to Je-sus;
 4. Un-til you reach that gold-en strand, Look a-way to Je-sus;

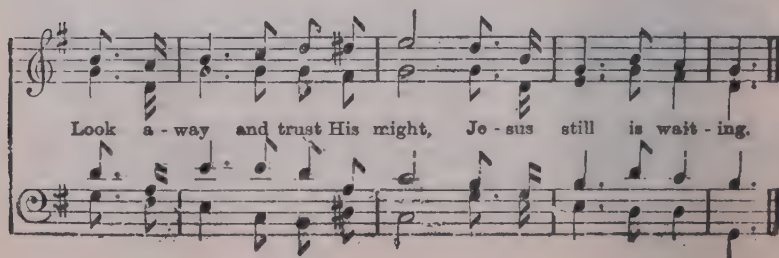


And you will find sweet sol-ace there, Look a-way to Je-sus.
 For He will smooth the roughest road, Look a-way to Je-sus.
 The Saviour can sweet comfort send, Look a-way to Je-sus.
 And soon you'll view the Glory-land, Look a-way to Je-sus.

CHORUS.



Look a-way in darkest night, See the dawn is break-ing;



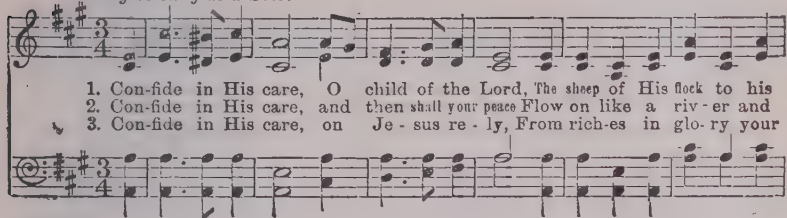
Look a-way and trust His might, Je-sus still is wait-ing.

Confide in His Care.

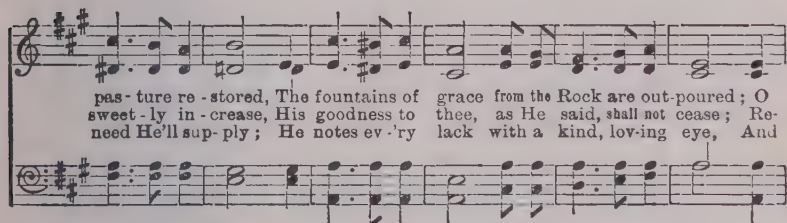
E. E. HEWITT.

MRS. J. G. WILSON.

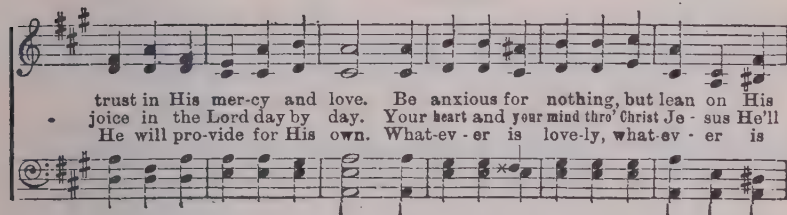
May be sung as a Solo.



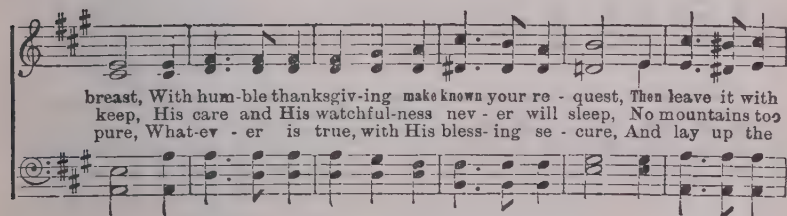
1. Con-fide in His care, O child of the Lord, The sheep of His flock to his
 2. Con-fide in His care, and then shall your peace Flow on like a riv-er and
 3. Con-fide in His care, on Je-sus re-ly, From rich-es in glo-ry your



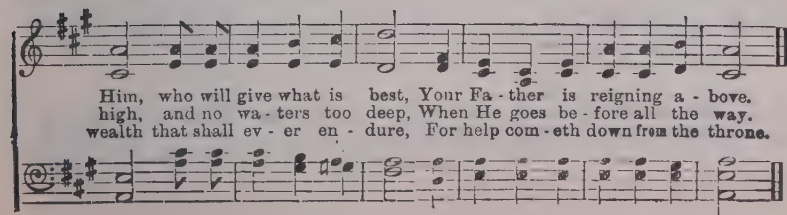
pas-ture re-stored, The fountains of grace from the Rock are out-poured; O
 sweet-ly in-crease, His goodness to thee, as He said, shall not cease; Re-
 need He'll sup-ply; He notes ev-ry lack with a kind, lov-ing eye, And



trust in His mer-cy and love. Be anxious for nothing, but lean on His
 joyce in the Lord day by day. Your heart and year mind thro' Christ Je-sus He'll
 He will pro-vide for His own. What-ev-er is love-ly, what-ev-er is



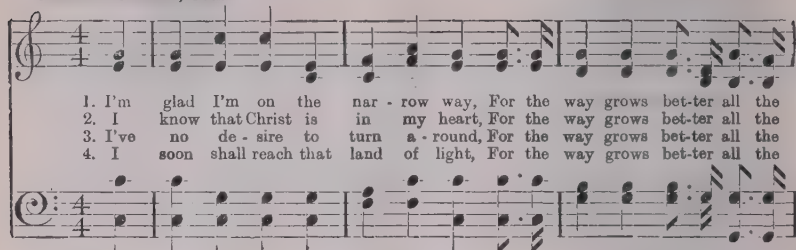
breast, With hum-ble thanksgiv-ing make known your re-quest, Then leave it with
 keep, His care and His watchful-ness nev-er will sleep, No mountains too
 pure, What-ev-er is true, with His bless-ing se-secure, And lay up the



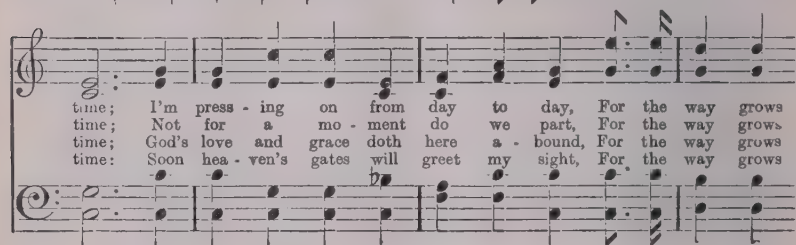
Him, who will give what is best, Your Fa-ther is reigning a-bove.
 high, and no wa-ters too deep, When He goes be-fore all the way.
 wealth that shall ev-er en-dure, For help com-eth down from the throne.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jun.

J. EDWARD ENTWISLE.

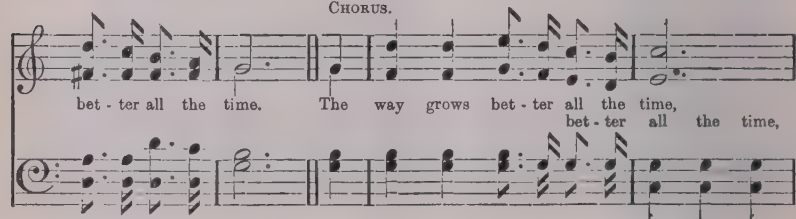


1. I'm glad I'm on the nar - row way, For the way grows bet-ter all the
 2. I know that Christ is in my heart, For the way grows bet-ter all the
 3. I've no de - sire to turn a - round, For the way grows bet-ter all the
 4. I soon shall reach that land of light, For the way grows bet-ter all the

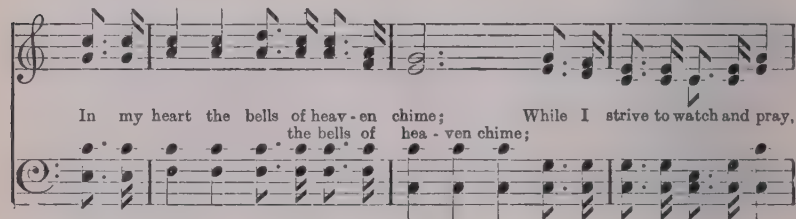


time; I'm press - ing on from day to day, For the way grows
 time; Not for a mo - ment do we part, For the way grows
 time; God's love and grace doth here a - bound, For the way grows
 time; Soon hea - ven's gates will greet my sight, For the way grows

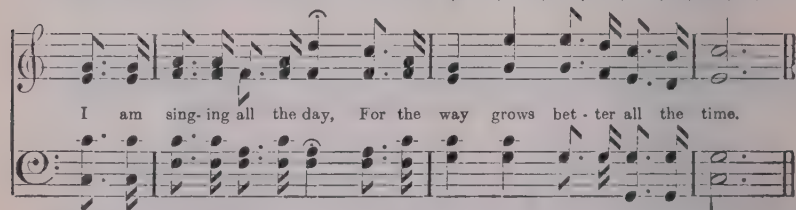
CHORUS.



bet - ter all the time. The way grows bet - ter all the time,
 bet - ter all the time,



In my heart the bells of heav - en chime; While I strive to watch and pray,
 the bells of hea - ven chime;



I am sing - ing all the day, For the way grows bet - ter all the time.

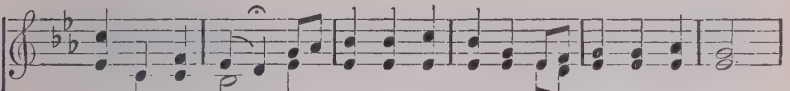
Jesus will keep every Promise.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

W. G.



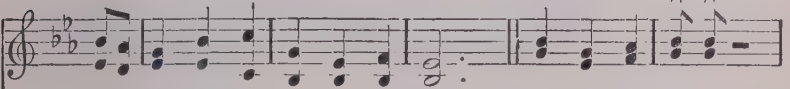
1. If "waves of af - flic - tion should o - ver thee roll, Tho' tem - pests a -
2. When'er thou art wea - ry, and long seems the road, If lad - en with
3. If thou hast been pray - ing for more of His grace, Hast pray'd to know
4. Thy dear, lov - ing Saviour has gone to pre - pare A mansion in



round thee may sweep. No storms on life's o - cean can in - jure thy soul,
care thou art press'd, Thy Sa - viour has promised to car - ry thy load,
more of His will, Hast pray'd to be held in His lov - ing em - brace,
glo - ry for thee, He's promised to take thee to live with Him there,

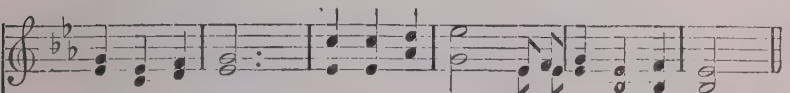
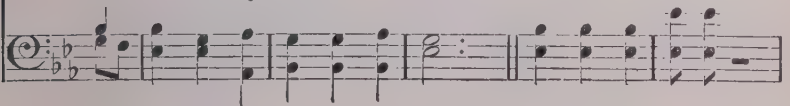


CHORUS.



The Sa - viour has pro - mised to keep.
Has pro - mised to give thee His rest.
He's pro - mised such pray'rs to ful - fil.
If Thou on - ly faith - ful wilt be.

} Hold thy faith stea - dy,

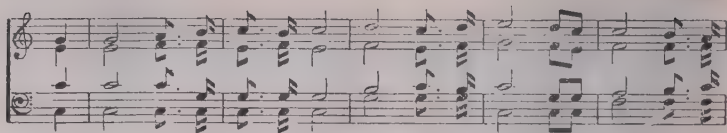


be not a - fraid, Je - sus will keep ev - ry pro - mise He's made,

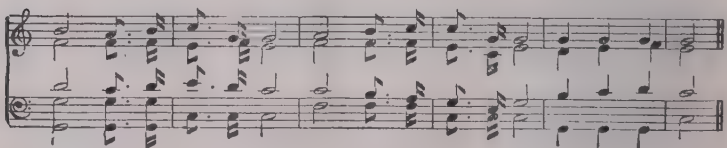
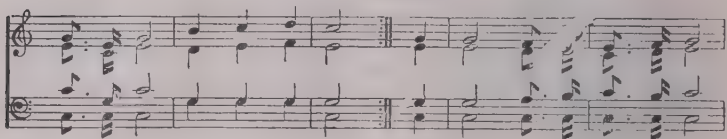


Sing of His Mighty Love.

P.M.



CHORUS.



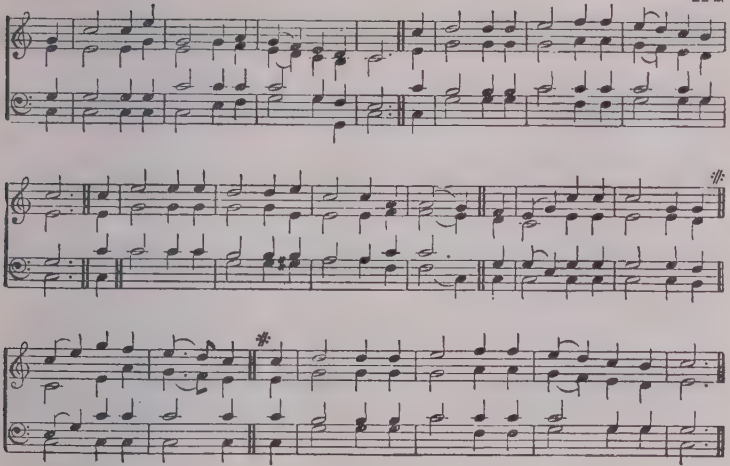
1 O Joy of the justified, joy of the free,
I'm wash'd in that crimson tide open for me;
In Christ, my Redeemer, rejoicing I stand,
And point to the print of the nail in His hand.
O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save!

2 Lord Jesus, the crucified, now Thou art mine;
Though once a lost sinner, yet now I am Thine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,
Who lifts now upon me the smile of His face.
O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save!

3 Lord Jesus, my Saviour, I'll still sing of Thee,
Yes, sing of Thy precious blood poured out for me;
And when in the mansions of glory above,
I'll praise and adore Thine unchangeable love.
O sing of His mighty love, mighty to save!

Lord Jesus, I Love Thee.

11'a

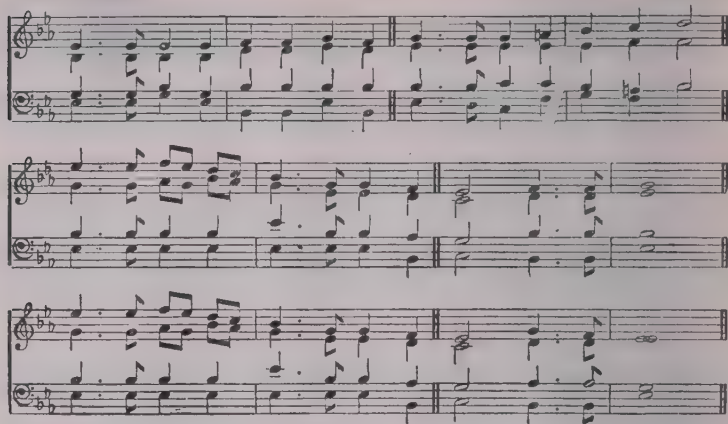


- 1 LORD JESUS, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Surety divine ;
My gracious Redeemer, my song shall be now,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.
- 2 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.
- 3 I would love Thee in life, I would love Thee in death,
And would praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
And sing, should the death-dew lie cold on my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.
- 4 And when the bright morn of Thy glory shall come.
And the children ascend to the Father's glad home,
I'll shout, with Thy likeness impressed on my brow,
'Tis Thou who art worthy, Lord Jesus, 'tis Thou.

106 Jesus Christ, Thou King of Glory!

"Star of Peace"

8.7.8.4.8.4.



1 JESUS CHRIST, Thou King of glory!

Born a Saviour-Prince to be,
While the angel-hosts adore Thee,
We joy in Thee!
Singing of Thy grace the story—
Praise, praise to Thee!

2 Thou the bands of death didst sever,

Conquest Thine and victory!
God is for us now and ever!
We joy in Thee!
We are Thine, Thine own for ever,
Praise, praise to Thee!

3 Thou the ransom price hast given,

Setting thus the captive free!
Thou art Lord of earth and heaven,
We joy in Thee!
Through Thy blood we stand forgiven—
Praise, praise to Thee!

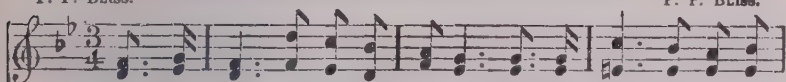
4 Risen Lord, at Thy returning

Sweet and full our song shall be;
Hasting to that blissful morning—
We joy in Thee!
Thou hast read our spirits' yearning!
Praise, praise to Thee!

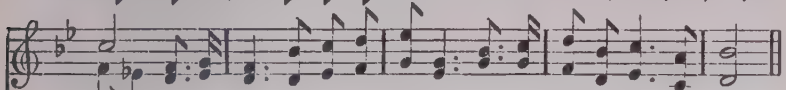
107 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. BLISS.

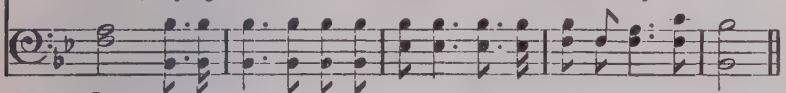
P. P. BLISS.



1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er -
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my bro - ther: Some poor sail - or tem - pest -



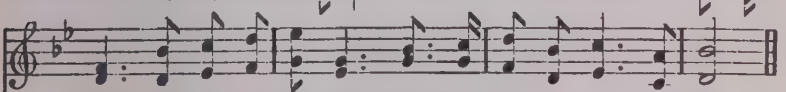
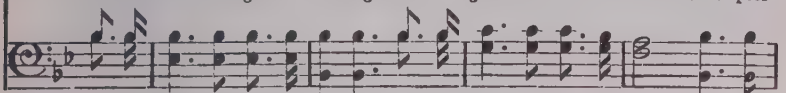
1. more, But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
2. roar; Ea - ger eyes are watching, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
3. toss'd, Try - ing now to make the har - bour, In the darkness may be lost.



CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave! Some poor



faint - ing, strug - gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save!



108

Star of Peace.

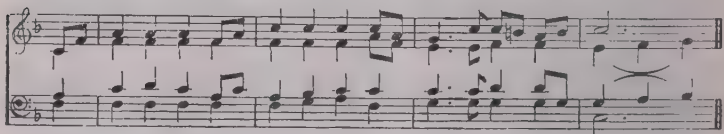
(To Tune opposite).

STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

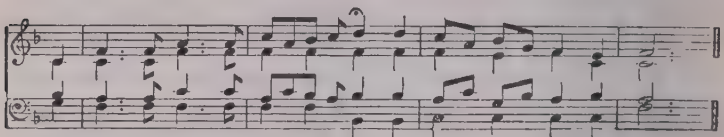
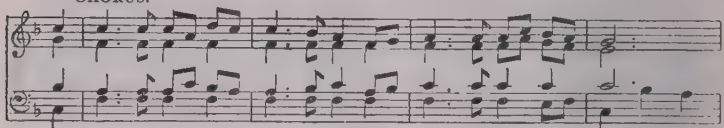
Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

Star Divine, O safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

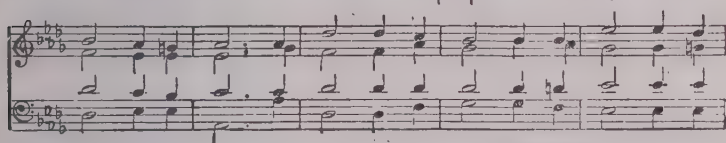
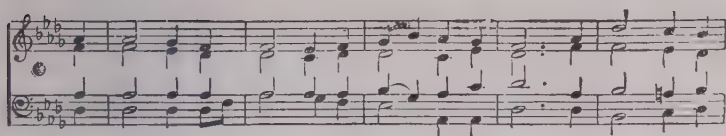


CHORUS.

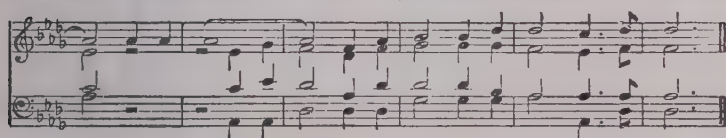
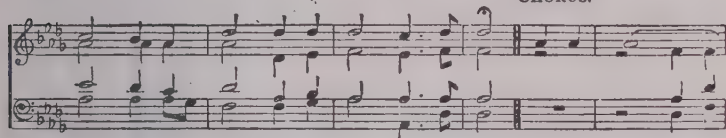


- 1 O CHRIST, in Thee my soul hath found,
And found in Thee alone,
The peace, the joy I sought so long,
The bliss till now unknown.
Now none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me : . . .
There's love, and life, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee!
- 2 I sighed for rest and happiness,
I yearned for them, not Thee ;
But while I pass'd my Saviour by,
His love laid hold on me.
- 3 I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! the waters failed !
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.
- 4 The pleasures lost I sadly mourned,
But never wept for Thee,
Till grace the sightless eyes received,
Thy loveliness to see.

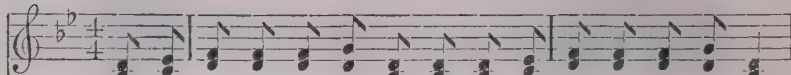
It is well with my Soul.



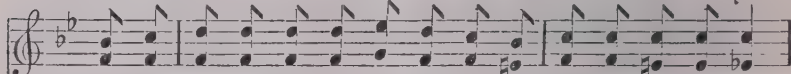
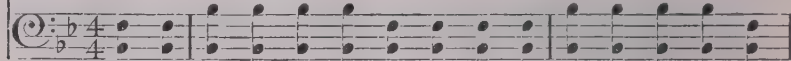
CHORUS.



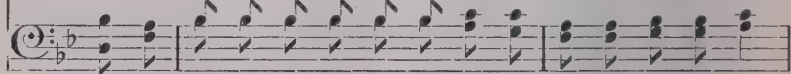
- 1 WHEN peace, like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows, like sea-billows, roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
"It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.
- 2 Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And has shed His own blood for my soul.
- 3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—
My sin, not in part but the whole
Is nailed to His cross; and I bear it no more;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
- 4 For me, be it Christ, be it Christ hence to live;
If death's waters o'er me shall roll,
No pang shall be mine, for in death as in life
Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul.
- 5 But, Lord, 'tis for Thee, for Thy coming, we wait,
The sky, not the grave, is our goal;
Oh, trump of the angel! Oh, voice of the Lord!
Blessed hope! blessed rest of my soul!



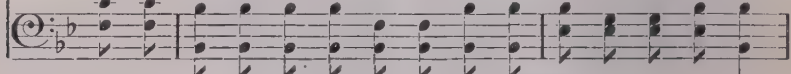
1. Have you given your heart to Je - sus? do you now to Him be - long?
2. Will you be a - mong the num - ber who their gold - en sheaves will bring
3. Will you be a - mong the num - ber of the sol - diers brave and true
4. As the vir - gins wise were wait - ing, are you watch - ing day and night



Will you be a - mong the num - ber of the hap - py blood-washed throng,
To the feet of their Re - deem - er and u - nite to crown Him King,
Who, in spite of all a - gainst them, with their Lord are go - ing through?
For the com - ing of the Bridegroom, with your lamps all trimm'd and bright,



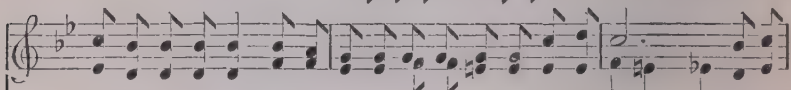
Who a - round God's throne for - ev - er sing the hal - le - lu - jah song?
Join - ing in the shouts of tri - umph mak - ing hea - ven's arch - es ring?
Will you gath - er in the home - land at that glo - rious, grand re - view?
Read - y with the saints to gath - er, dressed in gar - ments spot - less white?



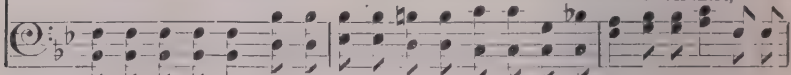
CHORUS.



Will you, will you be one? . . . Yes, by God's as - sist - ing grace I will
Will you be one? will you be one?



run the Christian's race, And I'll be a - mong the ransomed o - ver there, . . . In that
o - ver there,



Will You be One?—Continued.



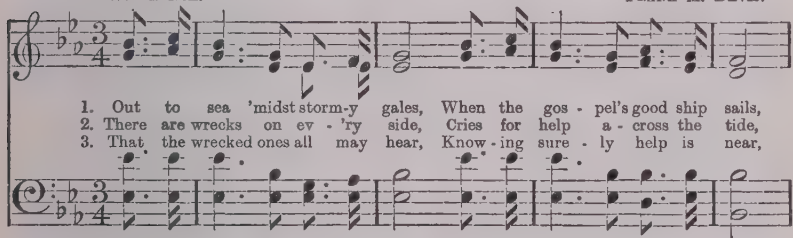
ci - ty of delight where our faith is lost in sight, By the grace of God I'll meet you there.

112

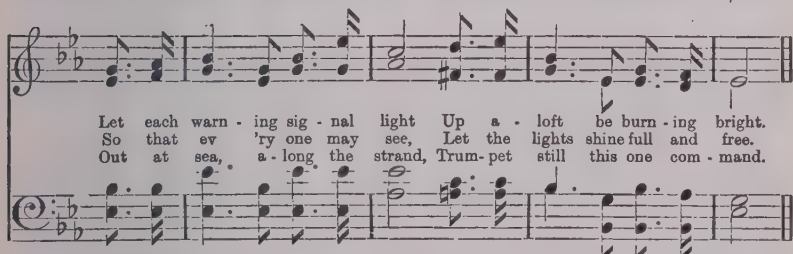
Flash the Toplights.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

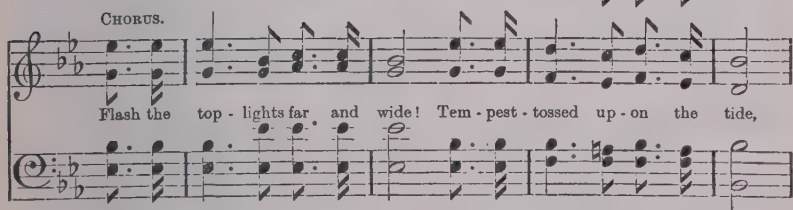


1. Out to sea 'midst storm-y gales, When the gos - pel's good ship sails,
2. There are wrecks on ev - 'ry side, Cries for help a - cross the tide,
3. That the wrecked ones all may hear, Know - ing sure - ly help is near,

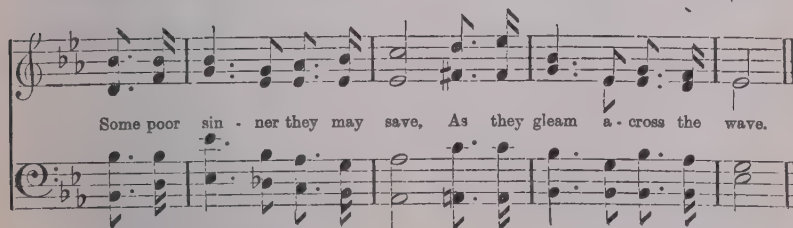


Let each warn - ing sig - nal light Up a - loft be burn - ing bright.
So that ev - 'ry one may see, Let the lights shine full and free.
Out at sea, a - long the strand, Trum - pet still this one com - mand.

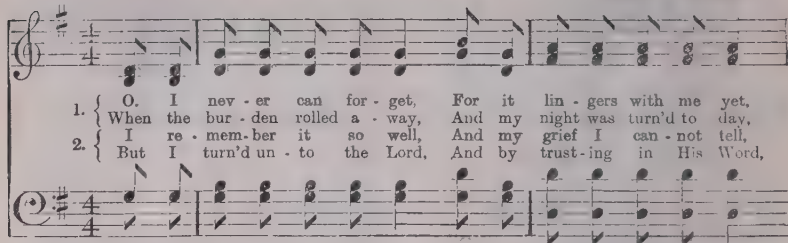
CHORUS.



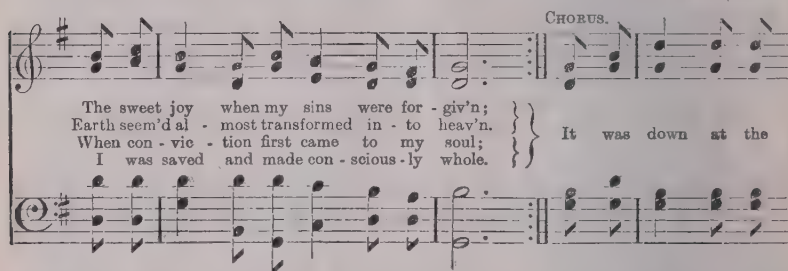
Flash the top - lights far and wide! Tem - pest - tossed up - on the tide,



Some poor sin - ner they may save, As they gleam a - cross the wave.

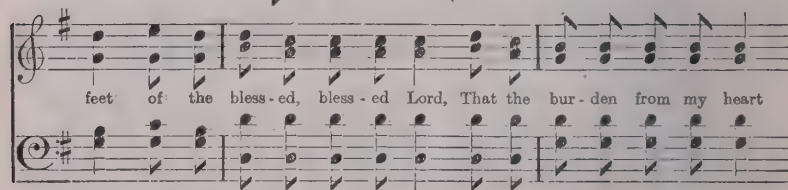


1. { O. I nev - er can for - get, For it lin - gers with me yet,
When the bur - den rolled a - way, And my night was turn'd to day,
2. { I re - mem - ber it so well, And my grief I can - not tell,
But I turn'd un - to the Lord, And by trust - ing in His Word,

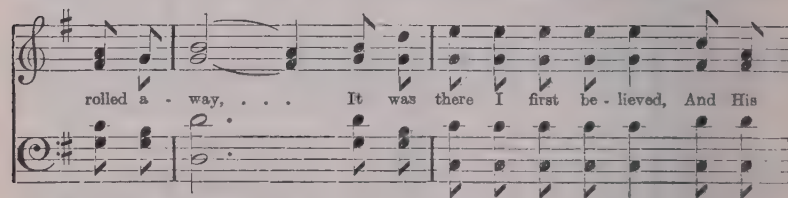


CHORUS.

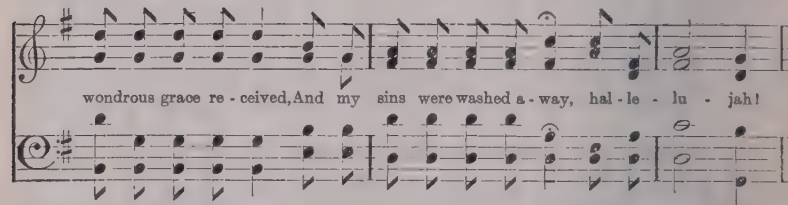
The sweet joy when my sins were for - giv'n;
Earth seem'd al - most transformed in - to heav'n. } It was down at the
When con - vic - tion first came to my soul;
I was saved and made con - scious - ly whole.



feet of the bless - ed, bless - ed Lord, That the bur - den from my heart



rolled a - way, . . . It was there I first be - lieved, And His



wondrous grace re - ceived, And my sins were washed a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!

3. Now my heart is full of song,
Hallelujahs thrill my tongue,
For His love and His goodness I know;
How can I but praise His name,
And His matchless love proclaim,
Who has washed me as white as the snow?

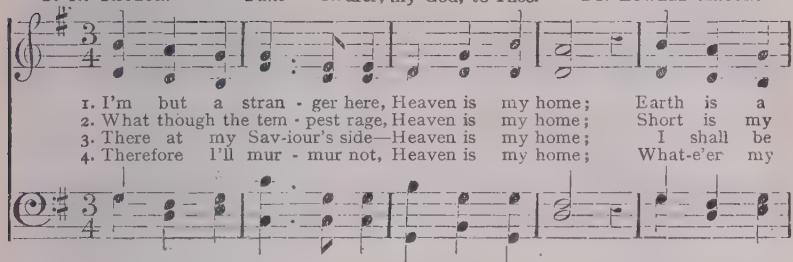
4. Brother, burdened with your sin,
Do you long for peace within?
Come to Jesus, your Saviour and Friend -
Unto Him your sins confess,
He will pardon, save, and bless,
And of sorrow and sin make an end.

114

Heaven is my Home.

T. R. TAYLOR.

Tune—"Nearer, my God, to Thee." DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a
 2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my
 3. There at my Sav-iour's side—Heaven is my home; I shall be
 4. Therefore I'll mur - mur not, Heaven is my home; What-e'er my



des - ert drear, Heaven is my home; Dan-ger and sor - row stand.
 pil - grim - age, Heaven is my home; And time's wild win - try blast,
 glo - ri - fied, Heaven is my home; There with the good and blest,
 earth - ly lot, Heaven is my home; For I shall sure - ly stand



Round me on ev'ry hand; Heaven is my Fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.
 Soon will be o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.
 Those I loved most and best; I shall for ev - er rest, Heaven is my home.
 There at my Lord's right hand; Heaven is my Fatherland, Heaven is my home.

115

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

(To Tune above).

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
 Even though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song would be,
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!"

2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

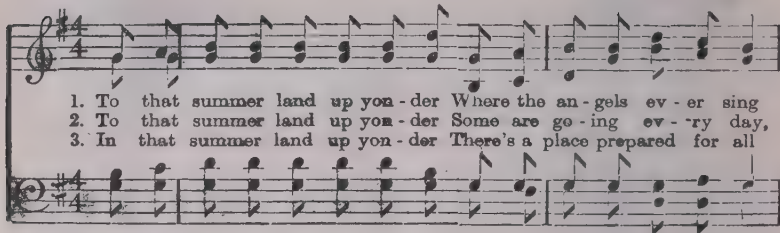
3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven,
 All that Thou send'st to me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise—
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

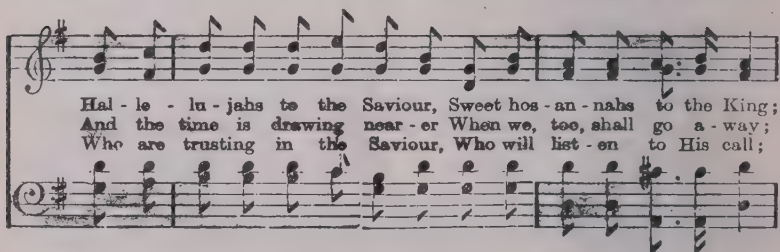
R. CROSBIE.

Rev. xxi. 23.

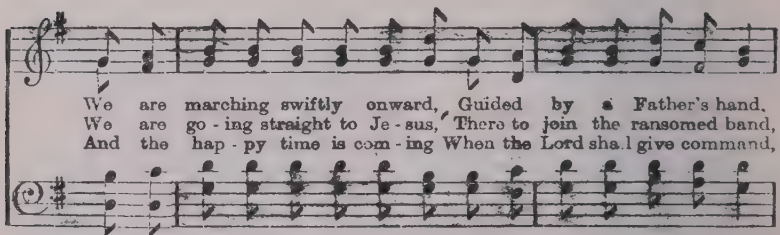
R. CROSBIE.



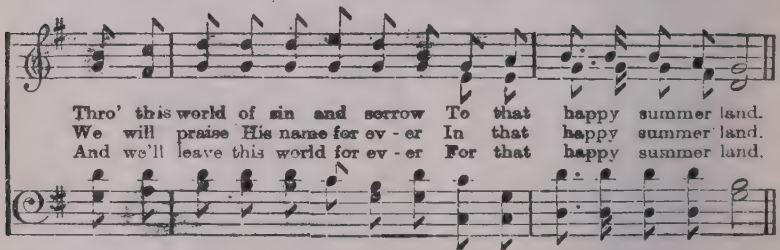
1. To that summer land up yon-der Where the an-gels ev-er sing
 2. To that summer land up yon-der Some are go-ing ev-ry day,
 3. In that summer land up yon-der There's a place prepared for all



Hal-le-lu-jahs to the Saviour, Sweet hos-an-nahs to the King;
 And the time is drawing near-er When we, too, shall go a-way;
 Who are trusting in the Saviour, Who will list-en to His call;

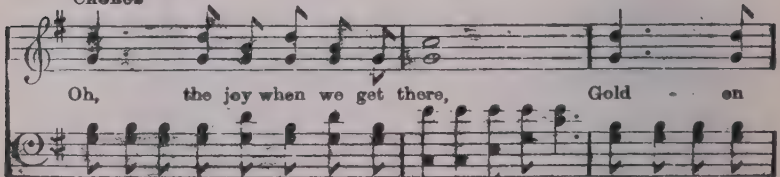


We are marching swiftly onward, Guided by a Father's hand,
 We are go-ing straight to Je-sus, There to join the ransomed band,
 And the hap-py time is com-ing When the Lord shall give command,



Thro' this world of sin and sorrow To that happy summer land.
 We will praise His name for ev-er In that happy summer land.
 And we'll leave this world for ev-er For that happy summer land.

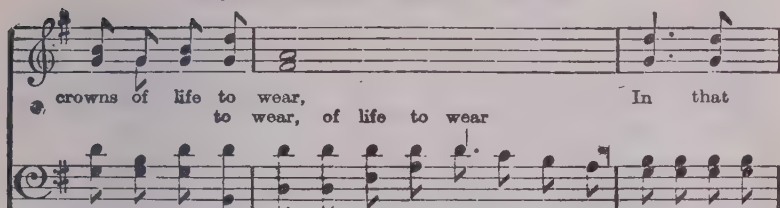
CHORUS



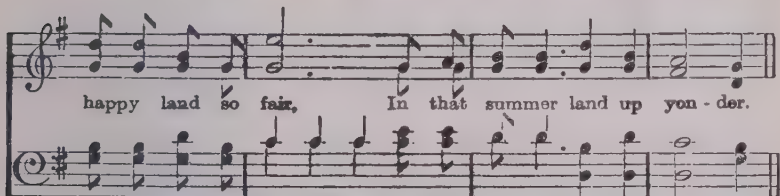
Oh, the joy when we get there, Gold-en

Oh, the joy, the joy, when we get there, when we get there, Golden, golden

The Summer Land—continued.



crowns of life to wear, of life to wear; yes, o-ver in that happy



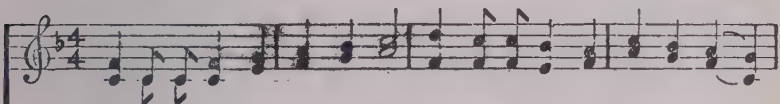
land so fair, that land so fair, In that summer land up yon-der.

117

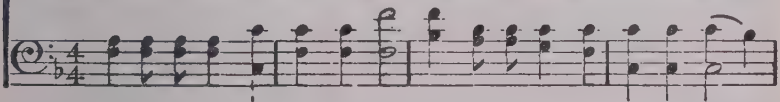
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

W. SPENCER WALTON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Cleansed in our Saviour's precious blood, Filled with the fulness of our God,
2. Lean-ing our heads on Jesus' breast, Knowing the joy of that sweet rest,
3. Kept by His power from day to day, Held by His hand, we cannot stray,
4. Liv-ing in us His own pure life, Giving us rest from inward strife,
5. Oh, what a Saviour we have found, Well may we make the world resound,



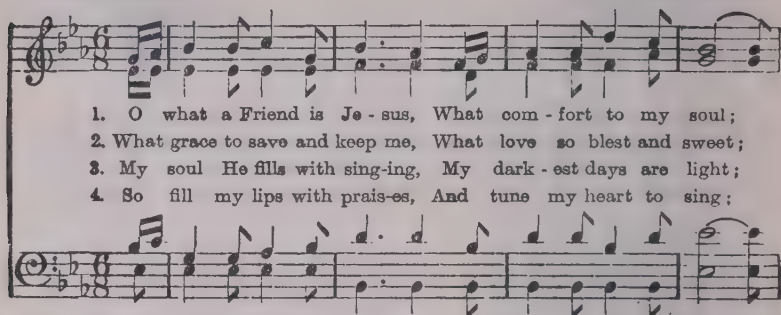
Walking by faith the path He trod,	Hal-le-lu-jah!	Hal-le-lu-jah!
Finding in Him the chief, the best,	Hal-le-lu-jah!	Hal-le-lu-jah!
Glory to glory all the way,	Hal-le-lu-jah!	Hal-le-lu-jah!
From strength to strength; from death to life,	Hal-le-lu-jah!	Hal-le-lu-jah!
With one continual, joyous sound,	Hal-le-lu-jah!	Hal-le-lu-jah!



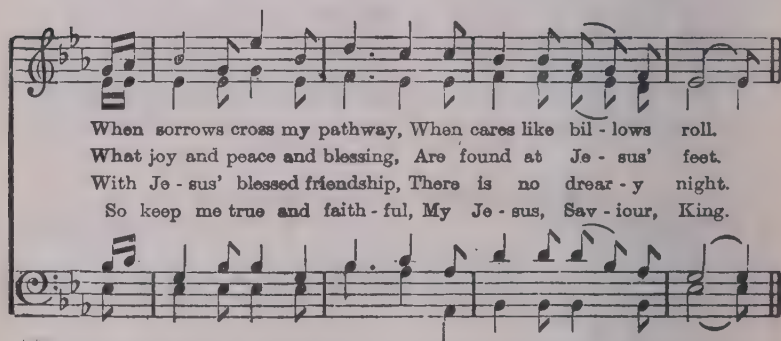
What a Friend is Jesus.

JAMES FRASER.

WM. FRASER.

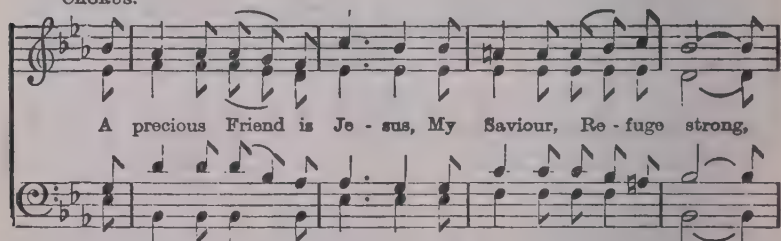


1. O what a Friend is Je - sus, What com - fort to my soul;
2. What grace to save and keep me, What love so blest and sweet;
3. My soul He fills with sing - ing, My dark - est days are light;
4. So fill my lips with prais - es, And tune my heart to sing;

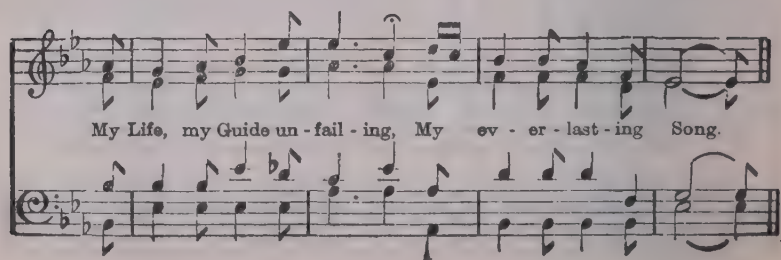


When sorrows cross my pathway, When cares like bil - lows roll.
What joy and peace and blessing, Are found at Je - sus' feet.
With Je - sus' blessed friendship, There is no drear - y night.
So keep me true and faith - ful, My Je - sus, Sav - iour, King.

CHORUS.



A precious Friend is Je - sus, My Saviour, Re - fuge strong,



My Life, my Guide un - fail - ing, My ev - er - last - ing Song.

How Sweet is This Love.

JAMES ROWE.

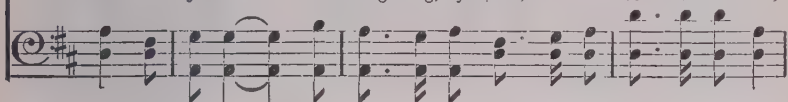
E. O. EXCELL.



1. When troub - led my soul, and when peace I would find, How sweet is the
2. When faint - ing and help - less I fall in des - pair, How sweet is the
3. When dark is the night, and when sore - ly distressed, How sweet is the



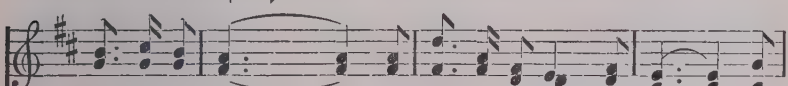
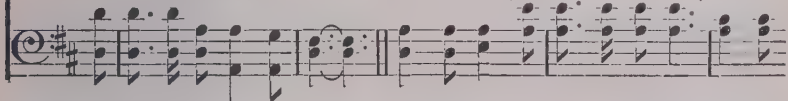
love of Je - sus! When lone - ly I feel, and when friends are un-kind,
 love of Je - sus! When suf - fring with pain, and when sor - row I bear,
 love of Je - sus! When long - ing, my soul, for His com - fort and rest,



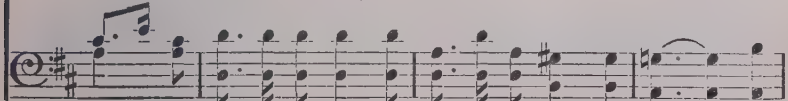
CHORUS.



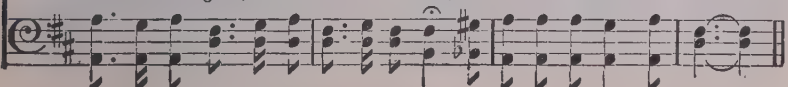
How sweet is His love to me! O . . . how sweet, O how
 O how sweet, how sweet is His love, O how



sweet is His love, . . . How sweet is His love to me! When
 sweet, how sweet is His love,



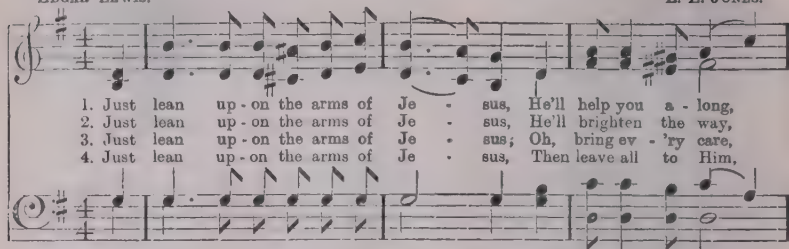
friends all have gone, and I suf - fer a - lone, How sweet is His love to me!



Lean on the Saviour's Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS.

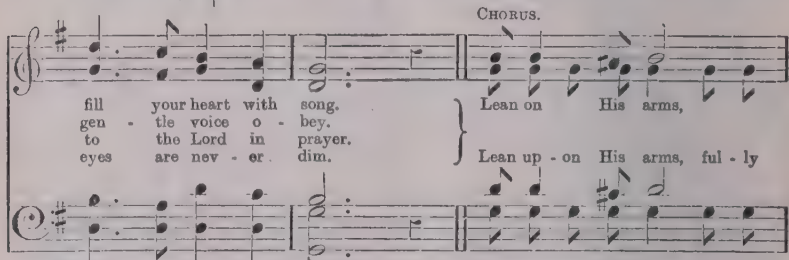
L. E. JONES.



1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
 3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus; Oh, bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

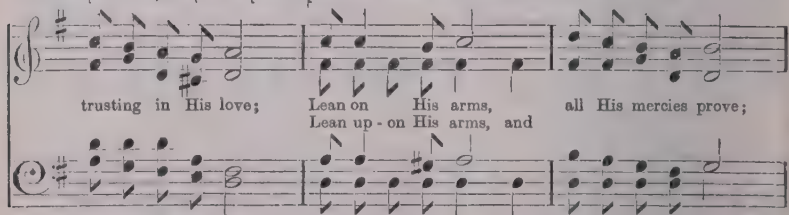


help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seemed so hea - vy Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

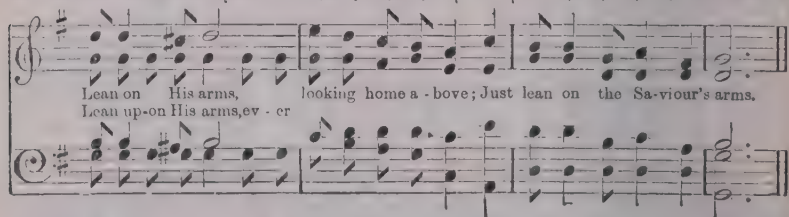


fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey.
 to the Lord in prayer.
 eyes are nev - er dim.

CHORUS.
 Lean on His arms,
 Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly



trusting in His love; Lean on His arms, all His mercies prove;
 Lean up - on His arms, and



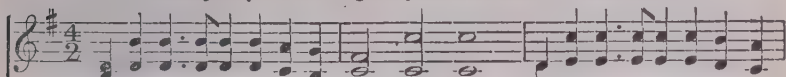
Lean on His arms, looking home a - bove; Just lean on the Sa - viour's arms.
 Lean up - on His arms, ev - er

Never lose your faith in God.

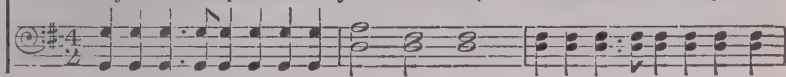
W. G. H.

WILL GARDNER-HUNTER.

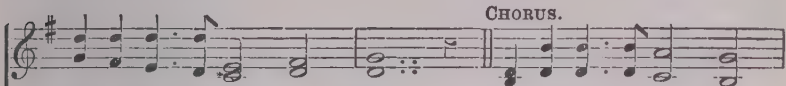
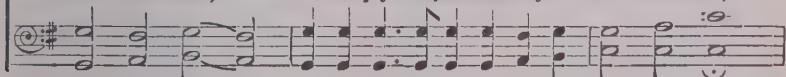
"That your faith and hope might be in God." 1 Peter, I. 21.



- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. When the win't'ry winds are blowing hard and chill, | And life's journey lies before you |
| 2. Should the cross weigh heavy and the road seem drear, | Filling you with sadness and a |
| 3. Soon your little barque will steer for yon - der shore, | O'er this sea of sin and gloom to |

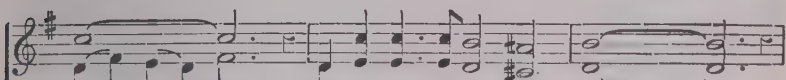
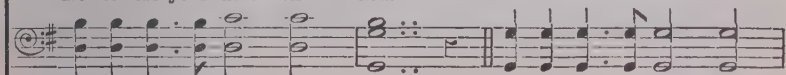


right up - hill ;	Je - sus knows the best for you is	His sweet will,
load of fear ;	Looking un - to Je - sus for the	need - ed cheer,
sail no more ;	O ! what joy and peace await you	on be - fore,

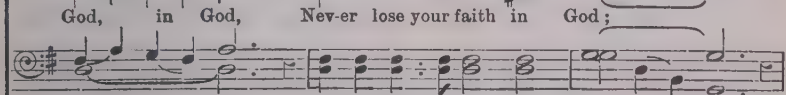


CHORUS.

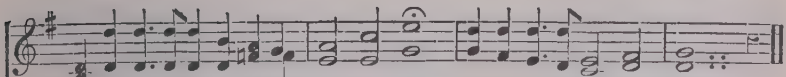
Nev - er lose your faith in	God.	} Nev - er lose your faith in
Nev - er lose your faith in	God.	
Nev - er lose your faith in	God.	



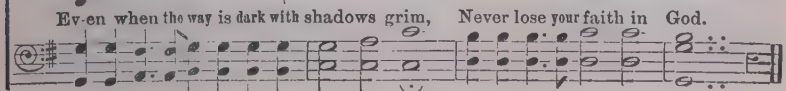
God, in God, Nev - er lose your faith in God ;



in God,



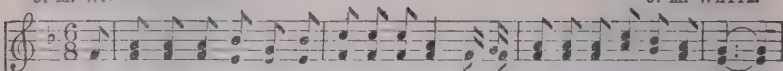
Ev - en when the way is dark with shadows grim, Never lose your faith in God.



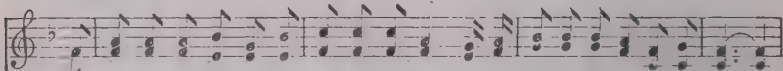
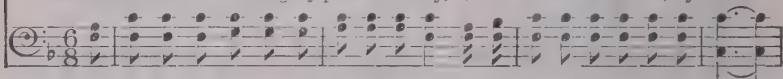
124 I will Tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

J. M. W.

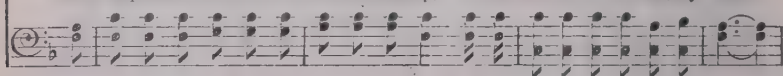
J. M. WHITE.



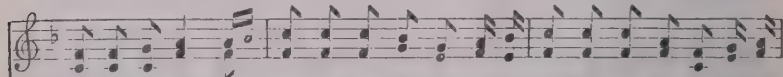
1. When times of tempta - tion bring sadness and gloom, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:
 2. When out on the hill-tops, a - way from all sin, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:
 3. When wea - ry with toil - ing and read - y to faint, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:
 4. When darkness is dimming my path to the sky, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:



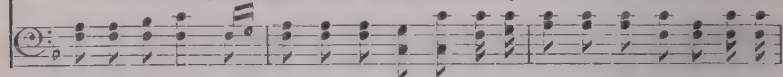
The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:
 When joy - ous and hap - py, the sun - shine within, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:
 He nev - er re - fus - es to hear my complaint, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:
 When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord:



This earth hath no sor - row For to - day or to - mor - row, But Je - sus hath known it and
 To know I'm for - giv - en Is a foretaste of hea - ven, And Je - sus is dear - er to
 I'll cheer - ful - ly bear it, When I've Je - sus to share it, His yoke it is ea - sy, His
 Tho' blurr'd my life's pa - ges By my sin and its wa - ges, He's yes - ter - day, now, and for



felt long a - go, And when it comes o'er me, And I'm tempt - ed so sore - ly, I will
 me than be - fore; Such peace - ful - ness fills me, Such an ec - sta - sy thrills me, I will
 bur - den is light; When life be - comes drea - ry, And I'm foot - sore and wea - ry, I will
 ev - er the same; I'll not be for - sa - ken, Tho' my life should be ta - ken, I will



CHORUS.



tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. . . I will tell . . . it . . . to



I will tell it to Je - sus, I will

I will Tell it to Jesus, my Lord—Continued.

Je - sus, to Je - sus, my Lord; I will
tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus, my Lord; I will
tell . . it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord.
tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord.

125

"Rest."

"Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest."

ROBERT MITCHELL.

"PACIFIC."

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. The sun sets gold - en in the west, A still - ness
2. "Oh, God," I cry, "how love - ly here," Tho' weighed be-
3. Then to Thy lov - ing arms, O Lord, Take me if

reigns o'er sea and strand, Wea - ry and tired I
neath life's bark ing care; Yet how much love I
that be Thy be - hest; A - way from sad - ness,

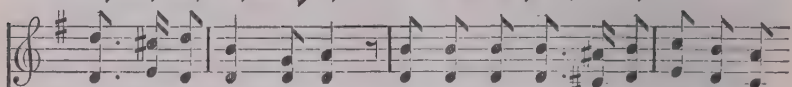
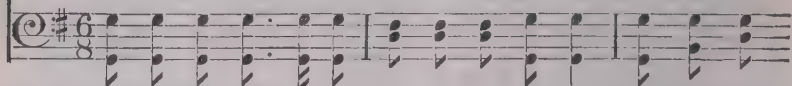
look to heav'n, And long for rest in God's own land.
must that land Of pro - mise be which I shall share.
grief, and woe, Home to Thine own e - ter - nal rest.

C. H. G.

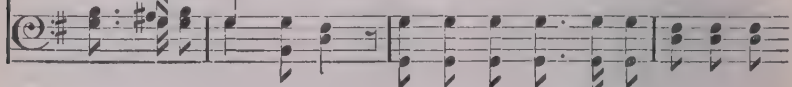
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



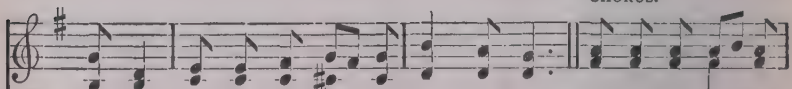
1. I will not go where I can - not take Je - sus, Je - sus my
2. I will not do what I know would grieve Je - sus, How could I
3. I'll not be - lieve what I can - not tell Je - sus, Nor will I
4. I'll do what - ev - er I know will please Je - sus, I will be



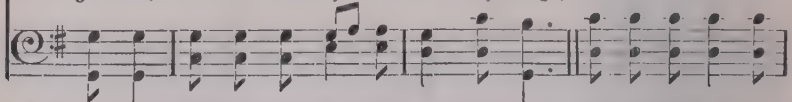
Sa - viour, my Friend and Guide, For I should trem - ble to feel for one
spurn such a Friend as He? No! for a life - time of tenderest de -
think up - on things un - true; For in the light or the dark - ness He
faith - ful in ev - 'ry thing; Yes, by the help and the grace that He



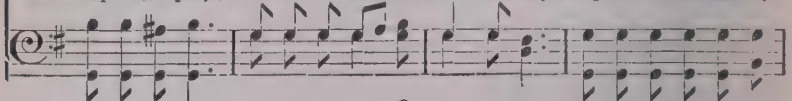
CHORUS.



mo - ment That He was ab - sent from my side.
vo - tion Can - not re - pay His love to me.
sure - ly Know - eth all things we think or do. } Stay with me, Sa - viour,
gives me, I will be loy - al to my King.



Keep me, I pray; Nev - er a mo - ment let me stray, Help me more oft - en Thy



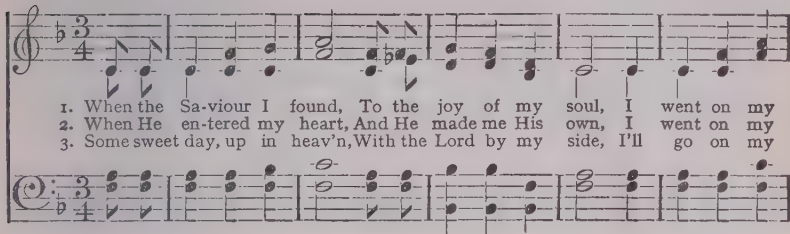
love to re - mem - ber, That I may live clos - er, clos - er to Thee.



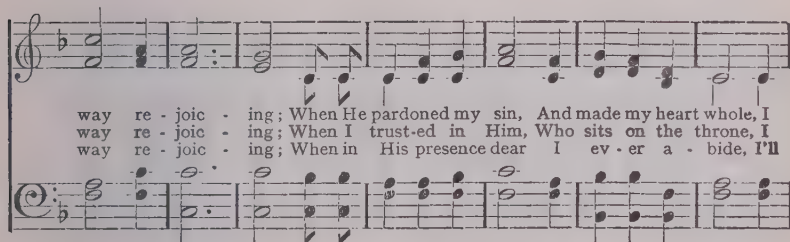
Rejoicing in Him.

Rev. T. M. EASTWOOD.

MARY HUBBERT MUNFORD.

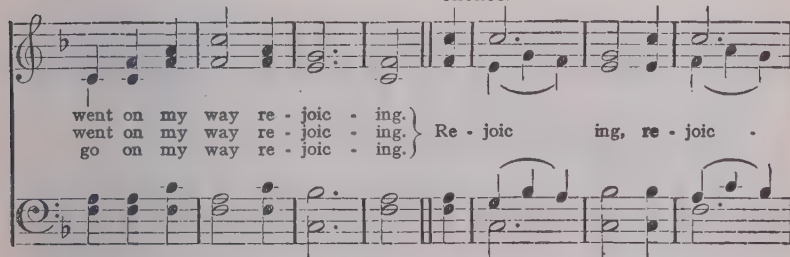


1. When the Sa-viour I found, To the joy of my soul, I went on my
 2. When He en-tered my heart, And He made me His own, I went on my
 3. Some sweet day, up in heav'n, With the Lord by my side, I'll go on my

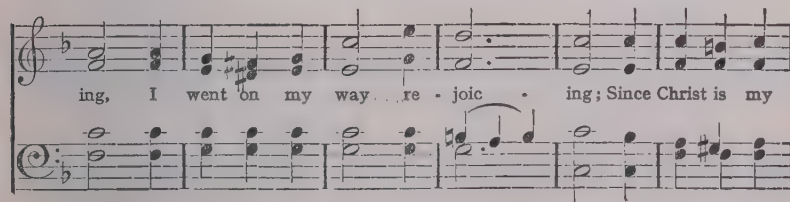


way re - joic - ing; When He pardoned my sin, And made my heart whole, I
 way re - joic - ing; When I trust-ed in Him, Who sits on the throne, I
 way re - joic - ing; When in His presence dear I ev - er a - bid, I'll

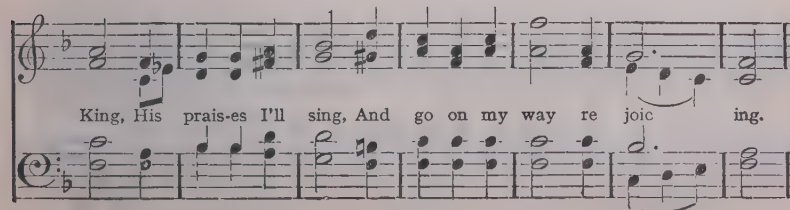
CHORUS.



went on my way re - joic - ing. } Re - joic ing, re - joic .
 went on my way re - joic - ing. }
 go on my way re - joic - ing. }



ing, I went on my way re - joic - ing; Since Christ is my

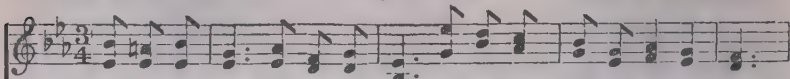


King, His prais-es I'll sing, And go on my way re joic ing.

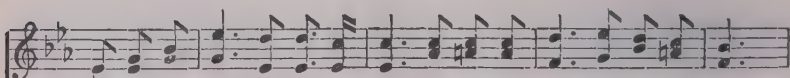
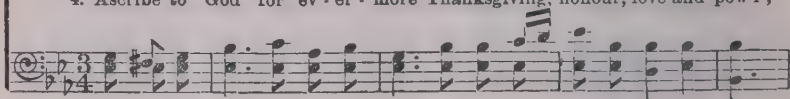
MRS. C. H. M.

1 Kings xviii., 24.

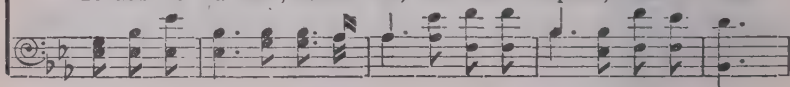
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



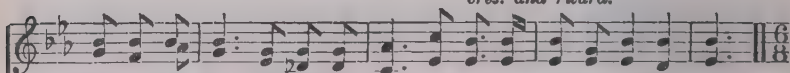
1. Two al-tars on a hillside made, Two offerings on the al-tar laid,
2. But now the faithful prophet, see, Up-on his God calls mighti-ly;
3. Up-on God's al-tars still we lay Our humble offerings day by day;
4. Ascribe to God for ev-er-more Thanksgiving, honour, love and pow'r;



Let him be God, who hears our cry, And sendeth fire down from on high.
A-mong the peo-ple be it known That Thou art God, and Thou a-lone.
Un-worth-y tho' the sac-ri-fice, The gift of love He sanc-ti-fies.
To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, three in One.



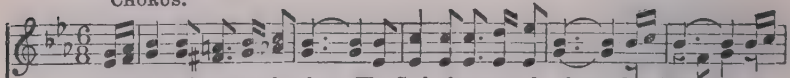
cres. and ritard.



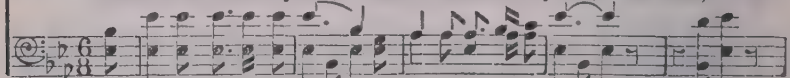
From morning light till close of day, Hear Baal's prophets loud-ly pray.
And ev-en while E-li-jah calls, Be-hold the fire from heaven falls.
He heeds the heart's sincere de-sire And sends the Ho-ly Ghost and fire.
In songs of praise ascending higher, To Him who an-swers still by fire.



CHORUS.



The God who answers by fire, The God who answers by fire, Let Him, let



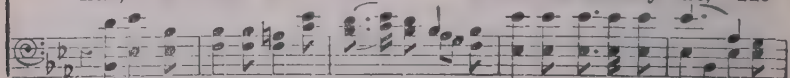
"by fire,"

"by fire,"

Let Him,



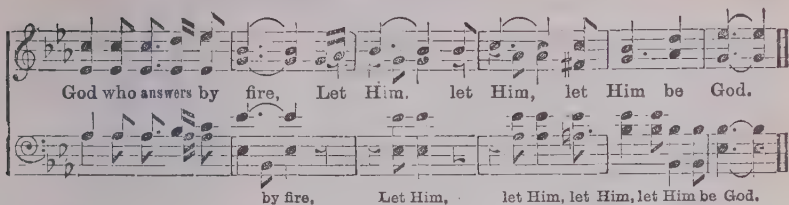
Him, let Him be God. The God who answers by fire, The



Let Him, let Him, let Him be God a-lone,

by fire,

The God Who Answers by Fire.—Continued.



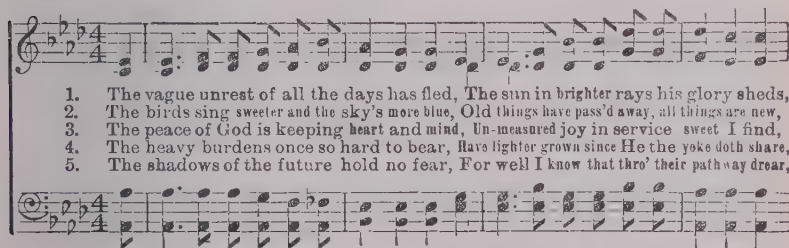
God who answers by fire, Let Him, let Him, let Him be God.
by fire, Let Him, let Him, let Him, let Him be God.

129

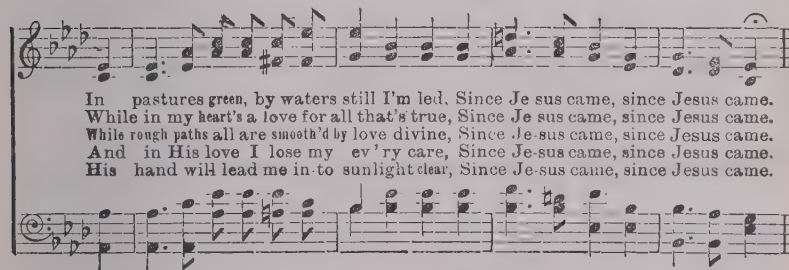
Since Jesus Came.

E. M. P.

ELLA M. PARKS.



1. The vague unrest of all the days has fled, The sun in brighter rays his glory sheds,
2. The birds sing sweeter and the sky's more blue, Old things have pass'd away, all things are new,
3. The peace of God is keeping heart and mind, Un-measured joy in service sweet I find,
4. The heavy burdens once so hard to bear, Have lighter grown since He the yoke doth share,
5. The shadows of the future hold no fear, For well I know that thro' their pathway dears,

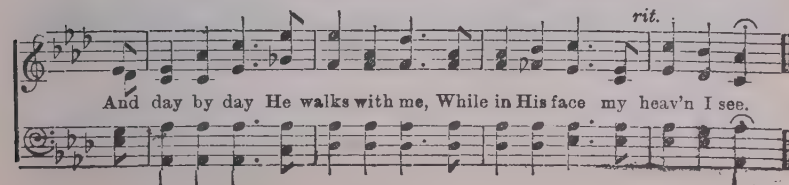


In pastures green, by waters still I'm led, Since Je sus came, since Jesus came.
While in my heart's a love for all that's true, Since Je sus came, since Jesus came.
While rough paths all are smooth'd by love divine, Since Je-sus came, since Jesus came.
And in His love I lose my ev'ry care, Since Je-sus came, since Jesus came.
His hand will lead me in-to sunlight clear, Since Je-sus came, since Jesus came.

CHORUS.



He came to me, the Lord of love, Left un-told wealth in realms a-bove,

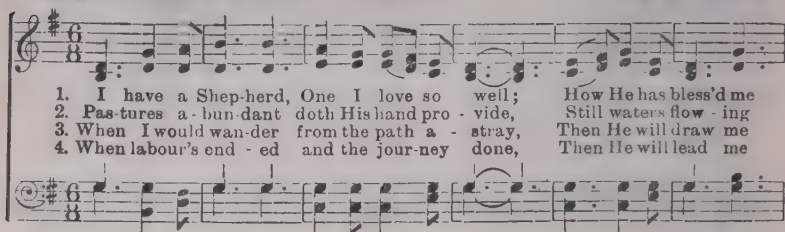


And day by day He walks with me, While in His face my heav'n I see.

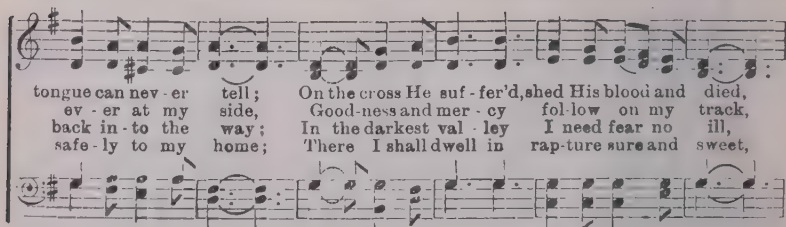
The Lord is My Shepherd.

Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Psalm xlii.

M. E. UPHAM.

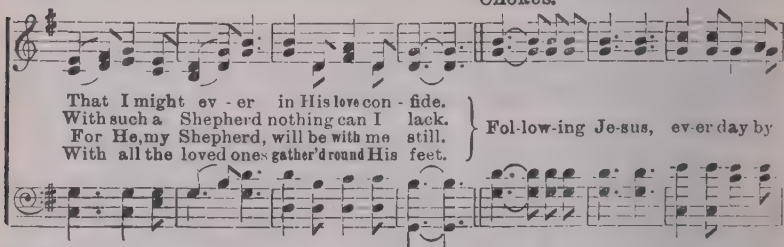


1. I have a Shep-herd, One I love so well; How He has bless'd me
 2. Pas-tures a-bun-dant doth His hand pro- vide, Still waters flow- ing
 3. When I would wan-der from the path a- stray, Then He will draw me
 4. When labour's end- ed and the jour-ney done, Then He will lead me

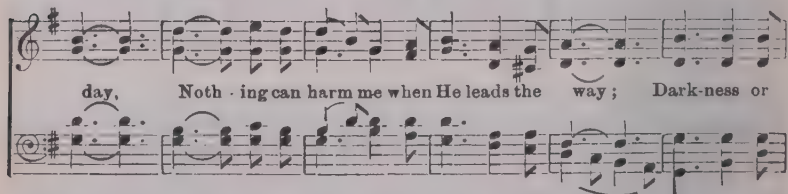


tongue can nev- er tell; On the cross He suf- fer'd, shed His blood and died,
 ev- er at my side, Good-ness and mer- cy fol- low on my track,
 back in- to the way; In the darkest val- ley I need fear no ill,
 safe- ly to my home; There I shall dwell in rap- ture sure and sweet,

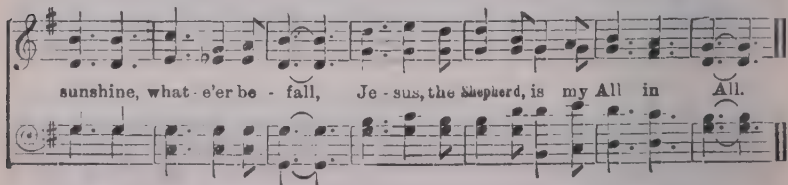
CHORUS.



That I might ev- er in His love con- fide.
 With such a Shepherd nothing can I lack. } Fol- low- ing Je- sus, ev- er day by
 For He, my Shepherd, will be with me still.
 With all the loved ones gather'd round His feet.



day, Noth- ing can harm me when He leads the way; Dark- ness or



sunshine, what- e'er be- fall, Je- sus, the Shepherd, is my All in All.

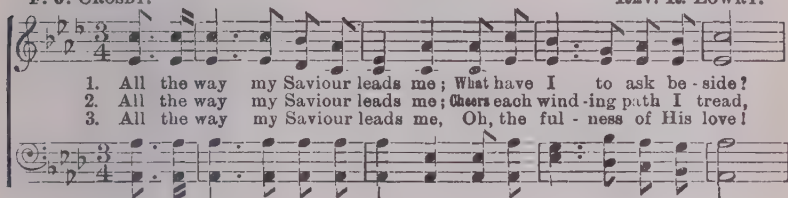
All The Way.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."

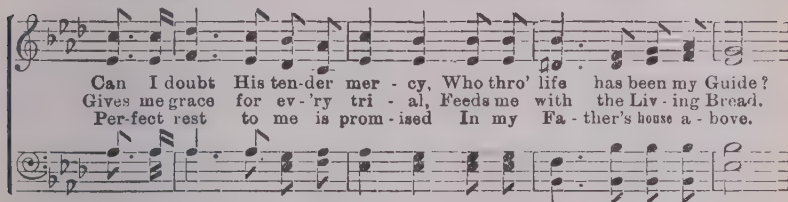
(DEUT. viii. 2.)

F. J. CROSBY.

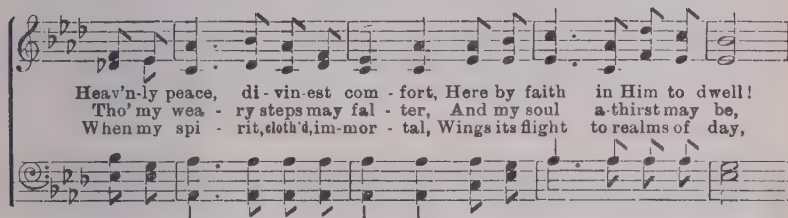
REV. R. LOWRY.



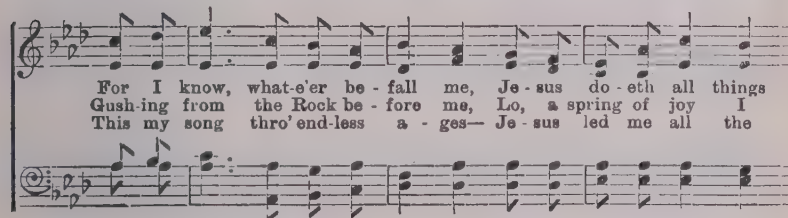
1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
 3. All the way my Saviour leads me, Oh, the ful-ness of His love!



Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
 Gives me grace for ev'-ry tri-al, Feeds me with the Liv-ing Bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spi-rit, cloth'd, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the

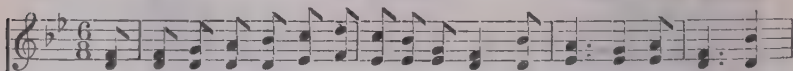


well; For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 see! Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see!
 way! This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way!

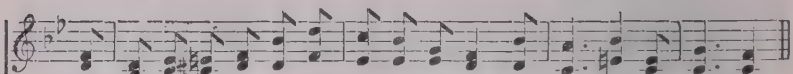
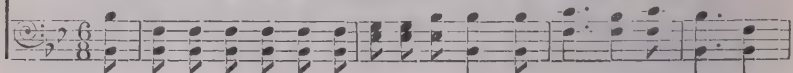
132 The Past is All Under the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M.

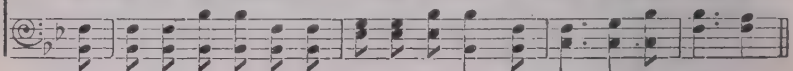
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. A present and perfect sal - vation I have In Je - sus my Sav - iour,
2. The blood of the Lamb cleanseth now from all sin, Than snow makes me whit - er ;
3. The burden of guilt which so long I had borne, In weight like a mountain;
4. He leads me so gent - ly the way I should go, My won - derful Keep - er;
5. I'm lost and encompassed with wonderful Love, Tho' noth - ing I mer - it;



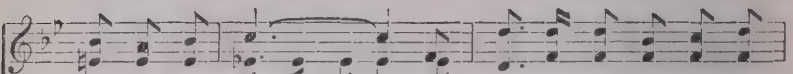
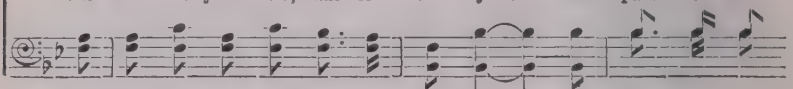
For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save Both now and for ev - er.
 The Comforter promised a - bideth within, My path growing brighter.
 The sins which had caus'd me so of - ten to mourn, All lost in the fountain.
 And gives sweetest comfort the world cannot know, My peace growing deep - er.
 A beau - ti - ful mansion pre - paring a - bove, I soon shall in - her - it.



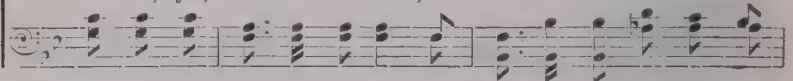
CHORUS.



He saves me just now, hal - le - lu - jah! The past is all



un - der the blood,..... And Cal - va - ry's flow makes me
 un - der, yes, un - der the blood,



whit - er than snow, The past is all un - der the blood.



133 Music in the Heart where Jesus Dwells.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

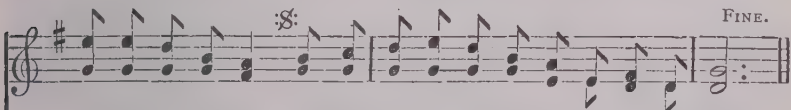
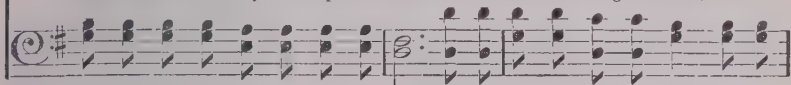
ARTHUR WILTON.



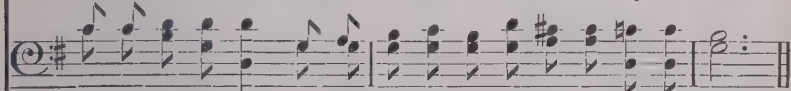
1. There's a song up - on the wave, There's a light up - on the hills, There's a
2. O the riv - ers laugh and leap, Wak - ened from their win - ter sleep, And the
3. From the si - lence drear and long, Na - ture ev - er wakes to song, And each



cho - rus sweet in shin - ing woodland dells; There is mu - sic ev' - ry - where, In the
sing - ing for - est of its glad - ness tells; Thro' the shining sum - mer days Rings a
voice of earth and sky with rap - ture swells; But a sweet - er song a - wakes, When a

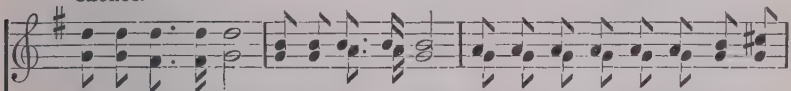


earth and sea and air, And there's mu - sic in the heart where Je - sus dwells!
song of joy and praise, And there's mu - sic in the heart where Je - sus dwells!
heart its sin for - sakes, For there's mu - sic in the heart where Je - sus dwells!

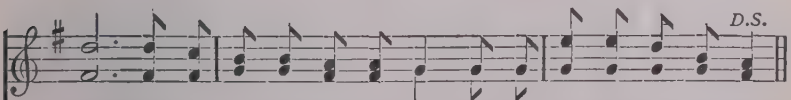
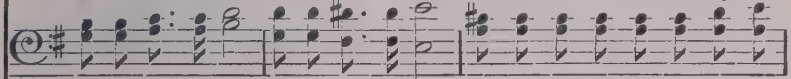


D.S.—O there's mu - sic in the heart where Je - sus dwells!

CHORUS.



Mu - sic in the heart! music in the heart! Mu - sic in the heart where Je - sus



dwells, For it calls the sun - shine in, And it bids the gloom de - part!



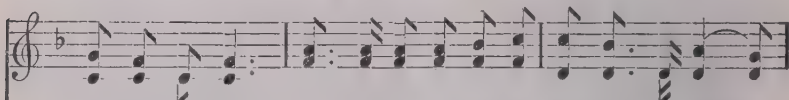
Safe is My Refuge.

W. M.

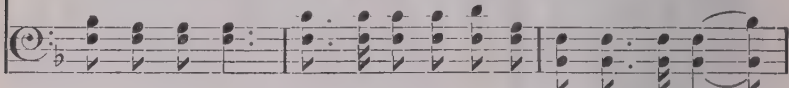
W. MACOMBER.



1. Safe is my re - fuge, sweet is my rest, Ill can-not harm me, nor
2. Press-ing my tear-stain'd cheek to His own, Hush-ing my grief with His
3. Tem-pests may rage, sin's sur - ges may beat, Ne'er can they reach my



foes e'er mo - lest; Je - sus my spi - rit so ten - der - ly calms,
sweet gen - tle tone; Touch - ing my heart with His heal - ing balms,
shel - ter'd re - treat; Free from all dan - ger, from dread a - larms,

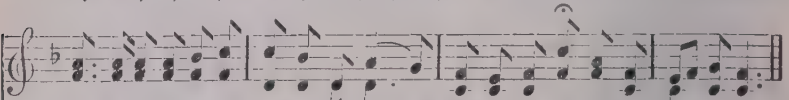


CHORUS.

Hold - ing me close in His might - y arms.
Hold - ing me still in His might - y arms. } Oh, what won - der - ful,
Rest - ing so safe in His might - y arms.



won - der-ful rest! Trust - ing com - plete - ly in Je - sus I'm blest;

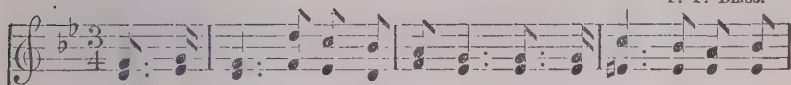


Sweetly He comforts and shields from a - larms, Holding me safe in His mighty arms.

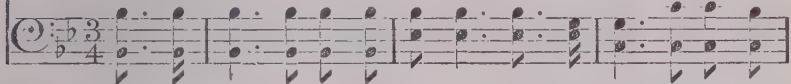


135 When we reach our Peaceful Dwelling.

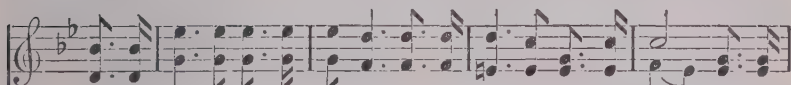
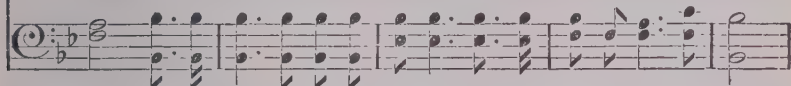
P. P. Bliss.



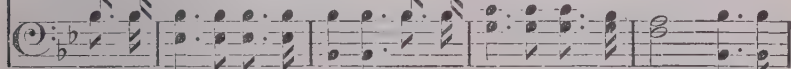
1. When we reach our peaceful dwelling On the strong e - ter - nal
 2. With the light of re - sur - rec - tion, When our chang ed bo - dies
 3. Shall the mem - o - ry be ban - ished Of His kind - ness and His
 4. We shall read the ten - der mean - ing Of the sor - rows and a -



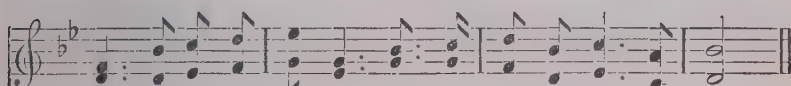
hills, And our praise to Him is swelling, Who the vast ore - a - tion fills—
 glow, And we gain the full per - fec - tion Of the bliss be - gun be - low—
 care, When the wants and woes are vanished, Which He loved to soothe and share?
 larms, As we trod the des - ert, leaning On His ev - er - last - ing arms;



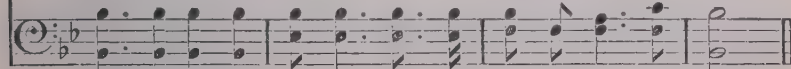
When the paths of prayer and du - ty, And af - flic - tion, all are trod, And we
 When the life the flesh ob - scour - eth In each radiant form shall shine, And the
 All the way by which he led us, All the grievings which He bore, All the
 And His rest will be the dear - er When we think of wear - y ways, And His



*CHORUS. Oh! 'twill be a glorious morrow To a dark and storm-y day, When we



wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God.
 joy that aye en - dur - eth Flash - es forth in beams di - vine.
 pa - tient love He taught us, Shall we think of them no more?
 light will shine the clear - er As we muse on cloud - y days.



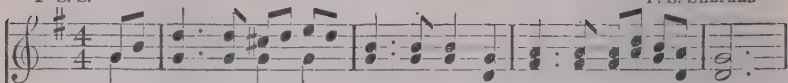
smile up - on our sor - row, And the storms have passed a - way.

* Sung to last verse only.

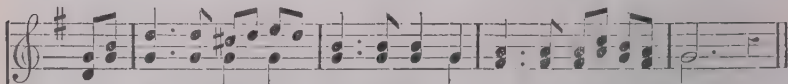
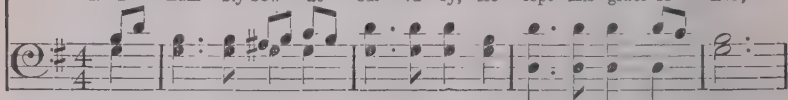
What a Precious Saviour!

F. S. S.

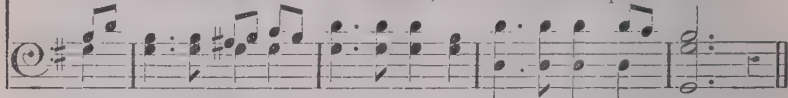
F. S. SHEPARD



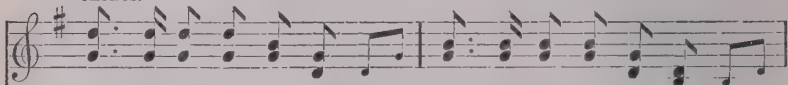
1. I stand be-hold-ing Cal-v'ry's cross Where Christ, my Sa - vour, died;
2. What grief and pain were Thine, O Christ! As thus Thy life was given
3. What won-drous love was thus made known, How rich and free His grace?
4. I hum-bly bow at Cal - va - ry, Ac - cept His grace so free;



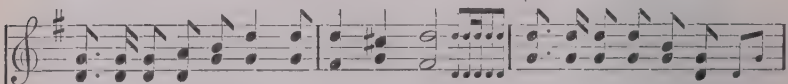
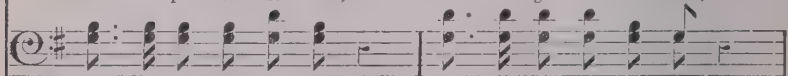
I see Him hang-ing on the tree, For sin - ners cru - ci - fied.
To save us from the pow'r of death, And win our souls for heav'n.
That gave the Fa - ther's on - ly Son To save a ru - ined race.
The Sa - vour's sac - ri - fice and love, At last have con- quered me.



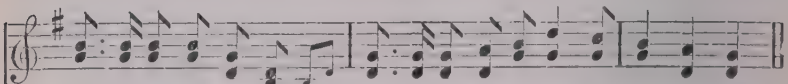
CHORUS.



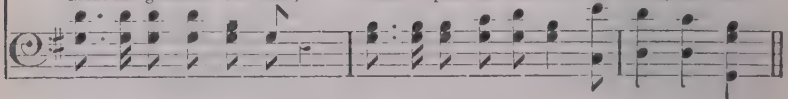
What a pre - cious Sa - vour, Great and glo - rious Sa - vour,



What a precious Saviour is Christ the Lord! What a precious Saviour,



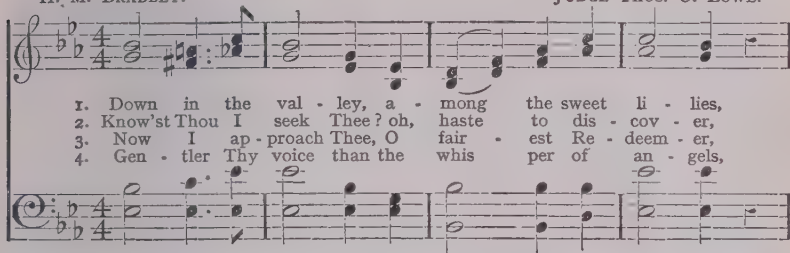
Great and glorious Sa - vour, What a precious Sa - vour is Christ, the Lord!



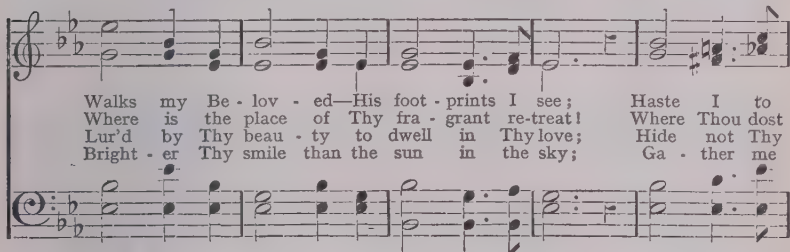
My Beloved Lord!

H. M. BRADLEY.

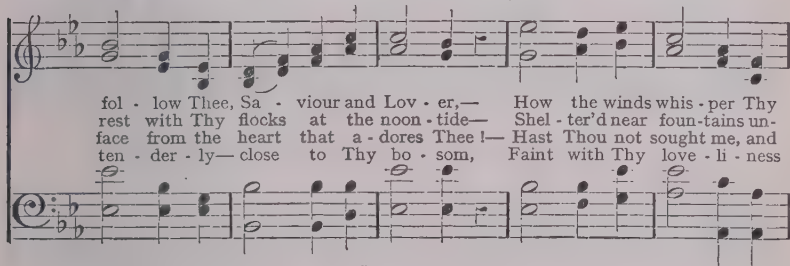
JUDGE THOS. O. LOWE.



1. Down in the val - ley, a - mong the sweet li - lies,
 2. Know'st Thou I seek Thee? oh, haste to dis - cov - er,
 3. Now I ap - proach Thee, O fair - est Re - deem - er,
 4. Gen - tler Thy voice than the whis - per of an - gels,

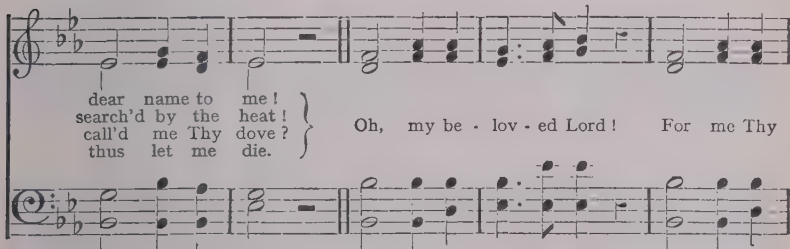


Walks my Be - lov - ed—His foot - prints I see; Haste I to
 Where is the place of Thy fra - grant re-treat! Where Thou dost
 Lur'd by Thy beau - ty to dwell in Thy love; Hide not Thy
 Bright - er Thy smile than the sun in the sky; Ga - ther me

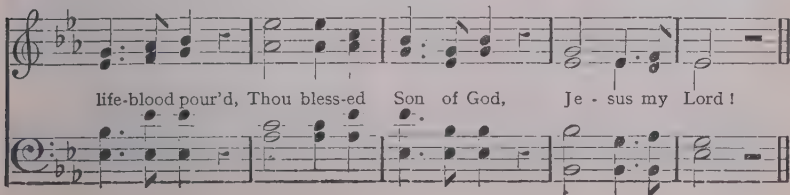


fol - low Thee, Sa - viour and Lov - er,— How the winds whis - per Thy
 rest with Thy flocks at the noon - tide— Shel - ter'd near foun - tains un -
 face from the heart that a - dore's Thee!— Hast Thou not sought me, and
 ten - der - ly—close to Thy bo - som, Faint with Thy love - li - ness

CHORUS.



dear name to me! }
 search'd by the heat! }
 call'd me Thy dove? } Oh, my be - lov - ed Lord! For me Thy
 thus let me die.

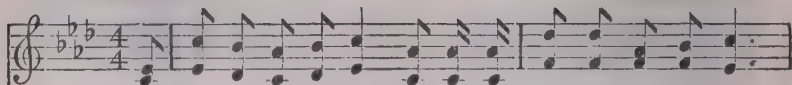


life-blood pour'd, Thou bless-ed Son of God, Je - sus my Lord!

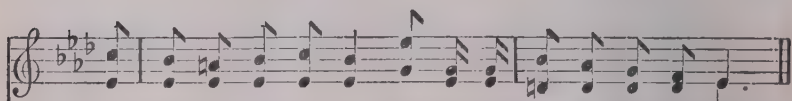
The Knock of the King.

WM. C. STOKES.

B. FRANK BUTTS.



1. My heart was closed to Je - sus, Of His love I could not sing;
2. But O! the love of Je - sus Un - to me such joy did bring,
3. My life I yield to Je - sus, Of His love and praise I sing;
4. How sweet to live for Je - sus, Un - to Him a - lone I cling,



My life gave back no an - swer To the knock of Christ my King.
When I my heart did o - pen To the knock of Christ my King.
I'm hap - py since I list - ened To the knock of Christ my King.
Since my sad heart made an - swer To the knock of Christ my King.



CHORUS.



O! the knocking of the King, O! the knocking of the King;



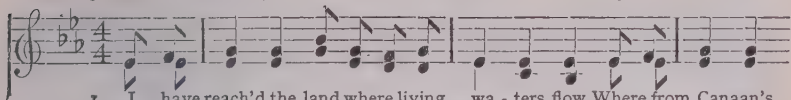
I'm hap - py since I list - ened To the knock - ing of the King.



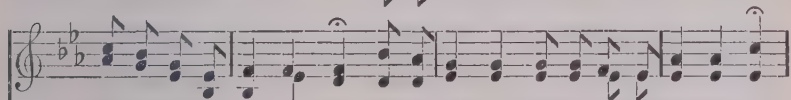
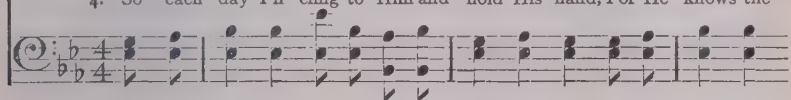
The finest of the Wheat.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

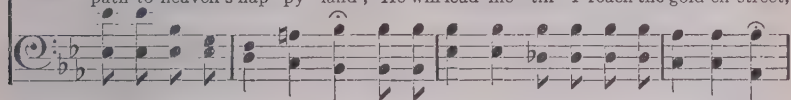
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I have reach'd the land where living wa - ters flow, Where from Canaan's
2. Now I find sweet peace, my mind is stay'd on Him, Here the Star of
3. Here with - in my heart the bells of hea - ven ring, Here my Sa - viour's
4. So each day I'll cling to Him and hold His hand, For He knows the

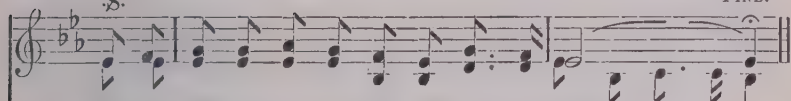


shore the gen - tle breez - es blow; Here I find in Christ a sure and safe re - treat,
 Hope no shadows ev - er dim; Here He gives me joy abound - ing and complete,
 praise the song I love to sing; And when I in pray'r my blessed Mas - ter meet,
 path to heaven's hap - py land; He will lead me till I reach the gold - en street,



:8:

FINE.

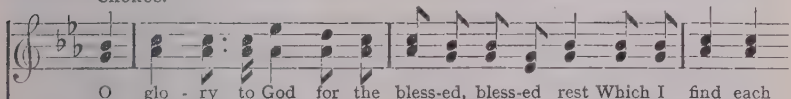


And He feeds me on the fin - est of the wheat.....
 And He feeds me on the fin - est of the wheat.....
 Then He feeds me on the fin - est of the wheat.....
 And He'll feed me on the fin - est of the wheat.....
 on the fin - est of the wheat.

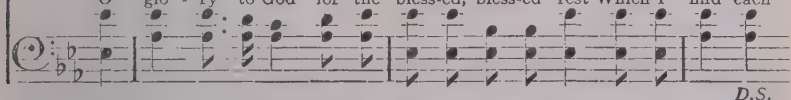


D.S.—And He feeds me on the fin - est of the wheat.....

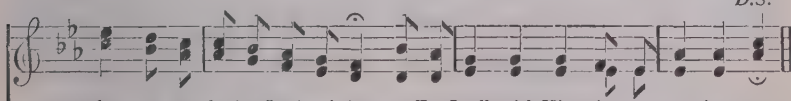
CHORUS.



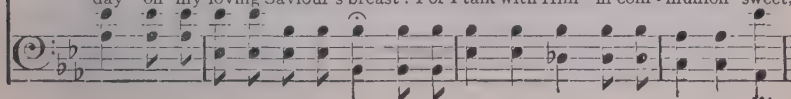
O glo - ry to God for the bless - ed, bless - ed rest Which I find each



D.S.



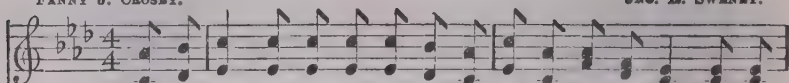
day on my loving Saviour's breast! For I talk with Him in com - munion sweet,



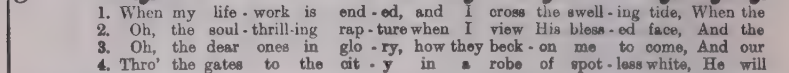

I shall Know Him.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

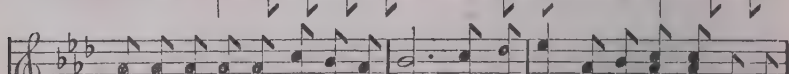
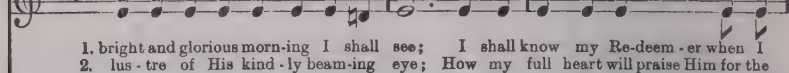

JNO. B. SWENNY.



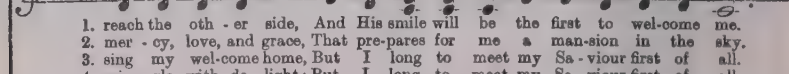
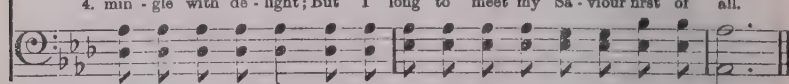
1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

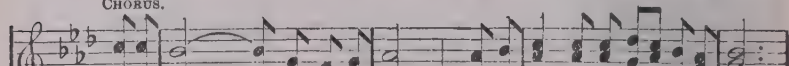
1. bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see; I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
 2. lus-tre of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 3. part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 4. lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

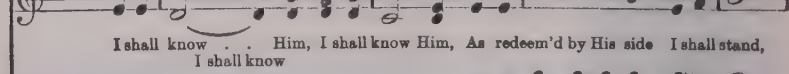
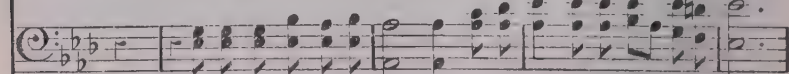
1. reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 2. mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 3. sing my wel-come home, But I long to meet my Sa-viour first of all.
 4. min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sa-viour first of all.

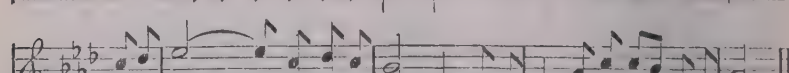
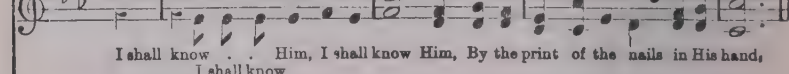
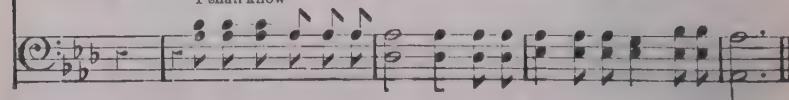
CHORUS.



I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, By the print of the nails in His hand,
 I shall know

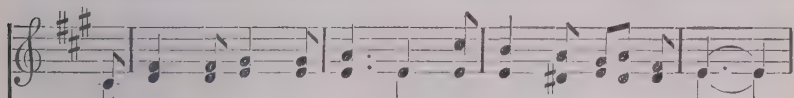
141 What have You Done for Jesus?

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

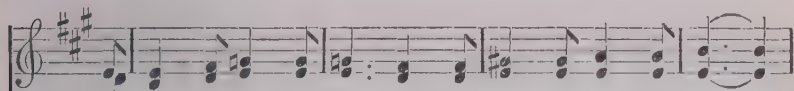
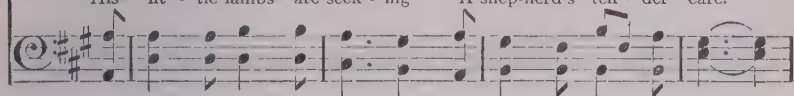
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



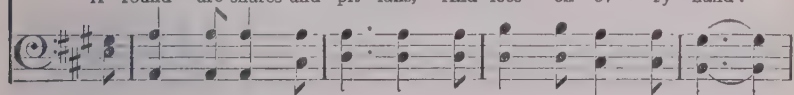
1. What have you done for Je - sus? The years are flit - ting by,
 2. What have you done for Je - sus? In lands far, far a - way
 3. What have you done for Je - sus? There's la-bour ev - 'ry - where:



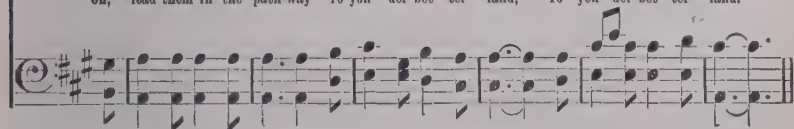
And near - er draws His com - ing From yon bright realm on high.
 Mill - ions of souls are dy - ing In dark-ness ev - 'ry day,
 His lit - tle lambs are seek - ing A shep-herd's ten - der care.



With - in the cot and pa - lace There's work enough to do;
 E'en though God may not call you To ser - vice o'er the main,
 A - round are snares and pit - falls, And foes on ev - 'ry hand:



Each morn fresh la-bour bring-eth, With blessings rich for you, With blessings rich for you.
 Oh, help to send the la - b'rer With news of Je - sus slain, With news of Je - sus slain.
 Oh, lead them in the path-way To yon - der bet - ter land, To yon - der bet - ter land.



4. What have you done for Jesus?
 The summer's past and gone:
 The harvest now is ending,
 Oh, say, what have you done?
 Are there no fruits of labour—
 No sheaves to gather in?
 No trophies for the Master,
 Pluck'd from the paths of sin?

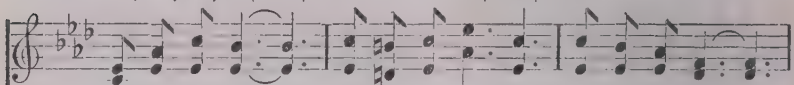
5. What have I done for Jesus,
 Who bled and died for me,
 In that lone hour of darkness
 Upon Golgotha's tree?
 Oh, when my journey's ended,
 When fades life's ling'ring sun,
 Shall I go empty-handed,
 No souls for Jesus won?

M. D.

L. M. B.



- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. When you feel weak - est, | dan - gers sur - round ; | Sub - tle temptations, |
| 2. If all were eas - y, | if all were bright, | Where would the cross be ? |
| 3. God is your wis - dom ; | God is your might ; | God's ev - er near you |
| 4. Let us press on then ; | nev - er des - pair ; | Live a - bove feel - ing, |



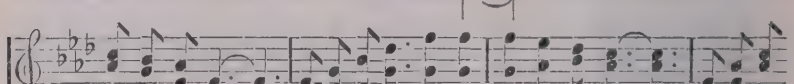
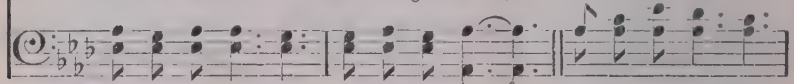
trou - bles a - bound ;	Noth - ing seems hope - ful,	noth - ing seems glad,
where would the fight ?	But in the hard - ness,	God gives to you,
guid - ing you right ;	He un - der - stands you,	knows all your need,
vic - to - ry's there ;	Je - sus can keep us	so near to Him,



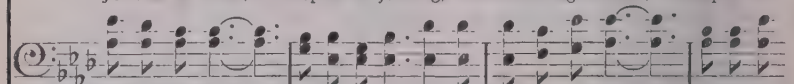
CHORUS.



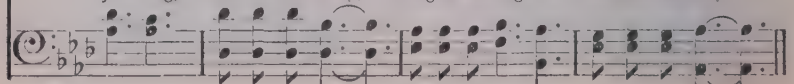
All is des - pair - ing,	oft - en - times sad.	1, 2. Keep on be - liev - ing, 3, 4. Keep on re - joic - ing,
Chanc - es for prov - ing	what He can do.	
Trust - ing in Him you'll	sure - ly suc - ceed.	
That nev - er - more	our faith shall grow dim.	



Je - sus is near,	Keep on be - liev - ing,	there's nothing to fear ;	Keep on be -
Je - sus is near,	Keep on re - joic - ing,	there's nothing to fear ;	Keep on re -



liev - ing,	This is the way,	Faith in the night as	well as the day.
joic - ing,	This is the way,	Songs in the night as	well as the day.



143 Great Shepherd of Thy Chosen Flock.

(MARYTON. L.M.)

H. PERCY SMITH.

1. Great Shepherd of Thy chosen flock, Thy people's shield, their
 2. Now may Thy Spirit by the word, Re-fresh each wearied
 3. Thine is the heart our griefs to feel, And Thine the love each

sha-dow-ing rock, Once more we meet to hear Thy
 heart, O Lord, Wearied of earth's vain strife and
 wound to heal; Home Thou art gone for us to

voice, Once more be-fore Thee to re-joice.
 woe, And long-ing more Thy-self to know.
 care, Re-turn-ing soon to take us there.

144

Peace, Perfect Peace.

BISHOP EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

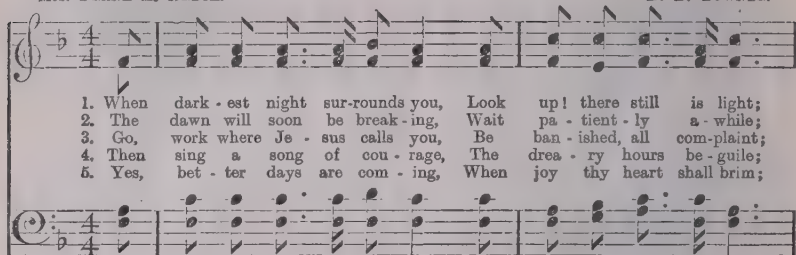
1. Peace, per-fect peace, in this dark world of sin? The
 2. Peace, per-fect peace, by throng-ing du-ties press'd? To
 3. Peace, per-fect peace, with sor-rows surg-ing round? On
 4. Peace, per-fect peace, with loved ones far a-way? In
 5. Peace, per-fect peace, our fu-ture all un-known? Je-
 6. Peace, per-fect peace, death shadowing us and ours? Je-
 7. It is e-nough; earth's strug-gles soon shall cease, And

blood of Je-sus whis-pers peace with-in.
 do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
 Je-sus, be-som naught but calm is found.
 Je-sus, keep-ing we are safe, and they.
 sus we know, and He is on the throne.
 sus has vanquish'd death and all its pow'rs.
 Je-sus call us to heav'n's per-fect peace.

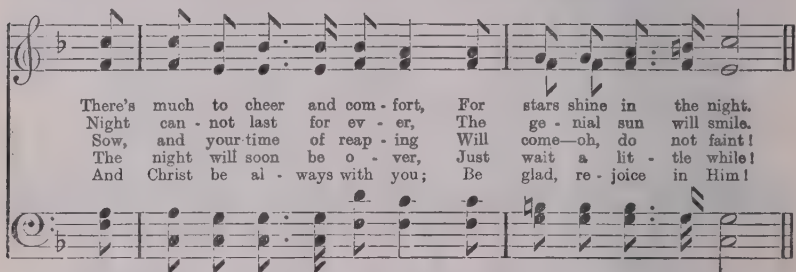
Better Days are Coming.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

D. B. TOWNER.

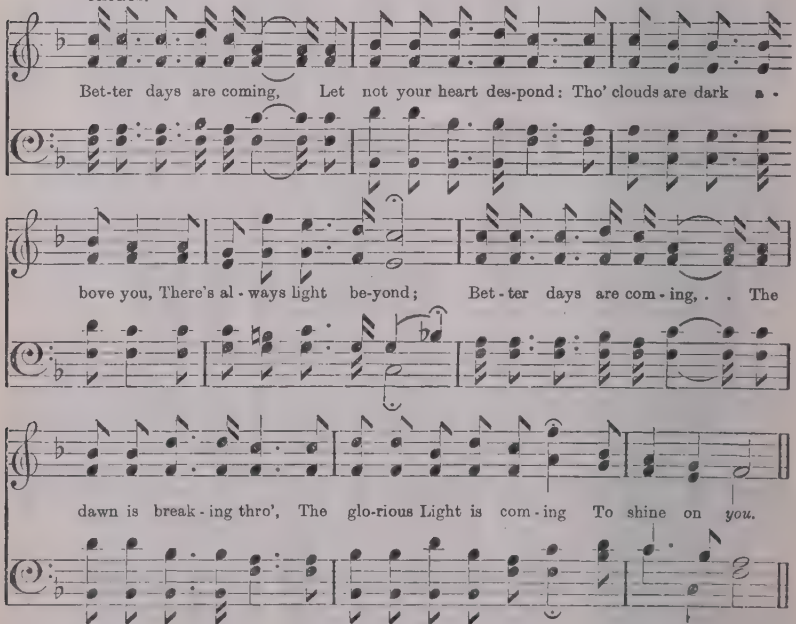


1. When dark - est night sur-rounds you, Look up! there still is light;
 2. The dawn will soon be break-ing, Wait pa - tient - ly a - while;
 3. Go, work where Je - sus calls you, Be ban - ished, all com-plaint;
 4. Then sing a song of cou - rage, The drea - ry hours be - guile;
 5. Yes, bet - ter days are com - ing, When joy thy heart shall brim;



There's much to cheer and com - fort, For stars shine in the night.
 Night can - not last for ev - er, The ge - nial sun will smile.
 Sow, and your time of reap - ing Will come—oh, do not faint!
 The night will soon be o - ver, Just wait a lit - tle while!
 And Christ be al - ways with you; Be glad, re - joice in Him!

CHORUS.



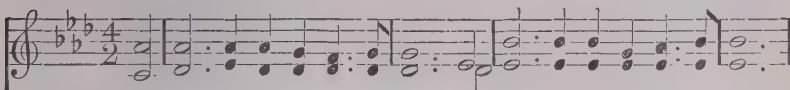
Bet - ter days are coming, Let not your heart des-pend: Tho' clouds are dark a -
 bove you, There's al - ways light be-yond; Bet - ter days are com-ing, . . The
 dawn is break-ing thro', The glo-rious Light is com-ing To shine on you.

"'Tis I! Be Not Afraid!"

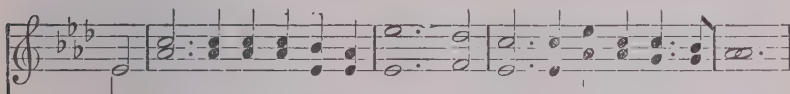
"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."—Isaiah xliii. 2.

J. F.

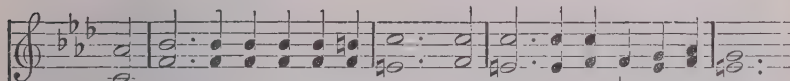
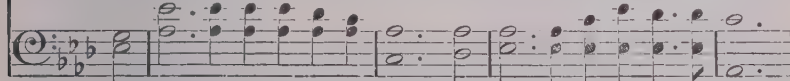
JAMES FULTON,



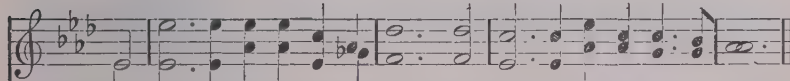
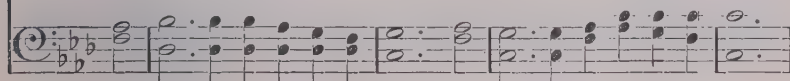
1. A - mid the bus-y throng of life, When tem-pest-toss'd by toil and strife,
2. When driv'n by doubt and filled with fear, The Tempter whispers, "Doth God hear?"
3. In strife or sor-row, doubt or death, Let faith ne'er fail: His promise saith—



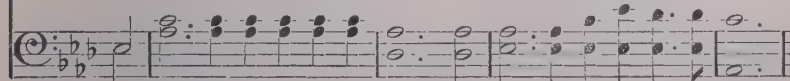
Be calm! He walks life's sea who said— Says still—" 'Tis I! be not a - fraid!"
 He speaks, thy Lord, on Him be stayed: " 'Tis I! fear not, be not dis-mayed!"
 "Though through the waters thou dost pass, I bring Mine own safe home at last."



When care or grief be-cloud thy way, "Thy will be done!" 'tis hard to say:
 Should death cast o'er thy path its gloom, The dark-ness deep-en o'er the tomb:
 He comes to give thy soul re - lease, To bid the surging sor-row cease:



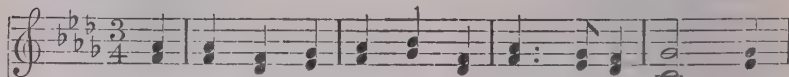
Look up! He knows, He sees thy tears, He'll wipe them all when He ap - pears.
 Lift up thine eyes! be-hold the dawn! Earth's dark-est night leads out to morn.
 No more shall darkness hide thy way, Or sun go down through endless day.




The Raven He Feedeth.

L. E. J.

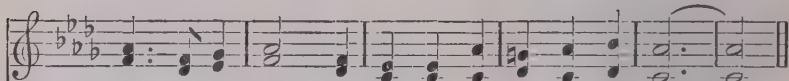
L. E. JONES.



1. In ten - der com - pas - sion and won - der - ful love, The
 2. His arm is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save, His
 3. No need have I ev - er to trou - ble my breast, Or

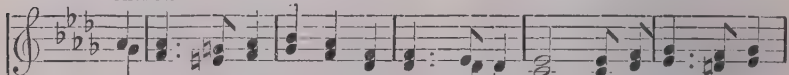


Fa - ther looks down from on high; He know - eth the ra - ven hath
 eye is a guide to my feet; Since lovesought and found me, I
 fear what the mor - row may bring; The heart of the Fa - ther is

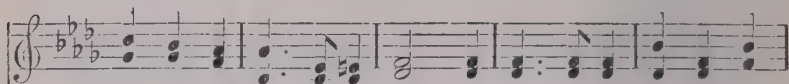


need of its food, And hear - eth in mer - cy its cry.
 con - stant - ly dwell With Him in com - pan - ion - ship sweet.
 plan - ning my way, And I am the child of a King.

CHORUS.



The ra - ven He feed - eth, then why should I fear? To the heart of the



Fa - ther His chil - dren are dear; So, if the way dark - ens or

The Raven He Feedeth—Continued.

storms ga - ther o'er, I'll sim - ply look up - ward and trust Him the more.

148

Give Him the Glory.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, O the hap - py, hap - py day!
 2. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, Where I found such per - fect rest,
 3. It was down at the feet of Je - sus, Where I brought my guilt and sin,

That my soul found peace in be - liev - ing, And my sins were wash'd a - way.
 Where the light first dawn'd on my spi - rit, And my soul was tru - ly blest.
 That He cancelled all my transgressions, And sal - va - tion en - tered in.

CHORUS.

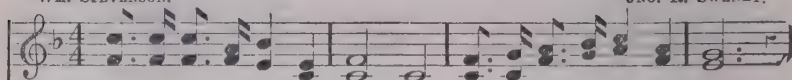
Let me tell the old, old sto - ry Of His grace so full and free,

For I feel like giving Him the glo - ry For His wondrous love to me.

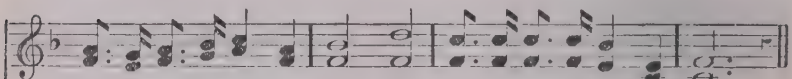
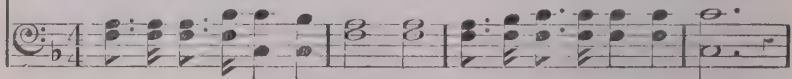
Dearest Friend.

WM. STEVENSON.

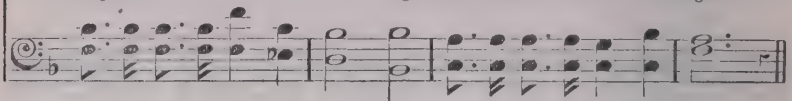
JNO. R. SWENEY.



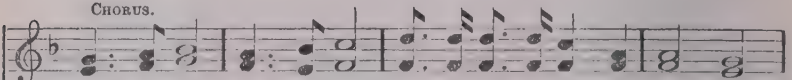
1. What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus! When I come to Him in need;
2. What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus! How He calms my guil - ty fears,
3. What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus! How He fills my soul with joy;
4. What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus! Saints and se - raphs join your strains;



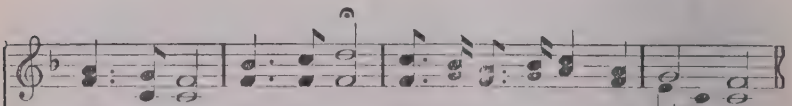
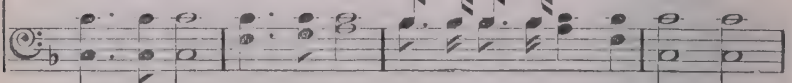
Choic - est bless - ings doth He show - er When His prom - i - ses I plead.
 When my eyes to Him up - lift - ed, Show my sad re - pent - ant tears.
 O ye ransomed, sing His prais - es, And your sweetest notes em - ploy.
 Harps and voi - ces all u - nit - ing, Praise the Lamb that ev - er reigns.



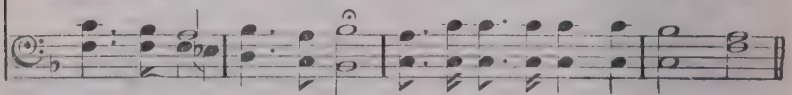
CHORUS.



Bless - ed friend, dear - est friend, What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus!



Bless - ed friend, dear - est friend, What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus.

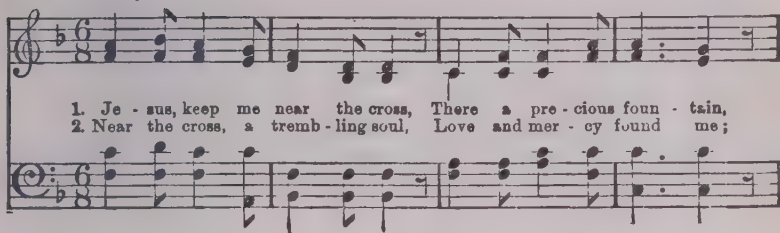


By permission of Mrs. J. R. SWENEY.

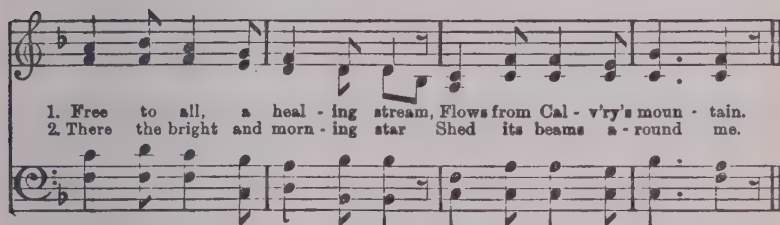
150 Keep me near the Cross.

F. J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

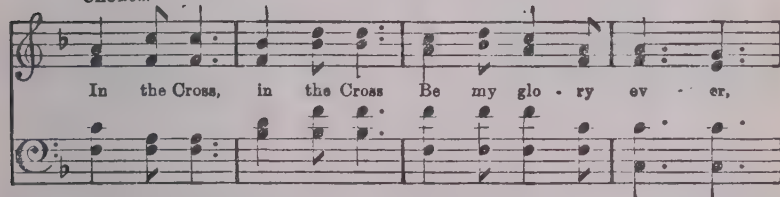


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;

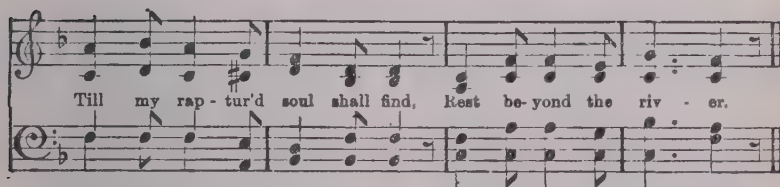


1. Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
2. There the bright and morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.

CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,



Till my rap - tur'd soul shall find, Rest be - yond the riv - er.

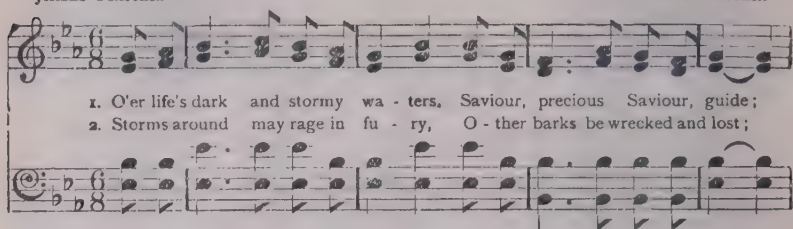
3. Near the cross! oh, Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

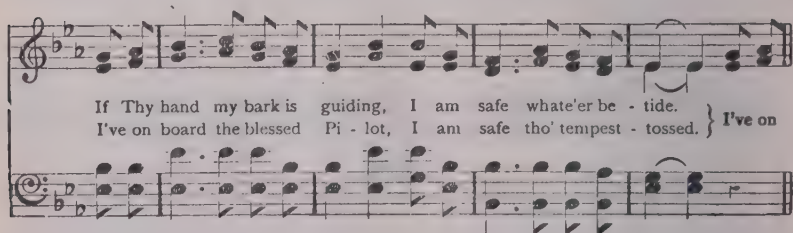
151 I've on Board the Blessed Pilot.

JAMES FRASER.

WM. FRASER.

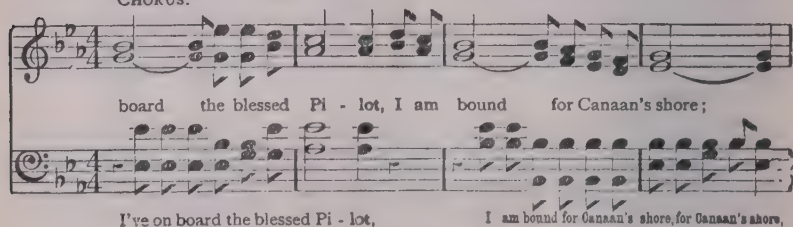


1. O'er life's dark and stormy wa - ters, Saviour, precious Saviour, guide;
2. Storms around may rage in fu - ry, O - ther barks be wrecked and lost;

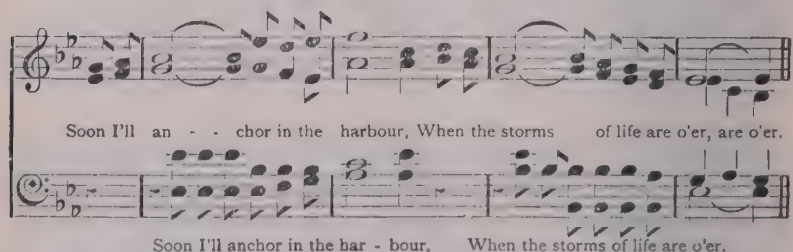


If Thy hand my bark is guiding, I am safe whate'er be - tide.
I've on board the blessed Pi - lot, I am safe tho' tempest - tossed. } I've on

CHORUS.



board the blessed Pi - lot, I am bound for Canaan's shore;
I've on board the blessed Pi - lot, I am bound for Canaan's shore, for Canaan's shore,



Soon I'll an - - chor in the harbour, When the storms of life are o'er, are o'er.
Soon I'll anchor in the har - bour, When the storms of life are o'er.

3. Thou art sailing o'er life's ocean,
It may peaceful seem to be;
Rocks and shoals around lie hidden
'Tis a dark and treacherous sea.

4. O how many barques are drifting
Far from Canaan's happy shore
Who have sailed without a pilot,
Now are lost for evermore

152

How Sweet the Name.

J. NEWTON.

Tune—JAZER.

By permission of Dr. A. E. TOZER.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
 2. It makes the wound - ed spi - rit whole, And calms the trou - bled breast;
 3. Dear Name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place,
 4. Je - sus, my Shep - herd, Sa - viour, Friend, My Pro - phet, Priest, and King,

It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ury, filled With bound - less stores of grace.
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

153

Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

(To above Tune.)

1. Jesus, the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far Thy face to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
 O Saviour of mankind.
3. Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
 Oh, joy of all the meek!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
 How good to those who seek!
4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.
 —BERNARD of Clairvaux.

154

Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

TROYTE'S CHANT.

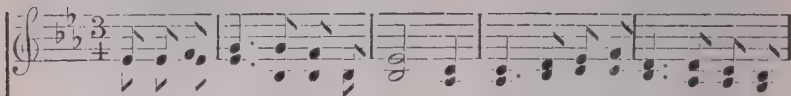
Dr. A. H. D. TROYTE.

1. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide;
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see:
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
3. I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
 victory?
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

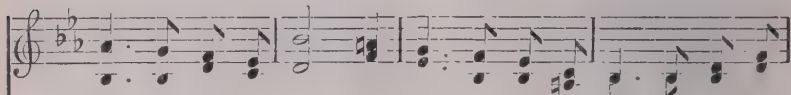
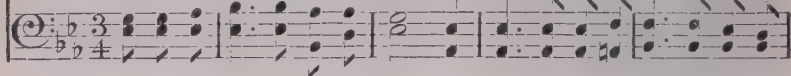
W. A. P.

R. F. BEVERIDGE

Slowly.



1. There is a voice that's soft and low, Oft whisp'ring in my ear: It is the
2. There is no sound for mor-tal ear That can with it compare; No an-gel
3. O how it makes my heart re-joice, To think of yon bright land, Where I shall



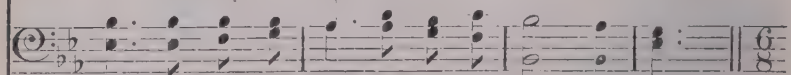
Sa-viour's gen-tle voice, My heart so loves to hear; I learned to
harp hath such a chord, 'Tis mu-sic rich and rare; When-e'er I
clear-ly hear His voice, And feel His gen-tle hand! 'Tis blest com-



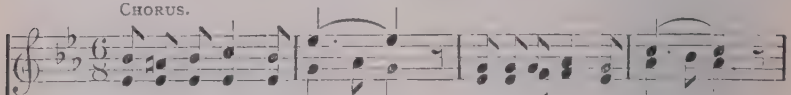
love it long a-go, When first I heard its call; Its ear-nest
wait with break-ing heart To list-en for its sound, It al-ways
mun-ion here be-low Thro' Faith's im-per-fect ear; But there where



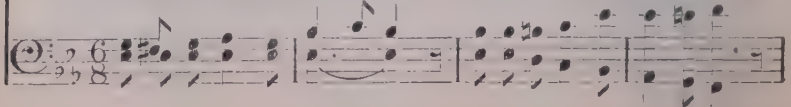
plead-ing I o-beyed, And gave to Him my all.
comes to com-fort me, And binds up ev-ry wound.
all per-fec-tion dwells, His voice I'll al-ways hear.



CHORUS.



There is a voice so sweet (so sweet), Softly mine ear doth greet (doth greet),



There is a Voice so Sweet—Continued.

Je - sus my Sa - viour whisp'ring His love From that bright home a - bove.

156

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gra-cious Sa - viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth Thee ;
 2. Be it noon or be it mid - night, Wea - ry watch or blaze of day,
 3. Pride of will and lust of sta - tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Noth - ing done for Thee so low - ly, But is great enough for me,
 Shout - ing with the hap - py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hid - den way.
 And the on - ly hon - our seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to Thee.

REFRAIN.

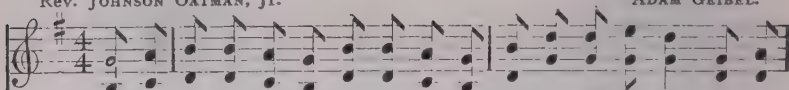
Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee ;
 Use me, O my Sa - viour, Use me, O my Saviour,

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth Thee.
 Use me, O my Sa - viour, Use me, O, my Saviour,

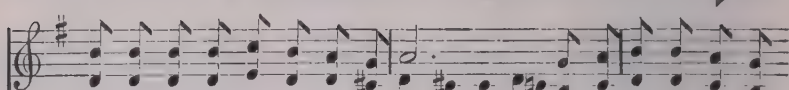
Resting by the Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

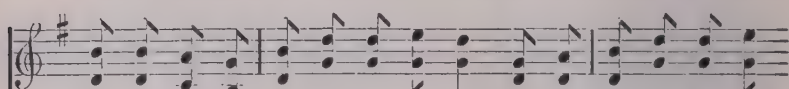
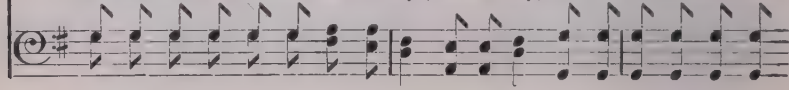
ADAM GEIBEL.



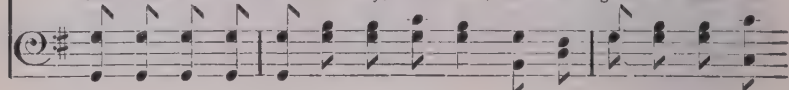
1. While up - on the pilgrim's pathway, moving t'ward the promis'd land, Tho' our
2. Ev - 'ry day we're pressing on-ward, here we have no sure a - bode, Not a
3. While we're toil-ing in the vineyard, ev - 'ry one must do his share, For the
4. So we'll la-bour on for Je - sus till we view life's set-ting sun, Then our



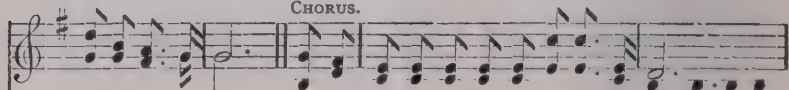
lot is hard with toil - ing day by day (day by day), Yet we have a pre - cious place where we may tar - ry long or stay (long or stay), But our Saviour has pro - Mas - ter's work ad - mits of no de - lay (no de - lay), For 'tis on - ly those who Lord will call us home at close of day (close of day), But un - til we reach those



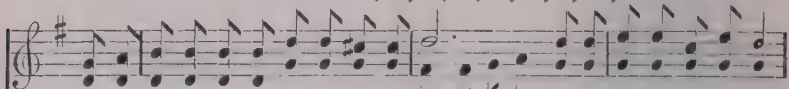
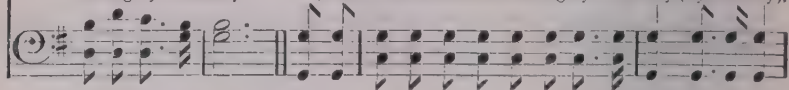
cov - ert in the hol - low of God's hand, Where His peo - ple find sweet vid - ed, lest we faint a - long the road, Pre - cious spots where we find la - bour, and the heav - y bur - dens bear, That en joy this pre - cious man - sions where we'll hear Him say, "Well done," He will give us bless - ed



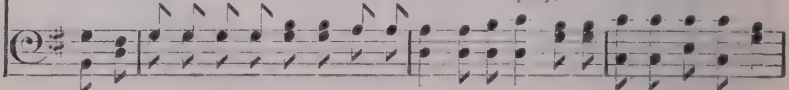
CHORUS.



rest-ing by the way. Oh, what blessed times of resting by the way (by the way)



When God's people meet to sing and watch and pray, When our Saviour there we meet, watch and pray,



Resting by the Way—Continued.

In com-munion blest and sweet, Oh, what blessed times of rest-ing by the way.

158 Lean on Jesus and Rest.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Like as a bird at eve - ning Flies to its mountain nest,
 2. When with life's work I'm burdened When with life's cares I'm pressed,
 3. E'en tho' I walk thro' sor - row, Knowing His will is best,

So may my heart when wea ry Lean on Je - sus and rest.
 Soft-ly there comes a whis - per, "Lean on Je - sus and rest."
 I will without a mur mur Lean on Je - sus and rest.

and rest.

CHORUS.
 Lean on Je - sus and rest, sweet rest, Lean on Je - sus and rest; precious rest:

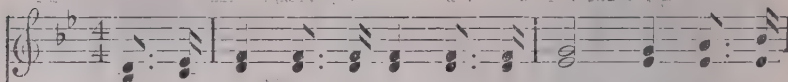
O soul, so burden'd and wea - ry, Lean on Je - sus and rest.

4. No spot on earth so precious,
 No place on earth so blest,
 As, when I—nothing doubting—
 Lean on Jesus and rest.

5. And when at last life's sunset
 Lights up the golden west,
 Then will my soul forever
 Lean on Jesus and rest.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



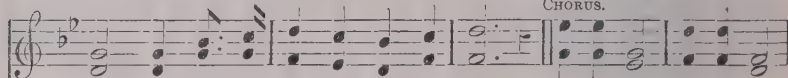
1. When I walked with my Lord in the sun - shine, His com-
2. When I stood on the mount in the sun - shine, Felt I
3. When I walked with my Lord in the sun - shine, With my
4. Oh, how pre - cious the walk in the dark - ness! Oh, how



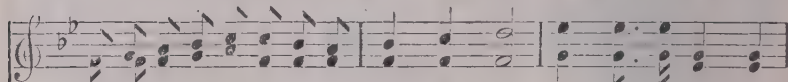
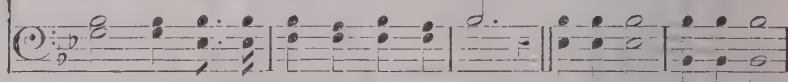
pa - ion - ship was sweet; Then I wan - dered with Him in the
strong to walk a lone, Then I groped in the gloom of the
love was min - gled pride; When the dark shad - ows tell, I was
dear the hours of pain! When the Sa - viour is walk - ing be -



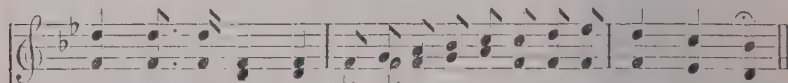
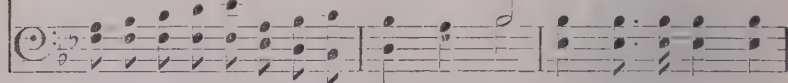
CHORUS.



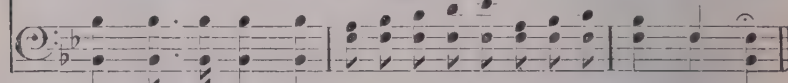
shad - ow, And my joy was made com - plete.
val - ley, And my help - less - ness was shown. } Ev - 'ry-where, dark or fair,
hum - bled, And my love was pu - ri - fied.
side me, Mak - ing loss - su - prem - est gain.



Where my Saviour leads me, will I glad - ly go; Up on the moun - tain,



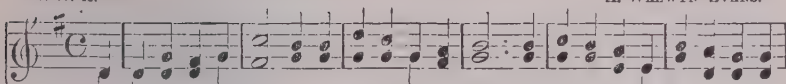
down in the val - ley, Ev - 'ry step He leads me, rich - er grace doth show.



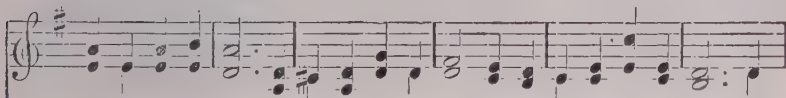
By Grace I'll Stand.

J. H. A.

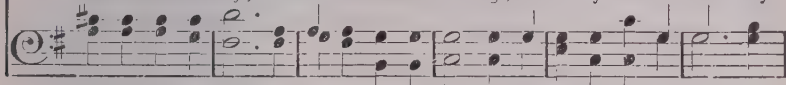
A. WALWYN EVANS.



1. Once I was far from Je - sus, a stranger to His grace, But o'er the mountains bleak and cold He
2. He's filled my life with blessing and chang'd my heart's desire, To witness for Him day by day my
3. So more and more of Je - sus I'm learning ev'ry day, With such a precious Friend and Guide I'll



1. sought my steps to trace; One day, praise God, He found me, and brought me to His fold, And
2. soul is all on fire. Full well I know that dan - gers lie thick - ly round my way, But
3. fol - low all the way; I can re - flect His im - age, and ev - ry one a - round My



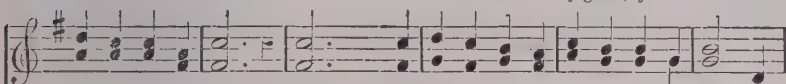
CHORUS.



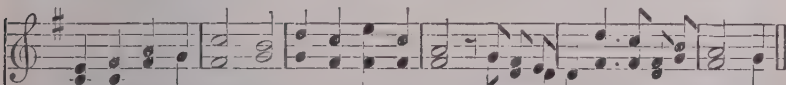
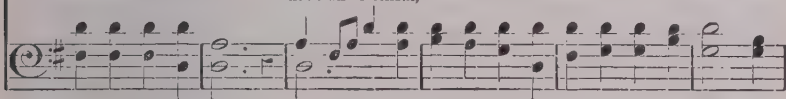
1. now I feel His wondrous grace can ne'er be ful - ly told.
 2. keeping sight of Jesus Christ I cannot go a - stray.
 3. tes - ti - mony clear shall know to the Saviour I have found.
- Yes, by grace a - lone, God



Yes, by grace, by



helping me, I'll stand. True and faithful till I reach the Glory land, Just
True and faithful,



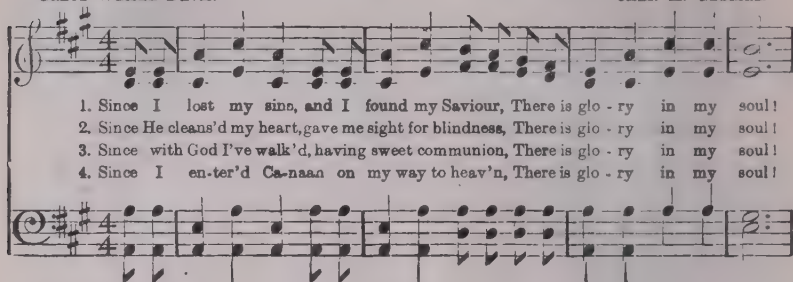
trusting Him each moment for His help di - vine, Confessing Je - sus, my blessed Saviour.



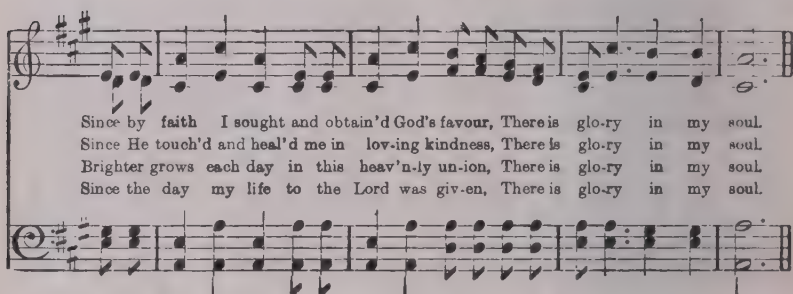
There is Glory in My Soul.

GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

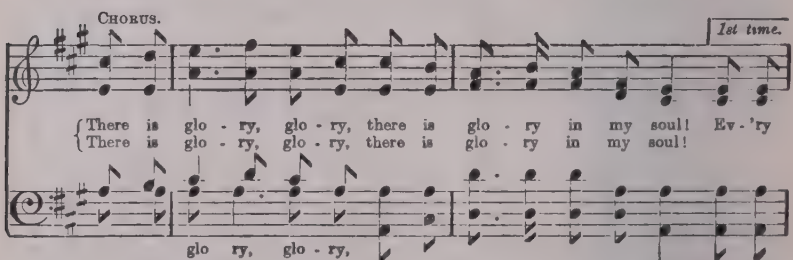


1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Saviour, There is glo - ry in my soul!
 2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blindness, There is glo - ry in my soul!
 3. Since with God I've walk'd, having sweet communion, There is glo - ry in my soul!
 4. Since I en-ter'd Ca-naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo - ry in my soul!

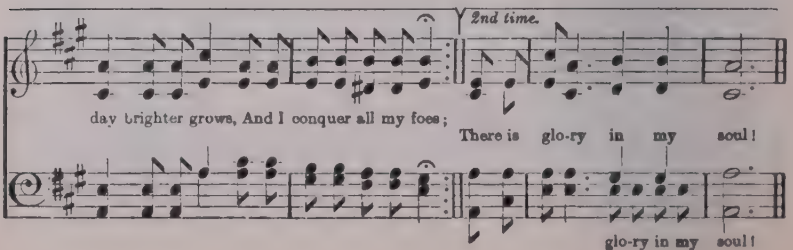


Since by faith I sought and obtain'd God's favour, There is glo-ry in my soul.
 Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov-ing kindness, There is glo-ry in my soul.
 Brighter grows each day in this heav'n-ly un-ion, There is glo-ry in my soul.
 Since the day my life to the Lord was giv-en, There is glo-ry in my soul.

CHORUS.



1st time.
 { There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! Ev-'ry
 { There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul!
 glo ry, glo - ry,

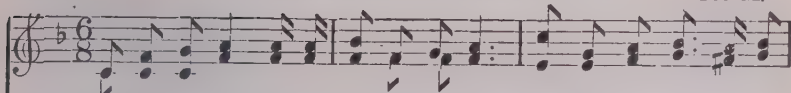


2nd time.
 day brighter grows, And I conquer all my foes;
 There is glo-ry in my soul!
 glo-ry in my soul!

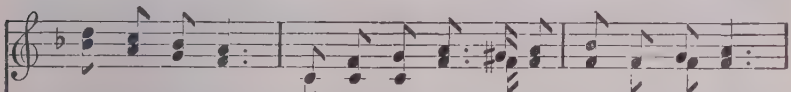
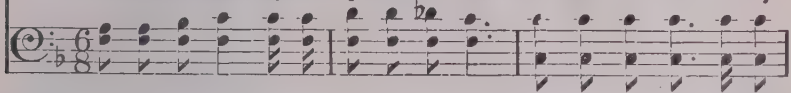
"Give Me thy heart."

E. E. HAWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.



1. "Give Me thy heart," says the Fa - ther a - bove, No gift so pre - cious to
2. "Give Me thy heart," says the Sa - viour of men, Call - ing in mer - cy a -
3. "Give Me thy heart," says the Spi - rit di - vine, All that Thou hast to My



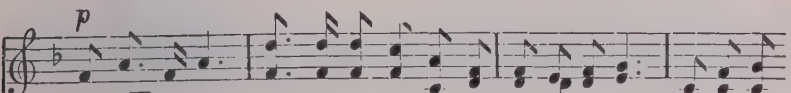
Him as our love; Soft - ly He whis - pers, wher - ev - er thou art,
gain and a - gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e - vil de - part,
keep - ing re - sign; Grace more a - bound - ing is Mine to im - part,



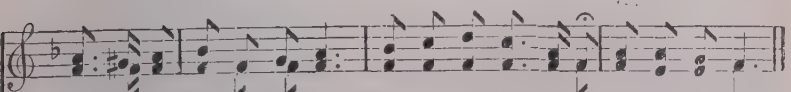
CHORUS.



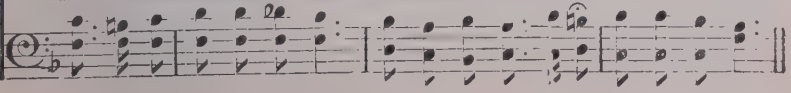
"Grate - ful - ly trust me, and give Me thy heart."
Have I not died for thee? give Me thy heart."
Make full sur - ren - der, and give Me thy heart." } "Give Me thy heart,"



give Me thy heart," Hear the soft whisper, wher - ev - er thou art; From this dark

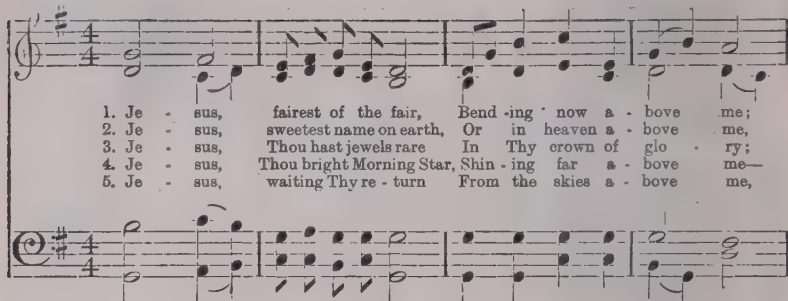


world He would draw thee a - part, Speaking so ten - der - ly, "Give Me thy heart."

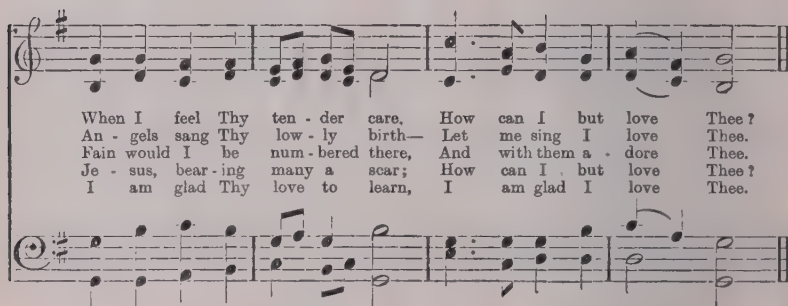


J. M. W.

J. M. WHYTE.

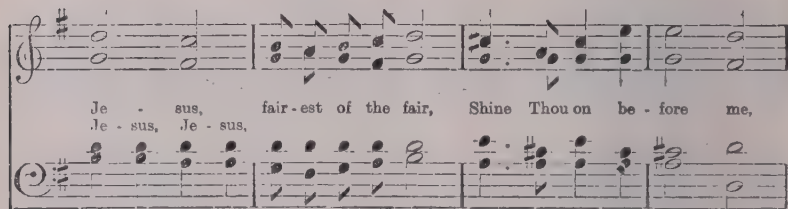


1. Je - sus, fairest of the fair, Bend - ing now a - bove me;
 2. Je - sus, sweetest name on earth, Or in heaven a - bove me,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast jewels rare In Thy crown of glo - ry;
 4. Je - sus, Thou bright Morning Star, Shin - ing far a - bove me—
 5. Je - sus, waiting Thy re - turn From the skies a - bove me,

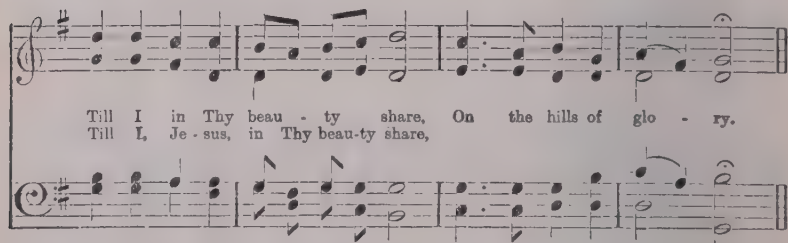


When I feel Thy ten - der care, How can I but love Thee?
 An - gels sang Thy low - ly birth— Let me sing I love Thee.
 Fain would I be num - bered there, And with them a - dore Thee.
 Je - sus, bear - ing many a scar; How can I but love Thee?
 I am glad Thy love to learn, I am glad I love Thee.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, fair - est of the fair, Shine Thou on be - fore me,
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

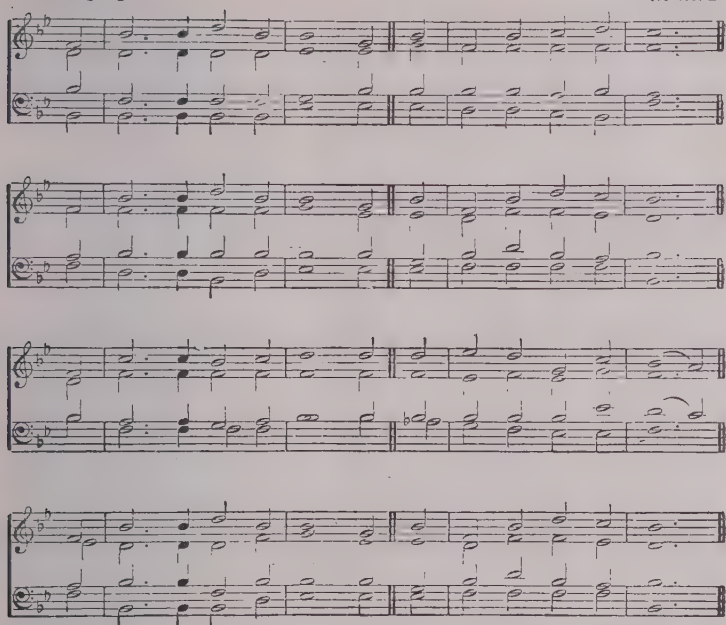


Till I in Thy beau - ty share, On the hills of glo - ry.
 Till I, Je - sus, in Thy beau - ty share,

Stand up for Jesus.

"Morning Light"

7.6.7.6. D.



1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!

Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner;
It must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

The trumpet-call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!
Ye that are men, now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

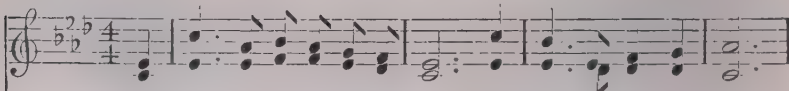
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armour,
And, watching unto prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

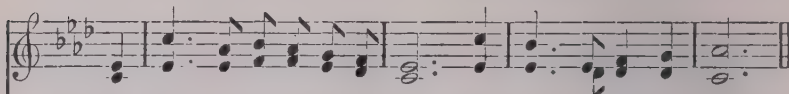
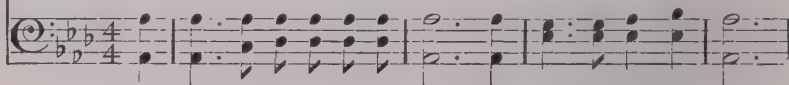
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life will be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Mrs. Emma Pitt.

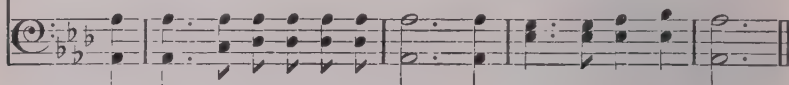
E. O. Excell.



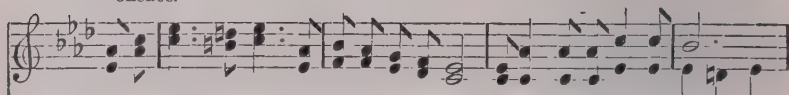
1. We're o - ver on the stormy side, Dark clouds be - set our way,
2. There is an - o - ther brighter side, Of life beyond the sky,
3. Our jour - ney here will soon be done, We'll en - ter in - to rest,
4. Soon I shall strike those harps of gold, Where flowers im - mor - tal bloom,



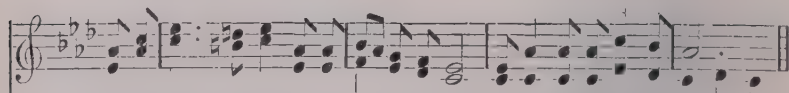
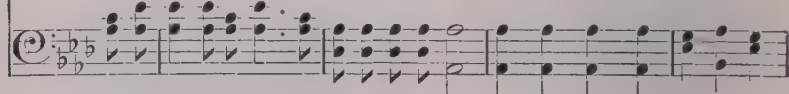
But just a - cross the roll - ing tide Beam shores of end - less day.
Where sin and sor - row ne'er be - tide, And loved ones nev - er die.
In yon - der clime that needs no sun, Re - pose on Je - sus' breast.
My dear Re - deemer's face be - hold, And calm - ly rest at home.



CHORUS.



On the o - ther side, be - yond the rolling tide, Je - sus is waiting for me;
sweet other side, Je - sus waits for me, for me;



On the gold - en shore, In the grand evermore, Lov'd ones are watching for me.
bright golden shore, Lov'd ones watch for me, for me.

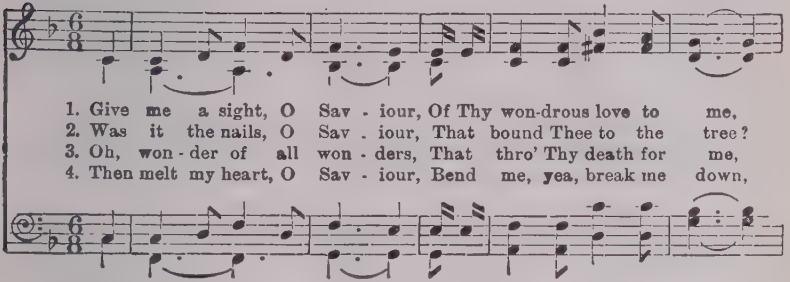


Oh, Make Me Understand it.

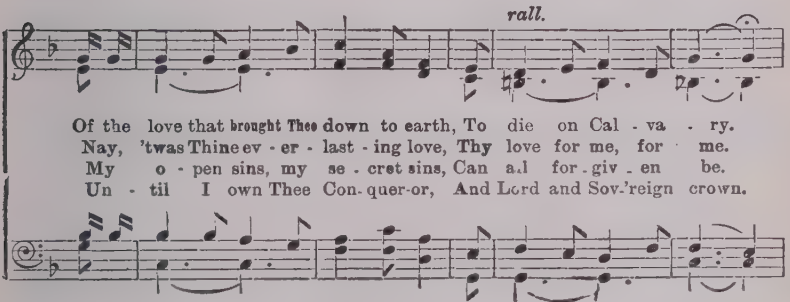
From "Musical Messages," No. 87.

A. M. KELLY.

A. M. KELLY.

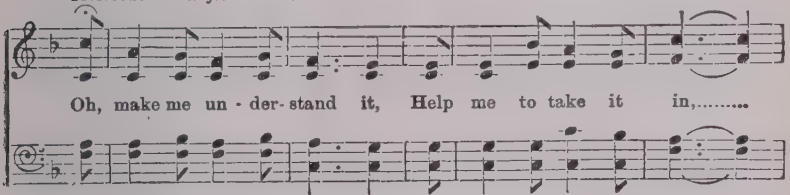


1. Give me a sight, O Sav - iour, Of Thy won-drous love to me,
2. Was it the nails, O Sav - iour, That bound Thee to the tree?
3. Oh, won - der of all won - ders, That thro' Thy death for me,
4. Then melt my heart, O Sav - iour, Bend me, yea, break me down,

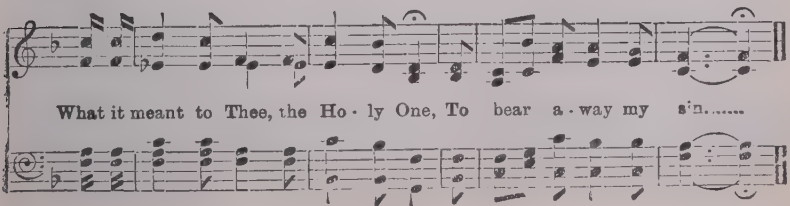


rall.
Of the love that brought Thee down to earth, To die on Cal - va - ry.
Nay, 'twas Thine ev - er - last - ing love, Thy love for me, for - me.
My o - pen sins, my se - cret sins, Can all for - giv - en be.
Un - til I own Thee Con - quer - or, And Lord and Sov - reign crown.

CHORUS. *A trifle slower.*



Oh, make me un - der - stand it, Help me to take it in,.....



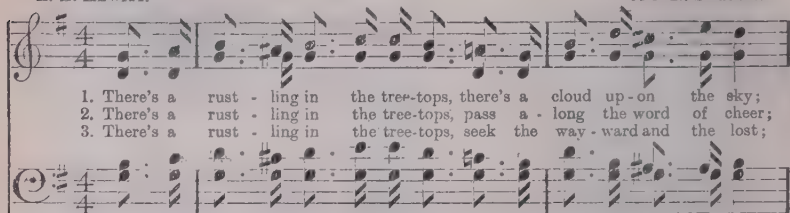
What it meant to Thee, the Ho - ly One, To bear a - way my sin.....

167 There's a Rustling in the Tree-Tops.

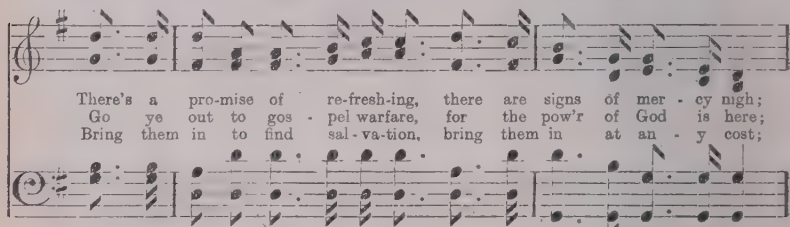
"When thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the mulberry trees, that then thou shalt go out to battle; for God is gone forth before thee."—I. Chron. xiv. 15.

E. E. HEWITT.

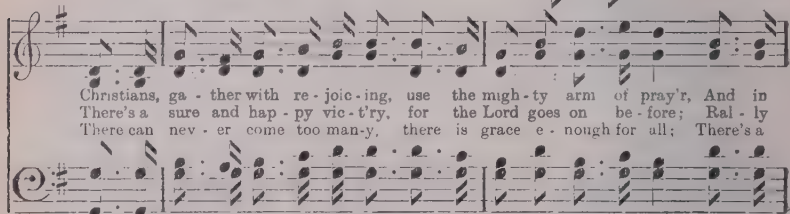
JNO R. SWENEY.



1. There's a rust - ling in the tree-tops, there's a cloud up-on the sky;
 2. There's a rust - ling in the tree-tops, pass a - long the word of cheer;
 3. There's a rust - ling in the tree-tops, seek the way - ward and the lost;

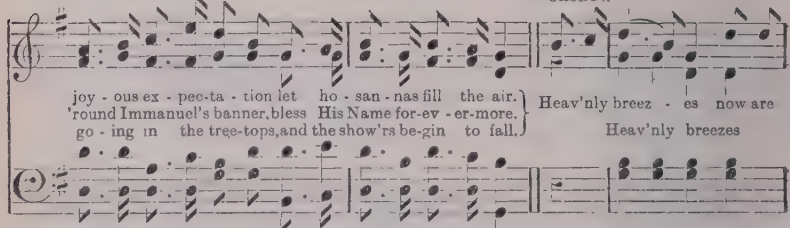


There's a pro-mise of re-fresh-ing, there are signs of mer - cy nigh;
 Go ye out to gos - pel warfare, for the pow'r of God is here;
 Bring them in to find sal - va-tion, bring them in at an - y cost;

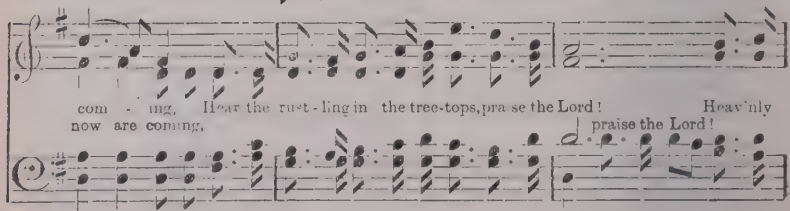


Christians, ga - ther with re-joic-ing, use the migh - ty arm of pray'r, And in
 There's a sure and hap - py vic - t'ry, for the Lord goes on be - fore; Ral - ly
 There can nev - er come too man-y, there is grace e - nough for all; There's a

CHORUS.



joy - ous ex - pec - ta - tion let ho - san - nas fill the air.
 'round Immanuel's banner, bless His Name for-ev - er-more. } Heav'nly breez - es now are
 go - ing in the tree-tops, and the show'rs be-gin to fall. } Heav'nly breezes



com - ing, Hear the rust - ling in the tree-tops, pra - se the Lord! Heav'nly
 now are coming, } praise the Lord!

There's a Rustling in the Tree-Tops—Continued.

brez - es now are com - ing, Hear the rustling in the tree-tops, praise the Lord!
breezes now are com - ing, praise the Lord!

168

Lord Jesus, hold my hand.

WM. ROBERTSON.

(Tune: WELLGATE.)

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

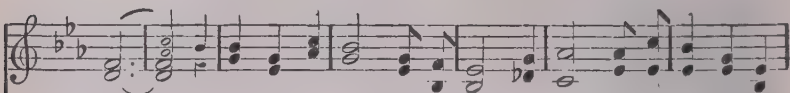
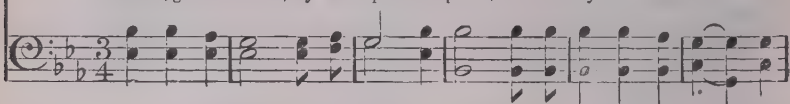
1. Lord Je-sus, hold my hand, When foes as - sail, Up-held by Thee I
2. Lead Thou my steps a - long, Past ev - 'ry snare, Vales shall resound with
3. Weakness will change to strength, By trust - ing Thee; I shall reach home at

stand, By Thee pre - vail. Fierce tho' the conflict be, I
song, When Thou art there. Darkness but leads to light, Faith
length, Thy glo - ry see. There I'll be-hold Thy face, Thy

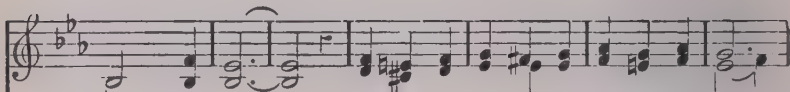
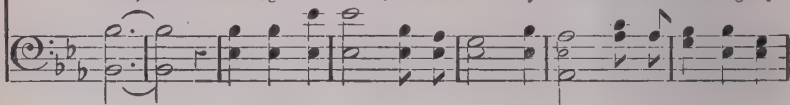
shall Thy triumph see, And vanquish'd foes shall flee, Be - fore Thy face.
better far than sight, With Thee the way is bright— With naught to fear.
kind-ness, Lord, re-trace, And praise Thee for the grace, That made me Thine.



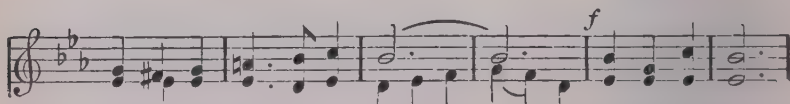
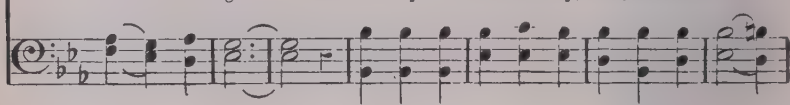
1. Leaves, on - ly leaves, was the fig - tree's crown, Tho' it pro-mised ripe fruitage as
2. Leaves, on - ly leaves, will the Mas - ter find If perchance He may pass me to -
3. Leaves, on - ly leaves, af - ter years of care, Has God's goodness been was-ted on
4. Sheaves, golden sheaves, by the Spi - rit's pow'r, Will I lay at the Mas - ter's



well; Leaves, withered leaves, ah! so parched and brown, A sad sto - ry of
 day; Leaves, on - ly leaves, and no fruit entwined, Will my Lord be com -
 me; Leaves, on - ly leaves, shall this be my share From God's hand thro'e -
 feet; Sheaves, gold-en sheaves, in the heav'n - ly bow'r Shall be wait - ing my

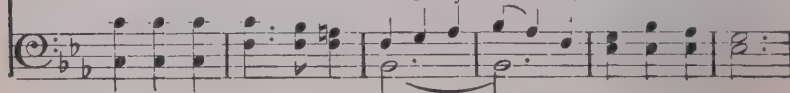


life they tell. Use - less and wast - ed its years have all been,
 pelled to say? Hun - gry and wea - ry He comes to my door,
 ter - ni - ty. Vain - ly He send - eth me bless - ings each day,
 soul to greet. Hum - bly and fer - vent - ly, Lord, I be - seech,



Why should it long - er be spared? . . . Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Will He find fruit and a - bide? . . . Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Vain - ly He com - eth, to find . . . Leaves, on - ly leaves,
 Give me great pow - er to win . . . Souls, ru - ined souls,

O my Mas - ter,



Leaves, Only Leaves—Continued.

pp *ff* *rit.* *dim.*

leaves, on - ly leaves, Je - sus has passed, and found leaves, on - ly leaves.
 leaves, on - ly leaves, Gath-'ring time's past, and I've leaves, on - ly leaves.
 leaves, on - ly leaves, Gath-'ring time's past, and I've leaves, on - ly leaves.
 souls, pre-cious souls, Gath-'ring time's pass - ing, give souls, oh, give souls.

170 "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

(SOLO OR QUARTET.)

ADAM GRIBBEL

1. When night her man-tle throws a - round, When darkness hangs o'er all the deep,
 2. When filled with dan-ger is the hour, When clouds hang o'er us dark and deep,
 3. God com - fort gives to those that mourn, He has a smile for those who weep;
 4. When tem - pest toss'd on life's great sea, 'Tis then we cry for Him to keep;
 5. When call'd to pass the vale of death, When cold the winds a - round us sweep,

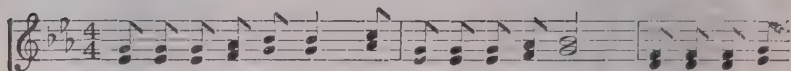
"Tis then re - lief and rest is found, "He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep;"
 God then displays His mighty power, "He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep;"
 For when our grief to Him is borne, "He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep;"
 The storms o - bey His ma - jes - ty, "He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep;"
 How sweet - ly with our clos - ing breath, "He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep;"

"Tis then relief and rest is found,
 God then displays His mighty power,
 For when our grief to Him is borne,
 The storms o-bey His majes - ty,
 How sweet - ly with our closing breath,

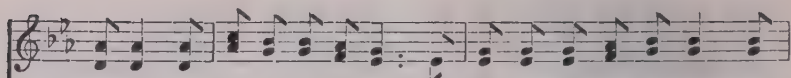
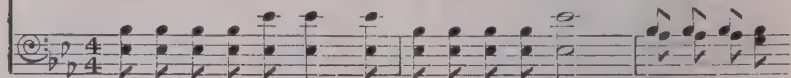
"He giv-eth His be-lov-ed sleep."

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

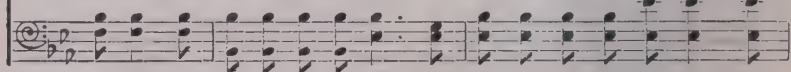
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



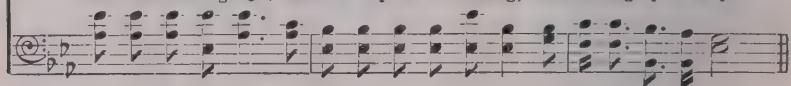
- | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Never give up trusting, | How-ev - er dark the day; | Never give up |
| 2. Never give up trusting, | When tempests fierce-ly blow; | Never give up |
| 3. Never give up trusting, | Tho' sorrow's crown you wear; | Never give up |



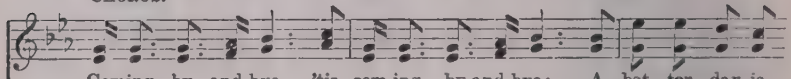
trusting. How-ev - er rough the way. The path will soon be smoother, And
trusting, What-ev - er ill you know. If false-ly speak ac - cu - sers, If
trusting, What-ev - er you must bear. In per-il, pain or tri - al, Your



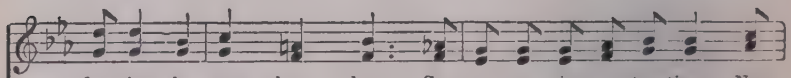
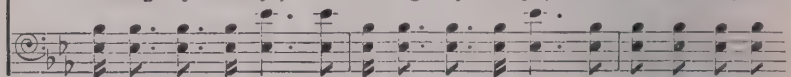
clear will be the sky, There's brightest glo-ry somewhere, 'Tis coming by and by.
trusted friends should fly, Await the truth's sure dawning, 'Tis coming by and by.
Lord is standing nigh; His star of peace is shining, 'Tis coming by and by.



CHORUS.



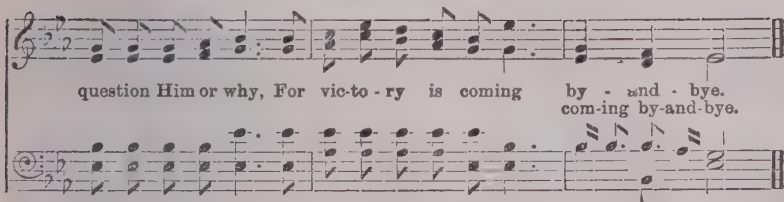
Coming by - and-bye, 'tis com-ing by-and-bye; A bet - ter day is



dawning in yon - der sky; So nev-er give up trusting, Nor
yonder glowing sky;



Never Give Up Trusting—Continued.



question Him or why, For vic-to - ry is coming by - and - bye.
coming by-and-bye.

172

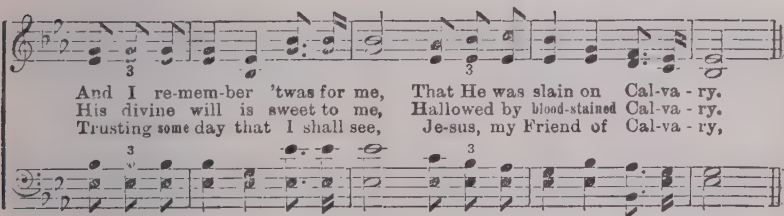
3 Remember Calvary.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

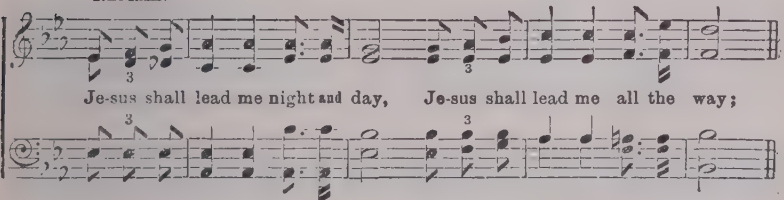


1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learn'd to trust Him so,
2. O I delight in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand,
3. Onward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Happy with Christ, my Saviour near,

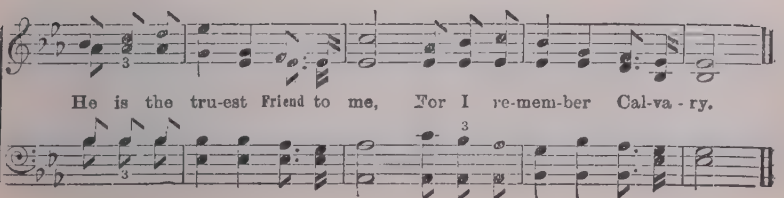


And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal - va - ry.
His divine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal - va - ry.
Trusting some day that I shall see, Jesus, my Friend of Cal - va - ry,

REFRAIN.



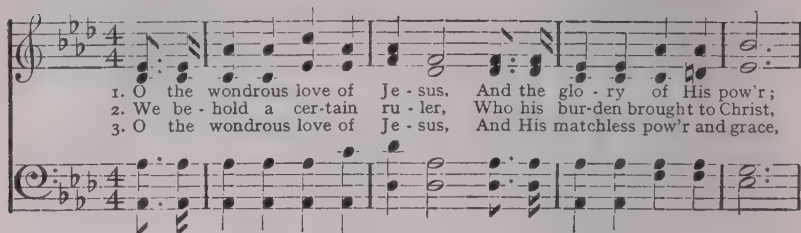
Je - sus shall lead me night and day, Je - sus shall lead me all the way;



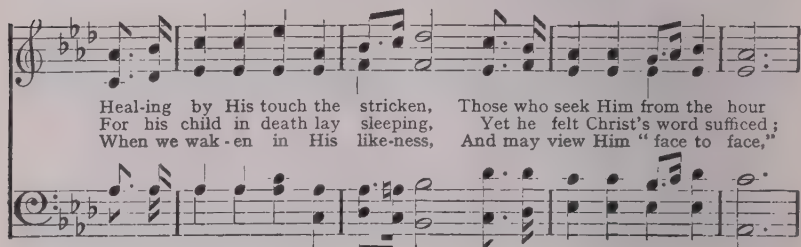
He is the tru - est Friend to me, For I re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

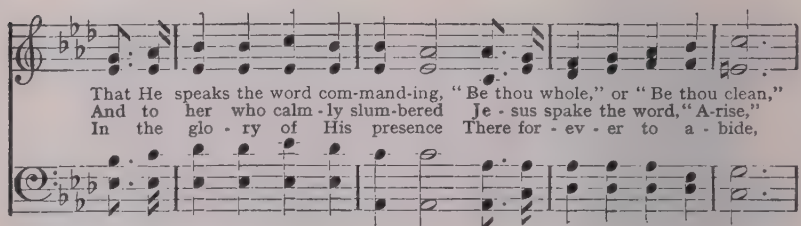
A. J. SHOWALTER.



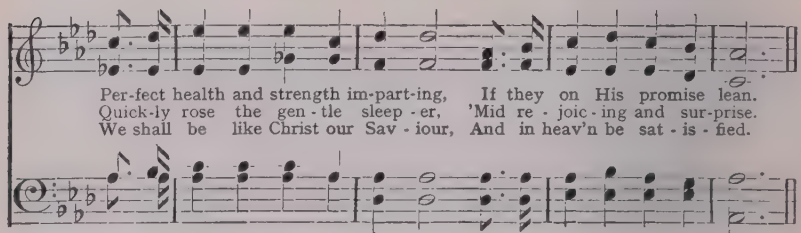
1. O the wondrous love of Je - sus, And the glo - ry of His pow'r;
 2. We be - hold a cer-tain ru - ler, Who his bur-den brought to Christ,
 3. O the wondrous love of Je - sus, And His matchless pow'r and grace,



Heal-ing by His touch the stricken, Those who seek Him from the hour
 For his child in death lay sleeping, Yet he felt Christ's word sufficed;
 When we wak-en in His like-ness, And may view Him "face to face,"



That He speaks the word com-mand-ing, "Be thou whole," or "Be thou clean,"
 And to her who calm-ly slum-bered Je - sus spake the word, "A-rise,"
 In the glo - ry of His presence There for - ev - er to a - bide,

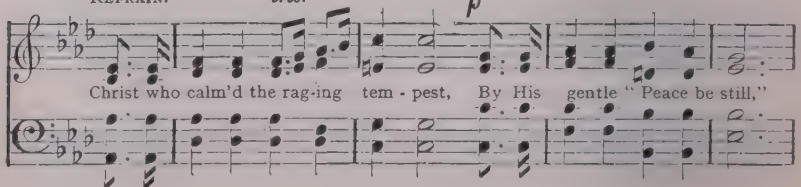


Per-fect health and strength im-part-ing, If they on His promise lean.
 Quick-ly rose the gen-tle sleep-er, 'Mid re-joic-ing and sur-prise.
 We shall be like Christ our Sav-iour, And in heav'n be sat-is-fied.

REFRAIN.

cres.

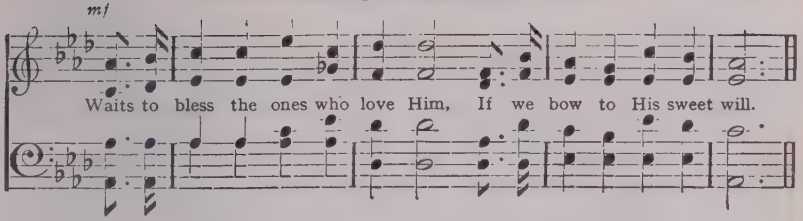
p



Christ who calm'd the rag-ing tem-pest, By His gentle "Peace be still,"

His Healing Touch—Continued.

mf



Waits to bless the ones who love Him, If we bow to His sweet will.

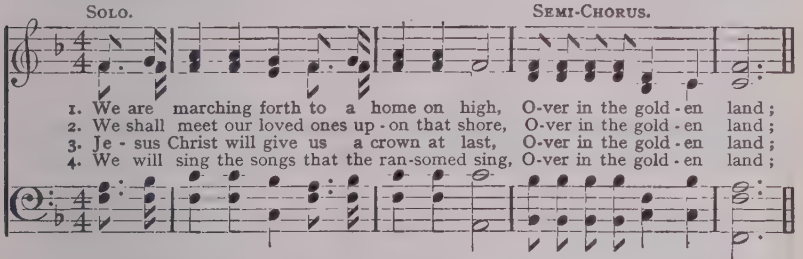
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Over in the Golden Land.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

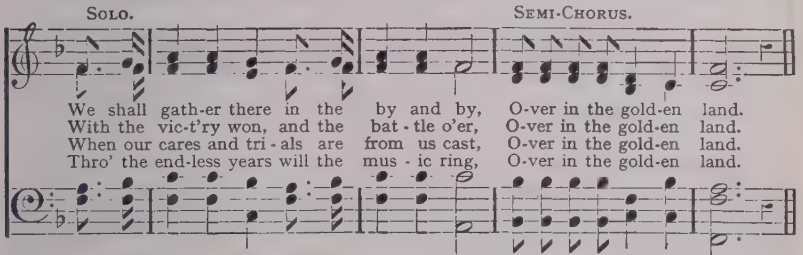
GEO. C. HUGG.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.



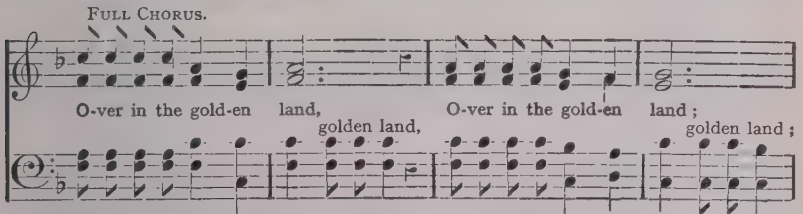
1. We are marching forth to a home on high, O-ver in the gold-en land;
 2. We shall meet our loved ones up-on that shore, O-ver in the gold-en land;
 3. Je-sus Christ will give us a crown at last, O-ver in the gold-en land;
 4. We will sing the songs that the ran-somed sing, O-ver in the gold-en land;

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

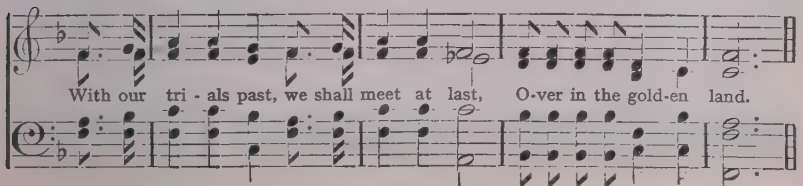


We shall gath-er there in the by and by, O-ver in the gold-en land.
 With the vic-t'ry won, and the bat-tle o'er, O-ver in the gold-en land.
 When our cares and tri-als are from us cast, O-ver in the gold-en land.
 Thro' the end-less years will the mus-ic ring, O-ver in the gold-en land.

FULL CHORUS.



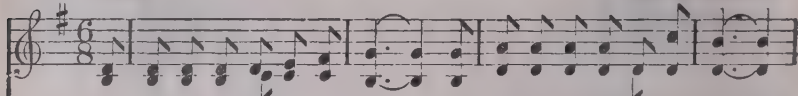
O-ver in the gold-en land, golden land, O-ver in the gold-en land; golden land;



With our tri-als past, we shall meet at last, O-ver in the gold-en land.

KATE ULMER.

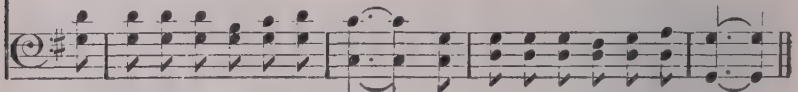
M. L. M'PHAIL.



1. When wearied with toil-ing and care, With sor-row no o-ther can share,
2. When clouds o-ver-shad-ow my soul, On Je-sus my bur-den I roll,
3. When life and its tri-als are past, I stand in His pres-ence at last,
4. In life or in death I am His, A thought of un-sneak-a-ble bliss;



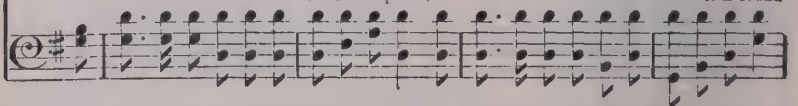
I take it to Je-sus in pray'r, He gives me a won-der-ful peace.
 So sweet-ly He then takes con-trol, And gives me this won-der-ful peace.
 My crown at His feet I will cast, Who gives me this won-der-ful peace.
 My Saviour hath suf-fer'd for this, To give me this won-der-ful peace.



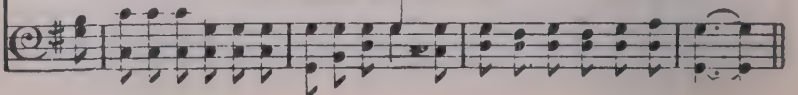
CHORUS.



O won-der-ful, wonderful peace, . . . In Je-sus my Lord it is found, . . .
 wonderful peace, it is found.



This wonderful, wonderful peace, That now in my heart doth a bound.
 wonderful peace.



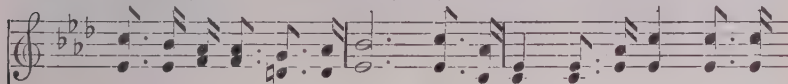
Jesus Will be With Us.

NELLIE DUNGAN.

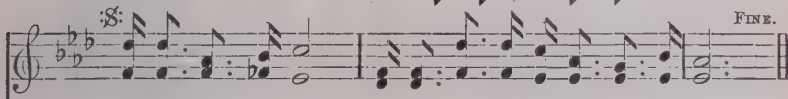
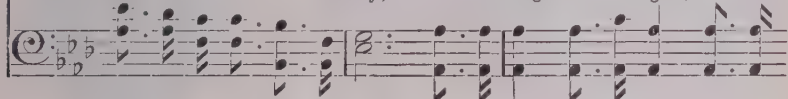
J. M. DUNGAN.



1. Tho' the night may be dark, and the pathway may be drear, Je - sus
2. When we walk in the path that the bless-ed Sa - viour trod, Je - sus
3. Oh, the joy that we feel when we're trusting in His love, Je - sus



will be with us all the way; We will rest in His love, for He
will be with us all the way; Tho' a rough, thorn-y road it will
will be with us all the way; We will sing as we go to the



ev - er will be near, Je - sus will be with us all the way.
lead us un - to God, Je - sus will be with us all the way.
home prepared a - bove, Je - sus will be with us all the way.

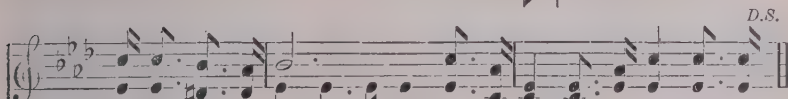


D.S.—bat - tle and the strife, Je - sus will be with us all the way.

CHORUS.



Je - sus will be with us all the way (all the way), He will guide and

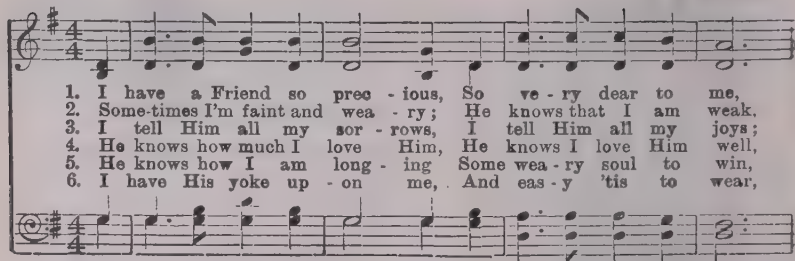


keep us day by day (day by day); In the con - flict of life, 'mid the

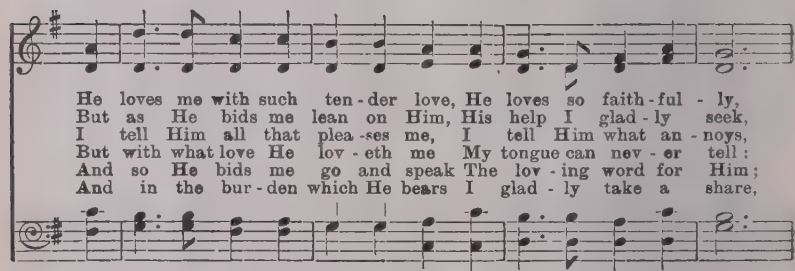


MRS. L. SHOREY.

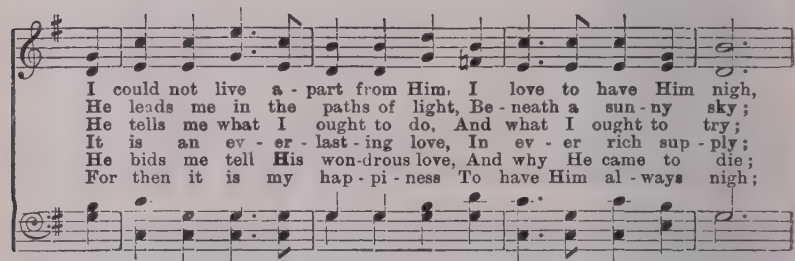
J. M. WHYTE.



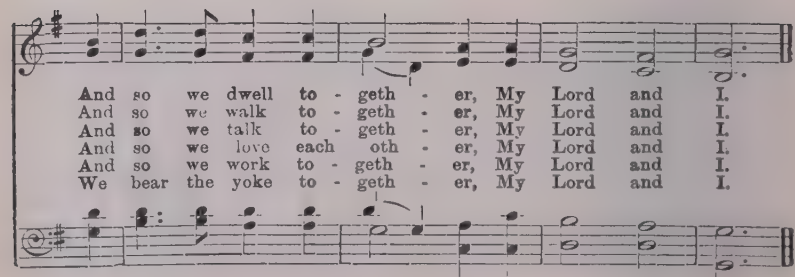
1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ve-ry dear to me,
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea-ry; He knows that I am weak,
 3. I tell Him all my sor-rows, I tell Him all my joys;
 4. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well,
 5. He knows how I am long-ing, Some wea-ry soul to win,
 6. I have His yoke up-on me, And eas-y 'tis to wear,



He loves me with such ten-der love, He loves so faith-ful-ly,
 But as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad-ly seek,
 I tell Him all that plea-ses me, I tell Him what an-noys,
 But with what love He lov-eth me My tongue can nev-er tell:
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov-ing word for Him;
 And in the bur-den which He bears I glad-ly take a share,



I could not live a-part from Him. I love to have Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be-neath a sun-ny sky;
 He tells me what I ought to do, And what I ought to try;
 It is an ev-er-last-ing love, In ev-er rich sup-ply;
 He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die;
 For then it is my hap-pi-ness To have Him al-ways nigh;




And so we dwell to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we talk to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we love each-oth-er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to-geth-er, My Lord and I.
 We bear the yoke to-geth-er, My Lord and I.

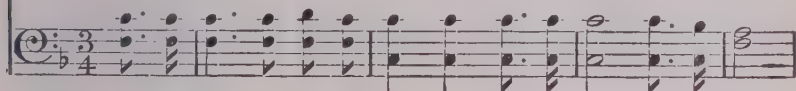

178 All the Way the Saviour Leads Me.

F. M. D.



FRANK M. DAVIS.



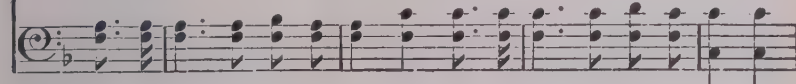

1. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,
 2. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,
 3. All the way the Saviour leads me, All the way, all the way,


All my needs He doth sup - ply me, All the way, all the way,
 With the heav'n - ly man - na feeds me, All the way, all the way,
 To the liv - ing wa - ters guides me, All the way, all the way,

And His good - ness fail - eth nev - er; He is mine, yes, mine for ev - er;
 Tho' the path be dark and drea - ry, And my feet have grown so wea - ry,
 What care I for earth - ly trea - sure? What care I for world - ly plea - sure?

From His love I ne'er can sev - er, All the way, all the way.
 Yet He makes life seem so cheer - y, All the way, all the way.
 I have grace be - yond the mea - sure, All the way, all the way.



Rev. WALTER C. SMITH.

FRED. H. BYSSHE.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mi-ry been:
 2. If clear-er vis-ion 'thou im-part Gratefu' and glad my soul shall be;
 3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May lar-ger vis-ion yet be mine,
 4. I watch to shun the mi-ry way, And staunch the springs of guil-ty thought;

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, Oh make me clean, oh make me clean!
 But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
 For mirror'd in its depths are seen The things Di-vine, the things Di-vine.
 But, watch and strug-gle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, without, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be;
 Wash me, Thou, with-out, within, Or purge with fire if that must be;

A Clean Heart—Continued.

No matter how, if on-ly sin Die out in me, die out in me.
 An-y-how, if only sin Die out in me, die out, die out in me.

Die in me,

180

JESSE P. TOMPKINS

Rest.

JOHN R. THOMAS.

1. O wea - ry souls who long for rest, O trou - bled, rest - less.
 2. The sha - dows dark that cloud thy sky, The bur - dens hard to
 3. He trod the wip - press all a - lone, Sor - row and grief He
 4. Rest on - ly comes when His dear voice Bids calm the trou - bled
 5. Then io not slight the prof - erred hand, And drive the nails a -

hearts, There is a kind and lov - ing breast, Where
 bear, The joys that bloom to fade and die, He
 knew; The hands that felt the cru - el nails He
 sea; 'Tis when we hear His "Peace be still!" Earth's
 new; Look thou, and see your Sa - viour stand And

D.S.—love that calms life's trou - bled sea Will

FINE. CHORUS. *con espres.*

D.S.

pi - ty ne'er de - parts.
 marks with ten - der care.
 reach - es down to you.
 dark - est sha - dows flee.
 of - fer rest to you.

Rest, rest, sweet, sweet rest; The

give you rest, sweet rest.

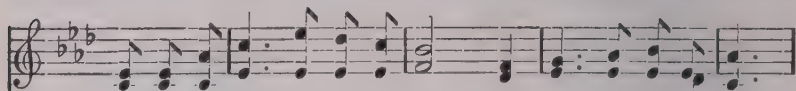
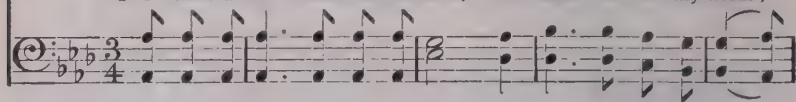
My Precious Friend.

ANNA SHIPTON (arr.).

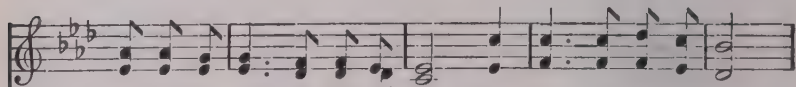
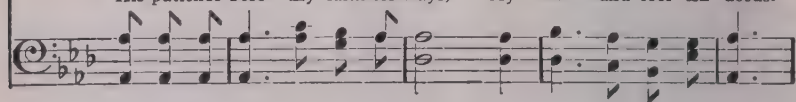
WM. DOUGLASS.



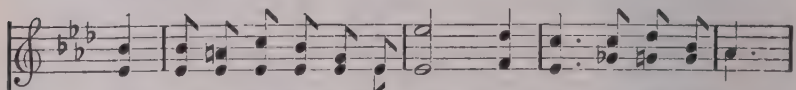
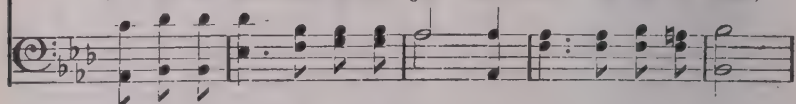
1. I have a Friend, a precious Friend, Un - chang - ing, wise and true,
2. I have a Fa - ther true and fond, He cares for all my needs;



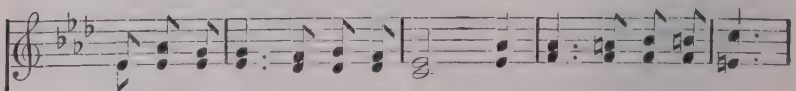
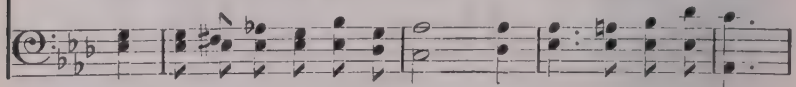
He is the fair - est of the fair, I wish you knew Him too.
His patience bore my faithless ways, My mad and fool - ish deeds.



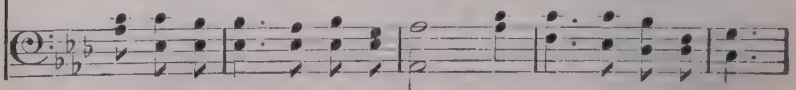
When compassed by a host of foes, Wea - ry in heart and limb,
To me He sends sweet mes - sa - ges, He wait - eth but to bless;



I know Who waits to soothe my woes— Have you a friend like Him?
Have you a Fa - ther like to mine In such deep ten - der - ness?



He comforts me, He strengthens me, How can I then re - pine?
For me a man - sion is pre - pared, For me a crown is won;



My Precious Friend—Continued



He lov-eth me! this faithful Friend In life or death is mine.
I was a re - bel once; but now I am by grace His son.

3. I have a home—a home so bright,
Its beauties none can know;
Its sapphire pavements, and such palms
None ever saw before;
Its golden streets resound with joy,
Its pearly gates with praise;
A temple standeth in its midst,
No human hands could raise;
And there unfailing fountains flow,
And pleasures never end;
Who makes that home so glorious?
It is my loving Friend.

4. My Friend, my Father, and my Guide,
And this our radiant home
Are offered you—turn not away!
To-day I pray you, come.
My Father yearns to welcome you,
His heart, His house, to share;
My Friend is yours, my home is yours,
My Guide will lead you there;
Behold One altogether fair,
The Faithful and the True;
He pleadeth with you for your love—
He gave His life for you.

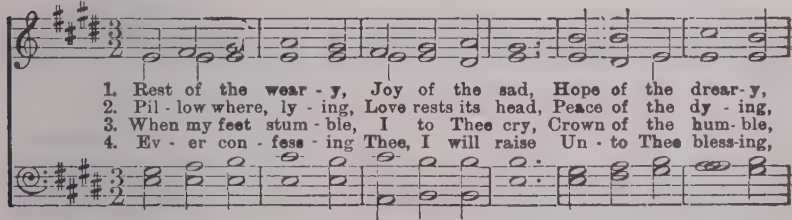
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Saviour and Friend.

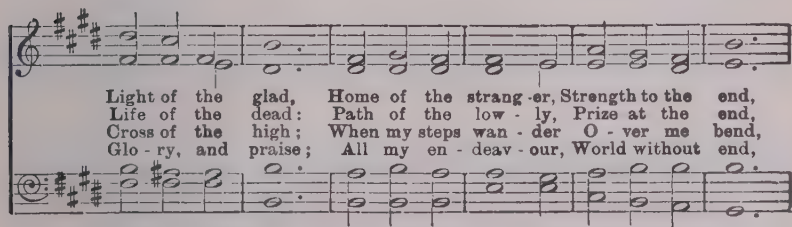
J. S. B. MONSELL.

“THEODORA.”

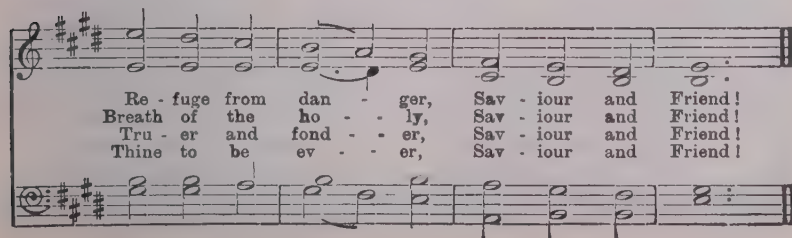
A. LEGGE.



1. Rest of the wear - y, Joy of the sad, Hope of the drear - y,
2. Pil - low where, ly - ing, Love rests its head, Peace of the dy - ing,
3. When my feet stum - ble, I to Thee cry, Crown of the hum - ble,
4. Ev - er con - fess - ing Thee, I will raise Un - to Thee bless - ing,



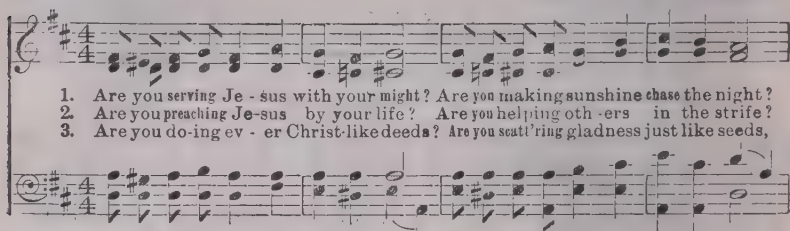
Light of the glad, Home of the strang - er, Strength to the end,
Life of the dead: Path of the low - ly, Prize at the end,
Cross of the high; When my steps wan - der O - ver me bend,
Glo - ry, and praise; All my en - deav - our, World without end,



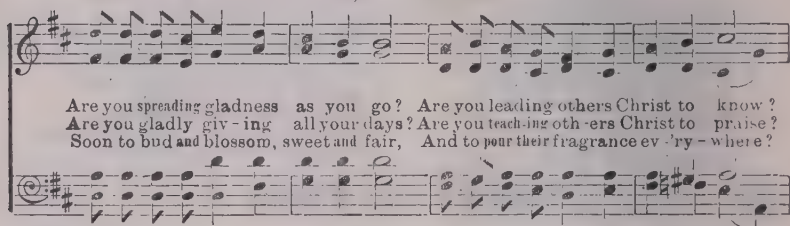
Re - fuge from dan - ger, Sav - iour and Friend!
Breath of the ho - ly, Sav - iour and Friend!
Tru - er and fond - er, Sav - iour and Friend!
Thine to be ev - er, Sav - iour and Friend!

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

Melody by H. G. SMYTH.
Re-harmonised and arranged.

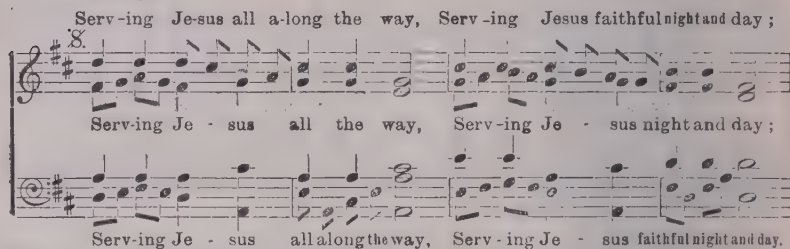


1. Are you serving Je - sus with your might? Are you making sunshine chase the night?
2. Are you preaching Je - sus by your life? Are you helping oth - ers in the strife?
3. Are you do - ing ev - er Christ - like deeds? Are you scat - t'ring gladness just like seeds,



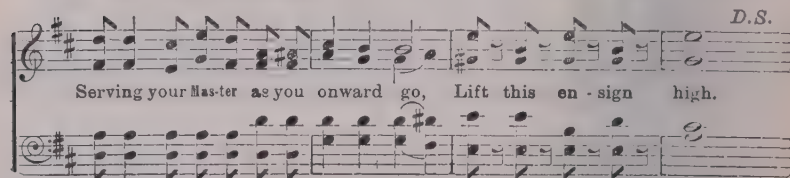
Are you spreading gladness as you go? Are you leading others Christ to know?
Are you gladly giv - ing all your days? Are you teach - ing oth - ers Christ to praise?
Soon to bud and blossom, sweet and fair, And to pour their fragrance ev - ry - where?

CHORUS.

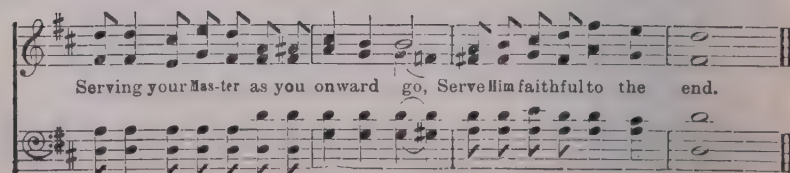


Serv - ing Je - sus all a - long the way, Serv - ing Je - sus faithful night and day;
Serv - ing Je - sus all the way, Serv - ing Je - sus night and day;
Serv - ing Je - sus all along the way, Serv - ing Je - sus faithful night and day.

D.S.—Ev - er faith - ful let there let there come what may, Al - ways rea - dy an - y price to pay.
Ev - er faith - ful come what may, Al - ways rea - dy the price to pay.
let there come what may, Al - ways rea - dy any price to pay.



Serving your Mas - ter as you onward go, Lift this en - sign high.

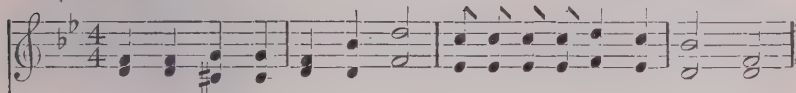


Serving your Mas - ter as you onward go, Serve Him faithful to the end.

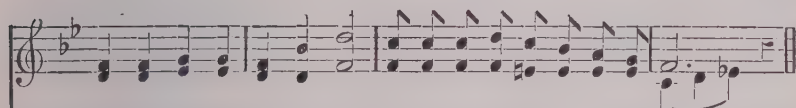
Living in the Glory.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

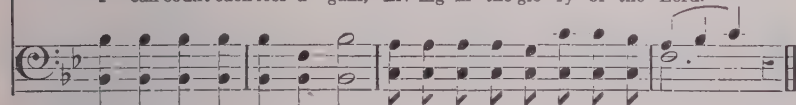
MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. I have found a heav'n be - low, I am liv - ing in the glo - ry ;
2. Storms of sor - row 'round me fall, But I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry ;
3. Sa - tan can - not touch my heart While I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry ;
4. I can tri - umph o - ver pain While I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry ;



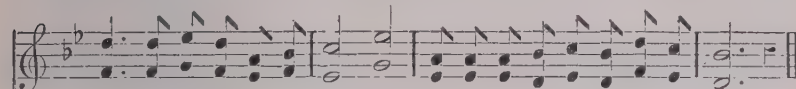
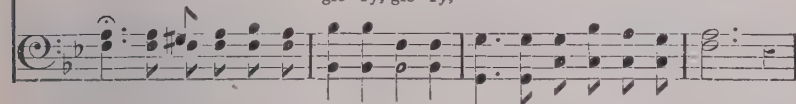
O ! the joy and strength I know, Liv - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
 I can sing a - bove them all, Liv - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
 This dis - arms each fier - y dart, Liv - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.
 I can count each loss a gain, Liv - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.



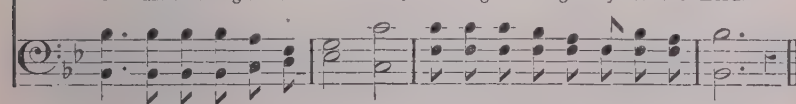
CHORUS.



Yes, I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry, As He promised in His word ;
 glo - ry, glo - ry,



I am dwelling in the heavenlies, Liv - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.

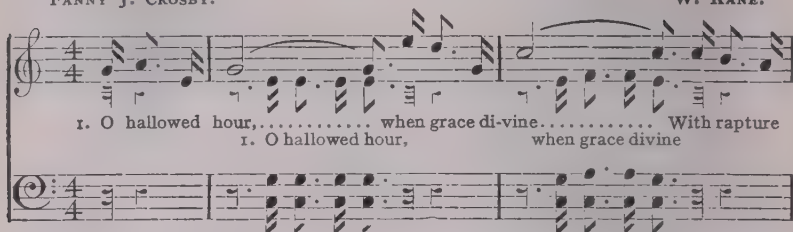


5. I am poor and little known,
 But I'm living in the glory ;
 And I'm waiting for a throne,
 Living in the glory of the Lord.

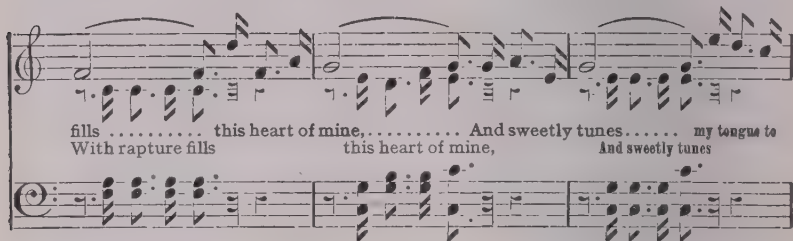
6. Soon the King will come for me,
 To be with Him in the glory ;
 Then my sweeter song shall be
 Reigning in the glory of the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

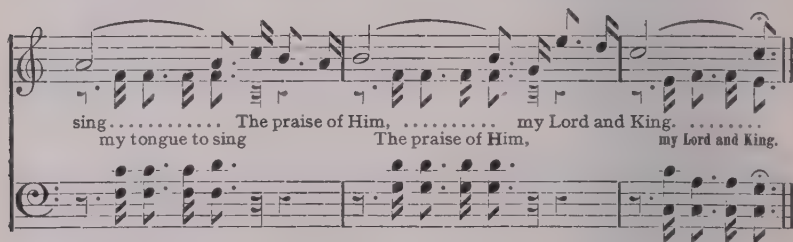
W. KANE.



1. O hallowed hour,..... when grace di-vine..... With rapture
1. O hallowed hour, when grace divine

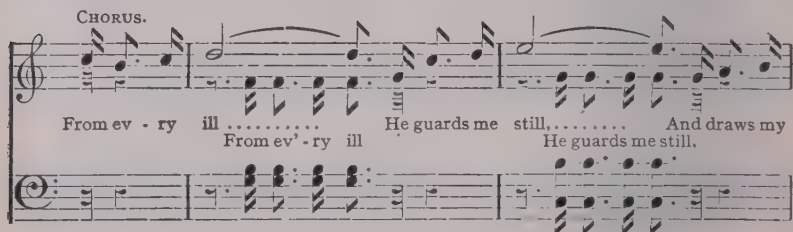


fills this heart of mine,..... And sweetly tunes..... my tongue to
With rapture fills this heart of mine, And sweetly tunes

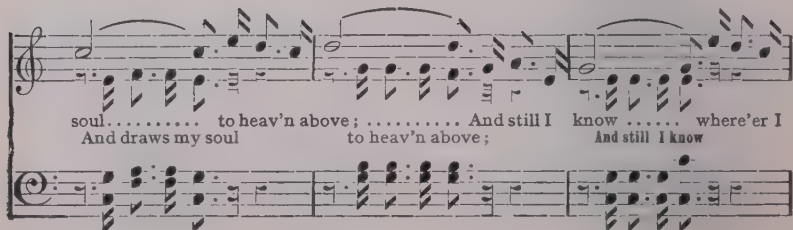


sing..... The praise of Him, my Lord and King.
my tongue to sing The praise of Him, my Lord and King.

CHORUS.



From ev - ry ill He guards me still, And draws my
From ev'-ry ill He guards me still, And draws my



soul..... to heav'n above; And still I know where'er I
And draws my soul to heav'n above; And still I know

This Banner is Love—Continued.

go,..... His ban - ner o - ver me is love.
where'er I go, His ban-ner o - ver me is love.

2. O hallowed peace ! O pure delight !
My sky is clear, its star is bright,
My hope is firm, my joy complete,
While resting here at Jesus' feet.

3. And when at last, my journey o'er,
My feet shall press the golden shore,
What bliss to sing thro' endless days,
My Saviour's love, my Saviour's praise !

186 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD of Clairvaux.

"MARYTON."

By permission of Editor of "Worship Song."

H. PERCY SMITH.

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood ; Thou sav - est those that
3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up -

Light of men, From the best bliss that earth im -
on Thee call : To them that seek Thee Thou art
on Thee still ; We drink of Thee, the Foun - tain -

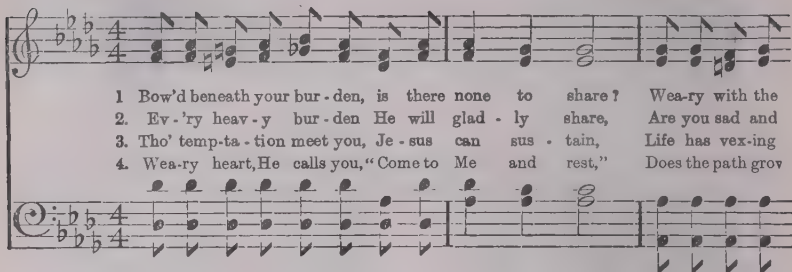
parts We turn un - filled to Thee a - gain.
good, To them that find Thee, all in all.
head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4. Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast—
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

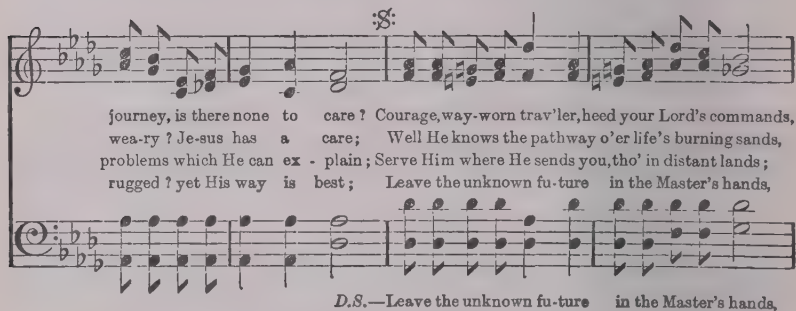
5. O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1 Bow'd beneath your bur - den, is there none to share? Wea-ry with the
 2. Ev-'ry heav-y bur - den He will glad - ly share, Are you sad and
 3. Tho' temp-ta - tion meet you, Je - sus can sus - tain, Life has vex-ing
 4. Wea-ry heart, He calls you, "Come to Me and rest," Does the path grov

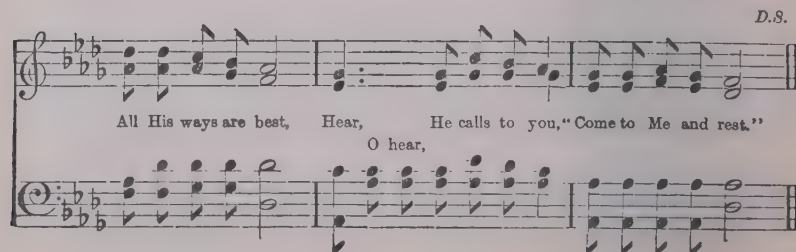


journey, is there none to care? Courage, way-worn trav'ler, heed your Lord's commands,
 wea-ry? Je-sus has a care; Well He knows the pathway o'er life's burning sands,
 problems which He can ex - plain; Serve Him where He sends you, tho' in distant lands;
 rugged? yet His way is best; Leave the unknown fu-ture in the Master's hands,

D.S.—Leave the unknown fu-ture in the Master's hands,



There's a thought to cheer you, Je - sus un - der - stands. } Yes, He un - der - stands,
 Courage, fainting pil - grim, Je - sus un - der - stands. }
 Do not doubt or ques - tion, Je - sus un - der - stands. }
 Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un - der - stands. } O yes,
 Whether sad or joy - ful, Je - sus un - der - stands.



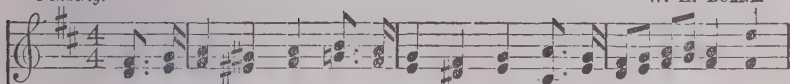
All His ways are best, Hear, He calls to you, "Come to Me and rest."
 O hear,

The Land Afar.

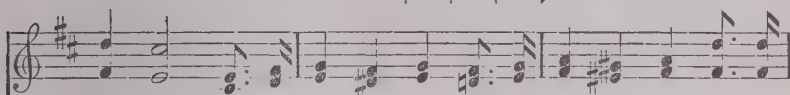
Mrs. W. E. McKINNEY.

Tenderly.

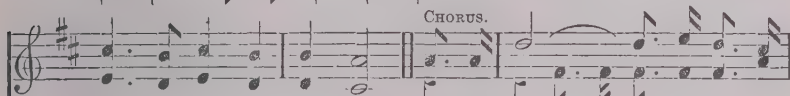
W. H. DOANE.



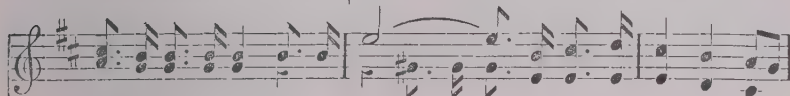
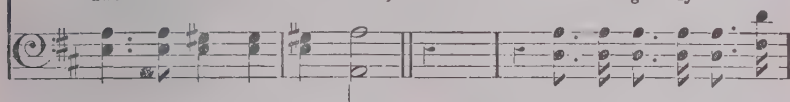
1. There's a land a - far, where the an - gels are, Where the tree of life is
2. There the Sa - viour waits at the pearl - y gates, With a wel - comes smile to
3. We shall all go home, nev - er - more to roam, From our friends no more to



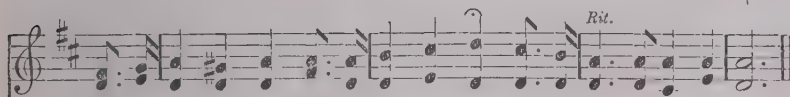
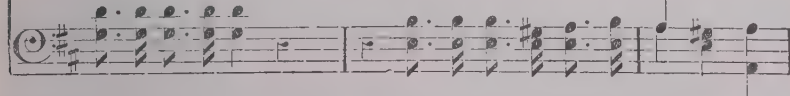
grow - ing; And no tongue can tell of the joys that dwell In that
greet us; And the friends of yore, on the shin - ing shore, Will be
sev - er; In a man - sion fair that a - waits us there, We shall



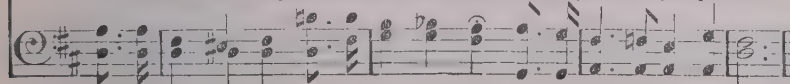
home to which we're go - ing. } O the glo - ry that is
there with joy to meet us. }
dwell with Christ for ev - er. } O the glo - ry



wait - ing you and me, When we dwell with Christ from sor - row free;
When we dwell

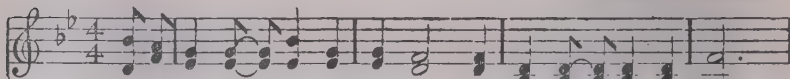


In the land of song, with the white-robed throng, Just be - yond the jas - per sea.

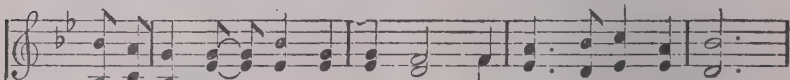
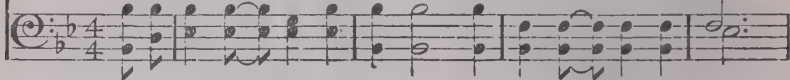


A. B. S.

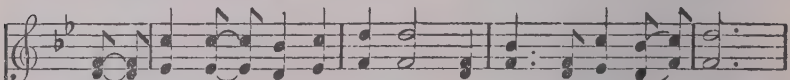
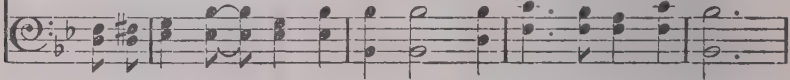
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



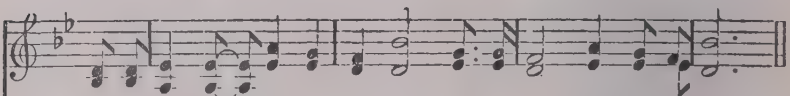
1. There are some who believe the Bi - ble, And some who believe a part,
2. It as - sures me of sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
3. And it tells me there is cleans - ing From ev - 'ry se - cret sin,
4. It is strange we trust each o - ther, And on - ly doubt our Lord;



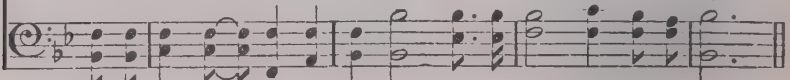
Some who trust with a res - er - va - tion, And some with all their heart.
For the souls that trust His mer - cy, And yield themselves to God.
And a great and full sal - va - tion, To keep the heart with - in.
We will take the word of mor - tals, And yet dis - trust His word.



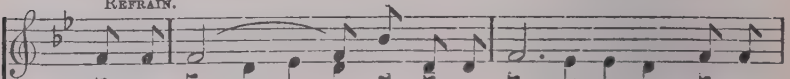
But I know that its ev - 'ry prom - ise Is firm and true al - ways,
And I claim for my - self the prom - ise, And just be - gin to praise,
And I take Him in His ful - ness, With all His glo - ri - ous grace,
But oh, what light and glo - ry, Would shine o'er all our days,



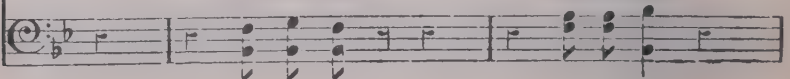
It is tried as the pre - cious sil - ver, And it means just what it says,
For it says I am saved by trust - ing, And I trust just as it says,
For He says it is mine for tak - ing, And I take just what He says,
If we al - ways would re - mem - ber That He means just what He says.



REFRAIN.



Yes, it means . . . just what it says, Yes, it
Yes, it means, what it says,



It Means Just What it Says—Continued.

means . . . just what it says, just what it says, No word He has
Yes, it means just what it says,

spo - ken can ev - er be bro - ken, For it means just what it says.

190 Jesus, Who once for us did'st Bleed.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

(CEUX CRUELIS. L.M.)

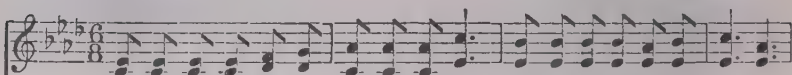
Dr A. L. PEACE.

1. Je - sus, Who once for us did'st bleed, We come be - fore Thee in our need;
2. Oh may Thy cross and all its woe Nerve us to con - quer ev - 'ry foe,
3. The hands which heal'd the sick, the blind, Were nail'd for us that we may find
4. Here would we lean up - on Thy breast, And find in Thee a per - feet rest;
5. Sweet is the thought that we shall spend With Thee, our Sa - viour, Mas - ter, Friend,
6. Je - sus, Who once for us did'st bleed, We come be - fore Thee in our need;

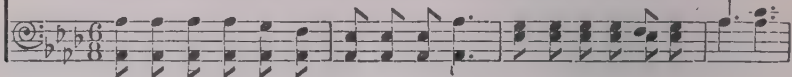
Teach us to love and serve Thee more, And Thy rich mer - cy, full a - dore.
Till in the great - ness of Thy love, Our souls re - joice in Heav'n a - bove.
Com - fort in sor - row, from Thy death, Strength for our weakness, life and health.
Wea - ried, our spi - rits sigh to know, More of Thy matchless grace be - low.
A ho - ly, glad e ter - ni - ty, When from all sin and sor - row free.
Teach us to love and serve Thee more, And Thy rich mer - cy, full a - dore.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

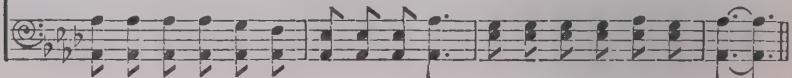
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



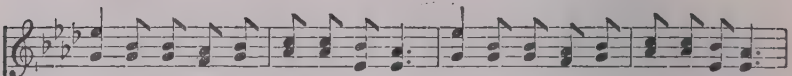
1. Pilgrim for glory while onward you roam, Always keep looking to Je-sus;
2. When pleasures tempt you your course to de-lay, Always keep looking to Je-sus;
3. Would you be led to the hea-ven-ly land? Always keep looking to Je-sus;
4. When you are nearing the Jordan's cold tide, Always keep looking to Je-sus;



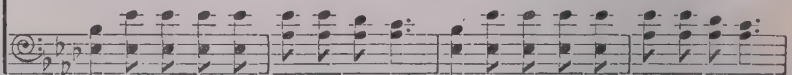
Would you be certain of heaven your home? Never lose sight of your Lord.
Would you keep walking the straight, narrow way? Never lose sight of your Lord.
Would you have blessings from His loving hand? Never lose sight of your Lord.
He will as-sist you its waves to outride; Never lose sight of your Lord.



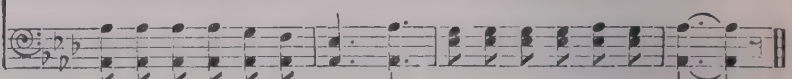
CHORUS.



He will lead thro' the darkness to light; He will guide in-to paths that are right;



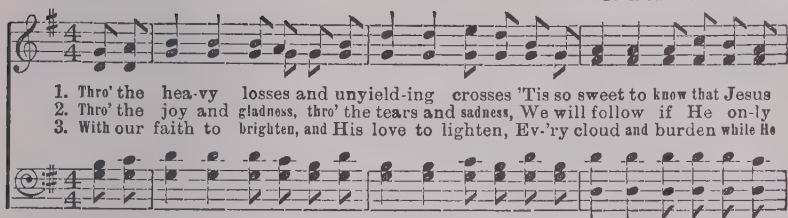
Always keep looking to Je - sus; Never lose sight of your Lord.



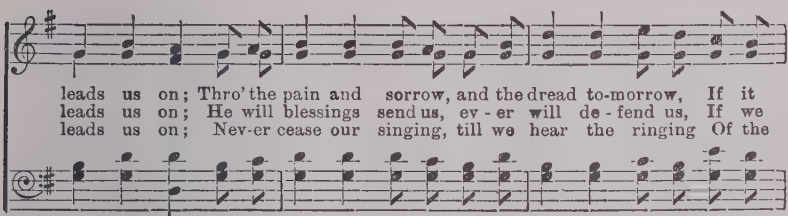
Jesus Leads us On.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

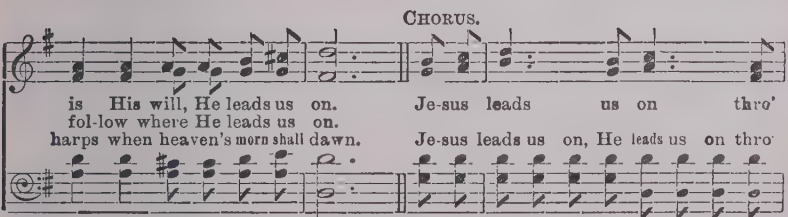


1. Thro' the hea-vy losses and unyield-ing crosses 'Tis so sweet to know that Jesus
 2. Thro' the joy and gladness, thro' the tears and sadness, We will follow if He on-ly
 3. With our faith to brighten, and His love to lighten, Ev-'ry cloud and burden while He



leads us on; Thro' the pain and sorrow, and the dread to-morrow, If it
 leads us on; He will blessings send us, ev-er will de-fend us, If we
 leads us on; Nev-er cease our singing, till we hear the ringing Of the

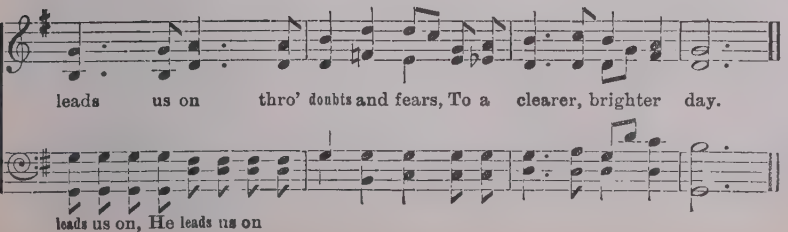
CHORUS.



is His will, He leads us on. Je-sus leads us on thro'
 fol-low where He leads us on.
 harps when heaven's morn shall dawn. Je-sus leads us on, He leads us on thro'



all the troubled years; Tho' we faint and falter by the way; Je-sus
 we faint by the way;

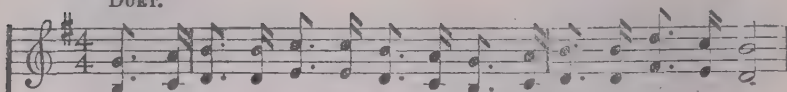


leads us on thro' doubts and fears, To a clearer, brighter day.
 leads us on, He leads us on

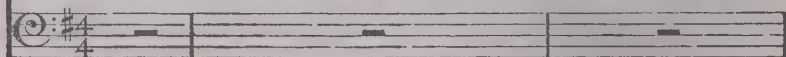
E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.



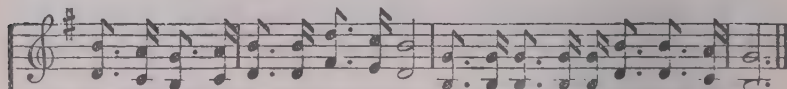
1. When I'm sad and heav - y la - den, bur - dened with the weight of sin,
2. When I'm strugg - ling with tempt - at - ion, when my strength shall al - most fail,
3. When I drink the cup of sor - row, when I tread the path of grief,
4. When I reach the sil - ent riv - er, when I wait be - side the tide,



DUET.



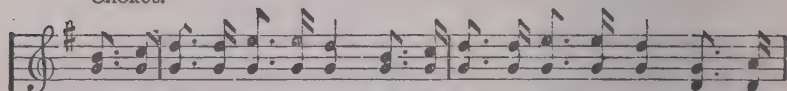
1. Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need ; To the blood - stain'd cross He
2. Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need ; For His arm will bring de -
3. Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need ; In His word is con - so -
4. Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need ; He will bear me o'er the



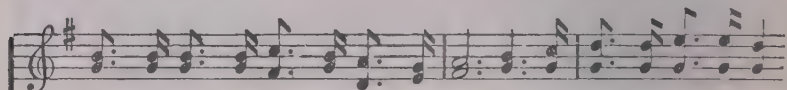
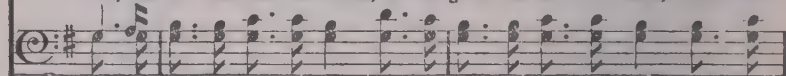
1. points me, and He gives me peace with - in, Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need.
2. liv - rance, and His grace will still pre - vail, Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need.
3. la - tion, in His pres - ence sweet re - lief, Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need.
4. bil - lows to the radiant Morning - side, Je - sus is the ver - y Friend I need.



CHORUS.



O, He is the best of Friends, for His good - ness nev - er ends, And His



love will ev - 'ry hu - man tho't ex - ceed ; Let me love Him more and more



The Very Friend I Need—Continued.

till I stand on glo-ry's shore; O Je - sus is the ver-y Friend I need.

194

Bethany's Comforter.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

CHAS. BENTLEY.

1. Beth-a-ny's Com-fort-er comes to bless In the dark hour of deep dis - tress ;
2. Beth-a-ny's Com-fort-er weeps with me, O - ver the faces I can - not see,
3. Beth-a-ny's Com-fort-er brings a balm, Lo ! on my spirit there falls a calm ;
4. Beth-a-ny's Com-fort-er I shall see When in the dawning the mists shall flee ;

1. When in my sor-row His face I see, Then all the dark-en-ing shad - ows flee.
2. Tend-er-ly touch-es my pain and grief, Bring-ing the prom-ise of sweet re - lief.
3. When in life's tempest He whispers, "peace," Oh, how the turbulent billows cease.
4. In that bright morn-ing be-yond the gloom I shall have vic-to-ry o'er the tomb.

D.S.—Sun-shine or shad-ow, what-ev-er it be, Beth-a-ny's Com-fort-er com-eth to me.

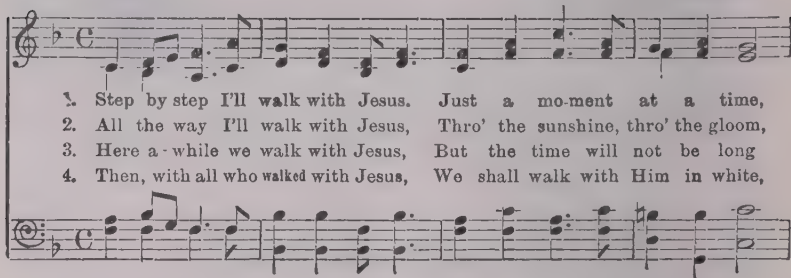
CHORUS.

D.S.

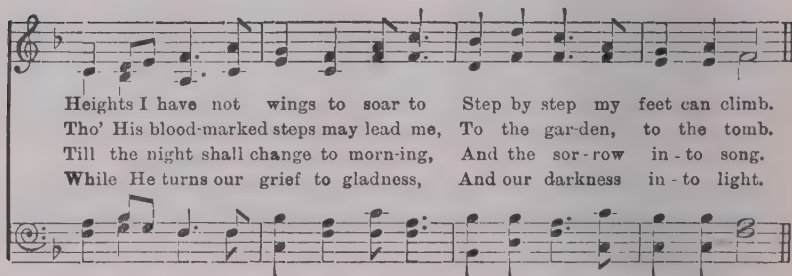
Beth-a-ny's Com-fort-er, light in the gloom, Prom-ise of vic-to - ry ov - er the tomb ;

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

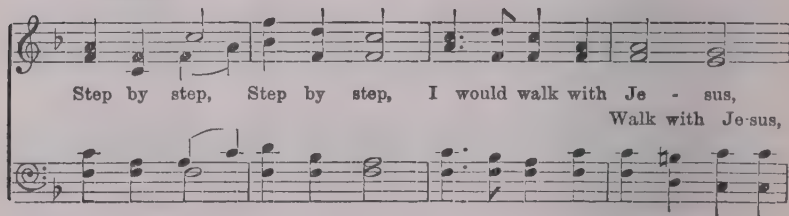


1. Step by step I'll walk with Jesus. Just a mo-ment at a time,
 2. All the way I'll walk with Jesus, Thro' the sunshine, thro' the gloom,
 3. Here a-while we walk with Jesus, But the time will not be long
 4. Then, with all who walked with Jesus, We shall walk with Him in white,

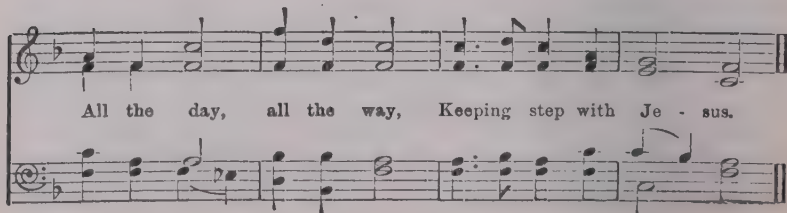


Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.
 Tho' His blood-marked steps may lead me, To the gar-den, to the tomb.
 Till the night shall change to morn-ing, And the sor-row in-to song.
 While He turns our grief to gladness, And our darkness in-to light.

CHORUS.



Step by step, Step by step, I would walk with Je - sus,
 Walk with Je-sus,

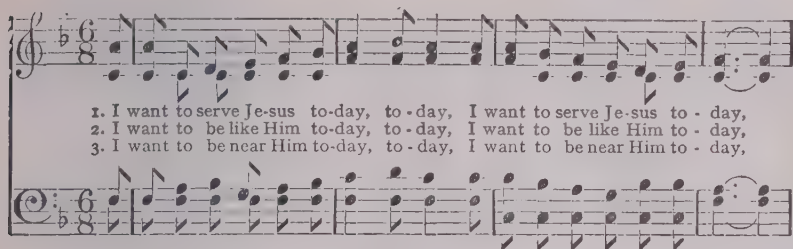


All the day, all the way, Keeping step with Je - sus.

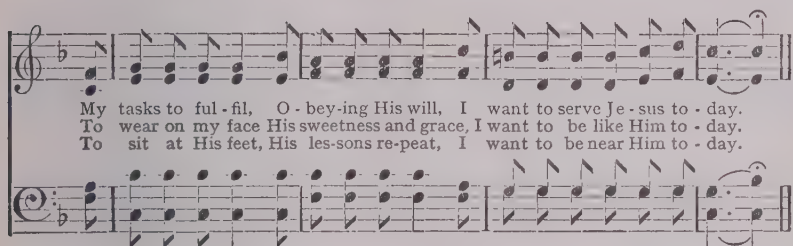
Serving Jesus.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

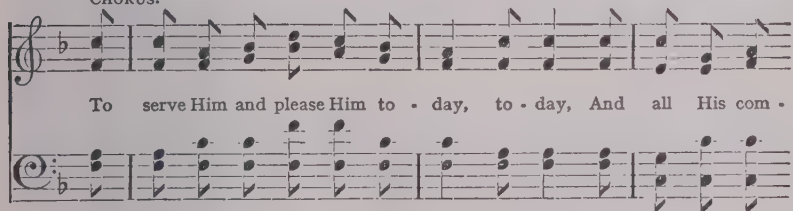


1. I want to serve Je - sus to - day, to - day, I want to serve Je - sus to - day,
 2. I want to be like Him to - day, to - day, I want to be like Him to - day,
 3. I want to be near Him to - day, to - day, I want to be near Him to - day,

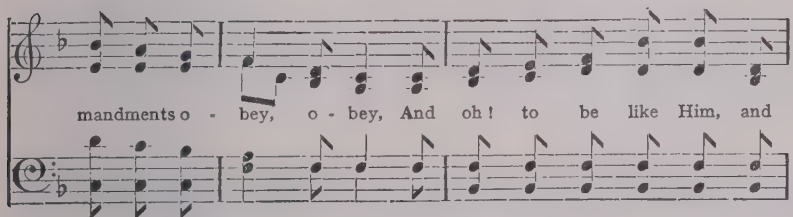


My tasks to ful - fil, O - bey - ing His will, I want to serve Je - sus to - day.
 To wear on my face His sweetness and grace, I want to be like Him to - day.
 To sit at His feet, His les - sons re - peat, I want to be near Him to - day.

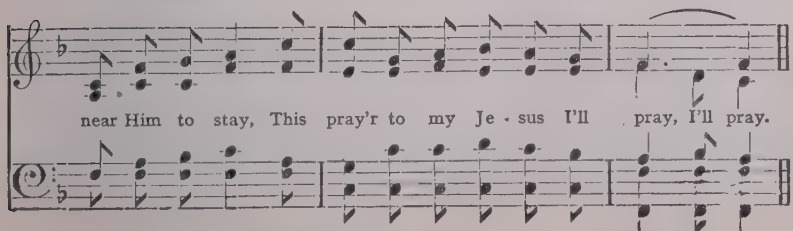
CHORUS.



To serve Him and please Him to - day, to - day, And all His com -



mandments o - bey, o - bey, And oh! to be like Him, and



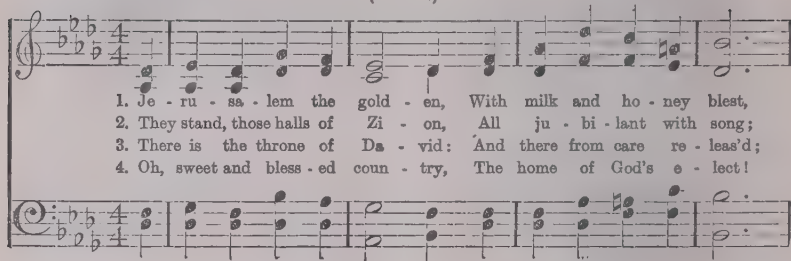
near Him to stay, This pray'r to my Je - sus I'll pray, I'll pray.

Jerusalem the Golden.

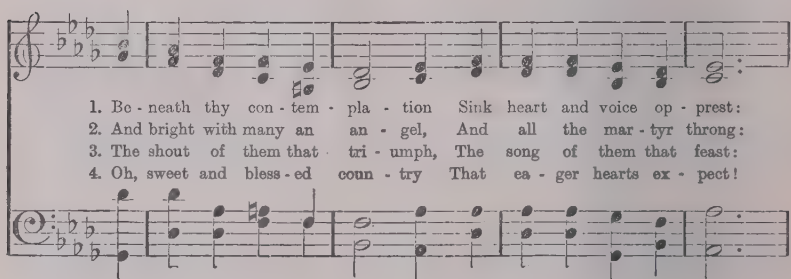
"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem." (Rev. xxi. 2).

BERNARD of Cluny, tr. J. M. NEALE.

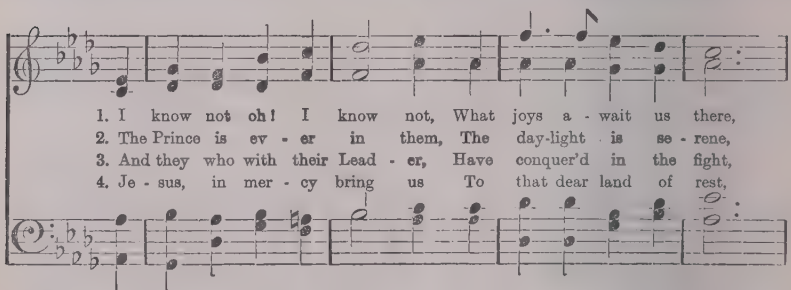
(EWING.)



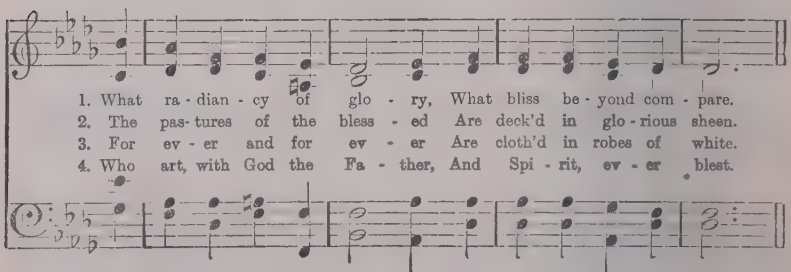
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and ho - ney blest,
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song;
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid: And there from care re - leas'd;
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



1. Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest:
 2. And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng:
 3. The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast:
 4. Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



1. I know not oh! I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
 2. The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene,
 3. And they who with their Lead - er, Have conquer'd in the fight,
 4. Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest,



1. What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 2. The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are deck'd in glo - rious sheen.
 3. For ev - er and for ev - er Are cloth'd in robes of white.
 4. Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spi - rit, ev - er blest.

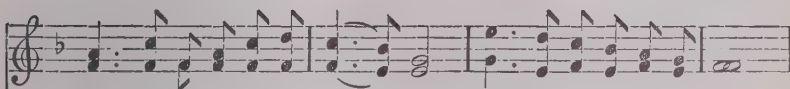
198 Saviour, Source of every Blessing.

R. CROSBIE.

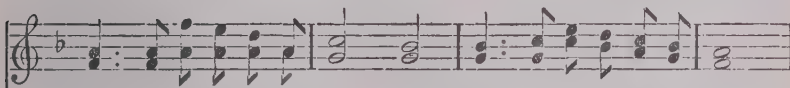
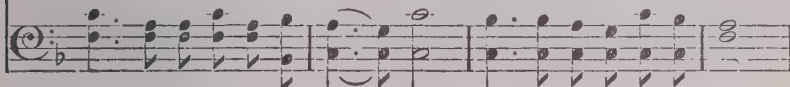
R. CROSBIE.



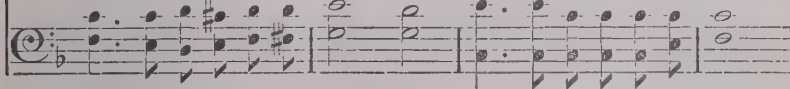
1. Saviour, source of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Star of nev - er - end - ing joy,
2. Rest - ing on Thee, Fount of Good - ness, I would bid this world a - dieu,
3. Saviour, guide me on my jour - ney, Guard me with Thy mighty arm,



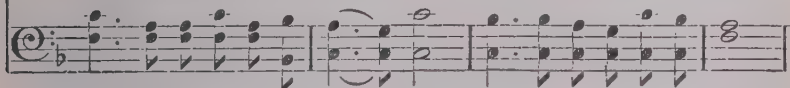
Shine a - round my humble dwell - ing, And Thy power in me em - ploy.
Though I am so vile and worth - less, And so weak and helpless, too,
Help me in my dai - ly bat - tle, Keep me free from sin and harm.



Turn my heart from all that's fleet - ing To be - hold Thy grace di - vine;
Thou canst cleanse and pu - ri - fy me, Thou canst give me strength to bear,
When I reach the land of pro - mise, And shall join the sa - cred throng,

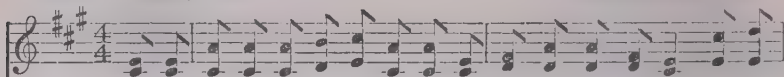


Keep me in Thy fear and fa - vour, And with love my heart en - twine.
All the ills that would o'er - whelm me In this world so seem - ing fair.
I will sing my Sa - viour's prais - es In one ev - er - last - ing song.

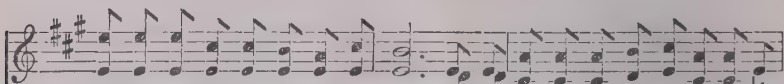


JOHNSON OATMAN, JUNR.

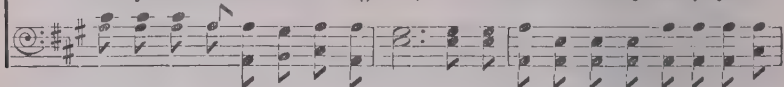
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



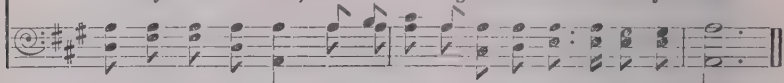
1. Once a sin-ner, far from Je-sus, I was per-ish-ing with cold, But the
2. Tho' the world may sweep a-round me with her daz-zle and her dreams, Yet I
3. Not for all earth's golden millions would I leave this precious place, Tho' the
4. Here the sun is al-ways shin-ing, here the sky is al-ways bright; 'Tis no
5. And up-on the streets of glo-ry, when we reach the o-ther shore, And have



bles-sed Saviour heard me when I cried, Then He threw His robe around me, and He
en-vy not her van-i-ties and pride, For my soul looks up to heaven, where the
temp-er to persuade me oft has tried, For I'm safe in God's pa-vil-ion, happy
place for gloomy Christians to a-bide; For my soul is fill'd with mu-sic and my
safe-ly cross'd the Jordan's rolling tide, You will find me shout-ing "Glo-ry" just out-



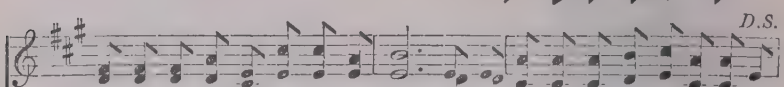
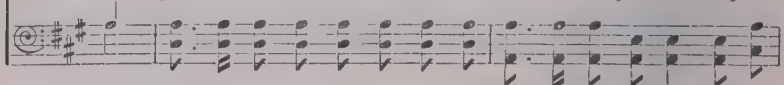
led me to His fold, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
gold-en sun-light gleams, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
in His love and grace, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
heart with great de-light, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.
side my man-sion door, Where I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.



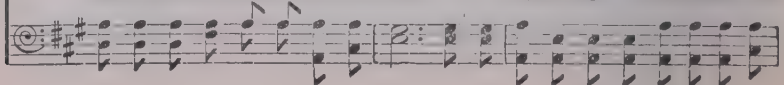
D.S.—windows of my soul, And I'm liv-ing on the hal-le-lu-jah side.



Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus, let the hal-le-lu-jahs roll Help me



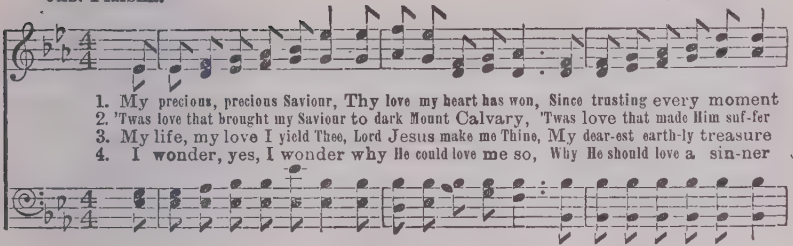
ring the Saviour's prais-es far and wide, For I've o-pen'd up t'ward heaven all the



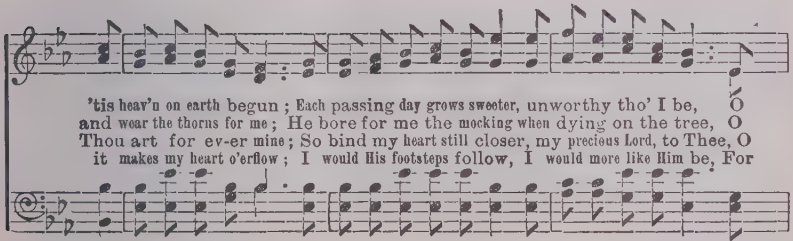
The First Loved Me.

JAS. FRASER.

W. FRASER.



1. My precious, precious Saviour, Thy love my heart has won, Since trusting every moment
 2. 'Twas love that brought my Saviour to dark Mount Calvary, 'Twas love that made Him suf-fer
 3. My life, my love I yield Thee, Lord Jesus make me Thine, My dear-est earth-ly treasure
 4. I wonder, yes, I wonder why He could love me so, Why He should love a sin-ner

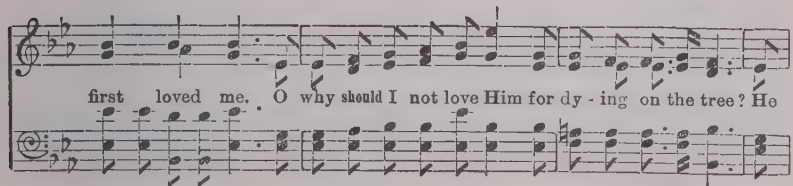


'tis heav'n on earth begun ; Each passing day grows sweeter, unworthy tho' I be, O
 and wear the thorns for me ; He bore for me the mocking when dying on the tree, O
 Thou art for ever mine ; So bind my heart still closer, my precious Lord, to Thee, O
 it makes my heart o'erflow ; I would His footsteps follow, I would more like Him be, For

CHORUS.

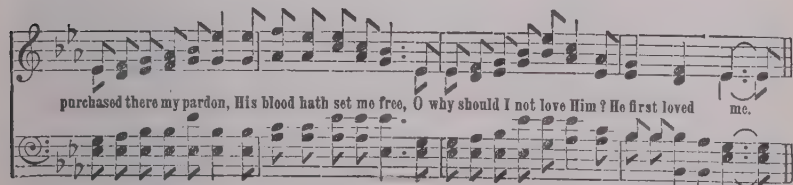


why should I not love Him ? He first loved me. O why should I not love Him ? He



first loved me. O why should I not love Him for dy - ing on the tree ? He

first loved, first loved

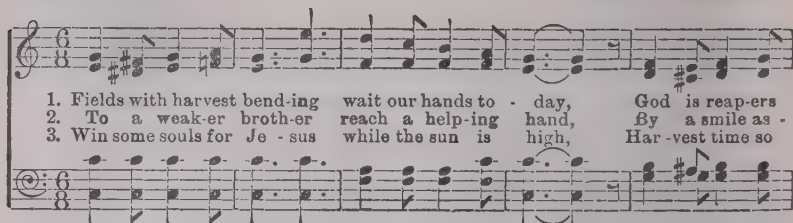


purchased there my pardon, His blood hath set me free, O why should I not love Him ? He first loved me.

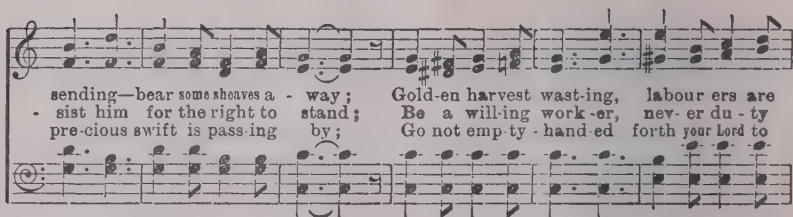
first loved, first loved

MRS. C. H. M.

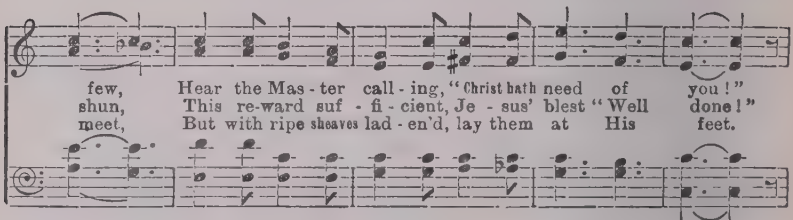
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Fields with harvest bend-ing wait our hands to - day, God is reap-ers
 2. To a weak-er broth-er reach a help-ing hand, By a smile as -
 3. Win some souls for Je - sus while the sun is high, Har-vest time so

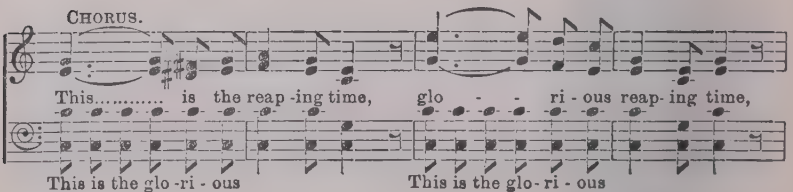


send-ing—bear some sheaves a - way ; Gold-en harvest wast-ing, labour ers are
 - sist him for the right to stand ; Be a will-ing work-er, nev-er du - ty
 pre-cious swift is pass-ing by ; Go not emp-ty - hand-ed forth year Lord to

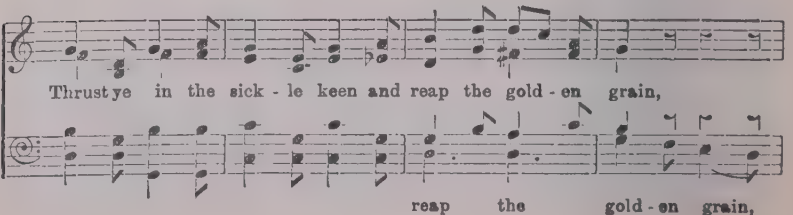


few, Hear the Mas-ter call-ing, "Christ hath need of you!"
 shun, This re-ward suf - fi - cient, Je - sus' blest "Well done!"
 meet, But with ripe sheaves lad-en'd, lay them at His feet.

CHORUS.



This..... is the reap-ing time, glo - - ri - ous reap-ing time,
 This is the glo-ri - ous This is the glo-ri - ous



Thrustye in the sick - le keen and reap the gold - en grain,
 reap the gold - en grain,

This is the Reaping Time—Continued.

This..... is the reap - ing time, glo - - - ri - ous
 This is the glo - ri - ous This is the glo - ri - ous
 reaping time, Go ye forth the lost to win, the Lord's ap - prov - al gain.

202

Trust and Obey.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quick - ly
 3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love Un - til all on the
 5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His
 While we do His good will He a - bides with us still, And with all who will
 Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can a - bide while we
 Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we
 For the fa - vour He shows And the joy He be - stows, Are for them who will
 What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go, Nev - er fear, on - ly

CHORUS.

1st 2nd
 sheds on our way! trust and o - bey.
 drives it a - way; trust and o - bey.
 rich - ly re - pay; trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, for there's
 al - tar we lay, trust and o - bey.
 side in the way; trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

Rescue Them.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Res - cue them! res - cue the souls that are per - ish - ing,
 2. Res - cue them! res - cue the souls that are wan - der - ing,
 3. Res - cue them! res - cue the souls that are sor - row - ing,

Lin - ger - ing just on the verge of des - pair; Hope of sal - va - tion their
 Far from the fold of the Shep - herd a - stray, While from His love their af -
 Sor - row - ing, sigh - ing be - cause of their sin; O - ver their path - way the

fond hearts are cher - ish - ing, Suf - fer them not to be per - ish - ing there.
 fec - tions are sun - der - ing; Res - cue these wan - d'ers for Je - sus to - day.
 wrath - clouds are low - er - ing, In - to God's king - dom, oh! gath - er them in.

CHORUS.

Res - cue them! res - cue them! res - cue the per - ish - ing, Hear how in

pi - ty sal - va - tion they crave; Go in the name of the

Rescue Them—Continued:

Sa - viour who died for them, Res - cue the lost, and the per - ish - ing save.

204

In the Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

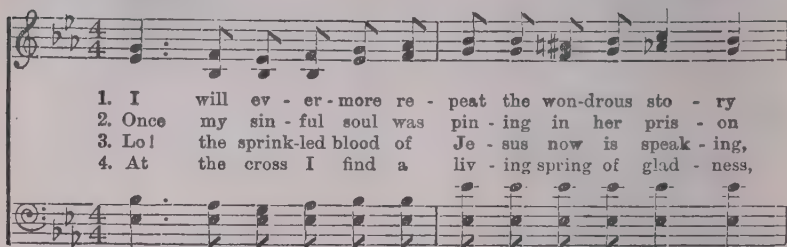
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de -
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and plea-sure, By the

o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
 ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
 love up - on my way, From the cross the
 cross are sanc ti - fied; Peace is there, that

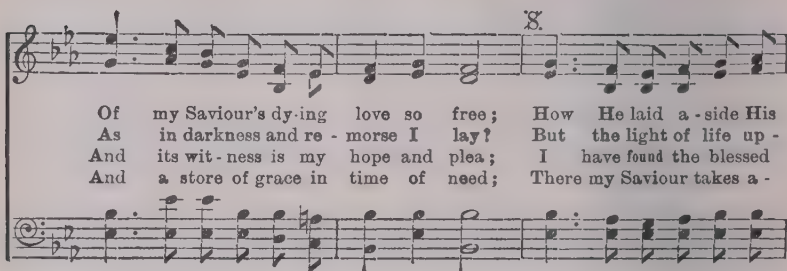
sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 cross for - sake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 ra - diance streaming, Adds new lus - tre to the day.
 knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

G. M. BILLS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

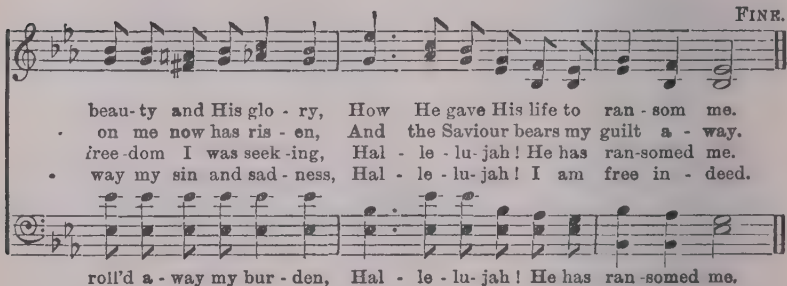


1. I will ev - er - more re - peat the won - drous sto - ry
 2. Once my sin - ful soul was pin - ing in her pris - on
 3. Lo! the sprink - led blood of Je - sus now is speak - ing,
 4. At the cross I find a liv - ing spring of glad - ness,



Of my Saviour's dy - ing love so free; How He laid a - side His
 As in darkness and re - morse I lay? But the light of life up -
 And its wit - ness is my hope and plea; I have found the blessed
 And a store of grace in time of need; There my Saviour takes a -

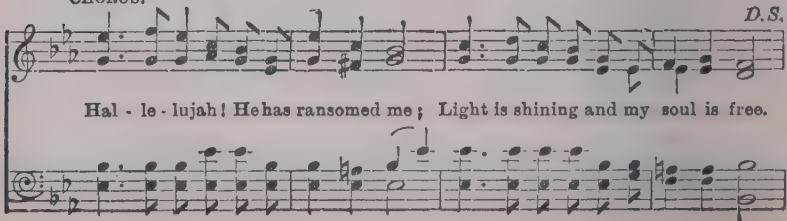
D.S.—At the cross the Saviour



beau - ty and His glo - ry, How He gave His life to ran - som me.
 on me now has ris - en, And the Saviour bears my guilt a - way.
 free - dom I was seek - ing, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ran - somed me.
 way my sin and sad - ness, Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free in - deed.

roll'd a - way my bur - den, Hal - le - lu - jah! He has ran - somed me.

CHORUS.

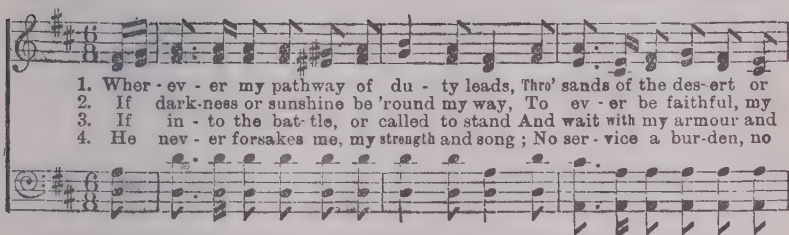


Hal - le - lu jah! He has ransomed me; Light is shining and my soul is free.

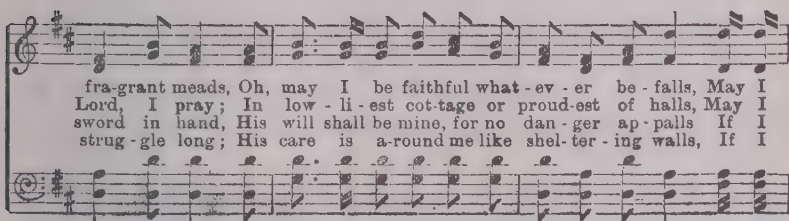
206 Never say No when the Master Calls.

H. L. F.

HENRY L. FRISBIE.

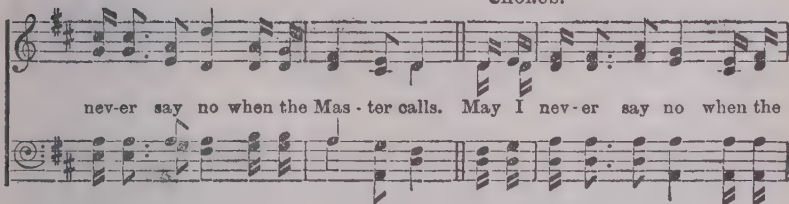


1. Wher - ev - er my pathway of du - ty leads, Thro' sands of the des-ert or
 2. If dark-ness or sunshine be 'round my way, To ev - er be faithful, my
 3. If in - to the bat-tle, or called to stand And wait with my armour and
 4. He nev - er forsakes me, my strength and song ; No ser - vice a bur-den, no

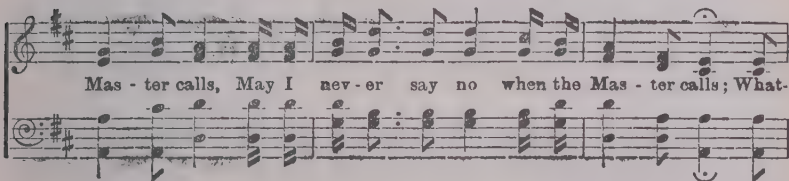


fra-grant meads, Oh, may I be faithful what-ev - er be - falls, May I
 Lord, I pray ; In low - li - est cot-tage or proud-est of halls, May I
 sword in hand, His will shall be mine, for no dan - ger ap-palls If I
 strug - gle long ; His care is a-round me like shel-ter - ing walls, If I

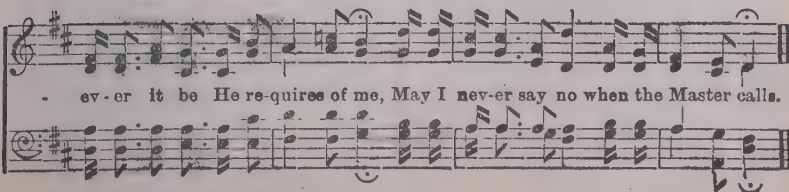
CHORUS.



nev - er say no when the Mas - ter calls. May I nev - er say no when the



Mas - ter calls, May I nev - er say no when the Mas - ter calls ; What-



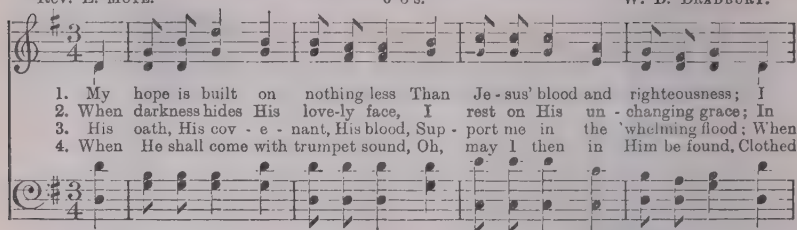
ev - er it be He re-quires of me, May I nev - er say no when the Master calls.

My Hope is Built.

Rev. E. MORE.

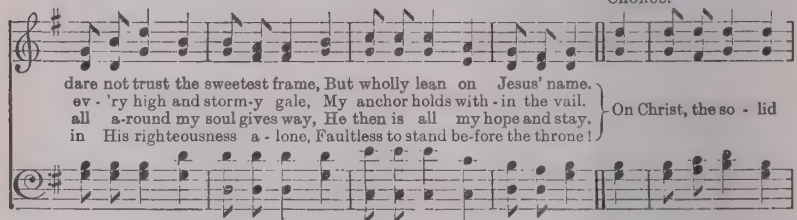
6 8's.

W. B. BRADBURY.

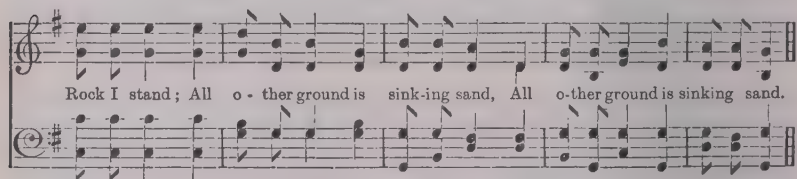


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness; I
 2. When darkness hides His love-ly face, I rest on His un - changing grace; In
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the 'whelming flood; When
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found, Clothed

CHORUS.



dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 ev - ry high and storm-y gale, My anchor holds with - in the veil.
 all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. } On Christ, the so - lid
 in His righteousness a - lone, Faultless to stand be-fore the throne!

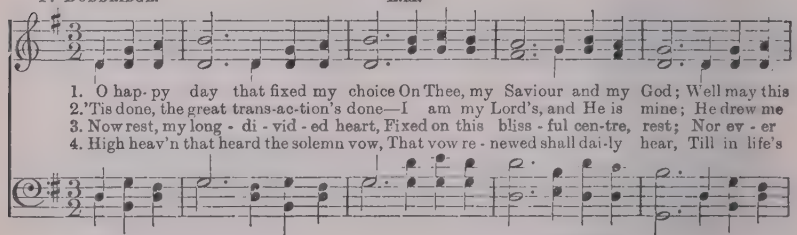


Rock I stand; All o - ther ground is sink-ing sand, All o - ther ground is sinking sand.

Happy Day!

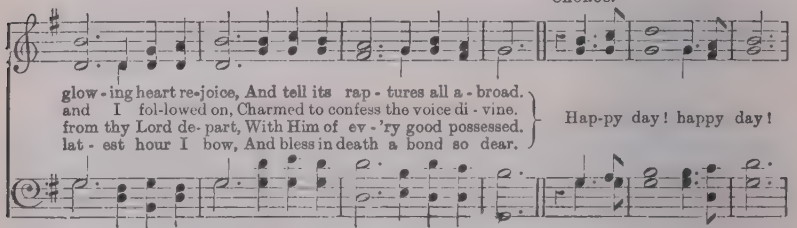
P. DODDRIDGE.

L.M.



1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God; Well may this
 2. 'Tis done, the great trans-ac-tion's done—I am my Lord's, and He is mine; He drew me
 3. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen-tre, rest; Nor ev - er
 4. High heav'n that heard the solemn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai-ly hear, Till in life's

CHORUS.



glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di - vine.
 from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - 'ry good possessed. } Hap - py day! happy day!
 lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

◎ *Happy Day—Continued.*

When Je-sus washed my sins a - way! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re -
joic - ing ev - ry day; Happy day! happy day! When Jesus washed my sins a - way!

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Lord I hear.

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. xxvii. 38.

MRS. CODNER.

W. B. BRADBURY.

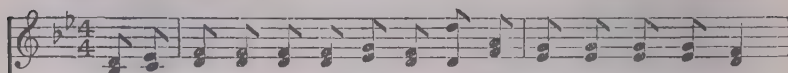
1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless - ing Thou art scat - t'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
3. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
4. Pass me not; Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

Showers, the thirs - ty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me—
Thou might'st leave me, but the ra - ther Let Thy mer - cy fall on me—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless; Mag - ni - fy them all in me—
While the streams of life are spring - ing, Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me—

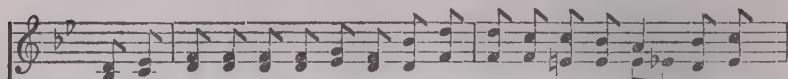
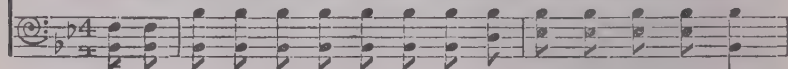
E - ven me! e - ven me! Let some droppings fall on me!
E - ven me! e - ven me! Let Thy mer - cy fall on me!
E - ven me! e - ven me! Mag - ni - fy them all in me!
E - ven me! e - ven me! Bless - ing oth - ers, oh, bless me!

HELEN D. SYLVESTER.

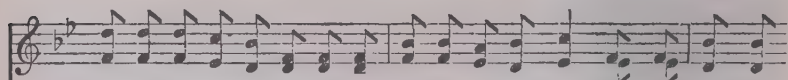
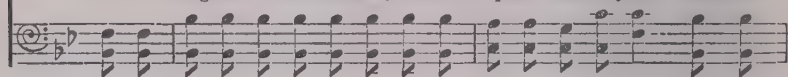
WM. L. GILPIN.



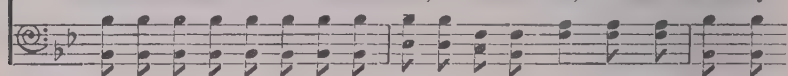
1. In the green and pleasant pas-tures, By the wa - ters calm and still,
2. O the flock the Shepherd leadeth He de - fendeth from all harm ;
3. There is not a guide like Je-sus, With His clear and heav'nly voice ;



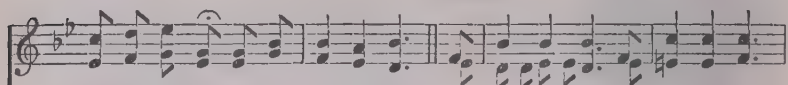
My Re - deemer and my Shepherd Gently leads me at His will, When He
With His watchful eye up-on them They are safe from all a-larm, Let us
As it ringeth in the darkness, How my spir-it doth re-joyce ! When at



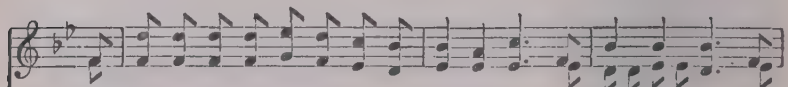
turns and walks in shadow, Still I hear His voice of love : " Lit-tle flock, o-
fol-low not a stranger, Who will surely lead a - stray, For the Shepherd
last the si - lent riv - er I must cross, thro' shadows dim, I shall hear my



CHORUS.



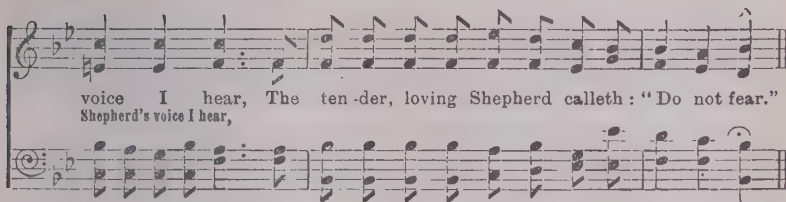
bey and follow To the fold a-bove."
ev - er - lov-ing Knows the narrow way. My Shepherd's voice With joy I hear,
Shepherd calling, And will fol-low Him. My Shepherd's voice I hear, His voice with joy I hear,



The tender, loving Shepherd calleth : " Do not fear " ; His voice I hear, His
His voice with joy I hear, My



My Shepherd's Voice.—Continued.



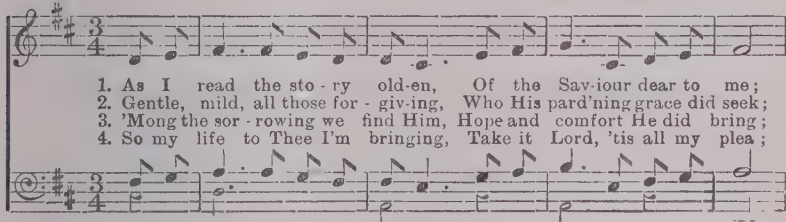
voice I hear, The ten-der, loving Shepherd calleth: "Do not fear."
Shepherd's voice I hear,

211

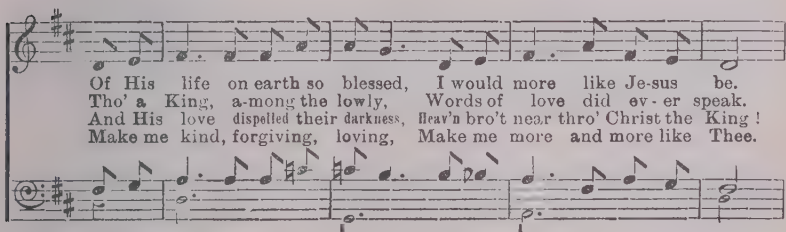
More Like Jesus.

N. P. C.

NELLIE PLACE CHANDLER.

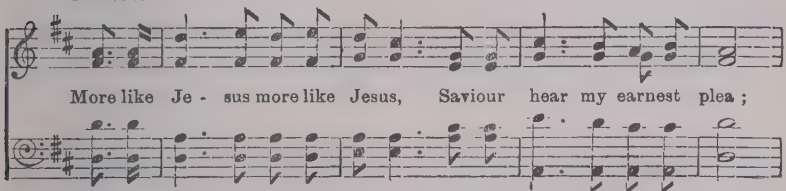


1. As I read the sto-ry old-en, Of the Sav-iour dear to me;
2. Gentle, mild, all those for - giv-ing, Who His pard'ning grace did seek;
3. 'Mong the sor - rowing we find Him, Hope and comfort He did bring;
4. So my life to Thee I'm bringing, Take it Lord, 'tis all my plea;

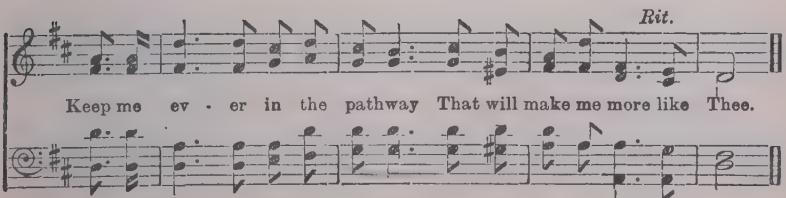


Of His life on earth so blessed, I would more like Je-sus be.
Tho' a King, a-mong the lowly, Words of love did ev-er speak.
And His love dispelled their darkness, Heav'n bro't near thro' Christ the King!
Make me kind, forgiving, loving, Make me more and more like Thee.

CHORUS.




More like Je - sus more like Jesus, Saviour hear my earnest plea;



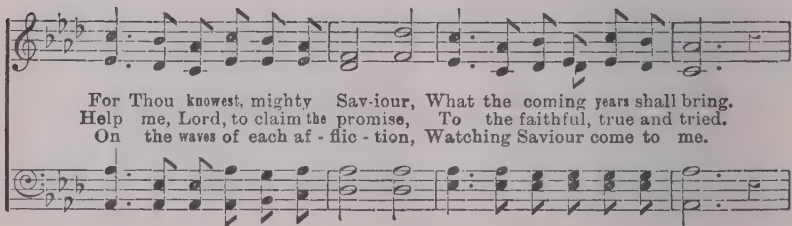
Rit.
Keep me ev - er in the pathway That will make me more like Thee.

KATE ULMER.

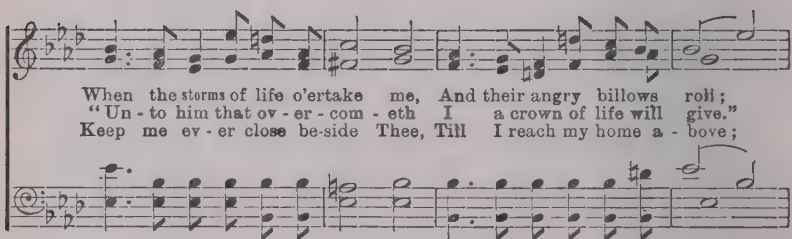
M. L. McPHAIL.



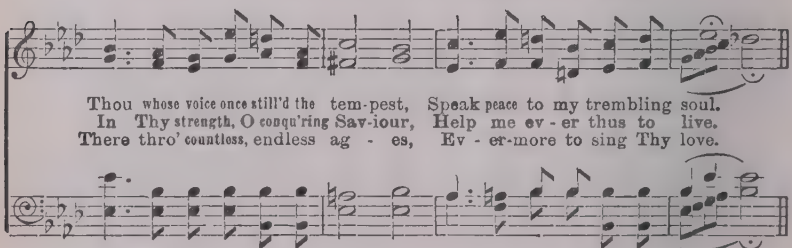
1. Je - sus ev - er keep me near Thee, In this weary world of sin;
 2. In the conflict with the temp - ter, Fierce be-set on ev'-ry side;
 3. Thou whose feet once pressed the wa - ters Of dark raging Ga-li - lee;



For Thou knowest, mighty Sav-iour, What the coming years shall bring.
 Help me, Lord, to claim the promise, To the faithful, true and tried.
 On the waves of each af - flic - tion, Watching Saviour come to me.

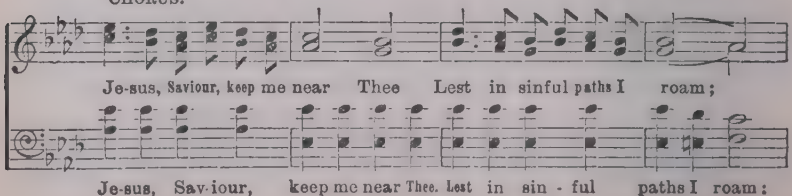


When the storms of life o'ertake me, And their angry billows roll;
 "Un - to him that ov - er - com - eth I a crown of life will give."
 Keep me ev - er close be-side Thee, Till I reach my home a - bove;



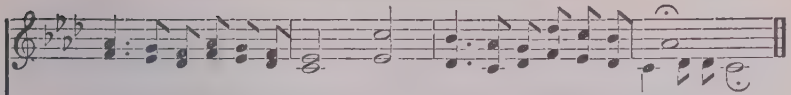
Thou whose voice once still'd the tem-pest, Speak peace to my trembling soul.
 In Thy strength, O conqu'ring Sav-iour, Help me ev - er thus to live.
 There thro' countless, endless ag - es, Ev - er more to sing Thy love.

CHORUS.

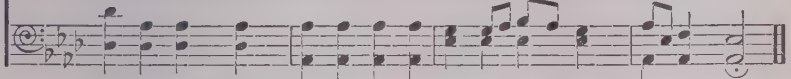


Je-sus, Sav-iour, keep me near Thee Lest in sinful paths I roam;
 Je-sus, Sav-iour, keep me near Thee. Lest in sin - ful paths I roam:

Keep Me Near Thee—Continued.



Thou who can'st protect and guide me, Lead, O lead me safely home.



Thou who can'st pro - tect and guide me, Lead, O lead me safe-ly home.

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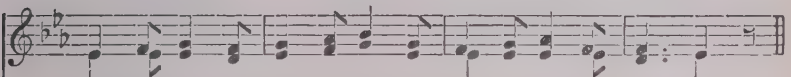
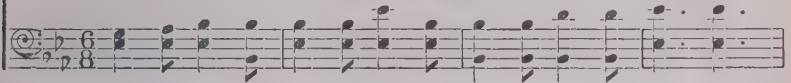
Tell it All to Jesus.

F. M. D.

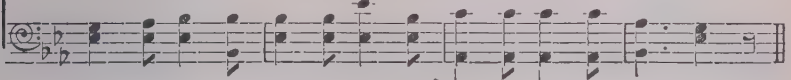
FRANK M. DAVIS.



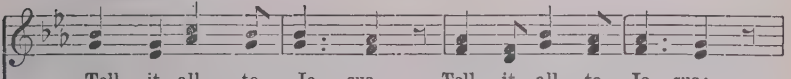
1. When the heart grows sad and wea - ry, Tell it all to Je - sus;
2. If thy life is filled with sor-row, Tell it all to Je - sus;
3. If some se - cret sin op-press thee, Tell it all to Je - sus;



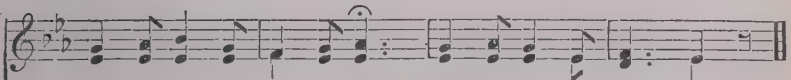
When the way seems long and drea-ry, Tell it all to Je - sus.
 If there dawns no bright to-mor-row, Tell it all to Je - sus.
 If some fleet-ing joys distress thee, Tell it all to Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Tell it all to Je - sus, Tell it all to Je - sus;

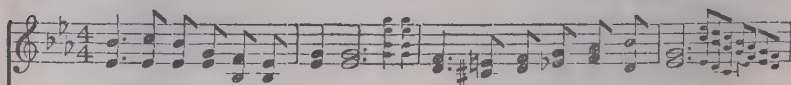


Let what-e'er be your complaint, Tell it all to Je - sus.

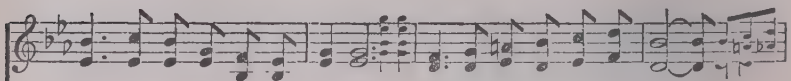
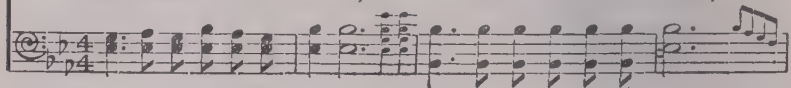


C. H. G.

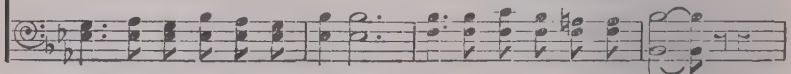
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. All in all to me is Je-sus, Ev-'ry need His grace sup-plies;
2. All in all to me is Je-sus, Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, Friend;
3. All in all to me is Je-sus, Blessed One of Cal - va - ry;
4. All in all to me is Je-sus, I am His and He is mine;



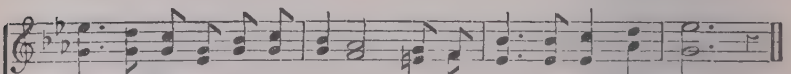
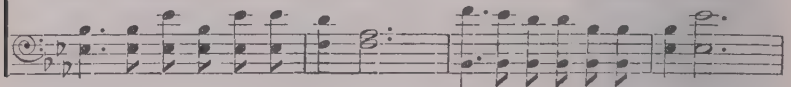
Day by day He guides and keeps me,— No good thing to me de-nies.
 Ten-der Shepherd, He will guard me, And from ev'ry foe de-fend.
 I will nev-er cease to love Him Who has done so much for me.
 To His love and in His ser-vice Ev-'ry-thing I now re-sign.



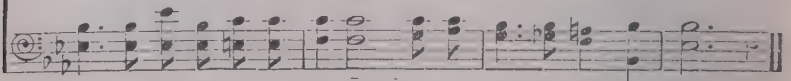
CHORUS.



In His love I am a - bid - ing, Ev-'ry-thing to Him con - fid - ing;



'Neath His wing my soul is hid-ing, He is all in all to me.



Ever Like Thee.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

J. H. ROSECRANS.



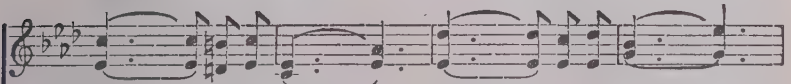
1. Clos-er to Thee, O Christ, I'd cling; Ev-er to Thee my soul would sing,
2. Less of myself, oh, let there be; More of Thy Spir-it give to me;
3. Je-sus, help me the cross to take, Help me to bear it for Thy sake;
4. Je-sus, the way grows sweet and bright; Shadows are lost in faith's glad light;



Evermore like Thee I would be, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, keep Thou me.
 Take from me, Lord, this heart of stone, Give me, instead, one like Thine own.
 Help me in this Thy love to see, Thus I may grow more like to Thee.
 Still I would grow more like to Thee, Je-sus, my Sav-iour, keep Thou me.



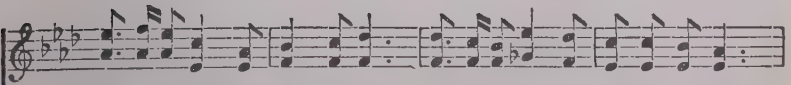
CHORUS.



Ev - er like Thee,..... Ev - er like Thee,.....



Ev-er like Thee, ev - er like Thee, Ev-er like Thee, Saviour, Help me to be.



Ev - er like Thee by night and day, I would be like Thee, help me I pray.

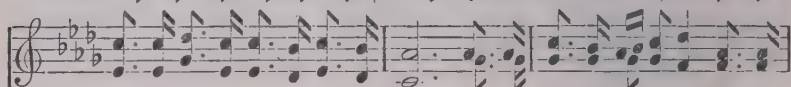


My Welcome Home.

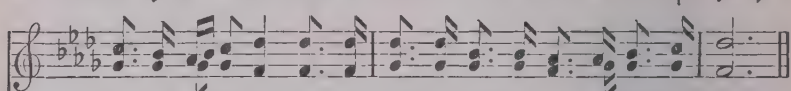
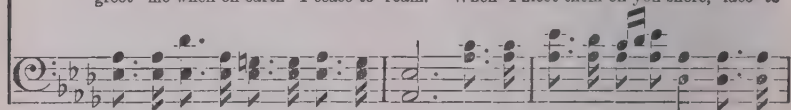
Words and Music by ENOCH MILSON, Evangelist



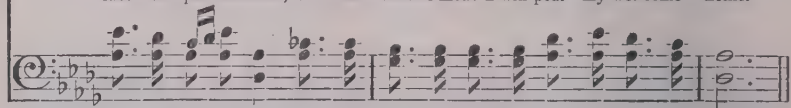
1. Oft a - mid life's toil and care, when the cross seems hard to bear, There's a
2. In that house not made with hands, fill'd with white-rob'd an-gel bands, There's a
3. O what peace a-waits me there, free from sor - row, strife and care. Where for
4. I have lov'd ones in that land, by my Sa-viour's side they stand, They will



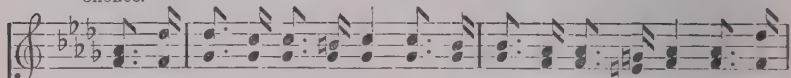
thought that cheers me on thro' paths unknown, When my Sa-viour bids me rise to my
place prepar'd for me by Christ my own. Tho' despis'd and shunn'd down here, when my
ev - er I shall know as I am known. When I stand before the Throne, and I
greet me when on earth I cease to roam. When I meet them on my shore, face to



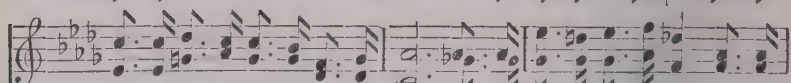
home be-yond the skies, All the bells of Heav'n will peal my wel-come home.
Saviour greets me there, All the bells of Heav'n will peal my wel-come home.
hear Him say, "Well done," All the bells of Heav'n will peal my wel-come home.
face to part no more, All the bells of Heav'n will peal my wel-come home.



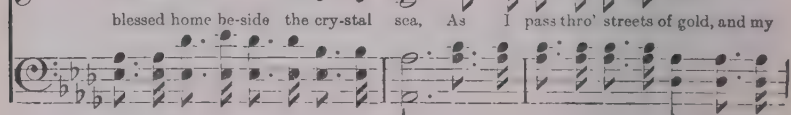
CHORUS.



What a wel-come that will be, when my Sa-viour summons me To that



blessed home be-side the cry-stal sea, As I pass thro' streets of gold, and my



My Welcome Home—Continued.

Sa-viour there be-hold, All the bells of Heav'n will peal my welcome home,

217 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.*

I. WATTS.

(ROCKINGHAM. L.M.)

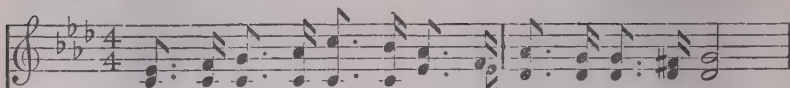
E. MILLER.

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were an

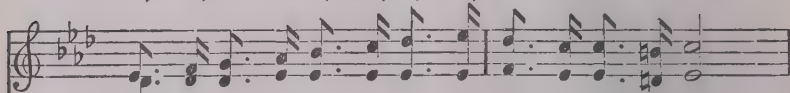
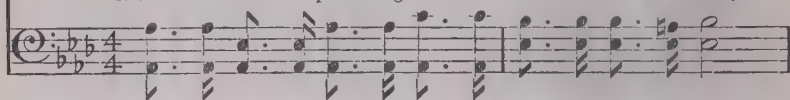
Prince of Glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I
 death of Christ my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min-gled down! Did e'er such love and
 off-'ring far too small: Love so a-maz-ing,

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sa-cri-fice them to His blood.
 sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

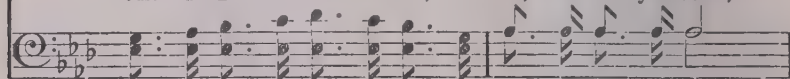
* May also be sung to Tune, No. 582—"HE WIPES THE TEAR."



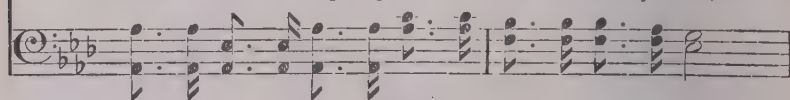
1. Just a lit - tle kind - ness shown a - long the wea - ry road;
2. Just a lit - tle sac - ri - fice of ease that we have earned;
3. Just a lit - tle plead - ing in the name of Him who died;



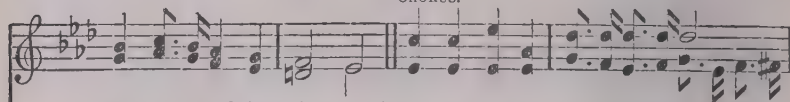
Just a lit - tle lift - ing of an - oth - er's heav - y load;
Just a lit - tle shar - ing of a les - son we have learned;
Just a lit - tle ear - nest-ness, like His, who is your Guide;



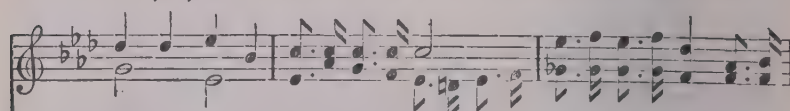
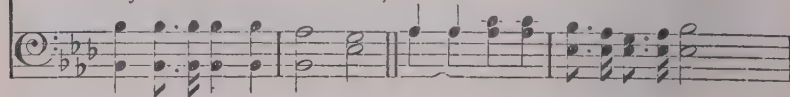
Just a lit - tle pi - ty that is ten - der - ly be - stowed,
Just a lit - tle stir - ring of the flame that low has burned,
Just a lit - tle long - ing for some lost one at your side,



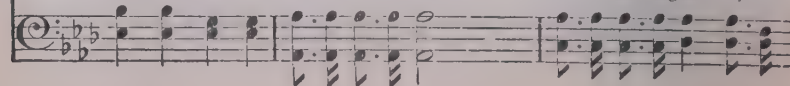
CHORUS.



May win a soul for Je - sus. } In the name of Him who died for you, Un-to your
May win a soul for Je - sus. }
May win a soul for Je - sus. }



vow of service are you true and loy-al?
To your vow of service are you true? Nev-er, then, neglect it, For



Just a Little—Continued.

when you least ex - pect it, You may win a soul for Je - sus.

219

Jesus is Mine.

1. Now I have found a Friend— Je - sus is mine; His love shall
 2. Though I grow poor and old— Je - sus is mine; He will my
 3. Fare - well mor - tal - i - ty— Je - sus is mine; Wel - come, e -
 4. Fa - ther! Thy name I bless— Je - sus is mine; Thine was the

nev - er end— Je - sus is mine; Tho' earth - ly joys de - crease Though human
 faith up - hold— Je - sus is mine; He will my wants supply, His pre - cious
 ter - ni - ty— Je - sus is mine; He my re - demption is, Wis - dom and
 sov' - reign grace, praise shall be Thine: Spi - rit of ho - li - ness, Seal - ing the

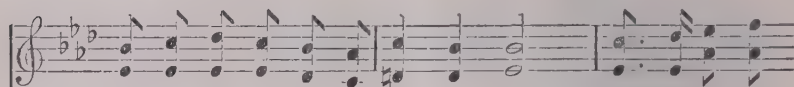
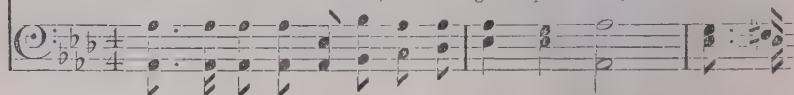
friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace— Je - sus is mine.
 blood is nigh, Nought can my hope de - stroy— Je - sus is mine.
 righ - teousness, Life, light, and ho - li - ness— Je - sus is mine.
 Fa - ther's grace, Thou mad'st my soul em - brace— Je - sus as mine.

E. E. HEWITT.

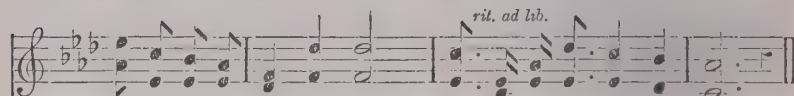
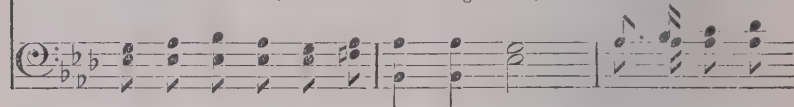
J. M. HARRIS.



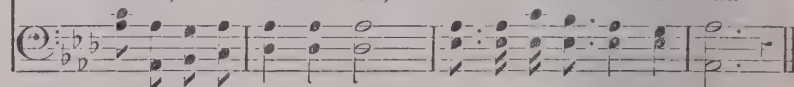
1. Bless - ed is the ser - vice of our Lord and King, Pre - cious
2. In the qui - et home - life, show - ing love's bright ray, More and
3. Out up - on the highway, go - ing forth with prayer, For the
4. Sow be - side all wa - ters, sow the gos - pel seed, Here a



are the jew - els we may help to bring; Down the pass - ing
more like Je - sus, liv - ing ev - 'ry day, We may guide a
lost and stray - ing, seek - ing ev - 'ry - where, Close be - side the
word in sea - son, there a lov - ing deed, Sin - ners to the



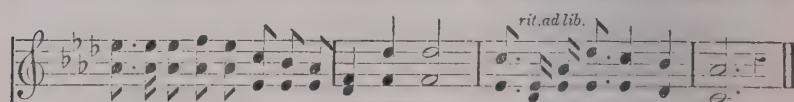
a - ges words of coun - sel ring, He that winneth souls is wise.
dear one to the heav'n - ward way, He that winneth souls is wise.
Shepherd, we His joy may share, He that winneth souls is wise.
Sav'our, be it ours to lead, He that winneth souls is wise.



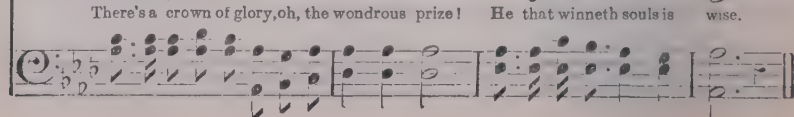
CHORUS.



He that winneth souls is wise; In the home beyond the skies,
He that winneth, winneth souls is wise, In the home be - yond, beyond the skies,



There's a crown of glory, oh, the wondrous prize! He that winneth souls is wise.



Growing Brighter every Day—Continued.

sweet-ly saves my soul, And my way is grow-ing brighter ev - 'ry day, ev-'ry day.

223

Only.

Slow and with feeling.

J. M. DUNGAN.

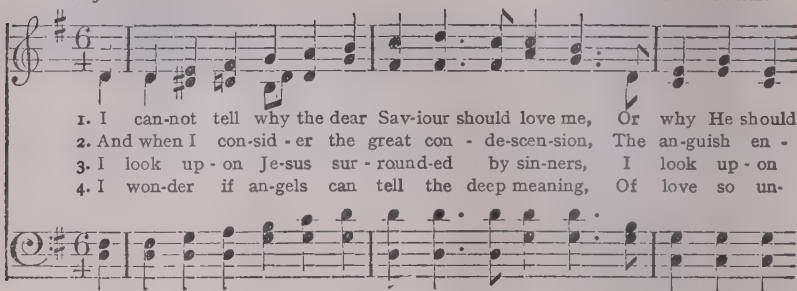
1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing - ly,
 2. On - ly a look of re - mon - strance, Sor - row - ful,
 3. On - ly one cry from the sin - ner, Bit - ter - ly,
 4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas - ant - ly,

qui - et - ly said; On - ly a word! Yet the
 gen - tle and deep; On - ly a look! Yet the
 ear - nest and wild; "Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in
 cheer - ful - ly given; Still seed was sown, In that

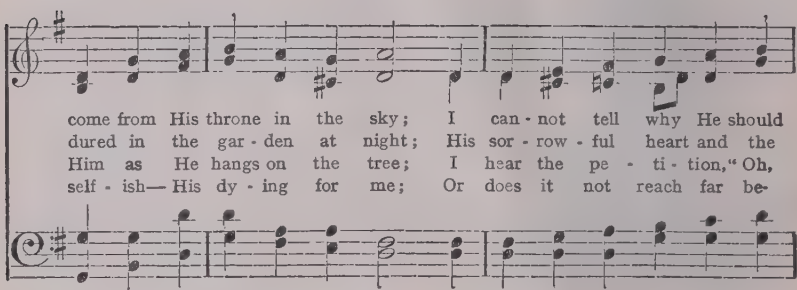
Mas - ter heard; And some faint - ing hearts were fed.
 strong man shook; And He went a - lone to weep.
 a - go - ny; And the Sa - viour saved His child,
 hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heaven.

REV. JOHN MCPHAIL.

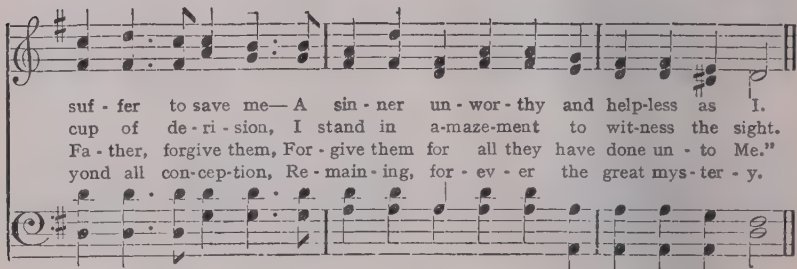
M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. I can-not tell why the dear Sav-iour should love me, Or why He should
 2. And when I con-sid-er the great con - de-scen-sion, The an-guish en -
 3. I look up-on Je-sus sur-round-ed by sin-ners, I look up-on
 4. I won-der if an-gels can tell the deep meaning, Of love so un-

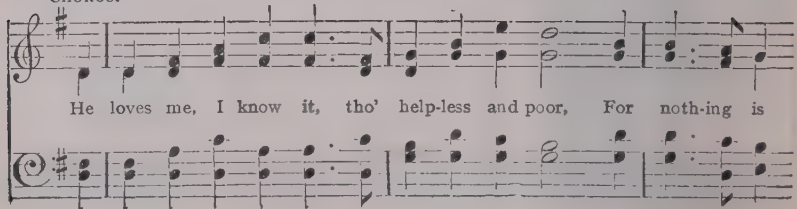


come from His throne in the sky; I can-not tell why He should
 dured in the gar-den at night; His sor-row-ful heart and the
 Him as He hangs on the tree; I hear the pe-ti-tion, "Oh,
 self-ish—His dy-ing for me; Or does it not reach far be-



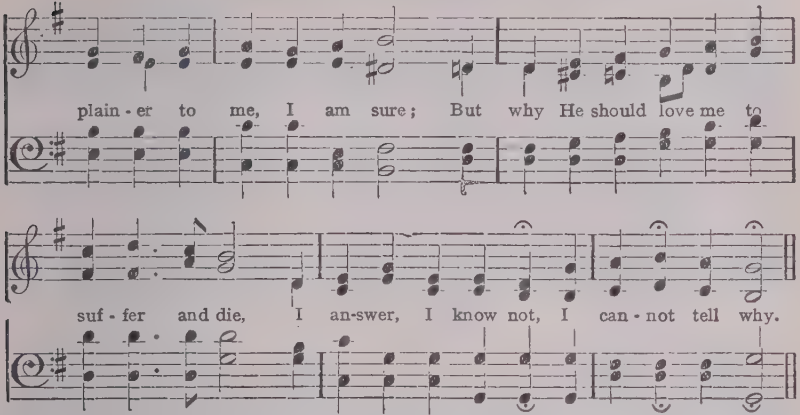
suf-fer to save me—A sin-ner un-wor-thy and help-less as I.
 cup of de-ri-sion, I stand in a-maze-ment to wit-ness the sight.
 Fa-ther, forgive them, For-give them for all they have done un-to Me."
 yond all con-cep-tion, Re-main-ing, for-ev-er the great mys-ter-y.

CHORUS.



He loves me, I know it, tho' help-less and poor, For noth-ing is

I Cannot Tell Why—Continued.



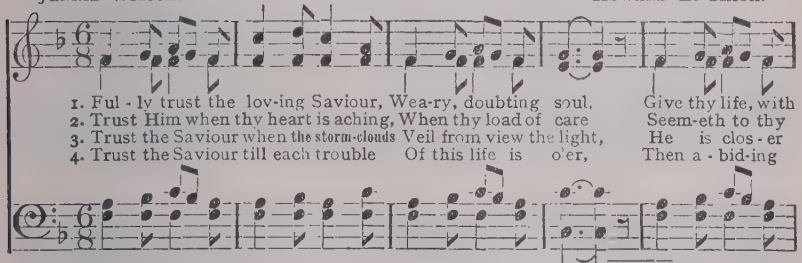
plain - er to me, I am sure; But why He should love me to
suf - fer and die, I an - swer, I know not, I can - not tell why.

225

Trust Him.

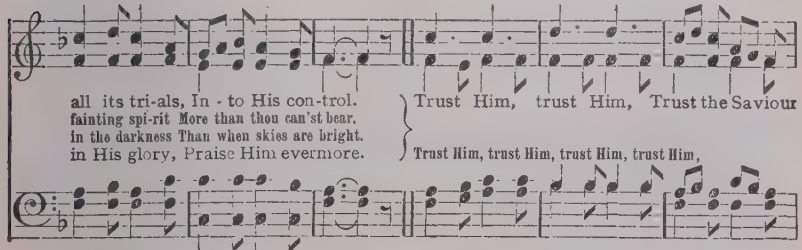
JENNIE WILSON.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

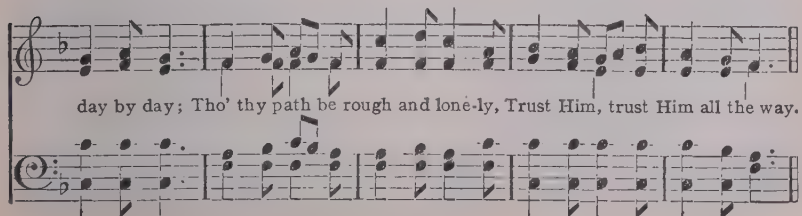


1. Ful - ly trust the lov - ing Saviour, Wea - ry, doubting soul, Give thy life, with
2. Trust Him when thy heart is aching, When thy load of care Seem - eth to thy
3. Trust the Saviour when the storm - clouds Veil from view the light, He is clos - er
4. Trust the Saviour till each trouble Of this life is o'er, Then a - bid - ing

REFRAIN.



all its tri - als, In - to His con - trol. fainting spi - rit More than thou can'st bear.
in the darkness Than when skies are bright. in His glory, Praise Him evermore.
Trust Him, trust Him, Trust the Saviour
Trust Him, trust Him, trust Him, trust Him,



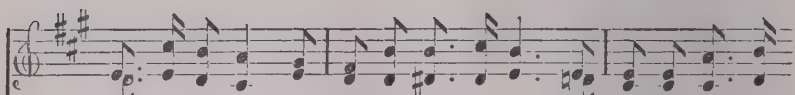
day by day; Tho' thy path be rough and lon - e - ly, Trust Him, trust Him all the way.

E. E. HEWITT.

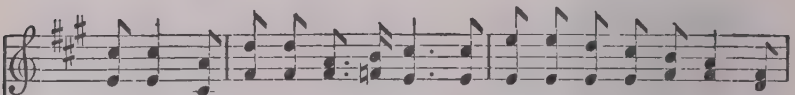
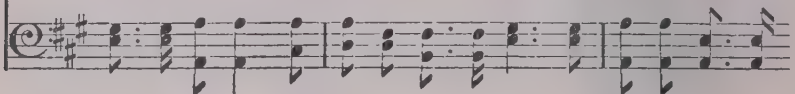
REV. E. E. SATTERLEE.



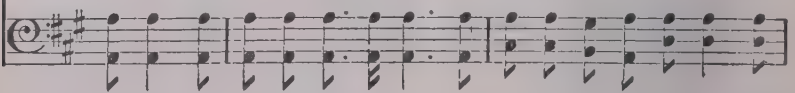
1. There's no one like my Sa-viour; No friend can be like Him; My nev - er
2. There's no one like my Sa-viour; In sea - sons of dis-tress, He draws me
3. There's no one like my Sa-viour, He par-dons all my sin; And gives His
4. There's no one like my Sa-viour, Come now, and find it true He gave His



fail - ing sun-shine When earth-ly lights grow dim; When sum - mer flow'rs are
clos - er to Him, To com-fort and to bless; He gives me, in temp -
Ho - ly Spi - rit, A spring-ing well with-in; He leads me out to
life a ran - som, His blood was shed for you; Then when we reach the



blooming, The brightness of my joy, O, may His hap - py ser-vice My
ta - tion, The strength of His right arm; His an - gels camp a - round me, To
ser - vice, With gen - tle touch and mild; O, won - der of all won-ders, That
Ci - ty Of ev - er - last - ing light, We'll sing with saints and an - gels, All

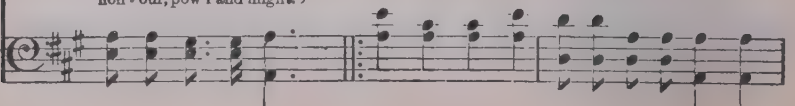


REFRAIN.



heart and life em-ploy!
keep me from all harm.
I should be His child.
hon - our, pow'r and might.

No one, no one like my precious Sa-viour,



No One Like My Saviour—Continued.

1st time. 2nd time. Rit.

No one, no one such a friend can be; Glo - ry, glo - ry, Je - sus cares for me.

227

No, Not One!

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev-er saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sa-viour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

1. None else could heal all our soul's dis-eases, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Will He re-fuse us a home in hea-ven? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

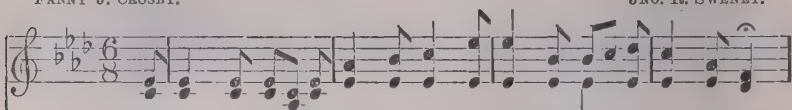
D.S.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done.

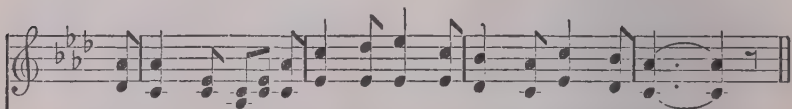
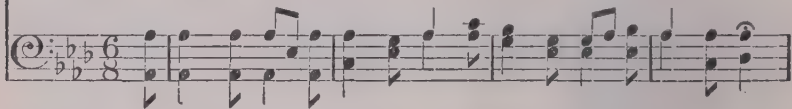
228 The Saves Me Through and Through.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

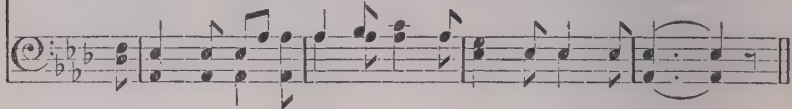
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The blood that Je - sus shed for me, When groaning, dy - ing on the tree,
2. In per - fect trust I now re - sign My all to Him Whose will is mine;
3. No an - gel tongue such praise can bring, Nor learn the song that now I sing
4. I know not what my joy will be, When face to face my Lord I see,



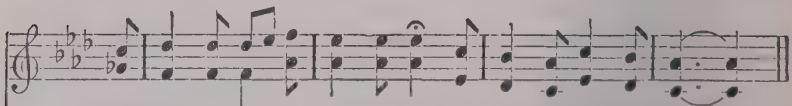
From all transgression cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.
He fills my soul with love divine, And saves me through and through.
To Him, my Pro-phet, Priest, and King, Who saves me through and through.
But this I know, He cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.



CHORUS.



Sav'd, sav'd, yes, I am sav'd, My heart is cre - a - ted a new;



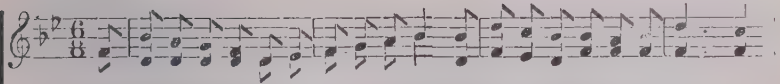
The blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, And saves me through and through.



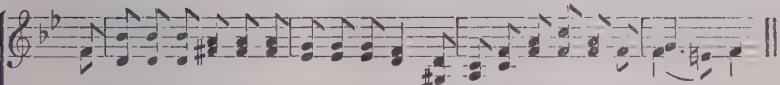
The Keepeth His Promise.

S. C. KIRK.

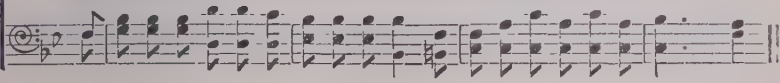
HERBERT J. LACEY.



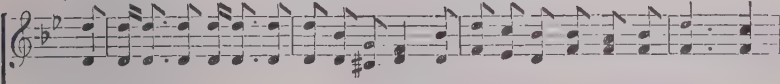
1. The Lord hath declared and the Lord will perform; "Be-hold! I am near to de-liv-er,
2. Who seek Him shall find Him, shall find Him to-day, The word is to all, "who so-ev-er!"
3. Tho' oft-en my toil seems but labour in vain, I leave with the Lord my en-deav-our!
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But nev-er, He tells me, O nev-er!
5. The bonds that u-nite us in earth's dearest ties. The rude hand of Time will dis-sev-er;



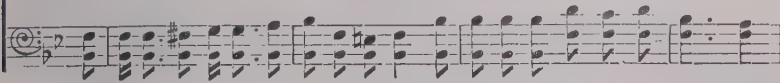
A refuge and fortress, a covert in storm; He keepeth His promise for ev-er.
 No soul that en-treat-eth, He turneth away; He keepeth His promise for-ev-er.
 I patiently wait for the sunshine and rain, He keepeth His promise for-ev-er.
 The frail, bruised reed will He break; and I know He keepeth His promise for-ev-er.
 But we shall renew them a-gain in the skies; He keepeth His promise for-ev-er.



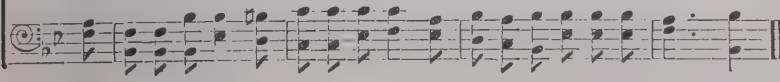
CHORUS.



For-ev-er! for-ev-er! O not for a day! He keepeth His promise for-ev-er!



To all who believe, to all who o-bey, He keepeth His promise for-ev-er!



230 Happy in the Love of Jesus.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1st time. 2nd time.

1. { Home to Zi-on we are bound, Happy in the love of Je-sus,
Peace a-biding we have found, Happy in the love of Je-sus.

2. { Trusting, we will forward go, Happy in the love of Je-sus,
Treading changeful paths be-low, Happy in the love of Je-sus.

3. { Soon we'll reach the homeland fair, Happy in the love of Je-sus,
And shall dwell for ever there, Happy in the love of Je-sus.

CHORUS. 1st time. 2nd time.

Hap - py, hap - py, Singing all the way, Happy all the day;
Hap - py, hap - py, Happy in the love of Je - sus.

231

The Name I Love.

(BELMONT.)—C.M.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth,
2. Je - sus, the name I love so well, The Name I love to hear,
3. This name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road,
4. And there with all the blood-bought throng, From sin and sor - row free,

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth,
No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con - ceive how dear.
Shall sweet - ly smooth the rug - ged hill That leads me up to God.
I'll sing the new e - ter - nal song Of Je - sus' love to me.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. { Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the
 { Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, (Omit.....
 2. { Sow ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing neith-er
 { By and by the har-vest, and the la-bour end-ed, (Omit.....
 3. { Go then ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho'the loss sus-
 { When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (Omit.....

2. FINE.

noon-tide and the dew-y eve; We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 tain'd our spi-rit of - ten grieves; We shall come re-joic-ing bringing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

1.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 After repeat D.S. to Fine.

CHORUS.

God Moves.

W. COWPER.

(ST. ANNE.)—C.M.

W. CROFT.

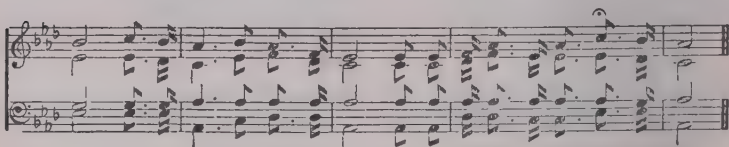
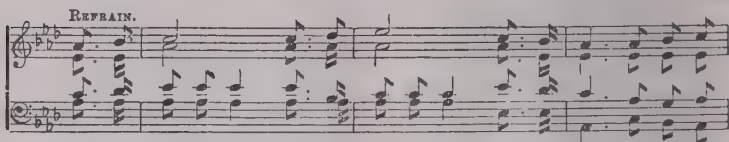
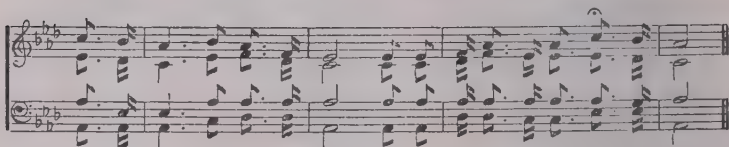
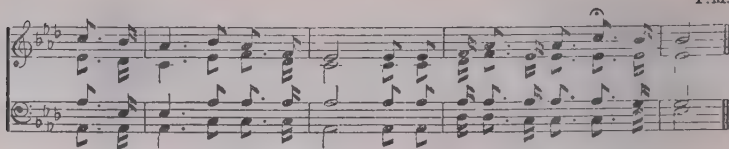
1. God moves in a mys-ter-i-ous way His won-ders to per-form;
 2. Deep in un-fath-om-ab-le mines Of nev-er-fail-ing skill,
 3. Ye fear-ful saints, fresh cour-age take! The clouds ye so much dread
 4. Blind un-be-lief is sure to err, And scan His work in vain;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
 He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-er-ign will.
 Are big with mer-cy; and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 God is His own in-ter-pre-ter, And He will make it plain.

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.
 He treas-ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-er-ign will.
 Are big with mer-cy; and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
 God is His own in-ter-pre-ter, And He will make it plain.

234 Saviour, More Than Life to Me.

P.M.



- 1 SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Let Thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

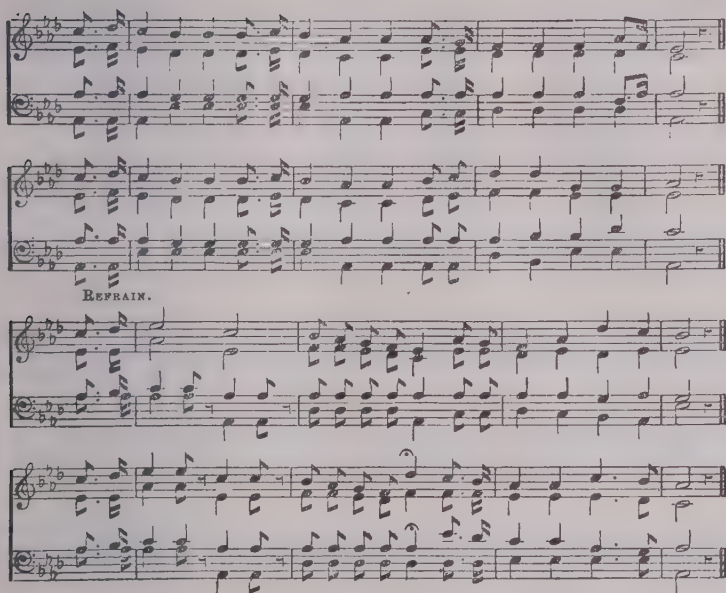
Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee.

- 2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

- 3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Draw Me Hearer.

P.M.



- 1 I AM Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me,
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, wounded side.
- 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.
- 3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.
- 4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach,
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

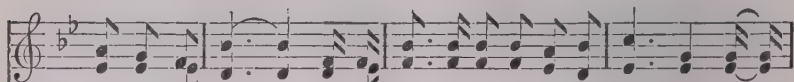
236 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S.

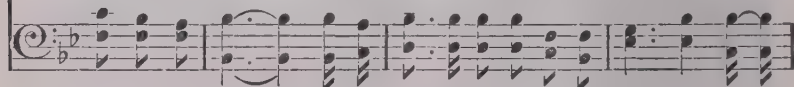
H. G. SMYTH.



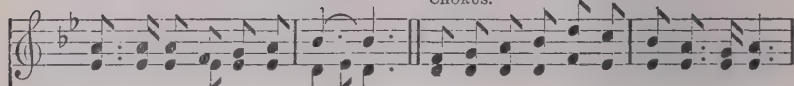
1. Is your life a channel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
 2. Is your life a channel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
 3. Is your life a channel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
 4. We can - not be channels of bless - ing If our lives are not

flow - ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sa - viour? Are you
 those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
 tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
 free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To





CHORUS.

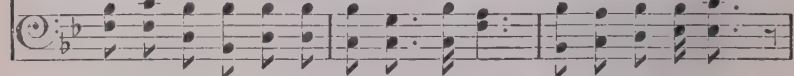
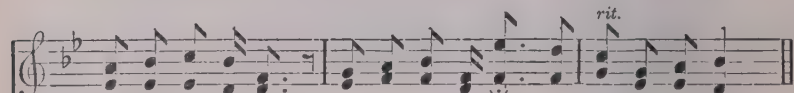


rea - dy His ser - vice to do?
 Sa - viour who died on the cross?
 those who are dy - ing in sin?
 those we are try - ing to win.


} Make me a channel of blessing to-day,

Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess - ing,

my ser - vice blessing, Make me a channel of bless - ing to - day.



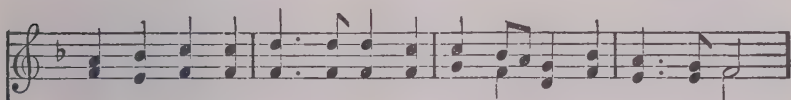
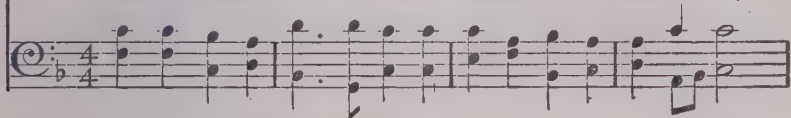
237 Not One Step More, Heavenly Father.

JOHN ROBERTSON, LL.D.

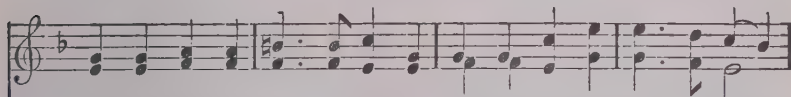
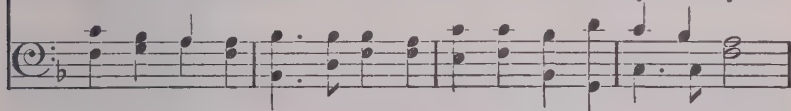
R. F. BEVERIDGE



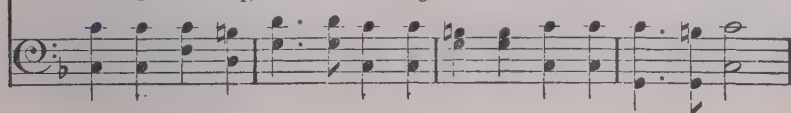
1. Not one step more, Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Would I take with - out Thy call;
2. Praise to God! He of - ten cross-es Plans and schemes poor self has form'd,
3. Gourds have perish'd, but I would not Like im - pa - tient Jo - nah be;
4. Bless His name! He ev - er mind-eth His Blood-Cov - e - nant with me;



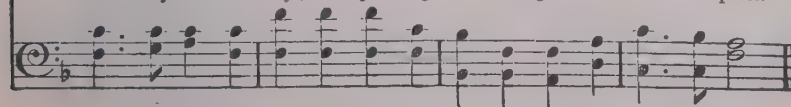
Prone to race and rush— oh, ra - ther At Thy feet now would I fall!
And for reck - on'd gains have loss - es Sprung where God's dark pur - pose storm'd,
God is God, and oh, I could not Trace my road so well as He!
And the soul that trusts Him find - eth Good in all life's mys - te - ry:



Eyes, be blind, for God to view it; Feet, be stopp'd, leave Him the road;
But I bless Him that His thun - der Spake His grace in - to my soul,
Dark - est hour be - fore the dawn - ing, Sha - dows thick - est just be - fore,
So I wor - ship, heart a - dor - ing, God's kind Pro - vi - dence, and cease

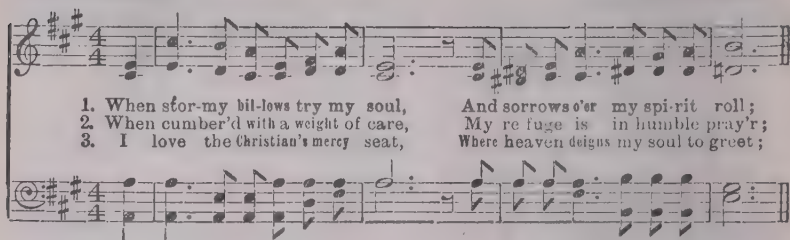


Hands can on - ly touch to rue it; Soul, be still, know He is God!
And my heart melts at the won - der God has brought good from the whole.
Lift - ing, show they're but the awn - ing Drawn a - round our Fa - ther's door.
All my fret - ful ways, im - plor - ing God's for - give - ness and His peace.



W. C. MARTIN.

M. L. McPHAIL.



1. When stor-my bil-lows try my soul,
2. When cumber'd with a weight of care,
3. I love the Christian's mercy seat,

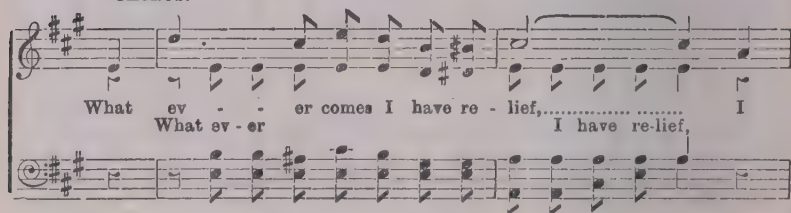
And sorrows e'er my spi-rit roll;
My re-fuge is in humble pray'r;
Where heaven deigns my soul to greet;



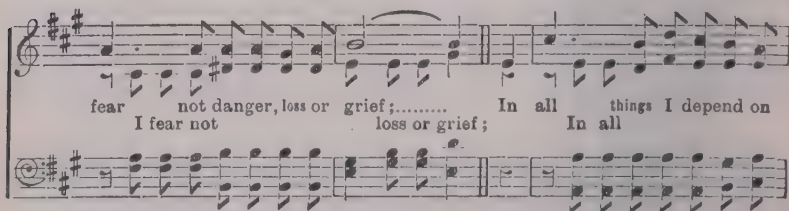
When thro' the clouds no light I see,
I learn'd when mercy set me free,
No oth-er pri-vi-lege can be,

My God, then I depend on Thee.
To al-ways, Lord, depend on Thee.
So sweet as to depend on Thee.

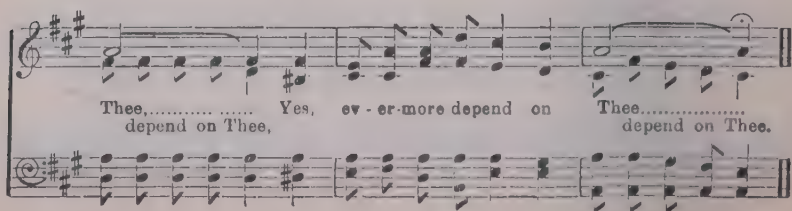
CHORUS.



What ev - er comes I have re - lief,..... I
What ev - er I have re-lief,



fear not danger, loss or grief;..... In all things I depend on
I fear not loss or grief; In all



Thee,..... Yes, ev - er-more depend on Thee,.....
depend on Thee, depend on Thee.

At the Mercy Seat.

ISAAC NAYLOR.

JOHN FRASER and R. F. BEVERIDGE.



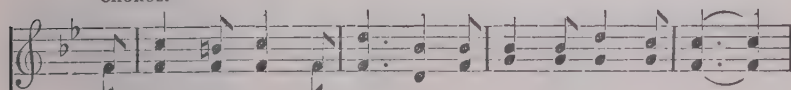
1. I come to Thee, dear Sa - viour, La - den with sin and grief;
2. I come to Thee for cleans - ing, From ev - 'ry stain of sin;
3. A sac - ri - fice I of - fer, Of bod - y, spi - rit, soul;
4. The purg - ing fire con - sum - eth The gift I of - fer Thee;



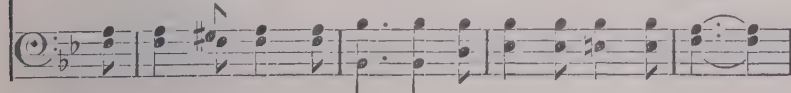
Oh, give me Thy rich fa - vour, And grant my soul re - lief.
 I pray for Thy great bless - ing Of pu - ri - ty with - in.
 My ser - vice, Lord, I prof - fer, If Thou wilt make me whole.
 Thy hal - lowed light il - lum - eth, The blood now cleans - eth me.



CHORUS.



I'm wait - ing, dear Re - deem - er, At Thy blest mer - cy seat!

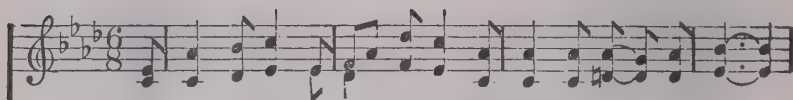


Oh, save my soul and make me whole While kneeling at Thy feet.

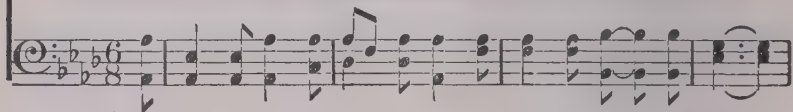


F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



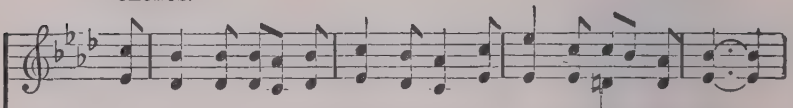
1. I have a Friend to whom I go, Who will my sor - rows share,
2. I find it here a sweet release From all my trials and care,
3. He crowns my days with blessings rich, And helps my burdens bear,



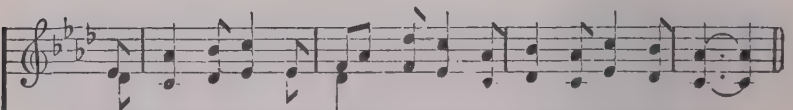
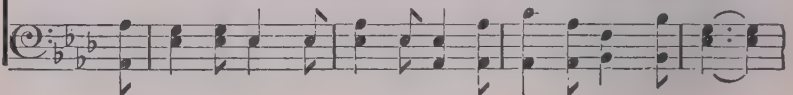
I hold communion sweet with Him In words of heartfelt pray'r.
When upward my pe - ti - tions rise In words of heartfelt pray'r.
When earn - est - ly I go to Him In words of heartfelt pray'r.



CHORUS.



O Je - sus, at Thy throne of grace, I humbly meet Thee there,



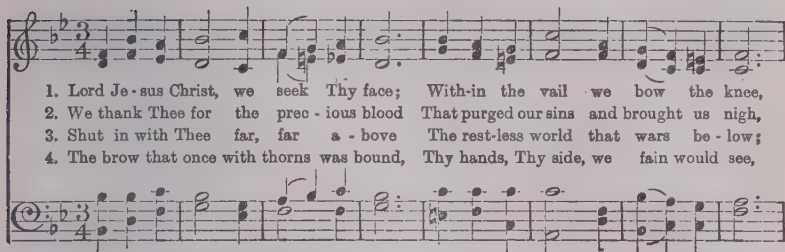
Make known my wishes and my wants In words of heartfelt pray'r.



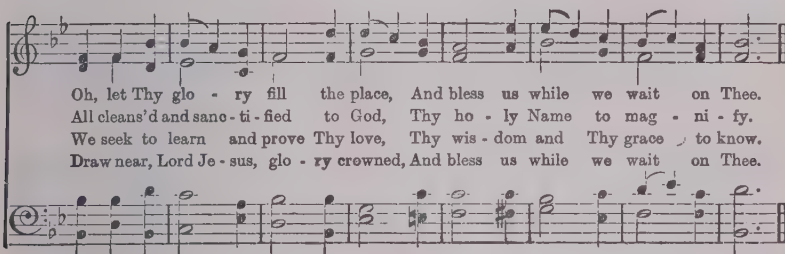
241 Lord Jesus Christ we seek Thy Face.

Tune—BEETHOVEN.

BEETHOVEN.



1. Lord Je - sus Christ, we seek Thy face; With-in the vail we bow the knee,
 2. We thank Thee for the pre - cious blood That purged our sins and brought us nigh,
 3. Shut in with Thee far, far a - bove The rest-less world that wars be - low;
 4. The brow that once with thorns was bound, Thy hands, Thy side, we fain would see,



Oh, let Thy glo - ry fill the place, And bless us while we wait on Thee.
 All cleans'd and sanc-ti-fied to God, Thy ho - ly Name to mag - ni - fy.
 We seek to learn and prove Thy love, Thy wis - dom and Thy grace to know.
 Draw near, Lord Je - sus, glo - ry crowned, And bless us while we wait on Thee.

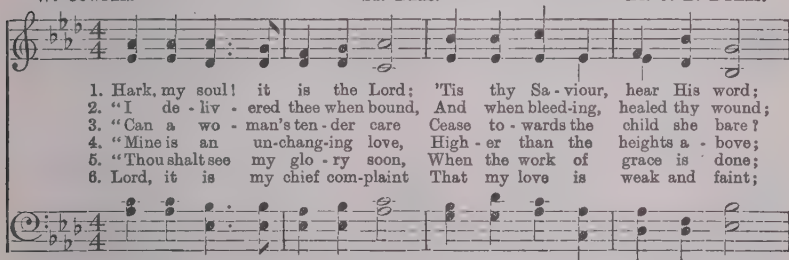
242

Hark, my Soul!

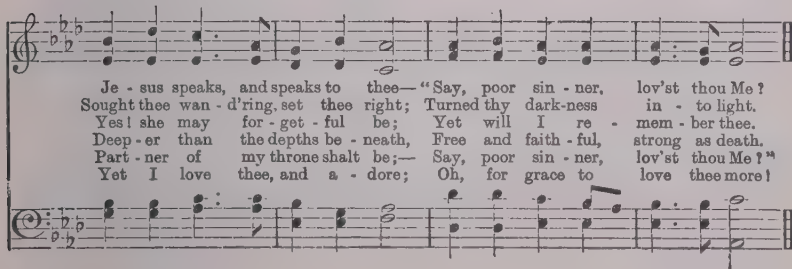
W. COWPER.

ST. BEES.

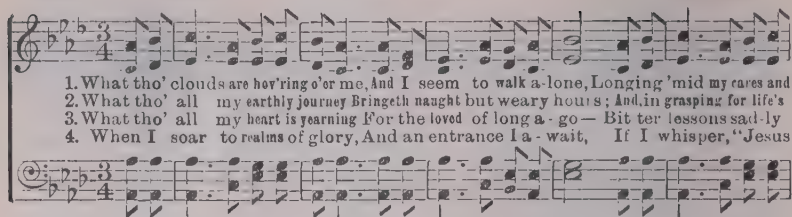
DR. J. B. DYKES.



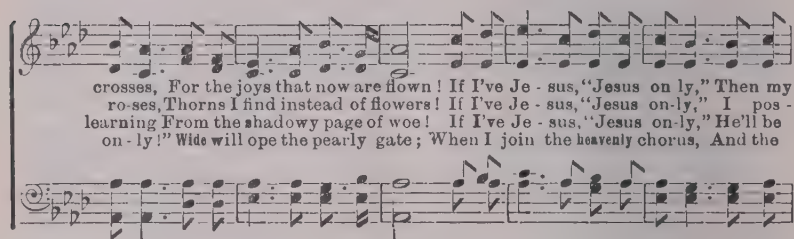
1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sa - vour, hear His word;
 2. "I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And when bleed-ing, healed thy wound;
 3. "Can a wo - man's ten - der care Cease to - wards the child she bare?
 4. "Mine is an un - chang-ing love, High - er than the heights a - bove;
 5. "Thou shalt see my glo - ry soon, When the work of grace is done;
 6. Lord, it is my chief com-plaint That my love is weak and faint;



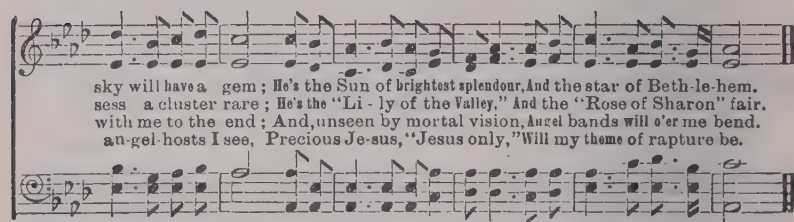
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee—"Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?
 Sought thee wan - d'ring, set thee right; Turned thy dark-ness in - to light.
 Yes! she may for - get - ful be; Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.
 Deep - er than the depths be - neath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death.
 Part - ner of my throne shalt be; Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"
 Yet I love thee, and a - dore; Oh, for grace to love thee more!



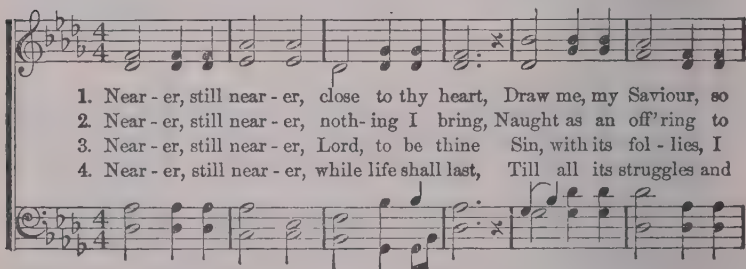
1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone, Longing 'mid my cares and
 2. What tho' all my earthly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours; And, in grasping for life's
 3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long a-go— Bit ter lessons sad-ly
 4. When I soar to realms of glory, And an entrance I a- wait, If I whisper, "Jesus



crosses, For the joys that now are flown! If I've Je - sus, "Jesus on ly," Then my
 ro-ses, Thorns I find instead of flowers! If I've Je - sus, "Jesus on-ly," I pos -
 learning From the shadowy page of woe! If I've Je - sus, "Jesus on-ly," He'll be
 on - ly!" Wide will ope the pearly gate; When I join the heavenly chorus, And the



sky will have a gem; He's the Sun of brightest splendour, And the star of Beth-le-hem.
 sess a cluster rare; He's the "Li - ly of the Valley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
 with me to the end; And, unseen by mortal vision, Angel bands will o'er me bend.
 an-gel-ho-sts I see, Precious Je-sus, "Jesus only," Will my theme of rapture be.



1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine Sin, with its fol - lies, I
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till all its struggles and

Hearer, still Hearer.—Continued.

precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shelter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
tri - als are past; Then thro' e - ternity, ev - er I'll be Nearer, my

safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cruci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cruci - fied.
Saviour, still near - er to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to thee.

245

I Need Thee.

ANNIE R. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp ta - tions less their
3. I need Thee ev - ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a -
4. I need Thee ev - ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis -
5. I need Thee ev - ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh, make me Thine in -

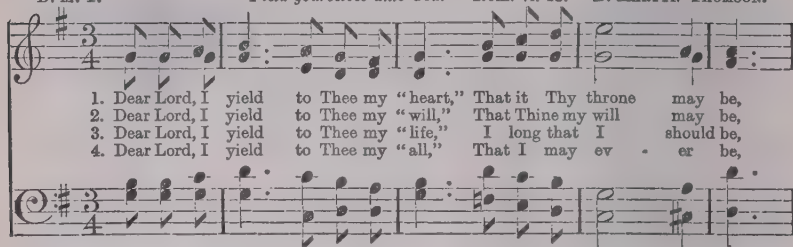
REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh.
- bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, Oh, I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
- es In me ful - fill.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

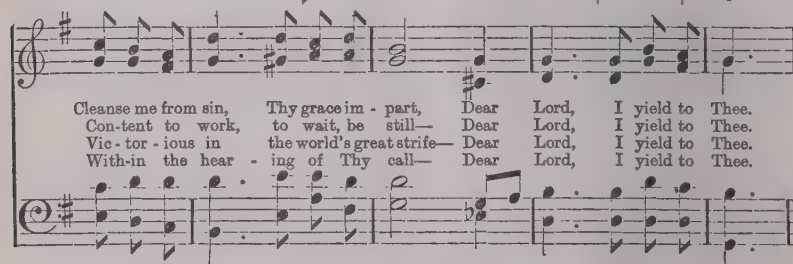
need Thee; Oh, bless me now, my Sa - viour, I come to Thee!

D. M. T.

"Yield yourselves unto God."—Rom. vi. 13. D. MARTYN THOMSON.

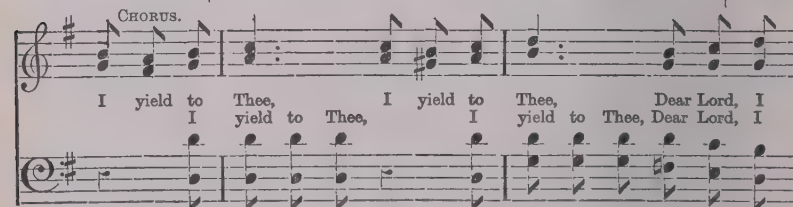


1. Dear Lord, I yield to Thee my "heart," That it Thy throne may be,
 2. Dear Lord, I yield to Thee my "will," That Thine my will may be,
 3. Dear Lord, I yield to Thee my "life," I long that I should be,
 4. Dear Lord, I yield to Thee my "all," That I may ev - er be,

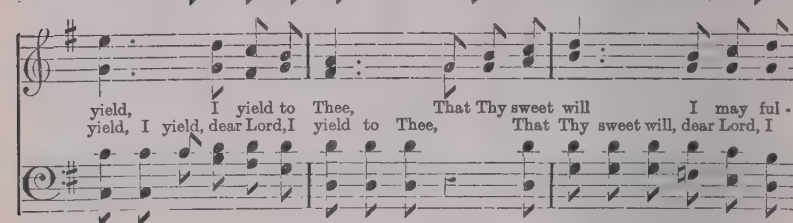


Cleanse me from sin, Thy grace im - part, Dear Lord, I yield to Thee.
 Con - tent to work, to wait, be still— Dear Lord, I yield to Thee.
 Vic - tor - ious in the world's great strife— Dear Lord, I yield to Thee.
 With - in the hear - ing of Thy call— Dear Lord, I yield to Thee.

CHORUS.



I yield to Thee, I yield to Thee, I yield to Thee, Dear Lord, I
 I yield to Thee, I yield to Thee, I yield to Thee, Dear Lord, I



yield, I yield, I yield to Thee, That Thy sweet will I may ful -
 yield, I yield, dear Lord, I yield to Thee, That Thy sweet will, dear Lord, I



fil, Dear Lord, I yield to Thee
 fil, Dear Lord, I yield to Thee, I yield to Thee.
 may ful - fil, Dear Lord, I yield, I yield to Thee.

247 I can Hear my Saviour Calling.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the garden,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

248 My Faith Looks up to Thee.

REV. RAY PALMER.

OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

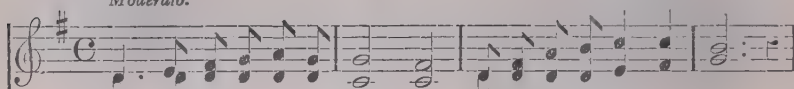
DR. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Saviour di - vine; Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my Guide: Bid darkness
 4. When ends life's transient dream—When death's cold, sullen stream, Shall o'er me roll—Blest Saviour,

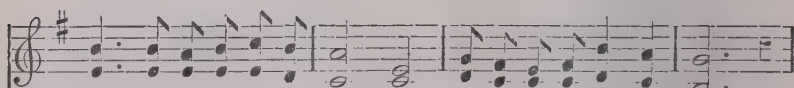
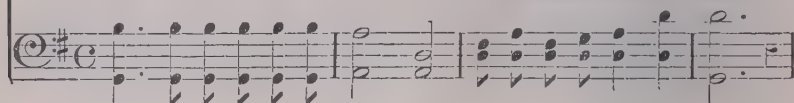
while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A liv - ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way; Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then in love Fear and dis - trust remove; Oh, bear me safe a - bove—A ransomed soul.

K. M., Jr.
Moderato.

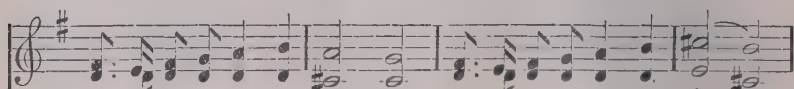
Rev. K. MACKENZIE, Jr.



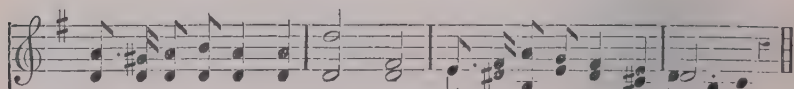
1. I have heard my Saviour call - ing, To the harvest rich and fair ;
2. Or, per-haps there may be stand - ing, Hid among the weeds of sin,
3. Yes, I'm read-y for His ser - vice, In my gracious Mas-ter's name
4. Pre - cious Sav-iour, be Thou near me, Help my light to hum-bly shine ;



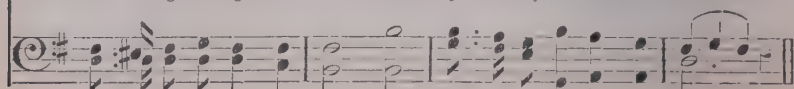
Where the workmen now are bus - y, I must take my sta - tion there.
Gold - en grain to grace the gar - ner, Which the lab'ers have not seen.
I'll de-vote my ev - 'ry tal - ent That He may His lost re - claim.
Let Thy blessed presence cheer me With the rays of light di - vine.



Tho' I may not with the reap - ers Ga - ther large and heavy sheaves,
These are mine to speak of Je - sus, Mine to point the way a - bove,
These my hands and feet shall la - bour ; This my heart His all shall be,
Tho' my ef-forts may be fee - ble Sin - ful hearts to win to Thee,



I, like Ruth, may catch stray handfuls Which some careless gleaner leaves.
Mine to car - ry with thanks-giv - ing To the Saviour's arms of love.
While my lips exclaim with rap - ture, " Here am I, O Lord, send me."
Thou wilt give me grace to tell them, " Je - sus says, ' come un-to Me.' "



Here am I, O Lord!—Continued.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, use me now, and ev - er I will give my-self to Thee,
Je - sus, use me now, and ev - er

Thine to be in bod-y, soul and spi - rit, Here am I, O Lord, send me!

250

Hearer.

Rev. R. B. Lockwood.
Moderato con espress.

F. E. RIMANOCZY.

1. Near-er to Him that hath lov'd me, Near-er to Him who hath died;
2. Near-er the foun-tain of bless-ing, Near-er the soul-cleansing tide;
3. Near-er to Je - sus, my Sa - viour, Near-er, still nearer His side;
4. Near-er to robes of pure white-ness, Near-er where lov'd ones a - bide;

Near-er through crosses and tri - als, Near-er the cru - ci - fied.
Near-er the blood of the sprink-ling, Near-er the riv - en side.
Near-er my bless-ed Re - deem - er, Near-er my Shepherd and Guide.
Near-er the throne of His mer - cy, Near-er the glo - ri - fied.

REFRAIN.

ritard.

ritard.

Nearer, nearer to Him, Nearer to Je-sus, my Saviour, Nearer the cru-ci - fied.

1. O Heart Di vine, that bled and bought,
 2. We do not ask for gifts of gold,
 3. Deep er than o - cean's depths pro - found
 4. We own, while un - to Thee a - scend

Who may Thy mer - cy tell! We fail to love Thee
 Nor hon - our's fad - ing crown; O send Thy Spi - rit
 Thy love and wis - dom are; Wid - er than time's re -
 The brok - en prayers we frame, That earth can hold no

as we ought, Al - though we love Thee well.
 as of old, In full er meas - ure down.
 mot - est bound, And stead - fast as a star.
 tru er friend, Nor half so dear a name.

1. Sa - viour! Thy dy - ing love Thou ga vest me, Nor should I
 2. At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart - Like - ness to Thee - That each de -
 4. All that I am and have - Thy gifts so free - In joy, in

Prayer : Consecration.

Saviour! Thy Dying Love.—*continued.*

aught with-hold, My Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,
 part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be-gun,
 grief, thro' life, O Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

My heart ful - fil its vow, Some of - fring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
 Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
 Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wanderer sought and won Something for Thee.
 My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

253

Loving Saviour.

JAS. FRASER.

WM. FRASER.

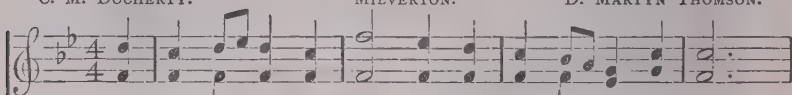
1. Lov - ing Sa - viour, be Thou near me, Give me faith Thy hand to see,
 2. Joy has fled and peace for - sakes me, Lord, I look to Thee for grace,
 3. On the path I oft - times stumble, Of - ten have I turned from Thee,
 4. Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my fears will flee a - way.

Guid - ing me a - midst the darkness, Help me, Lord, to trust in Thee.
 In life's midnight hours to trust Thee, Thy loving hand in all to trace.
 Sin - ful, err - ing, weak and faithless, Lord, re - vive and quicken me.
 And I'll rest in sweet as - sur - ance, Till the dawn of Heaven's day.

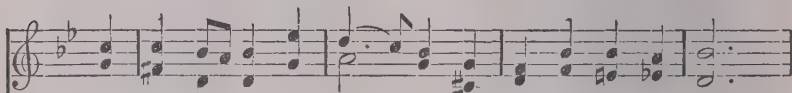
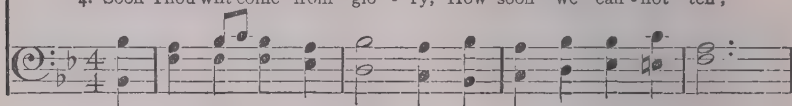
C. M. DOCHERTY.

"MILVERTON."

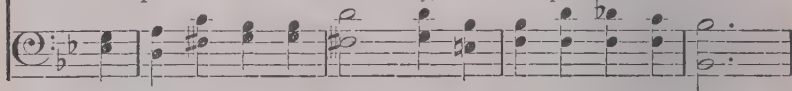
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



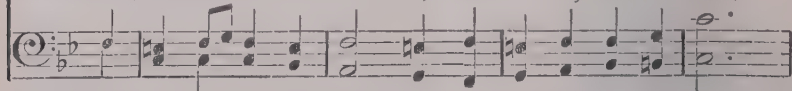
1. Lord, by Thy Spi - rit lead us Where liv - ing foun-tains flow;
2. We need Thee, ah! we need Thee To aid us in the strife;
3. E'en down to death's dark riv - er Do Thou our foot-steps lead;
4. Soon Thou wilt come from glo - ry, How soon we can - not tell;



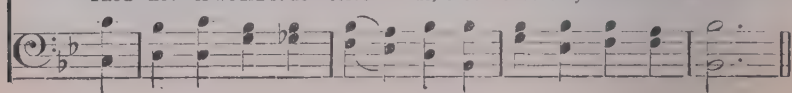
With heavenly man - na feed us While in this world be - low.
 We would not go with - out Thee, Thou art our Light and Life.
 We would dis-trust Thee nev - er, Thou art our Friend in - deed.
 'Tis part of sa - cred sto - ry, The trum-pet note must swell.



Oh, give us such a vi - sion Of Thine un - chang - ing love,
 When tri - als sore o'er - take us, Be Thou, our Guard - ian, nigh;
 The flood may swell be - neath us, The bil - lows toss us sore;
 In clouds Thou wilt re - ceive us, Safe to Thy Fa - ther's home;



That in this earth - ly mis sion Our souls shall dwell a - bove.
 In noth - ing, Lord, for sake us, Dry now the tear - ful eye.
 Thine arms are un - der - neath us To bear us safe - ly o'er.
 Thou nev - er would'st de - ceive us, Nor leave Thy child to roam.



Teach Me.

KATE ULMER.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Teach me, O Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit, How to do my Mas - ter's
 2. Teach me how to be sub - mis - sive, Free - ly con - se - crat - ing
 3. Teach me how to trust Him ful - ly, E'en when faith is sore - ly
 4. Teach me how to fol - low tru - ly, Nev - er run - ning on be -

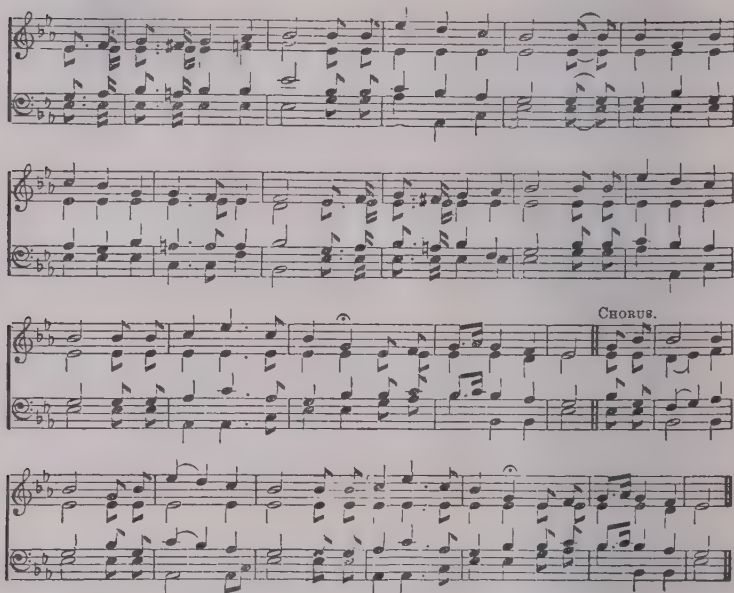
will; . . . In o - be - dience to His bid - ding, Help me
 all; . . . Fond - est hopes with joy re - sign - ing, In sur -
 tried; . . . Teach me how to tell the sto - ry, Of a
 fore; . . . Ev - er in His foot - steps walk - ing, Till my

CHORUS.

His commands ful - fil - } Teach me, teach me,
 ren - der to His call.
 Saviour cru - ci - fied.
 ver - vice here is o'er. } Teach me, Ho - ly Spi - rit, teach me, Ho - ly Spi - rit,

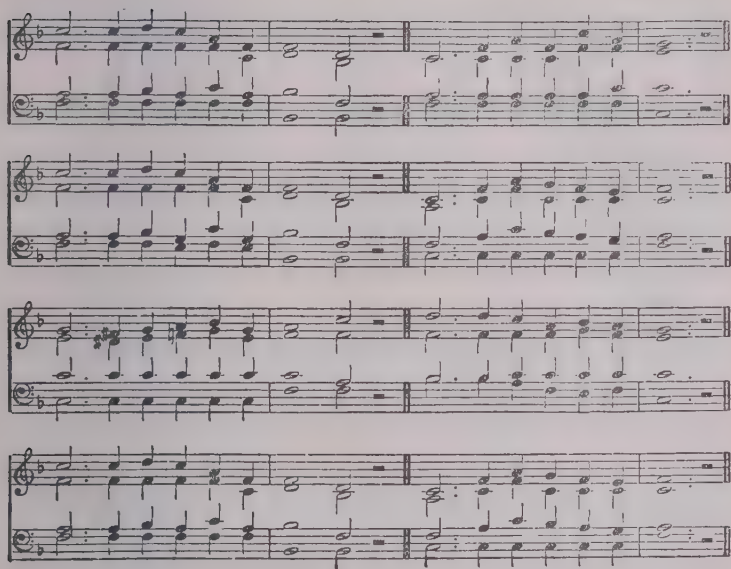
Teach me ev - 'ry day what to do and what to say; Teach me,
 Teach me, Ho - ly Spi - rit,

teach me, Ho - ly Spi - rit, How to do my Mas - ter's will.
 teach me, Ho - ly Spi - rit, my Master's will.

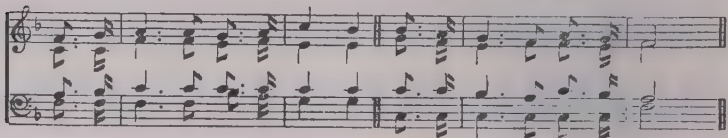
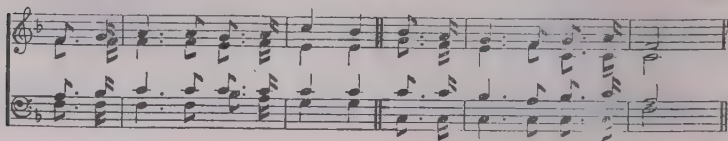


- 1 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when our hearts lowly bend,
And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and Friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection to share.
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!
Blessed hour of prayer,
Blessed hour of prayer!
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!
- 2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the Saviour draws near,
With tender compassion His people to hear;
When He tells us we may cast at His feet ev'ry care:
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!
- 3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried,
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrows confide;
With a sympathizing heart He removes every care;
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!
- 4 At the blessed hour of prayer, if we firmly believe
That the blessing we ask for we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of delight we shall lose every care;
What a balm for the weary!
Oh, how sweet to be there!

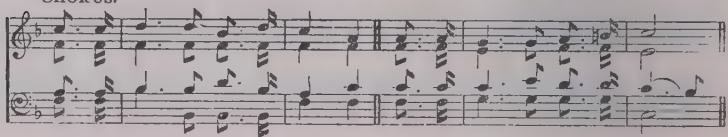
257 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.



- 1 WHAT a friend we have in Jesus!
All our sins and griefs to bear,
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Blessed Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou shalt find a solace there.



CHORUS.



1 TAKE the world, but give me Jesus:

All its joys are but a name,
But His love abideth ever,
Through eternal years the same.
Oh, the height and depth of mercy!
Oh the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the fulness of redemption,
Pledge of endless life above!

2 Take the world, but give me Jesus,

Sweetest comfort of my soul;
With my Saviour watching o'er me
I can sing, though billows roll.

3 Take the world, but give me Jesus;

Let me see His constant smile:
Then throughout my pilgrim journey,
Light will cheer me all the while.

4 Take the world, but give me Jesus;

In His cross my trust shall be,
Till, with clearer, brighter vision,
Face to face my Lord I see.

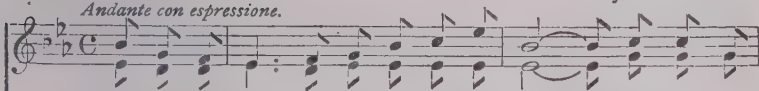
259

Stay Thou Near By.

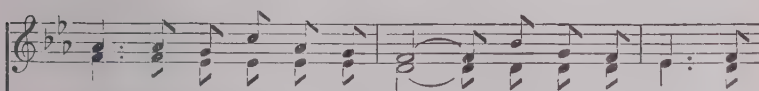
DAVID J. BEATTIE.

J. W. ALLISON.

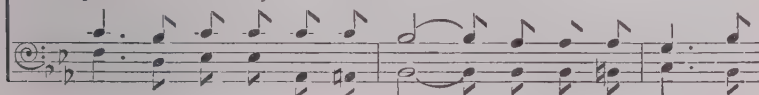
Andante con espressione.



1. Stay Thou near by, when clouds o'er-cast my sky,..... When heaves the
2. Stay Thou near by: whom have I, Lord, but Thee?... Earth's dear - est
3. Stay Thou near by; I dare not tread a - lone..... The thorn - y



- wound - ed breast with pent - up grief;..... Oh, Thou whose ear is
 friends may change, and love grow cold;..... Oh, Sa - viour, Lord, Thou'rt
 path that once Thy feet did tread:..... Safe shall I be with



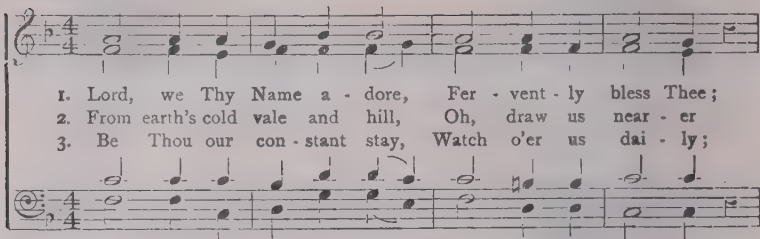
- o - pen to the sigh..... Wilt give re - lief.....
 all in all to me;..... Thy love's un - told.....
 Thee to lean up - on, And by Thee led.....



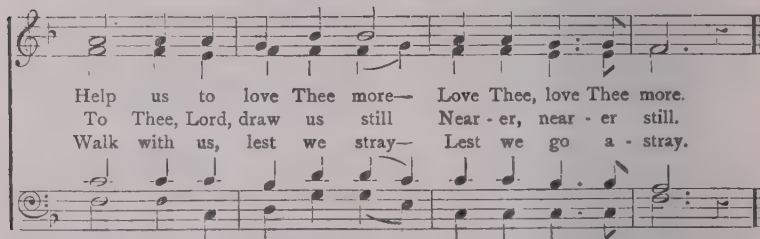
4. Stay Thou near by, that I may freely breathe
 The fragrance of Thy presence day by day:
 Lord, give me now the peace Thou dost bequeath;
 My fears allay.
5. Stay Thou near by, that daily I may see
 Thy blessed brow, Thy hands, Thy feet, Thy side
 From whence was drawn in that dark hour for me
 Death's crimson tide.
6. Stay Thou near by, life's journey soon shall end;
 Mine eyes grow dim, I cannot see my way:
 Oh, thought supreme, from earth I shall ascend
 To brighter day!

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.



1. Lord, we Thy Name a - dore, Fer - vent - ly bless Thee;
2. From earth's cold vale and hill, Oh, draw us near - er;
3. Be Thou our con - stant stay, Watch o'er us dai - ly;



Help us to love Thee more— Love Thee, love Thee more.
To Thee, Lord, draw us still Near - er, near - er still.
Walk with us, lest we stray— Lest we go a - stray.

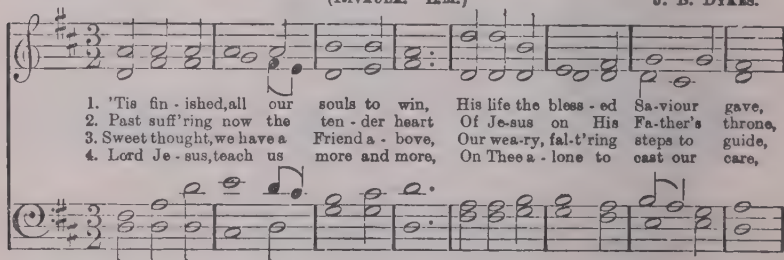
4. Shadows may go and come,
Sorrows distract us;
We will but long for home—
We'll long more for home.

5. Till that eternal day,
When to Thee gathered,
Lord, lead along life's way—
Lead us all the way.

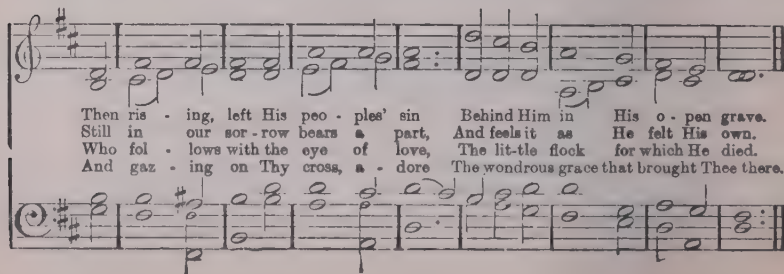
Copyright, 1917.

(RIVAUDX. L.M.)

J. B. DYKES.



1. 'Tis fin - ished, all our souls to win, His life the bless - ed Sa - viour gave,
2. Past suff'ring now the ten - der heart Of Je - sus on His Fa - ther's throne,
3. Sweet thought, we have a Friend a - bove, Our wea - ry, fal - t'ring steps to guide,
4. Lord Je - sus, teach us more and more, On Thee a - lone to cast our care,



Then ris - ing, left His peo - ple's sin Behind Him in His o - pen grave.
Still in our sor - row bears a part, And feels it as He felt His own.
Who fol - lows with the eye of love, The lit - tle flock for which He died.
And gaz - ing on Thy cross, a - dore The wondrous grace that brought Thee there.

Tell the Blessed Story.

WM. HENRY GARDNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our Re - deem - er died to save us On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Suffered
 2. Tell of Je - sus on the mountain, Speaking to the mul - ti - tude, Preaching
 3. Tell them all the words of com - fort Spo - ken by His lov - ing voice, Of His

there that He might pur - chase End - less life for you and me; Tell to all the
 there the bless - ed gos - pel, While He gave them earth - ly food; Tell how winds and
 ten - der con - so - la - tion, Bid - ding troubled hearts re - joice; Tell them of the

world the sto - ry Of His wondrous sa - cri - fice, Tell them of His ris - en
 waves o - beyed Him, Own - ing thus His ma - jes - ty, When He still'd the an - gry
 liv - ing wa - ters, Flow - ing to re - fresh the soul, And the gold - en crown that

CHORUS.

glo - ry, King of earth and Par - a - dise. } Tell the bless - ed sto - ry
 tempest, On the Sea of Gal - i - lee. }
 waits us When at last we reach the goal. } Tell, oh, tell

To . . . the sons of men; Tell . . . the bless - ed sto - ry O'er and o'er a - gain.
 Tell it to Tell, oh, tell

Nothing to Pay.

"And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."

F.R.H.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

SOLO OR CHOIR.

1. Noth-ing to pay! ah, noth-ing to pay! Nev-er a word of ex-cuse to say!
 2. Noth ing to pay! the debt is so great, What will you do with the aw-ful weight?
 3. Noth-ing to pay! yes, noth ing to pay! Je - sus has clear'd all the debt a - way,

Year af - ter year thou hast fill'd the score, Ow-ing thy Lord still more and more.
 How shall the way of es - cape be made? Nothing to pay! yet it must be paid!
 Blot - ted it out with His bleed-ing hand! Free and for giv'n, and lov'd, you stand.

CONGREGATION.

Hear the voice of Je - sus say, "Ver - i - ly, thou hast noth-ing to pay!
 Hear the voice of Je - sus say, "Ver - i - ly, thou hast noth-ing to pay!
 Heor the voice of Je - sus say, "Ver - i - ly, thou hast noth-ing to pay!

Ru - in'd, lost art thou, and yet I for-gave thee all that debt."
 All has been put to my ac-count, I have paid the full a-mount."
 Paid is the debt, and the debt - or free! Now I ask thee, lov - est thou Me?"

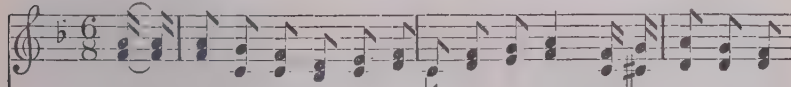
D.S.

Noth - ing noth - ing noth - ing to pay! Hear the voice of Je - sus say!

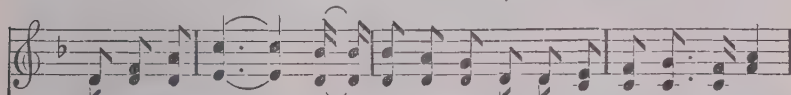
277 The Story of Jesus can Never Grow Old.

Major D. W. WHITTLE.

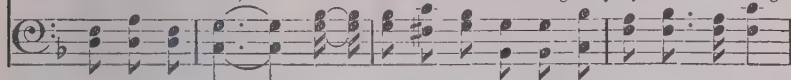
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



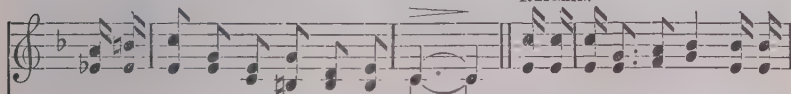
1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we
2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun - light is old, Tho' it's new ev - 'ry
3. For what can we tell of the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal -
4. So with sor - row we turn from the wise of this world To the wan - der - ers



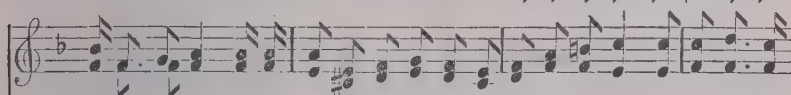
preach something new; . . . They say that the Babe and the Man of the cross
morn all the same; . . . As it floods all the world with its glad - ness and light,
va - tion from sin? . . . And how can we com - fort the souls that de - part, de -
far from the fold; . . . With hearts for the mes - sage they'll join in our song.



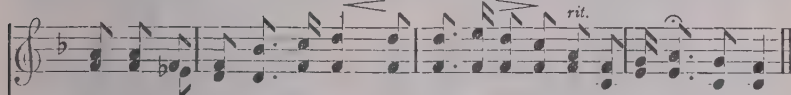
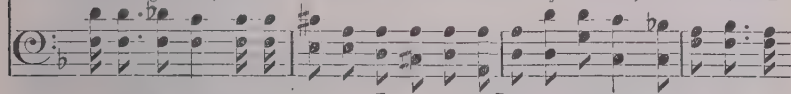
REFRAIN.



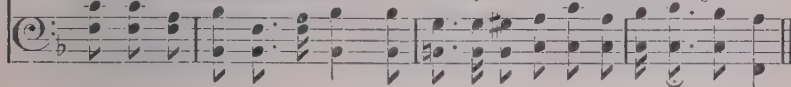
For the wise of this world will not do.	} It can nev - er grow old, It can
Kindling far a - way stars by its flame.	
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?	
That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.	



nev - er grow old, Tho' a mil - lion times o - ver the sto - ry is told; While sin lives un -



vanquished, And death rules the world, The sto - ry of Je - sus can nev - er grow old.

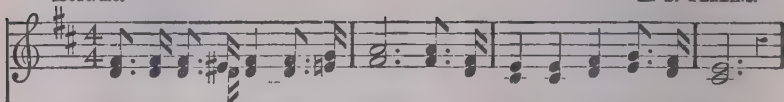


278 Blessed be the Fountain.

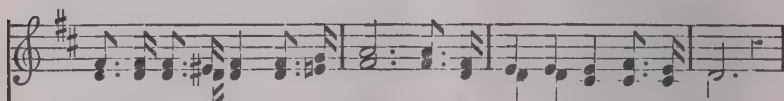
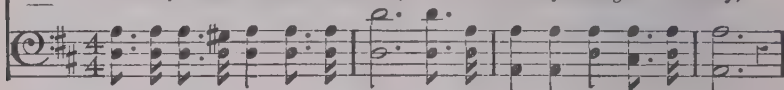
R. R. LATTI.

Moderate.

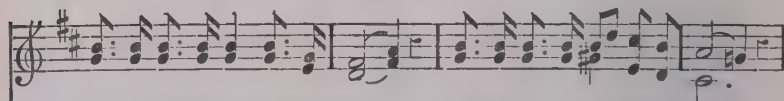
H. S. PERKINS.



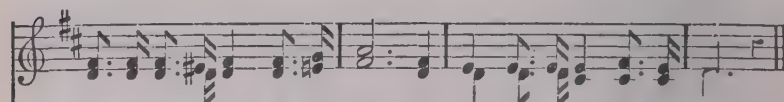
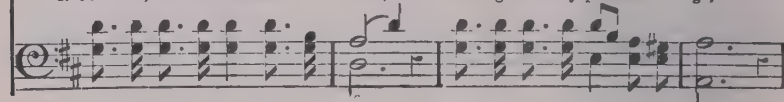
1. Bles - sed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
2. Thor - ny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'arcame;
3. Fa - ther, I have wander'd from Thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a stray;



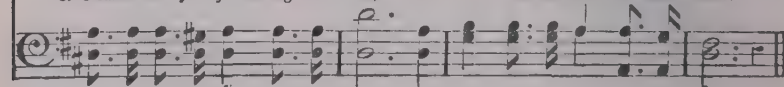
1. Bles - sed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
2. Grievous were the sor - rows He bore, But He suf - fer'd thus not in vain.
3. Crim - son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can - not wash them a way,



1. Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
2. May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
3. Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean - ing on Thy promise I go,



1. Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow,
2. Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow,
3. Cleanse me by Thy washing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.



Blessed be the Fountain—Continued.

CHORUS.

Whit . . . er than the snow, : : : : :

Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow,

Whit . . . er than the snow, : : : :

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the

Lamb, rit.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow,

279

Come to Jesus.


1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now;

Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.

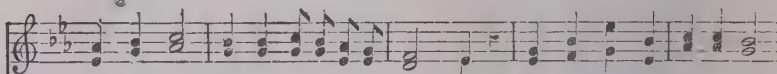
2. He will save you.
3. He is able.
4. Only trust Him.

5. Call upon Him.
6. He will hear you.
7. Look to Jesus.

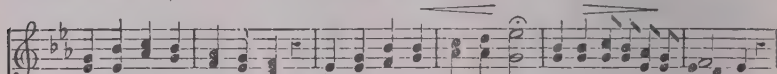
8. He'll forgive you.
9. Don't reject Him.
10. Hallelujah, Amen.



1. If on Je-sus you be-lieve, Je-sus is the on-ly Sa-viour; Life e-ter-nal
2. Weeping mourner, dry your tear, Je-sus is the on-ly Sa-viour; Christ Himself shall

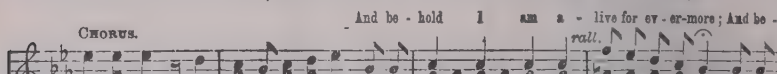


you'll re-ceive, Je-sus is the on-ly Sa-viour. Jai-rus' daughter He did save
touch the bier, Je-sus is the on-ly Sa-viour. When the wi-dow's son was dead

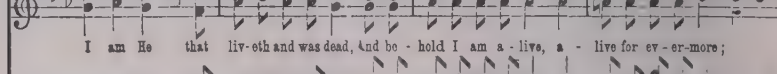


From the pow'r of death's dark wave; Hail Him vic-tor o'er the grave, Je-sus is the on-ly Sa-viour.
Je-sus, by com-pas-sion led, Spoke the word, and death had fled, Je-sus is the on-ly Sa-viour.

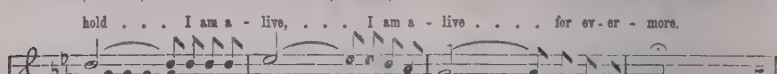
CHORUS. And be-hold I am a-live for ev-er-more; And be-



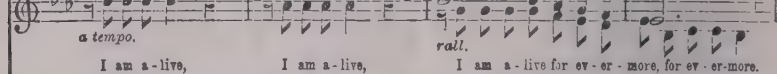
I am He that liv-eth and was dead, And be-hold I am a-live, a-live for ev-er-more;



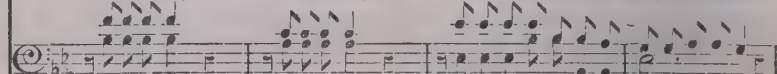
hold . . . I am a-live, . . . I am a-live . . . for ev-er-more.



a tempo. I am a-live, I am a-live, I am a-live for ev-er-more, for ev-er-more.



rall.



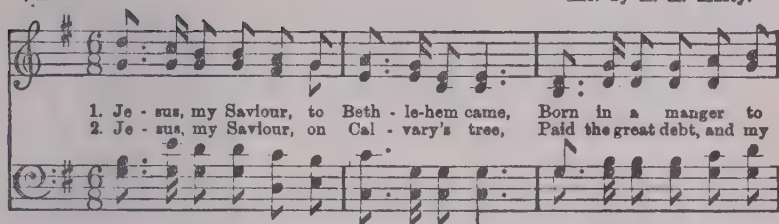
Once again the Lord is sought,
Jesus is the only Saviour;
Face to face with death is brought,
Jesus is the only Saviour.
Glorious power in Christ is found,
He hath Lazarus unbound,
Called Him forth both safe and sound,
Jesus is the only Saviour.

4. Sin and death no more shall reign,
Jesus is the only Saviour;
Jesus died and rose again,
Jesus is the only Saviour.
Satan's power He doth defy,
"It is finished," hear His cry.
"Stunners, lost, why will ye die?"
Jesus is the only Saviour.

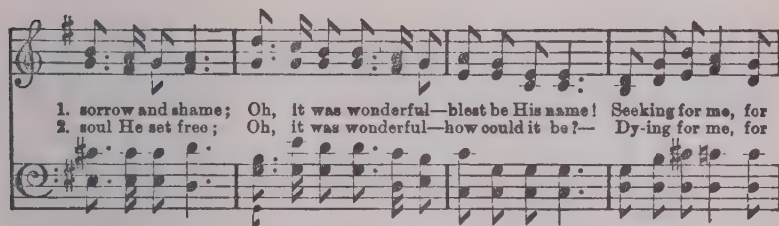
Seeking for Me.

A. N.

Arr. by E. E. Hasty.




1. Je - sus, my Saviour, to Beth - le-hem came, Born in a manger to
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, on Cal - vary's tree, Paid the great debt, and my



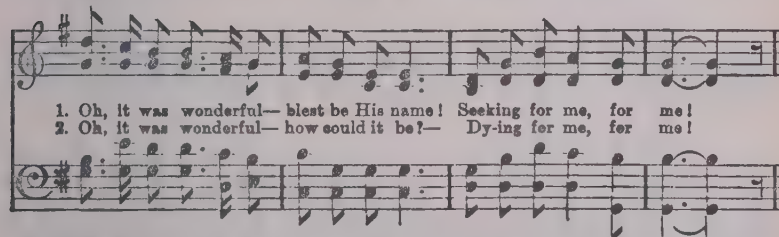
1. sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
2. soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?— Dy-ing for me, for

REFRAIN.

For me! For me!



1. me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
2. me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me! Dy-ing for me!



1. Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
2. Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be?— Dy-ing for me, for me!

3. Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!
Calling for me! for me! . .
Calling for me! for me! . .
Gently and long did He plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me!

4. Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high—
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!
Coming for me! for me! . .
Coming for me! for me! . .
Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me!

Mrs. FRANK A. BEECH.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. You have told me of Christ and my heart has been stirr'd, O tell me that
 2. There are man - y would start for the mansions a - bove, Re - pent - ing of
 3. Why do you not tell the sweet sto - ry of Christ Wher - ev - er a
 4. Will you hast - en to tell of the Lamb that was slain To take our trans -

sto - ry once more; 'Tis the dear - est and sweet - est I ev - er have heard,
 fol - ly and sin, If you would but tell of God's won - der - ful love,
 sin - ner is found? Oh, tell of the love and the life sac - ri - ficed,
 gression a - way? You nev - er can tell that sweet sto - ry in vain,

D.S.—on - ly they knew the old sto - ry from you,

Why have you not told it be - fore?
 And help them the jour - ney be - gin.
 That mak - eth sal - va - tion a - bound.
 Then tell it to some - one to - day.

O why don't you tell the sweet

Then why don't you tell it to all?

sto - ry of Christ? So man - y would come at His call, If

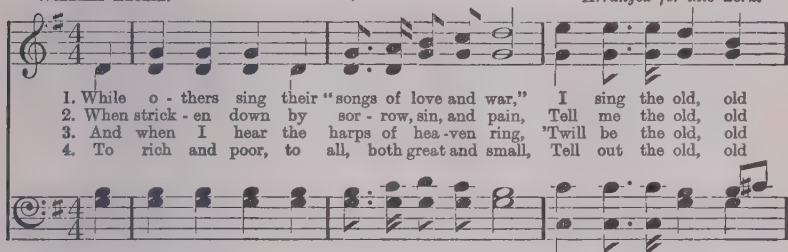
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The Old, Old Story.

WILLIAM LESLIE.

Arranged for this work.

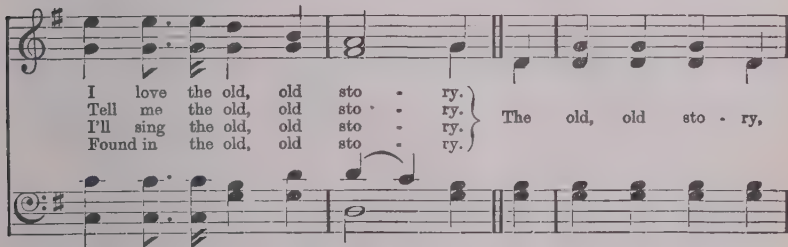


1. While o - thers sing their "songs of love and war," I sing the old, old
 2. When strick - en down by sor - row, sin, and pain, Tell me the old, old
 3. And when I hear the harps of hea - ven ring, 'Twill be the old, old
 4. To rich and poor, to all, both great and small, Tell out the old, old



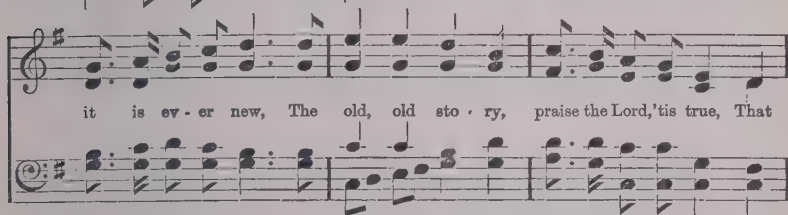
sto - ry, In Christ, my King, both love and glo - ry are;
 sto - ry, My hope is Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners slain!
 sto - ry, Where an - gels strive their choic - est strains to sing,
 sto - ry, There's love, joy, peace, and par - don free to all,

CHORUS.

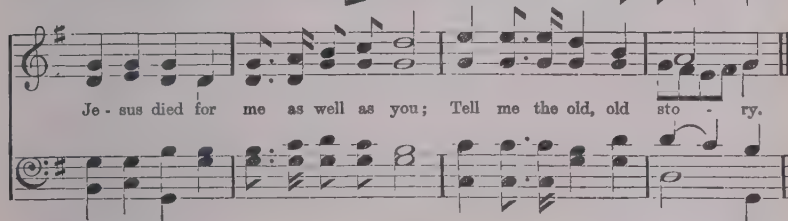


I love the old, old sto - ry.
 Tell me the old, old sto - ry.
 I'll sing the old, old sto - ry.
 Found in the old, old sto - ry.

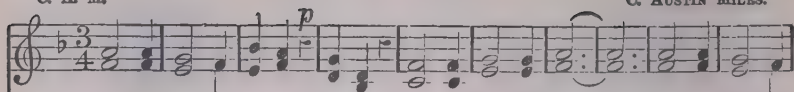
The old, old sto - ry,



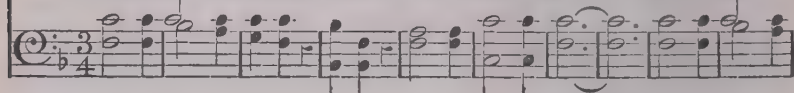
it is ev - er new, The old, old sto - ry, praise the Lord, 'tis true, That



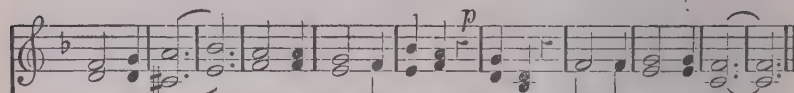
Je - sus died for me as well as you; Tell me the old, old sto - ry.



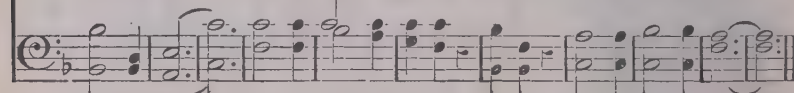
1. Who is this that's waiting, waiting, Just out-side the door? Who is He that's
 2. Don't you hear Him saying, saying, "Come, O come to Me; 'Twas for you that,
 3. Still His voice is calling, calling, Sweet the tones and low; Bid Him en - ter
 4. Sometime you'll be waiting, waiting, Just out-side the gate; Sometime you'll be



knocking, knocking, Has He knocked be-fore? Rise and bid Him en - ter in! Peace and
 dy-ing; dy-ing, I hung on the tree. Come and see My hands, My side; Look on
 quickly, quickly, Ere He returns to go! Must His pleading be in vain? Must He,
 pleading, pleading, Then 'twill be too late! Now ac-cept your heav'nly guest! He'll for-



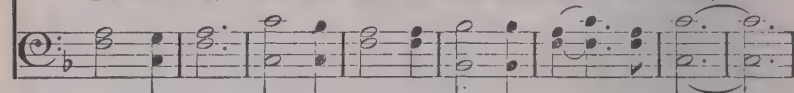
hope he'll bring; 'Tis thy Saviour knocking, knocking, 'Tis thy Lord and King.
 me and live; Tho' your sins be ma-ny, ma-ny, Par-don I can give."
 then, de - part, All be-cause His pleading, pleading, Reaches not your heart?
 give your sin! While He still is wait-ing, wait-ing, Rise and let Him in!



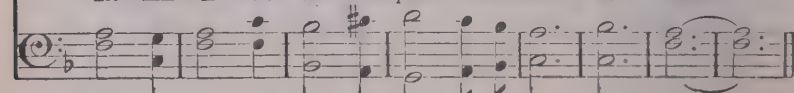
CHORUS.



Let Him in! Let Him in! He waits out - side the door;



Let Him in ere He de - parts To re - turn no more!



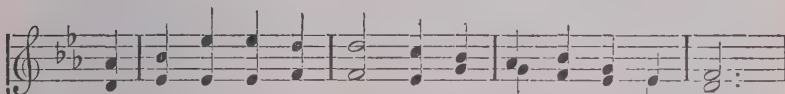
RUSSELL HURDITCH.

"AURELIA."

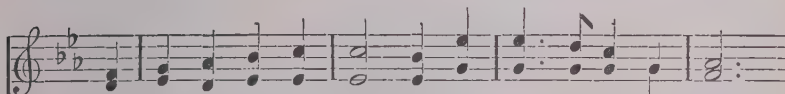
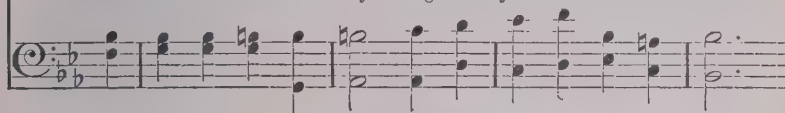
Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



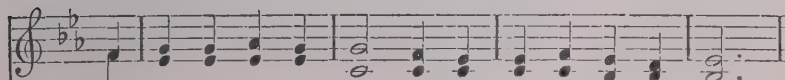
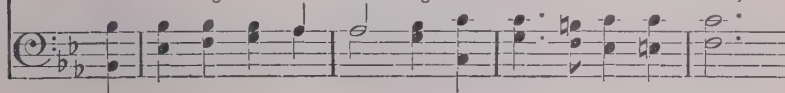
1. Th' a - ton - ing blood is flow - ing—Let all the tid - ings hear,
2. Th' a - ton - ing blood is sav - ing Sin - ners of deep - est dye,
3. Th' a - ton - ing blood is bring - ing Poor lost ones to the fold,
4. Th' a - ton - ing blood is stay - ing The great a - veng-ing rod,



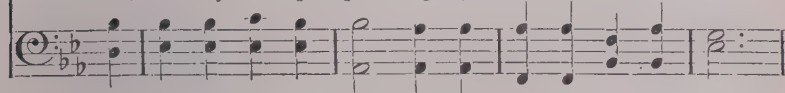
The gos - pel word is show - ing How sin - ners may draw near.
 And mul - ti - tudes are hav - ing Free ti - tles to the sky.
 And heaven - ly hosts are sing - ing O'er mul - ti - tudes un - told.
 While men are still de - lay - ing To yield them-selves to God.

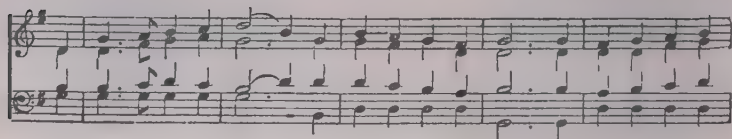


Th' a - ton - ing blood's re - liev - ing The pris - 'ners from their chains,
 Th' a - ton - ing blood is heal - ing The souls that sin had slain;
 Th' a - ton - ing blood is speak - ing To ev - 'ry pre - cious soul
 Th' a - ton - ing blood is seal - ing The world's e - ter - nal doom;

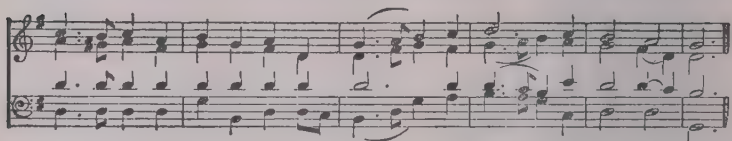
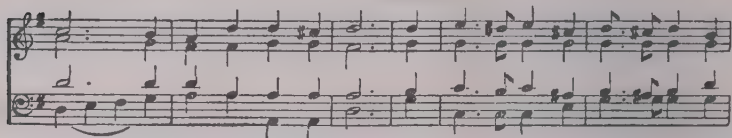


And sin - ners in be - liev - ing Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 Re - joic - ing saints are feel - ing The pro - mised "lat - ter rain."
 Who is sal - va - tion seek - ing, "Be - lieve, and be made whole."
 But, to thy soul ap - peal - ing, Says, "Lost one, to Me come."

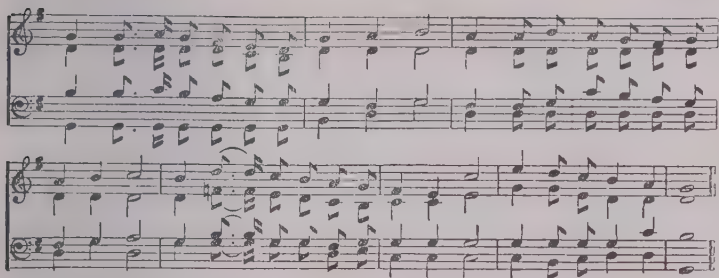




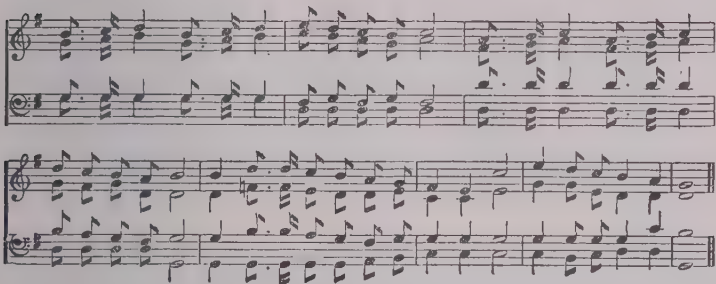
REFRAIN.



- 1 THE gospel of Thy grace
My stubborn heart has won;
For "God so loved the world
He gave His only Son,
That whosoever will believe,
Shall everlasting life receive!"
"Shall everlasting life receive!"
- 2 The serpent "lifted up"
Could life and healing give;
So Jesus on the cross
Bids me to look and live;
- 3 "The soul that sinneth dies:"
My awful doom I heard;
I was for ever lost,
But for Thy gracious word,
- 4 "Not to condemn the world"
The "Man of sorrows" came,
But that the world might have
Salvation through His name;
- 5 "Lord, help my unbelief!"
Give me the peace of faith,
To rest with child-like trust
On what Thy gospel saith.



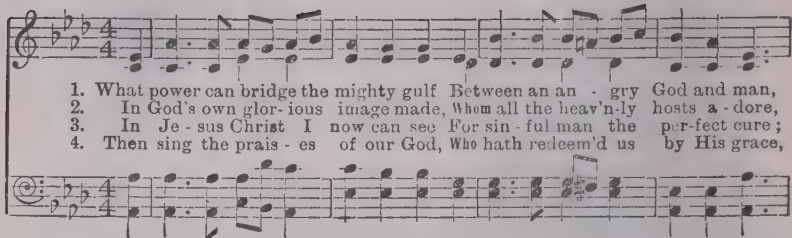
CHORUS.



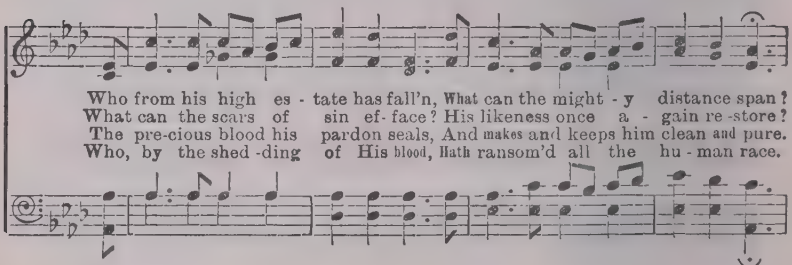
- 1 OH, what a Saviour—that He died for me!
From condemnation He hath made me free;
“He that believeth on the Son,” saith He,
 “Hath everlasting life.”
 “Verily, verily, I say unto you;”
 “Verily, verily,”—message ever new!—
 “He that believeth on the Son”—’tis true!
 “Hath everlasting life!”
- 2 All my iniquities on Him were laid,
All my indebtedness by Him was paid;
All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,
 “Have everlasting life.”
- 3 Tho’ poor and needy I can trust my Lord,
Tho’ weak and sinful, I believe His Word;
O glad message! every child of God
 “Hath everlasting life.”
- 4 Tho’ all unworthy, yet I will not doubt;
For Him that cometh He will not cast out:
 “He that believeth,”—oh, the good news shout!—
 “HATH everlasting life.”

MRS. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



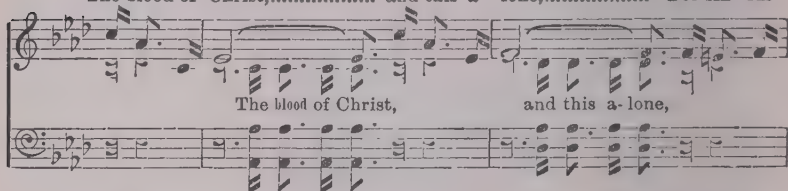
1. What power can bridge the mighty gulf Between an an - gry God and man,
 2. In God's own glor - ious image made, Whom all the heav'n - ly hosts a - dore,
 3. In Je - sus Christ I now can see For sin - ful man the per - fect cure;
 4. Then sing the prais - es of our God, Who hath redeem'd us by His grace,



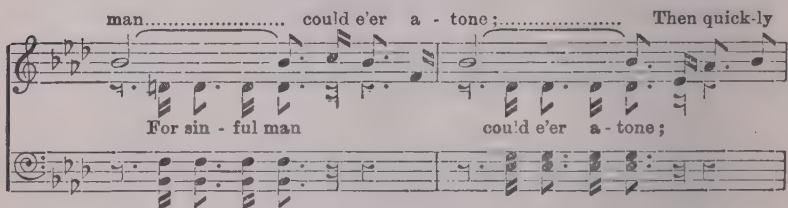
Who from his high es - tate has fall'n, What can the might - y distance span?
 What can the scars of sin ef - face? His likeness once a - gain re - store?
 The pre - cious blood his pardon seals, And makes and keeps him clean and pure.
 Who, by the shed - ding of His blood, Hath ransom'd all the hu - man race.

CHORUS.

The blood of Christ,..... and this a - lone,..... For sin - ful



The blood of Christ, and this a - lone,



man..... could e'er a - tone;..... Then quick - ly
 For sin - ful man could e'er a - tone;

to..... the fountain fly;.....

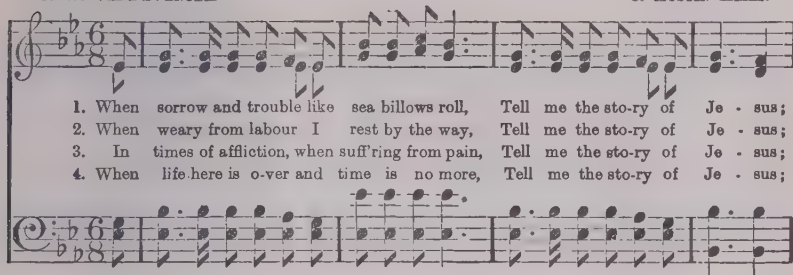


Then quickly to the fountain fly; When grace is free, why will ye die?

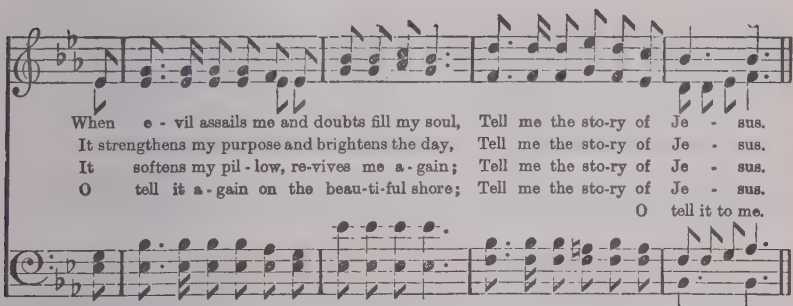
Tell Me the Story.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. When sorrow and trouble like sea billows roll, Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus;
 2. When weary from labour I rest by the way, Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus;
 3. In times of affliction, when suffering from pain, Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus;
 4. When life here is o-ver and time is no more, Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus;

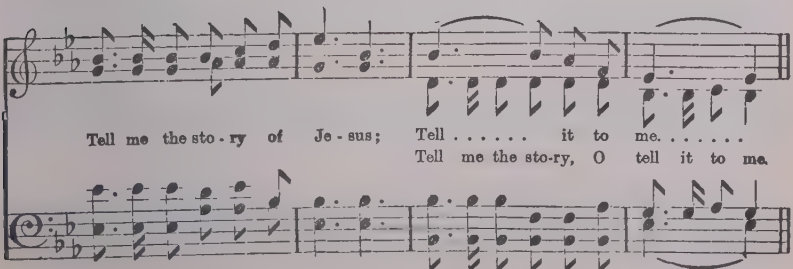


When e - vil assails me and doubts fill my soul, Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus.
 It strengthens my purpose and brightens the day, Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus.
 It softens my pil - low, re-vives me a - gain; Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus.
 O tell it a - gain on the beau-ti-ful shore; Tell me the sto-ry of Je - sus.
 O tell it to me.

CHORUS.



Tell it to me, Tell it to me,
 Tell it to me, tell it to me, Tell it to me, Tell it to me,

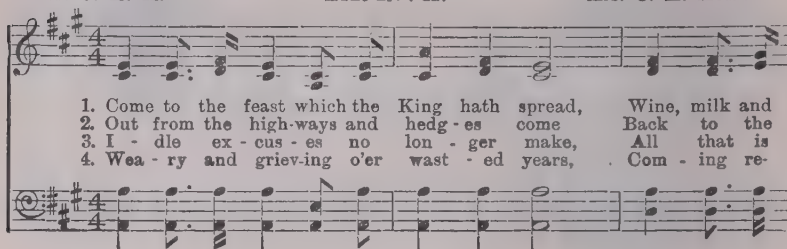


Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus; Tell it to me.
 Tell me the sto-ry, O tell it to me.

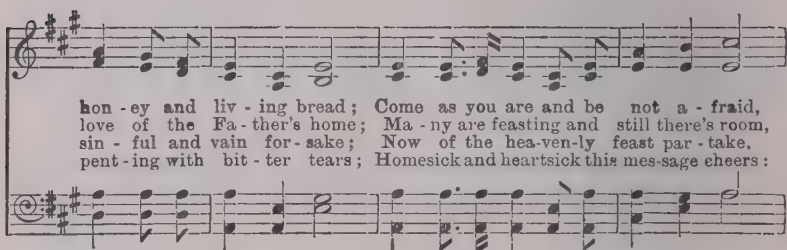
Mrs. C. H. M.

Luke xiv : 42.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS

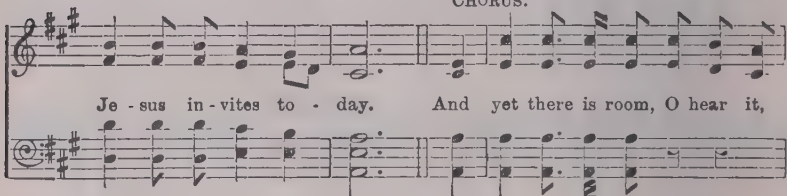


1. Come to the feast which the King hath spread, Wine, milk and
 2. Out from the high-ways and hedg-es come Back to the
 3. I - dle ex - cus - es no lon - ger make, All that is
 4. Wea - ry and griev-ing o'er wast - ed years, Com - ing re-

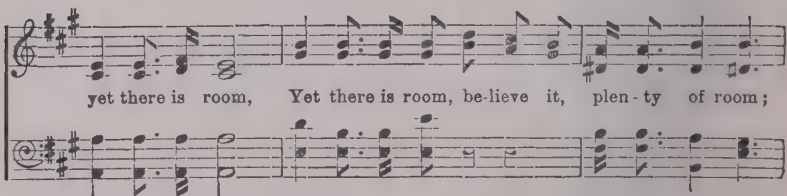


hon-ey and liv-ing bread; Come as you are and be not a - fraid,
 love of the Fa-ther's home; Ma - ny are feasting and still there's room,
 sin - ful and vain for-sake; Now of the hea-ven-ly feast par - take,
 pent-ing with bit - ter tears; Homesick and heartsick this mes-sage cheers :

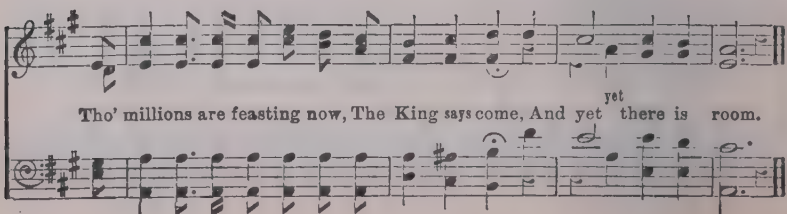
CHORUS.



Je - sus in - vites to - day. And yet there is room, O hear it,



yet there is room, Yet there is room, be-lieve it, plen-ty of room;

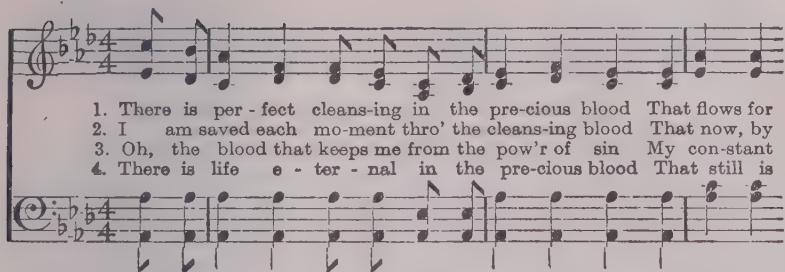


Tho' millions are feasting now, The King says come, And yet ^{yet} there is room.

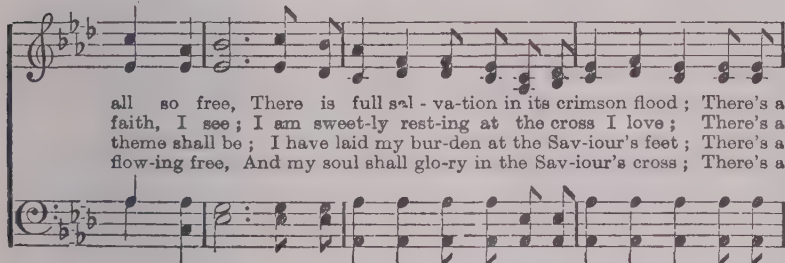
There's a Blessing for Me.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

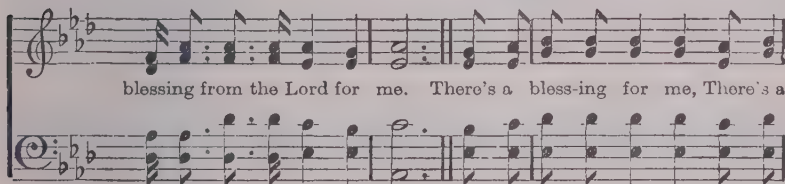


1. There is per - fect cleans-ing in the pre-cious blood That flows for
 2. I am saved each mo-ment thro' the cleans-ing blood That now, by
 3. Oh, the blood that keeps me from the pow'r of sin My con-stant
 4. There is life e - ter - nal in the pre-cious blood That still is

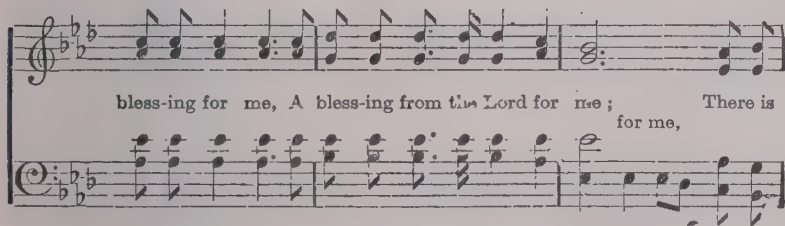


all so free, There is full sal - va-tion in its crimson flood ; There's a
 faith, I see ; I am sweet-ly rest-ing at the cross I love ; There's a
 theme shall be ; I have laid my bur-den at the Sav-iour's feet ; There's a
 flow-ing free, And my soul shall glo-ry in the Sav-iour's cross ; There's a

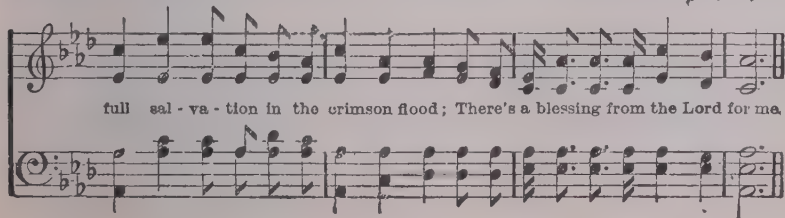
CHORUS.



blessing from the Lord for me. There's a blessing for me, There's a



bless-ing for me, A bless-ing from the Lord for me ; There is
 for me,

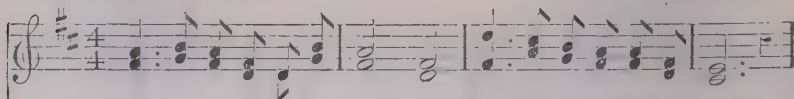


full sal - va - tion in the crimson flood ; There's a blessing from the Lord for me.

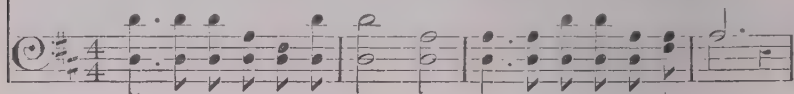
Healing at the Fountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

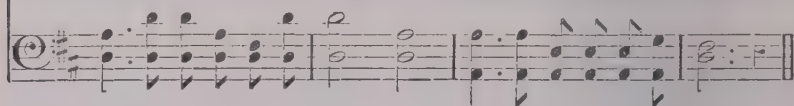
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



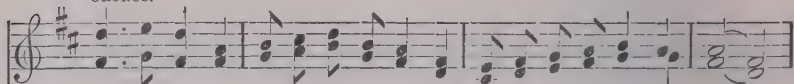
1. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Come, be-hold the crim-son tide,
2. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Come and find it, wea-ry soul,
3. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Look to Je-sus now and live;
4. There is heal-ing at the fount - ain, Pre-cious fountain filled with blood;



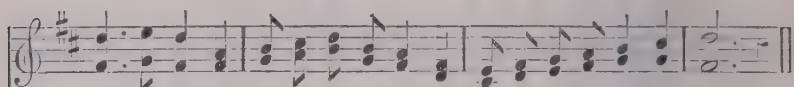
Flow-ing down from Calv'ry's mount - ain, Where the Prince of Glo-ry died.
 There your sins may all be cov-ered; Je-sus waits to make you whole.
 At the cross lay down your bur-den; All your wand'rings He'll for-give.
 Come, O come, the Sa-viour calls you; Come and plunge beneath its flood.



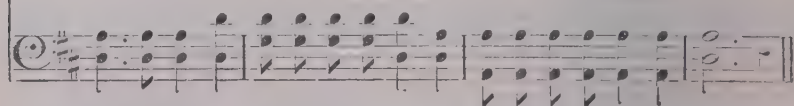
CHORUS.



O the fountain, blessed, heal-ing fountain, I am glad 'tis flow-ing free;



O the fountain, precious, cleansing fountain, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.



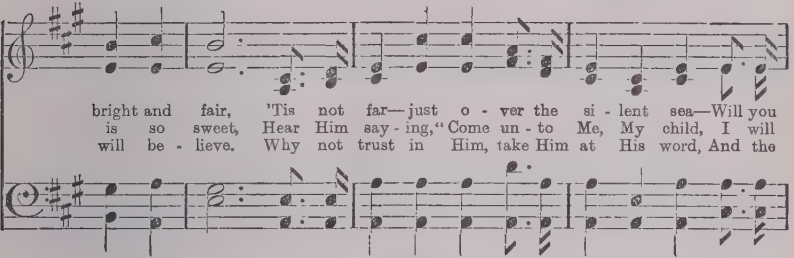
Jesus Waits for You.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

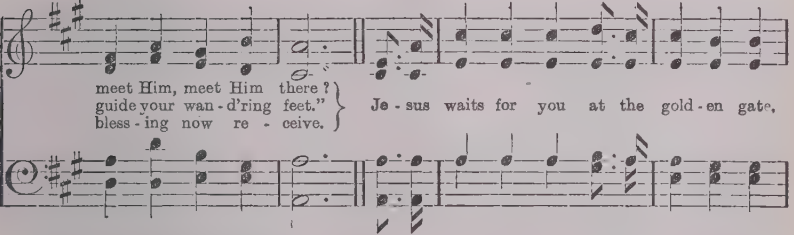


1. Je - sus waits for you at the gold - en gate, In His home so
 2. Je - sus speaks to you thro' His bless - ed word, And His mes - sage
 3. Ev - er - last - ing life is the pro - mise given To the soul who

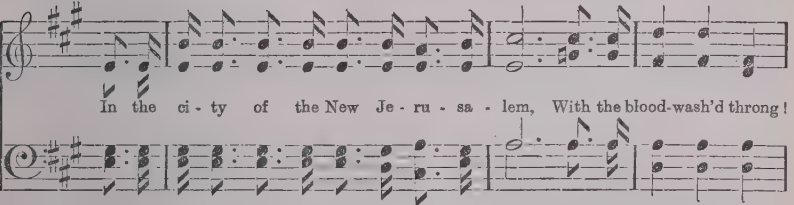


bright and fair, 'Tis not far—just o - ver the si - lent sea—Will you
 is so sweet, Hear Him say - ing, "Come un - to Me, My child, I will
 will be - lieve. Why not trust in Him, take Him at His word, And the

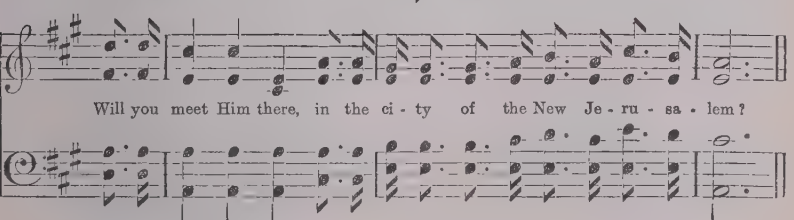
CHORUS.



meet Him, meet Him there? }
 guide your wan - d'ring feet." } Je - sus waits for you at the gold - en gate,
 bless - ing now re - ceive. }



In the ci - ty of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, With the blood-wash'd throng!



Will you meet Him there, in the ci - ty of the New Je - ru - sa - lem?

The Sweetest Song.

Rev. v. 9.

C. M. DOCHERTY.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. The sweetest song im-mor-tals sing, 'Twill be a song of Je-sus;

Who came on earth sweet peace to bring, And in His love re-ceive us.
in His love re-ceive us.

We'll shout for joy, Our harps em-ploy Thro' ev-er-last-ing glo-ry,
We'll shout for joy, Our harps em-ploy Thro' ev-er-last-ing glo-ry,

When with that throng We march a-long, And sing the old, old sto-ry.
When with that throng We march a-long, And sing the old, old sto-ry.

march a-long, And sing the

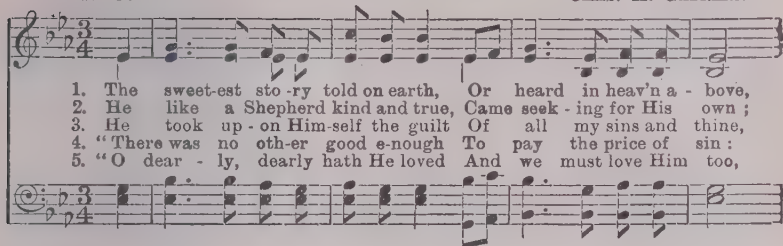
2. Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
'Twill be the note most precious;
Resounding thro' heav'n's vast domain,
Telling how He released us.
We'll sing His praise
Thro' endless days,
We'll tell aloud the story,
How He to die
Came from on high,
That we might reign in glory.

3. Friend, won't you join our happy band,
And learn the song of Jesus?
That over on the other strand
You, too, may swell the chorus.
If you but bring
To Christ the King,
Your life an offering given,
You by His grace
Shall find a place
Amongst the ransomed in heav'n.

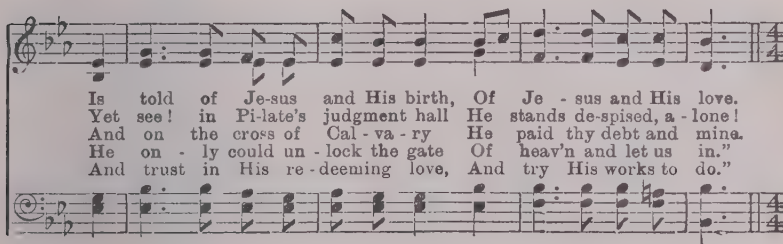
The Story Never Old.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

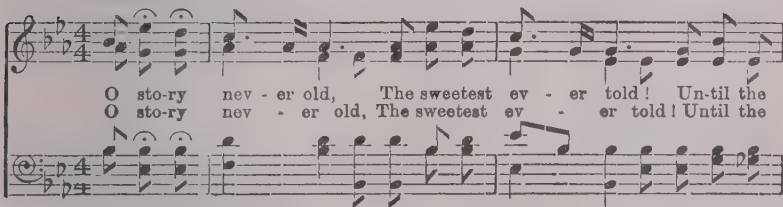


1. The sweet-est sto-ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
 2. He like a Shepherd kind and true, Came seek - ing for His own;
 3. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
 4. "There was no oth-er good e-nough To pay the price of sin:
 5. "O dear - ly, dearly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

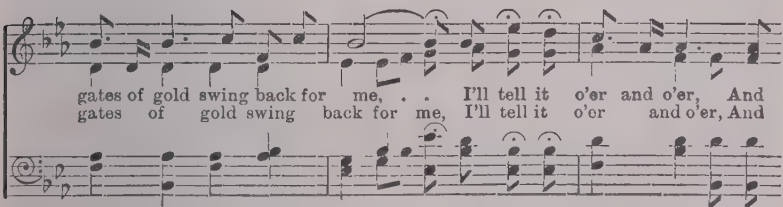


Is told of Je-sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
 Yet see! in Pi-late's judgment hall He stands de-spised, a - lone!
 And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
 And trust in His re - deem-ing love, And try His works to do."

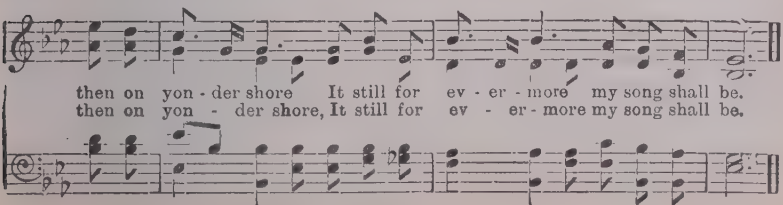
CHORUS.



O sto-ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un-till the
 O sto-ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Until the



gates of gold swing back for me, . . I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
 gates of gold swing back for me, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And



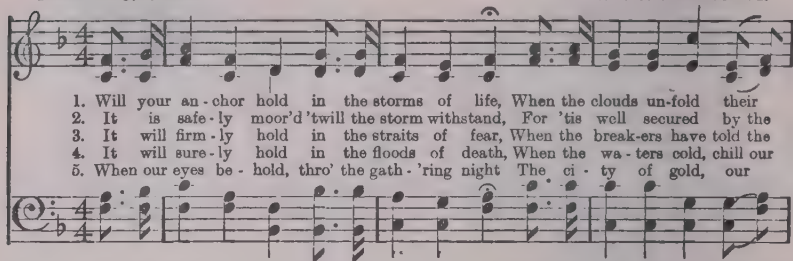
then on yon - der shore It still for ev - er - more my song shall be.
 then on yon - der shore, It still for ev - er - more my song shall be.

Will Your Anchor Hold ?

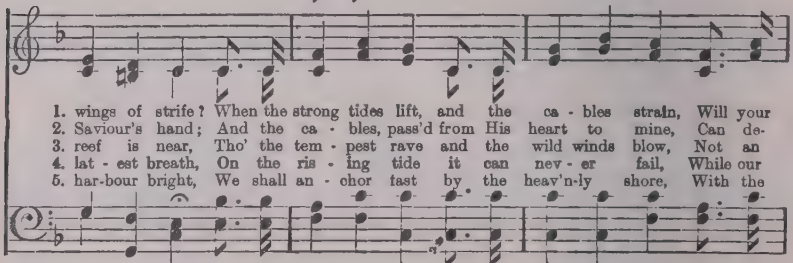
"An anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast" (Heb. vi. 19).

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

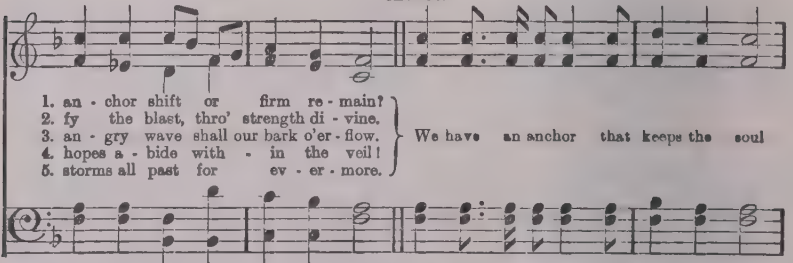


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold their
 2. It is safe - ly moor'd 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
 3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break - ers have told the
 4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold, chill our
 5. When our eyes be - hold, thro' the gath - 'ring night The ci - ty of gold, our

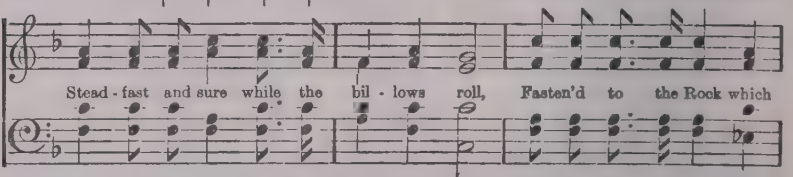


1. wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain, Will your
 2. Saviour's hand; And the ca - bles, pass'd from His heart to mine, Can de -
 3. reef is near, Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
 4. lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our
 5. har - bour bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n - ly shore, With the

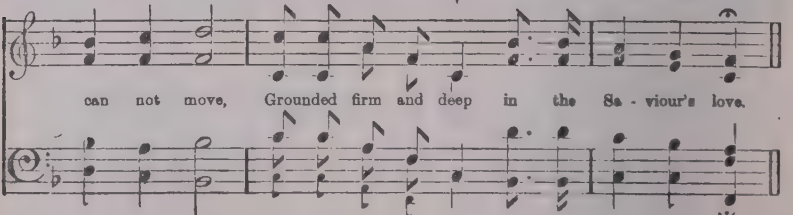
CHORUS.



1. an - chor shift or firm re - main?
 2. fy the blast, thro' strength di - vine.
 3. an - gry wave shall our bark o'er - flow.
 4. hopes a - bide with - in the veil!
 5. storms all past for ev - er - more. } We have an anchor that keeps the soul



Stead - fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fasten'd to the Rock which



can not move, Grounded firm and deep in the Sa - viour's love.

299 I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

F. H. RAWLEY (arr.)

Welsh Tune—HYFRYDOL.

R. H. FRITCHARD.

Air. by E. LI. JONES.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who
 2. I was lost; but Je - sus found me— Found the sheep that
 3. I was bruised; but Je - sus healed me— Faint was I from
 4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me; Sor - row's paths I
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters

died for me; How He left His home in glo - ry, For the
 went a - stray; Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me
 man - ya fall; Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me; But He
 of - ten tread; But the Sa - viour still is with me, By His
 at my feet; Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the

CHORUS.

cross on Cal - va - ry.
 back in - to His way.
 freed me from them all.
 hand I'm safe - ly led.
 loved ones I shall meet.

Yes, I'll sing the won - drous sto - ry

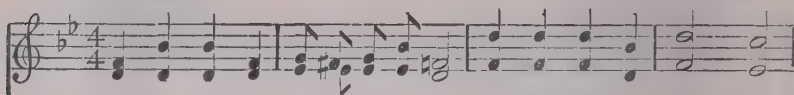
Of the Christ who died for me; Sing it with the

saints in glo - ry, Gath - ered by the crys - tal sea.

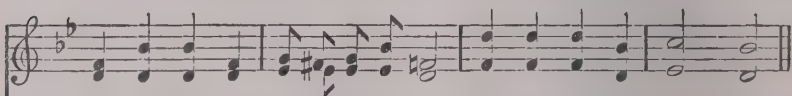
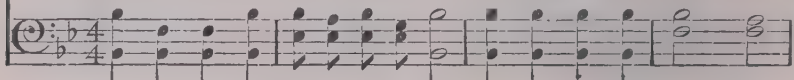
3 have found a Ransom.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

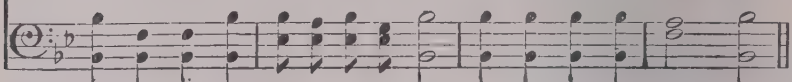
B. FRANK BUTTS.



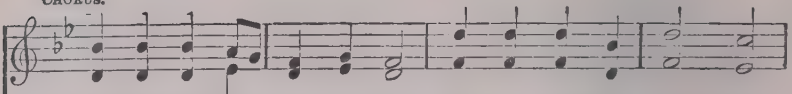
1. For the soul, thro' sin condemned to die, I have found a ran - som,
2. For the soul that's sunk-en deep in sin, I have found a ran - som,
3. For the soul bowed down with weight of woe, I have found a ran - som,



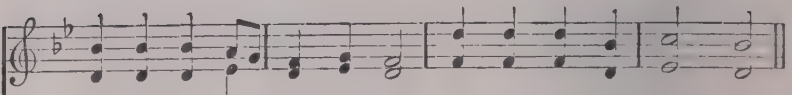
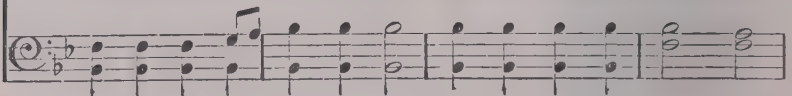
If that soul in pen-i-tence will cry, I have found a ran som.
If that soul but wish to par-don win, I have found a ran - som.
Poor, lost soul, with nowhere else to go, I have found a ran - som.



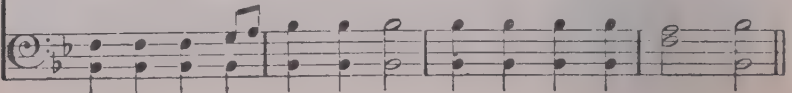
CHORUS.



Je - sus died and paid it all; What a won-drous sto - ry—



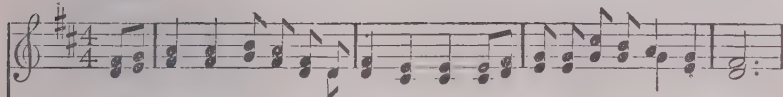
Died to ran - som great and small; To His name be glo - ry



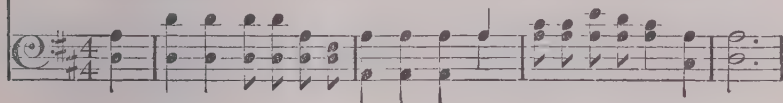
301 Sweeter as the Days go By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The dear old story of a Saviour's love Is sweeter as the days go by;
2. The sunbeams shining from the liv-ing Light Are brighter as the days go by;
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the stormy strife, Is stronger as the days go by;
4. The peace that Jesus gives to us a - new Is deeper as the days go by;



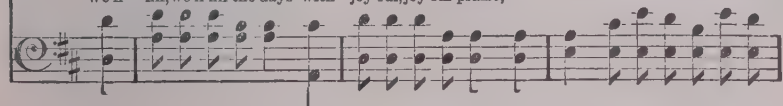
1. The glad assurance of a home a - bove Is sweeter as the days go by.
2. The stars of promise cheering sorrow's night Are brighter as the days go by.
3. We feel the throbbings of im-mor - tal life Grow stronger as the days go by.
4. The prospects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grander as the days go by.



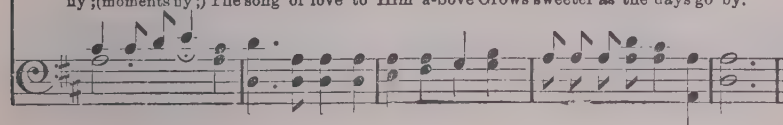
CHORUS.



We'll fill the days with joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the happy moments
We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joy-ful, joy-ful praise,



fly; (moments fly;) The song of love to Him a - bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.



The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. B.

p Andante con espress.

HERBERT H. BOOTH.

1. { Sa-viour, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the re - cord of my sins re - peat,
Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spi - rit free,

1st time.

Stain'd with guilt, my-self ab - hor - ring, Fill'd with grief, my soul out - pour - ing.

2nd time. *cres.*

Raise my sink - ing heart, and bid me be Thy child for - giv'n!

mp CHORUS. *cres.*

Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way.

Grace there is my ev 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry sin a - way,

The Penitent's Plea—Continued.

f

Pow'r to keep me spot-less day by day, In Christ for me.

Pow'r to keep me spot - less day by day, In Christ for me.

2. Back with all the guilt my spirit bears,
Past the haunting memories of years,
Self and shame and fear despising,
Foes and taunting fiends surprising;
Saviour, to Thy Cross I press my way,
And a broken heart before it lay;
Ere I leave, oh! let me hear Thee say,
I am forgiv'n.

3. Yet why should I fear? Hast Thou not died
That no seeking soul should be denied?
To that heart its sins confessing,
Canst Thou fail to give a blessing?
By the love and pity Thou hast shown,
By the blood that did for me atone,
Boldly will I kneel before Thy throne,
A pleading soul.

4. All the rivers of Thy grace I claim,
Over ev'ry promise write my name;
As I am I come believing,
As Thou art Thou dost, receiving,
Bid me rise a freed and pardoned slave;
Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave,
Charging me to preach Thy power to save
To sin-bound souls.

303

Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

P. P. B.

p Moderato.

m

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God, who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demn'd He stood;
3. Guilt-y, vile, and help-less, we, Spot-less Lamb of God was He,
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ish'd," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-som'd home to bring.

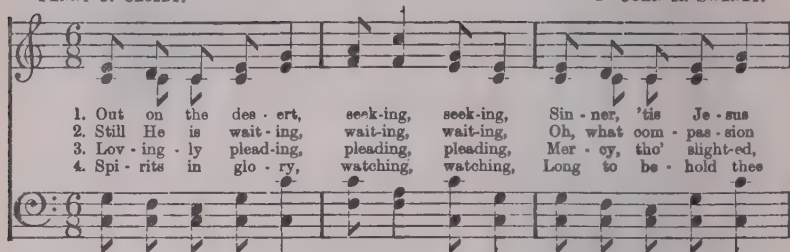
f *ff*

Ru-in'd sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sa-viour!
Seal'd my par-don with His blood: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sa-viour!
"Full a-tone-ment," can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sa-viour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sa-viour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing: Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sa-viour!

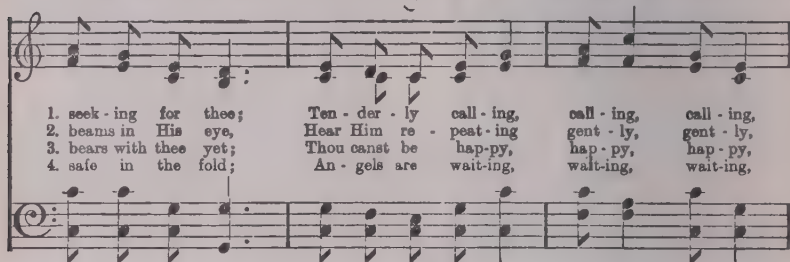
Seeking for Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

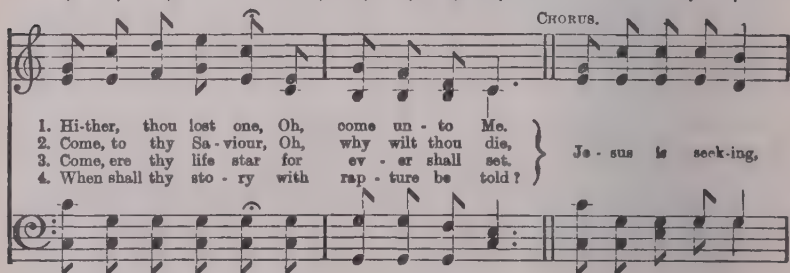
- JOHN R. SWENNEY.



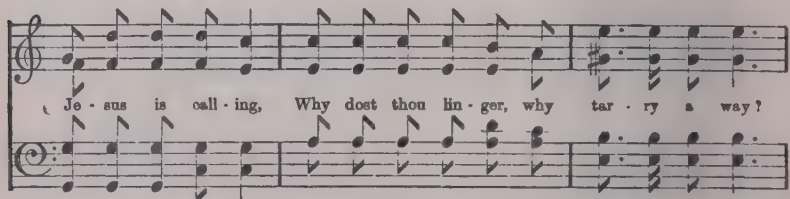
1. Out on the des-ert, seek-ing, seek-ing, Sin-ner, 'tis Je-sus
 2. Still He is wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, Oh, what com-pas-sion
 3. Lov-ing-ly plead-ing, plead-ing, Mer-cy, tho' slight-ed,
 4. Spi-rits in glo-ry, watch-ing, watch-ing, Long to be-hold thee



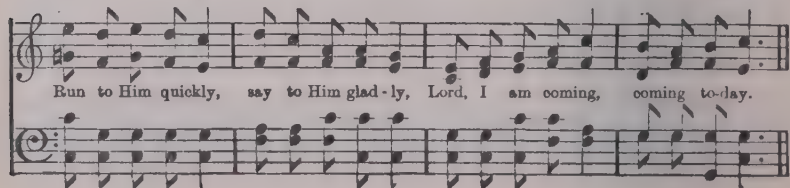
1. seek-ing for thee; Ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, call-ing,
 2. beams in His eye; Hear Him re-peat-ing, gent-ly, gent-ly,
 3. bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap-py, hap-py, hap-py,
 4. safe in the fold; An-gels are wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing,



CHORUS.
 1. Hi-ther, thou lost one, Oh, come un-to Me, } Je-sus is seek-ing,
 2. Come, to thy Sa-viour, Oh, why wilt thou die, }
 3. Come, ere thy life star for ev-er shall set. }
 4. When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?



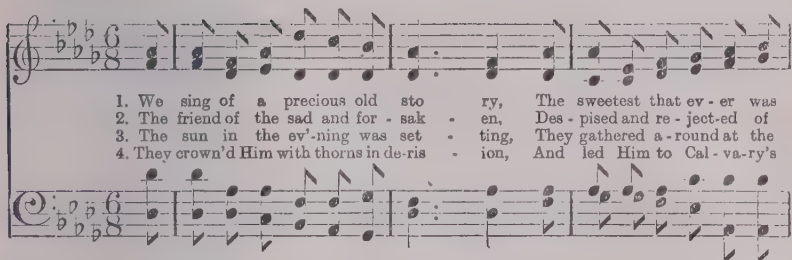
Je-sus is call-ing, Why dost thou lin-ger, why tar-ry a way?



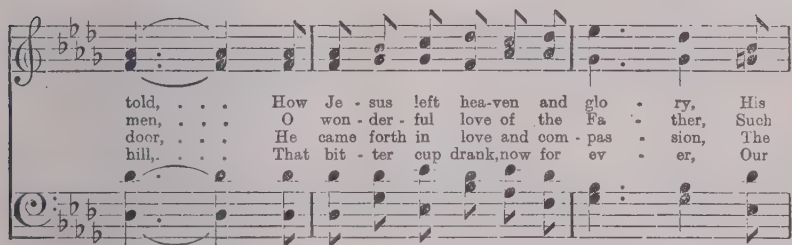
Run to Him quickly, say to Him glad-ly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

JAMES FRASER.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.



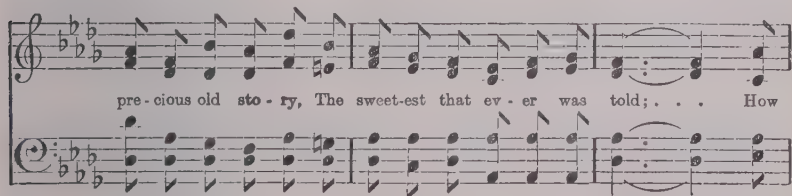
1. We sing of a precious old sto ry, The sweetest that ev - er was
 2. The friend of the sad and for - sak - en, Des - pised and re - ject - ed of
 3. The sun in the ev'ning was set - ting, They gathered a - round at the
 4. They crown'd Him with thorns in de - ria - ion, And led Him to Cal - va - ry's



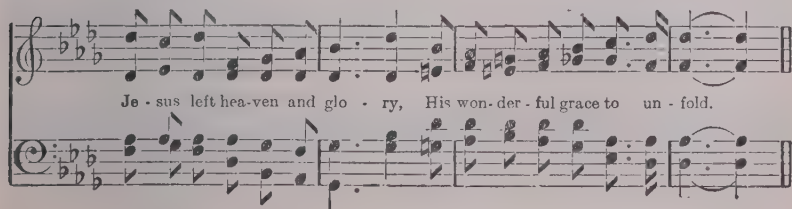
told, . . . How Je - sus left hea - ven and glo - ry, His
 men, . . . O won - der - ful love of the Fa - ther, Such
 door, . . . He came forth in love and com - pas - sion, The
 hill, . . . That bit - ter cup drank, now for ev - er, Our



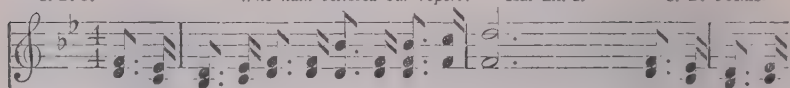
CHORUS.
 won - der - ful grace to un - fold. . . . } Oh, dear old sto - ry, oh,
 sin - ners to save and be - friend. . . .
 sick and dis - ead to re - store. . . .
 cup He with blessing can fill. . . . }



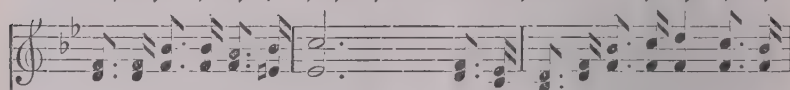
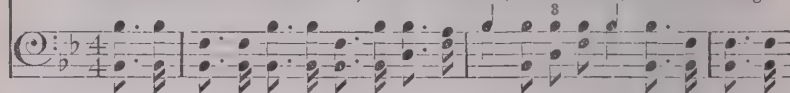
pre - cious old sto - ry, The sweet - est that ev - er was told; . . . How



Je - sus left hea - ven and glo - ry, His won - der - ful grace to un - fold.



- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Who be-lieves up-on the Saviour, who believes? | Who the pre-cious |
| 2. Who is read-y now to take Christ as His own? | Who will rest up- |
| 3. Who'll accept the word of God and be made whole? | Who will trust the |
| 4. Who believes the Lord will save him, who be-lieves? | (Who now believes?) Who the message |



gos-pel message now re-ceives?	'Tis a faith-ful message true, Sent, O
on the work which He has done?	Who will put all sin a-way And ac-
Lord of life and save his soul?	Who will bid the world good-bye While sal-
of sal-va-tion now re-ceives?	The re-port from God is true, And it

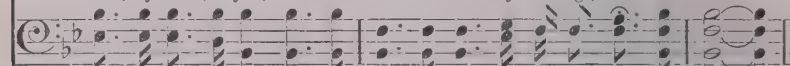
Who now receives?



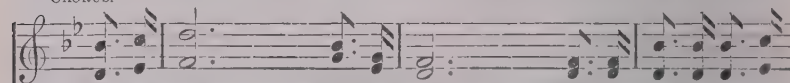
FINE.



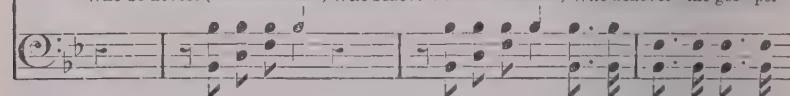
sin-ner, un-to you, Who be-lieves the gos-pel message, who be-lieves?
 cept the Lord to-day? Who will now with-in his heart the Lord en-throne?
 va-tion is so nigh? Who will now his sins up-on the Sav-iour roll?
 comes, my friend, to you, Who be-lieves the ho-ly message, who be-lieves?



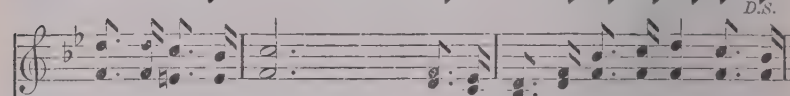
D.S.—heav-en un-to you! Who be-lieves the gos-pel message, who be-lieves?
 CHORUS.



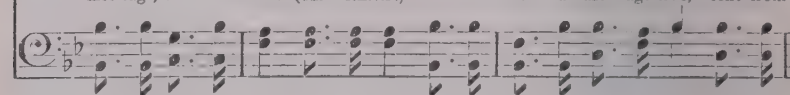
Who be-lieves? (who now believes?) Who believes? (who now believes?) Who believes the gos-pel



D.S.

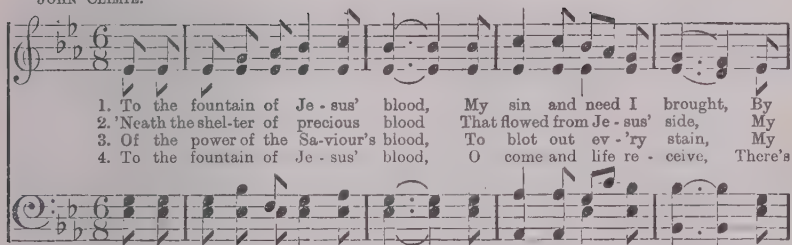


mes-sage, who be-lieves? (who believes?) Oh! it is a mes-sage true, sent from

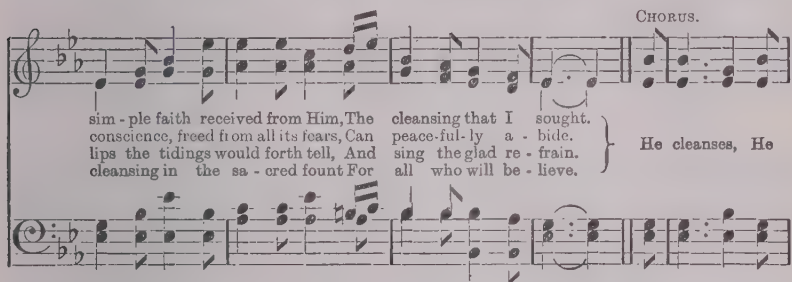


The Cleanses.

JOHN CLIMIE.



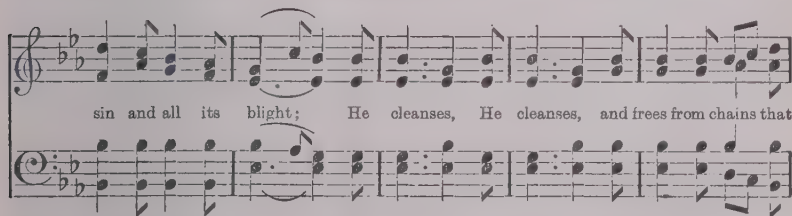
1. To the fountain of Je - sus' blood, My sin and need I brought, By
 2. 'Neath the shel-ter of pre-cious blood, That flowed from Je - sus' side, My
 3. Of the power of the Sa-viour's blood, To blot out ev-'ry stain, My
 4. To the fountain of Je - sus' blood, O come and life re - ceive, There's



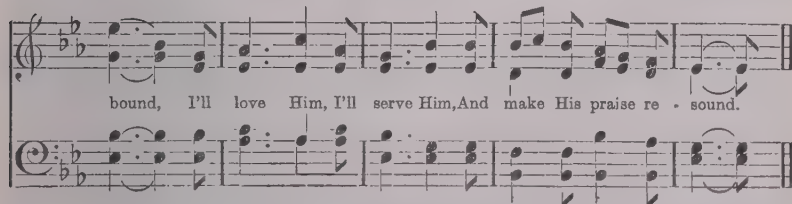
sim - ple faith received from Him, The peace-ful-ly a - bide. } He cleanses, He
 the conscience, freed from all its fears, Can sing the glad re - frain. }
 cleansing in the sa - cred fount For all who will be - lieve.



cleanses, and fills my soul with light, He saves me, He saves me from



sin and all its blight; He cleanses, He cleanses, and frees from chains that



bound, I'll love Him, I'll serve Him, And make His praise re - sound.

308 A Sinner once Came to the Saviour.

M. A.

MAY AGNEW.

1. A sin-ner once came to the Sav - iour, So wea-ry and sin-sick was
 2. And ev - er since then to the Sav - iour Poor sin-ners of all kinds have
 3. And Je - sus still pi - ties the sin - ner, He'd glad-ly a par-don be -

she,
cried,
stow;
But Je - sus in ten - der - est pi - ty Her Friend and Re -
 A wel - come has sweetly been giv - en, A par - don has
 No sight to His heart is so pre - cious As these at the

deem - er would be ; He turned not a - way, but to her did say :
 ne'er been de - nied ; He turns none a - way, but to all would say :
 cross bending low ; He turns none a - way, but to all would say :

REFRAIN.

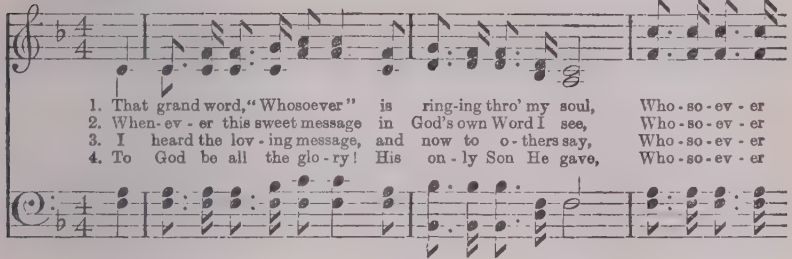
1. "Daughter, thy sins be for - giv - en ; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more ;
 2, 3. "Wand'rer, thy sins be for - giv - en ; Rise, go in peace, sin thou no more ;

rit.
 Daughter, thy sins be for - giv - en ; I o - pen to thee mer - cy's door."
 Wand'rer, thy sins be for - giv - en ; I o - pen to thee mer - cy's door."

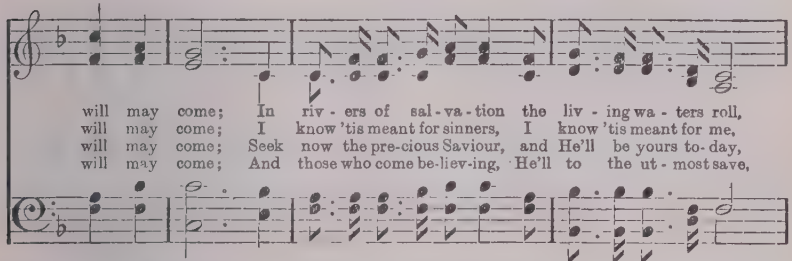
That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. HEWITT.

E. E. HEWITT.

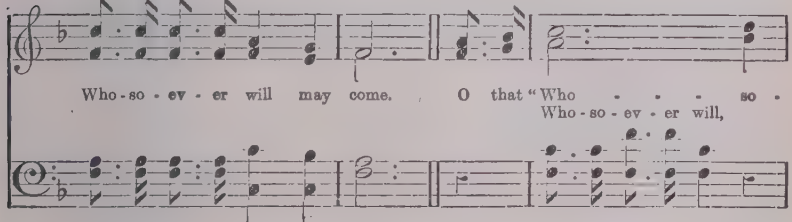


1. That grand word, "Whosoever" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
 2. When-ev-er this sweet message in God's own Word I see, Who-so-ev-er
 3. I heard the lov-ing message, and now to o-thers say, Who-so-ev-er
 4. To God be all the glo-ry! His on-ly Son He gave, Who-so-ev-er

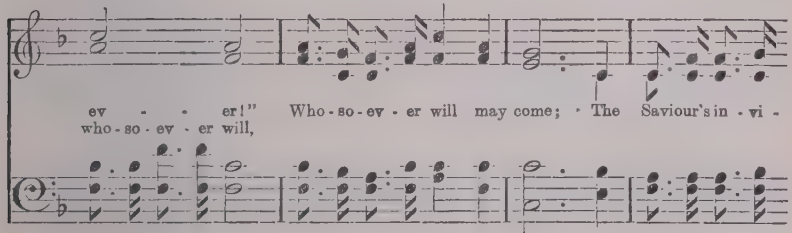


will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
 will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
 will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Saviour, and He'll be yours to-day,
 will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut-most save,

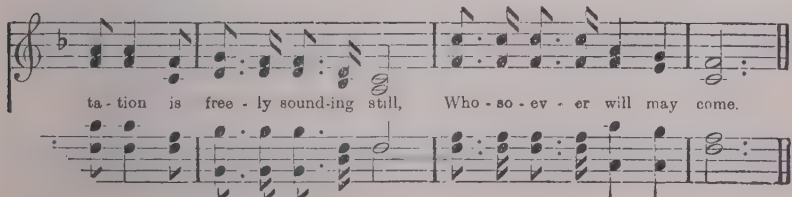
CHORUS.



Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "Who-so-ev-er will, so



ev-er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Saviour's in-vi-

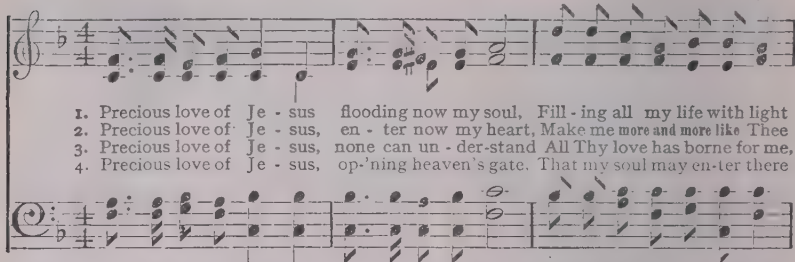


ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

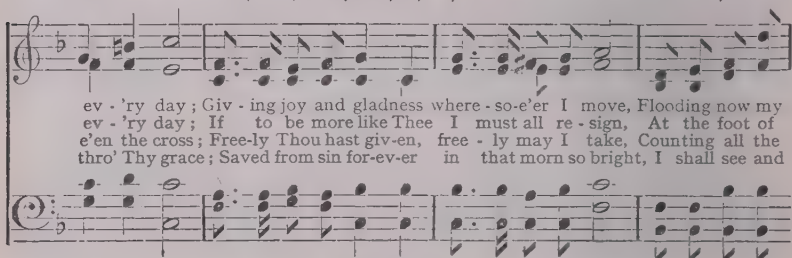
Precious Love of Jesus.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

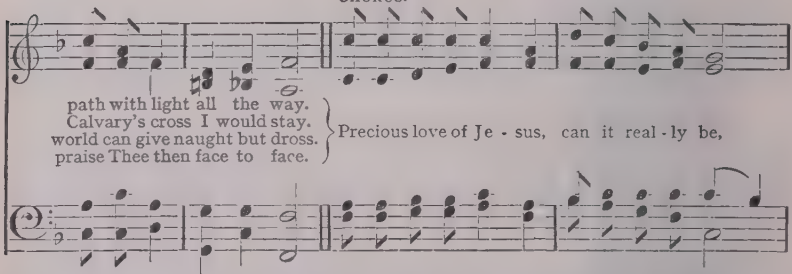


1. Precious love of Je - sus flooding now my soul, Fill - ing all my life with light
 2. Precious love of Je - sus, en - ter now my heart, Make me more and more like Thee
 3. Precious love of Je - sus, none can un - der-stand All Thy love has borne for me,
 4. Precious love of Je - sus, op'ning heaven's gate, That my soul may en-ter there

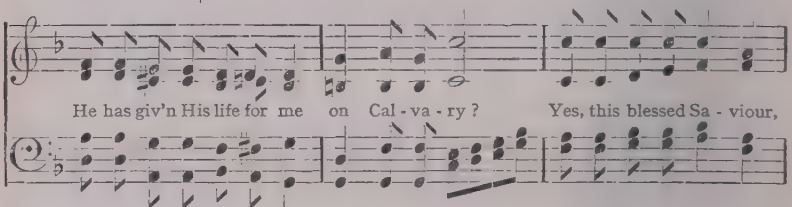


ev - 'ry day ; Giv - ing joy and gladness where - so - e'er I move, Flooding now my
 ev - 'ry day ; If to be more like Thee I must all re - sign, At the foot of
 e'en the cross ; Free - ly Thou hast giv - en, free - ly may I take, Counting all the
 thro' Thy grace ; Saved from sin for - ev - er in that morn so bright, I shall see and

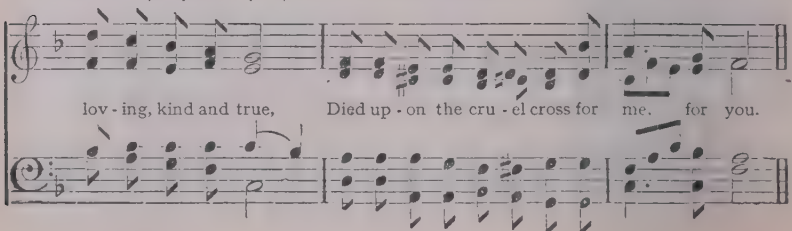
CHORUS.



path with light all the way.
 Calvary's cross I would stay.
 world can give naught but dross.
 praise Thee then face to face. } Precious love of Je - sus, can it real - ly be,



He has giv'n His life for me on Cal - va - ry ? Yes, this blessed Sa - viour,



lov - ing, kind and true, Died up - on the cru - el cross for me, for you.

Trust Him, Brother—Continued.

Sha-dows soon will round you thick-ly fall;
 Sha-dows soon will round you fall, will round you thickly fall.

He's a Friend will ne'er for-sake you, and this precious Friend will take you,
 He's a precious Friend, He's a precious Friend,

Trust the lov-ing Saviour all in all.
 Trust the lov-ing Saviour all in all, the Sav-iour all in all.
 Trust the lov-ing Saviour all in all.

313

○ Praise the Father.

"ST. CUTHBERT."

J. B. DYKES.

O praise the Fa-ther; praise the Son; Blest Spi-rit, praise to Thee:

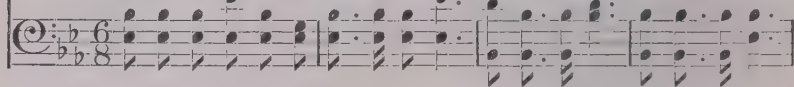
All praise to God, the Three in One, The One in Three. A-men.

E. E. HEWITT.

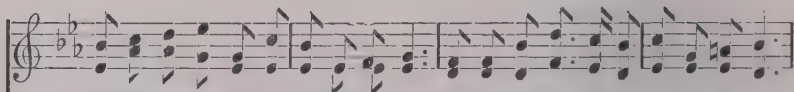
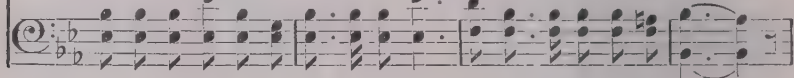
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



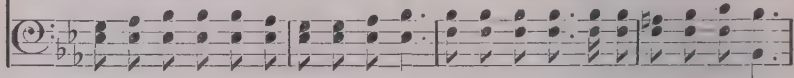
1. Open your hearts to the sunshine of love; Let in the light! Let in the light!
2. Mercies are streaming in glittering show'rs; Let in the light! Let in the light!
3. Go on, re-joic-ing, O child of the day; Let in the light! Let in the light!



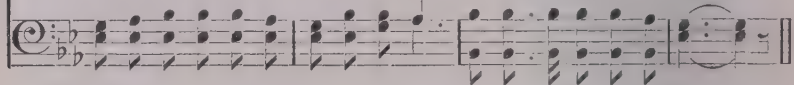
Pouring so free-ly from win-dows a - bove, Let in the beau-ti-ful light!
Lose not a ray thro' the hast - en-ing hours, Let in the beau-ti-ful light!
Je - sus will scat-ter the dark-ness a - way, Let in the beau-ti-ful light!



Fill all your soul with the heavenly cheer, Chasing the lin-ger-ing shadows of fear;
O - ver lost blessings how often we grieve; What God is giving, O let us receive!
Life, then reflecting the radiance within, Turning the wand'rer from pathways of sin,



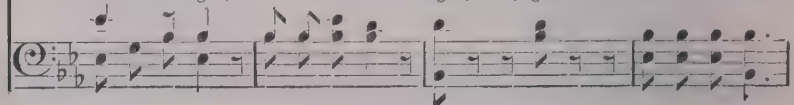
Soon will the phan-toms of doubt dis-appear, Let in the beau-ti-ful light!
Ev'-ry sweet promise we'll gladly be-lieve, Let in the beau-ti-ful light!
Souls, pre-cious souls, for e-ter-ni - ty win, Let in the beau-ti-ful light!



CHORUS.



Light, light, beau-ti-ful light! Sun-beams of glo-ry so joyous and bright;
Let in the light, Light, light,



Let in the Light!—Continued.

Soon will the phantoms of doubt disappear, Let in the beau ti-ful light !
 Ev-'ry sweet promise we'll gladly believe, Let in the beau-ti-ful light !
 Souls, precious souls, for e-ter-ni - ty win, Let in the beau-ti-ful light !

315

What a Wonderful Love!

F. C. H.

FRANK C. HUSTON.

1. I think, when I read of the Sav-iour, Who left His bright home a-bove
2. I think of His suff'ring on Cal - v'ry The Father's great love to prove ;
3. I think of Him now in His glo - ry, With mansions prepared a - bove

And came to this low ground of sorrow, What a wonderful, wonderful love !
 I think of the Saviour when dy-ing, 'Twas a wonderful, wonderful love !
 For all who will gladly obey Him, What a wonderful, wonderful love !
 love, wonderful love !

CHORUS.

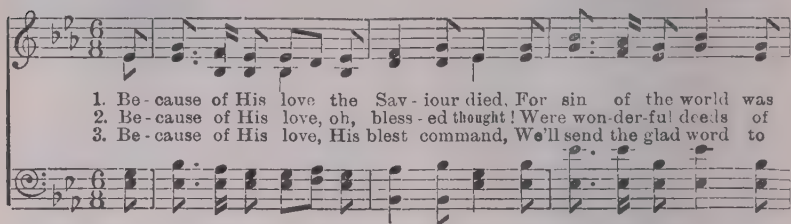
Won - der-ful love,..... won - der-ful love !.....
 Wonderful love, wonderful love, Won-der-ful story of wonderful love !

O what a won-der-ful Sa-viour ! O what a won-der-ful love !.....
 wonderful love !

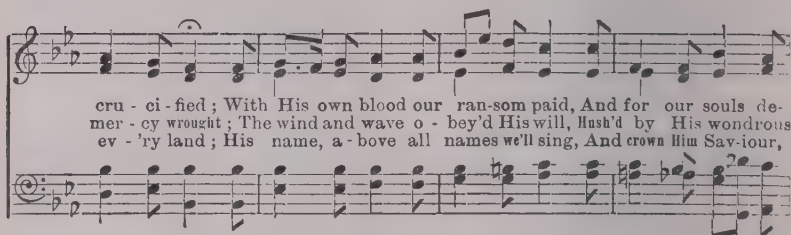
Because of His Love.

O. C. SCOTT.

JAS. L. GILBERT.

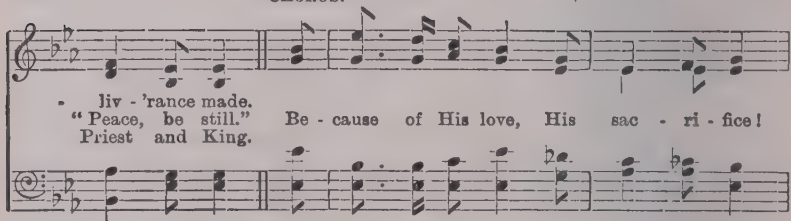


1. Be - cause of His love the Sav - iour died, For sin of the world was
 2. Be - cause of His love, oh, bless - ed thought! Were won - der - ful deeds of
 3. Be - cause of His love, His blest command, We'll send the glad word to

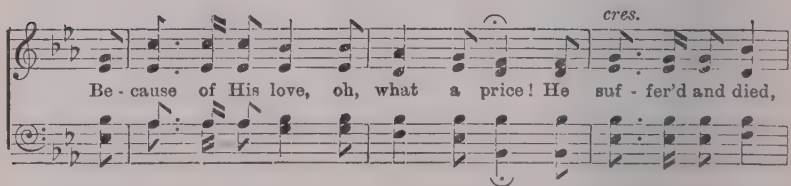


cru - ci - fied; With His own blood our ran - som paid, And for our souls de -
 mer - cy wrought; The wind and wave o - bey'd His will, Wash'd by His wondrous
 ev - 'ry land; His name, a - bove all names we'll sing, And crown Him Sav - iour,

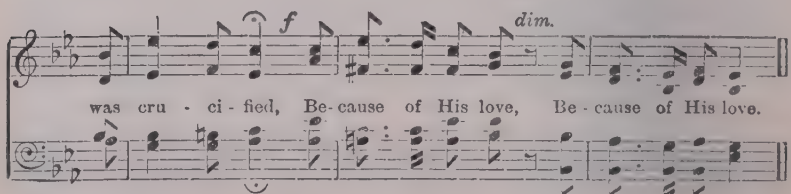
CHORUS.



- liv - 'rance made.
 "Peace, be still." Be - cause of His love, His sac - ri - fice!
 Priest and King.



Be - cause of His love, oh, what a price! He suf - fer'd and died,

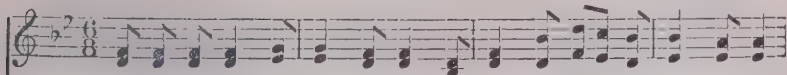


was cru - ci - fied, Be - cause of His love, Be - cause of His love.

When I Remember Calvary.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus suf-fered death for me,
2. When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, A - gain comes back Geth-sem - a - ne,
3. When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, And on the cross up - lift - ed see
4. When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, A - mazed I cry, "How can it be
5. When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, I com-pre-hend e - ter - ni - ty,



My soul is o - verwhelm'd within To know He died be-cause of sin.
Where I, in prayer be-hold Him bow, And see the blood-drops on His brow.
Those pierc-ed hands, that wounded side, I know it was for me He died.
That He could lay His crown a-side And for my sins be cru - ci - fied."
And know that by the cross He bore I am redeemed for ev - er - more.



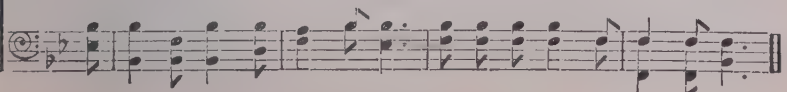
REFRAIN.



When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry, When I re mem-ber Cal - va - ry,



I clos - er cling to Christ, my King, When I re-mem-ber Cal - va - ry.

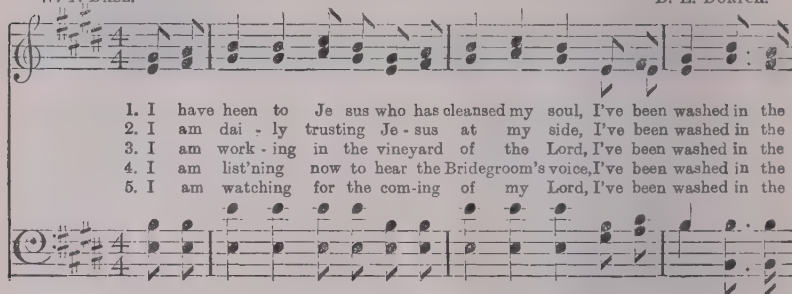


318 I've Been Washed in the Blood.

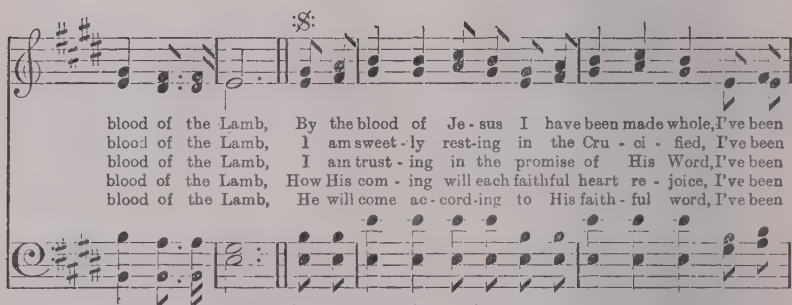
Answer to "Are You Washed in the Blood?"

W. T. DALE.

D. E. DORTCH.



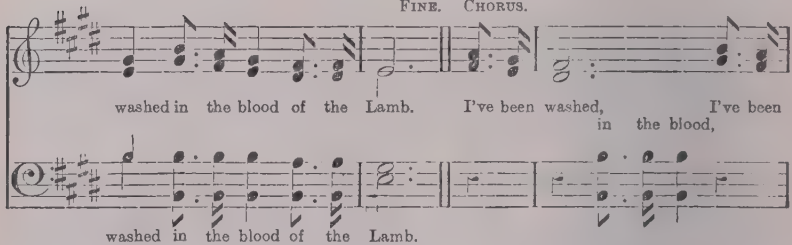
1. I have been to Je - sus who has cleansed my soul, I've been washed in the
 2. I am dai - ly trusting Je - sus at my side, I've been washed in the
 3. I am work - ing in the vineyard of the Lord, I've been washed in the
 4. I am list'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been washed in the
 5. I am watching for the com - ing of my Lord, I've been washed in the



blood of the Lamb, By the blood of Je - sus I have been made whole, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, I am sweet - ly rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, I am trust - ing in the promise of His Word, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, How His com - ing will each faithful heart re - joice, I've been
 blood of the Lamb, He will come ac - cord - ing to His faith - ful word, I've been

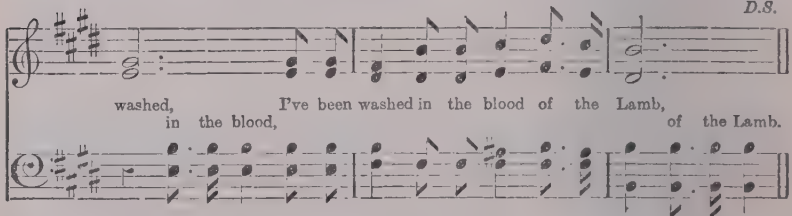
D.S.—And my robe is spotless, it is white as snow, I've been

FINE. CHORUS.

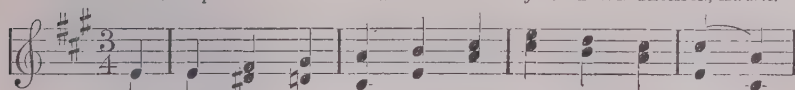


washed in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
 in the blood,
 washed in the blood of the Lamb.

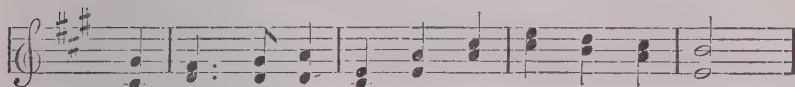
D.S.



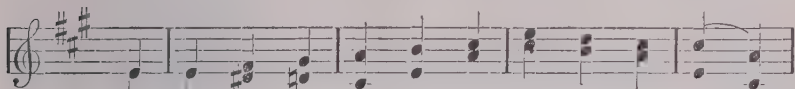
washed, I've been washed in the blood of the Lamb,
 in the blood, of the Lamb.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*Words and Music by D. MARTYN THOMSON, *Airdrie.*

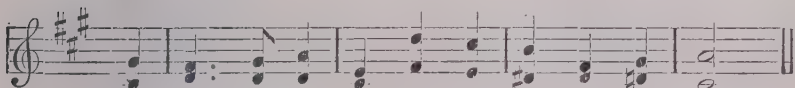
1. A won - der - ful Sa - viour is Je - sus to me, . .
2. With nail - pierc - ed hands Je - sus knocks at Thy door, . .
3. Then o - pen your heart to the Sa - viour to - day, . .



His love and His mer - cy are bound - less and free;
 He's wait - ed so long, and has knocked oft be - fore;
 He's read - y to en - ter, why long - er de - lay?



He died to re - deem me, His life free - ly gave, . .
 He longs that sal - va - tion from sin you might have, . .
 He'll break ev - 'ry fet - ter the sins that en - slave, . .

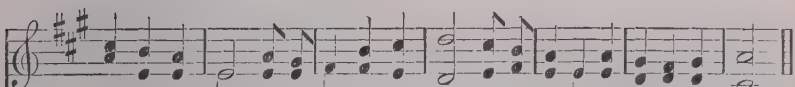
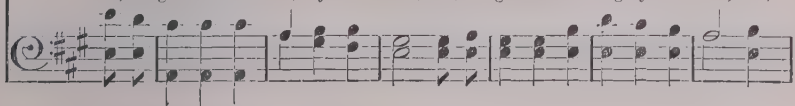


How sweet is the sto - ry, "He's might - y to save."
 How sweet is the sto - ry, "He's will - ing to save."
 How sweet is the sto - ry, "He's read - y to save."

CHORUS.



Oh, I'm glad He is mighty to save, Yes, I'm glad He is mighty t save; Oh,



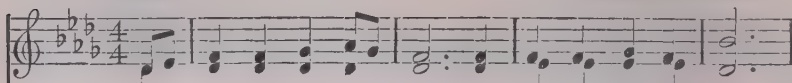
come to Him now, At His feet low - ly bow, And you'll find He is mighty to save.





F. E. O.

Slow.

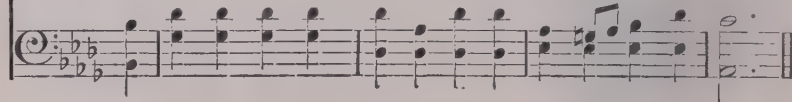
FRENCH E. OLIVER.



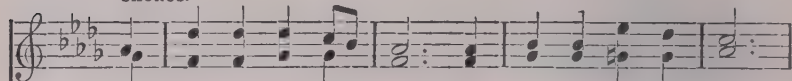
1. What if my heart should feel The load my Sa-viour's felt
 2. What if my lips should touch The cup my Sa-viour's met
 3. What if my hands and feet Were nailed to Cal-v'ry's cross?
 4. What if this heart of mine Were pierced with cru-el spear?

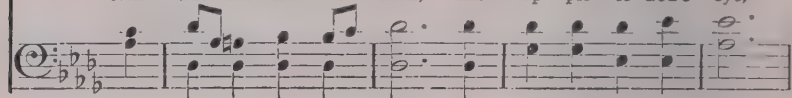

When for my sins He prayed, and wept, And bled, as there He knelt?
 When in His ag-o-ny of soul He wres-tled with my debt?
 That for my sins could not a-tone, Nor take a-way my dross.
 Yea, death it-self would sure-ly fail To make my rec-ord clear.



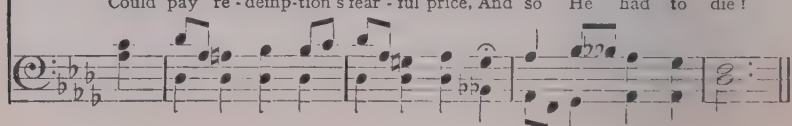
CHORUS.



None but the sin-less Man, The ap-ple of God's eye,

Could pay re-demp-tion's fear-ful price, And so He had to die!



There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your pas - sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whi - ter, much whi - ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do ser - vice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

1. pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win,
 2. pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 3. pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
 4. pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

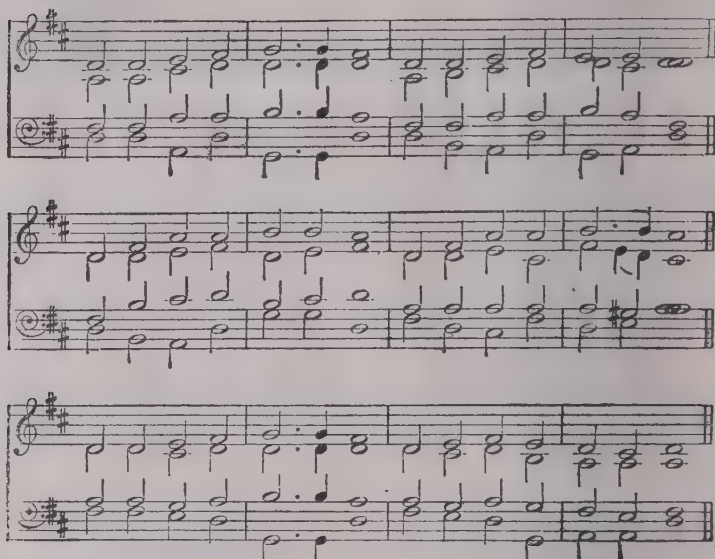
CHORUS.

1. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
 2. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
 3. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.
 4. There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood.

There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood in the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, There is

pow'r, There is pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r in the pre - cious blood of the Lamb.



1 Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save and Thou alone.

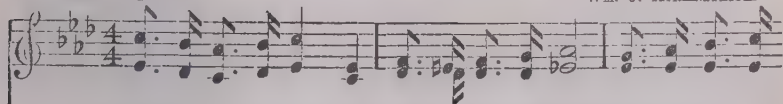
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
Should mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

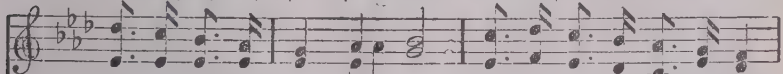
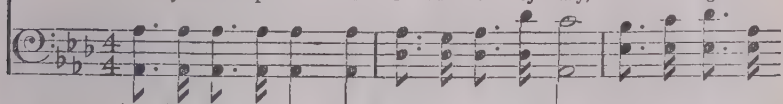
You may have the Joy=Bells.

J. EDW. RUARK.

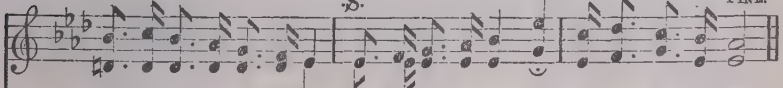
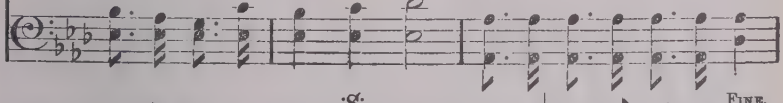
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



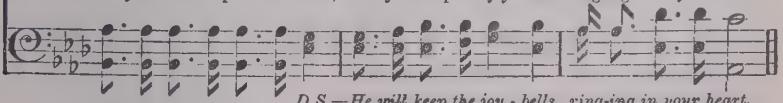
1. You may have the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



from you nev - er will de - part; Walk the straight and nar-row way,
those a - round you sweet - ly show; Words of kind - ness al-ways say,
He will give to o - ver - come; The' un - seen by mor - tal eye,
ev - 'ry ser - vice you can pay; Sin - ners you can help to win,

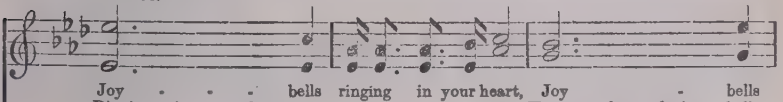


Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart.
Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart.
He is with you, ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart.
If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart.

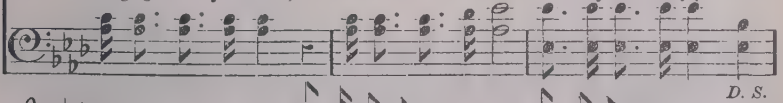


CHORUS.

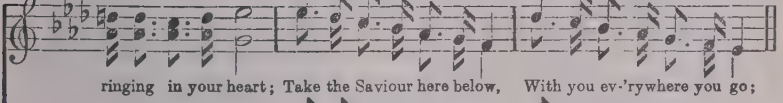
D.S.—He will keep the joy - bells ring-ing in your heart.



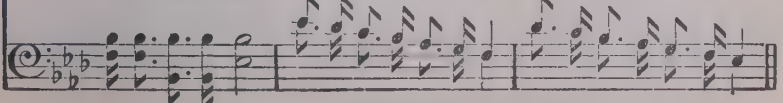
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells



D. S.



ring-ing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you ev-'rywhere you go;



Grace Is Free

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
 2. There's on - ly hope in trusting Je - sus, Grace is free, grace is free!
 3. From age to age the theme is tell - ing, Grace is free, grace is free!

CHO.—There's nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!

Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
 From sin that doomed He died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free!
 From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free!

Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!

It brought them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and o - ver - came,
 Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet Of love so wondrous, so complete,
 And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crowned with vic - to - ry,

D.C. for CHORUS.

And now they cry thro' His dear Name, Grace is free, grace is free!
 And fall in rap - ture at His feet, Grace is free, grace is free!
 'Twill sound thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free!

Would you Believe?

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."—JOHN i. 29.

CAROLINE SAWYER.

D. B. TOWNER, arr.

1. If you could see Christ stand-ing here to-night— His thorn-crown'd head
 2. If you could see that face so calm and sweet, Those lips that spake
 3. He whis-pers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be-side

and pier-ced hands could view; Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
 words on-ly pure and true; Could see the nail-prints in His ten-der feet,
 you, in your nar-row pew; If you will list-en, you will hear Him say,

And hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed 'twas for you:" } Would you be-lieve,
 And hear Him say, "Be-lov-ed 'twas for you:" } Last ver.
 In lov-ing tones, "Be-lov-ed 'twas for you:" } Will you be-lieve,
 Would you be-lieve,
 Last ver. Will you be-lieve,

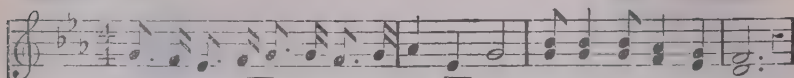
and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were stand - - - ing
 and Je-sus re-ceive, For He is stand - - - ing
 and Je-sus re-ceive, If He were stand-ing
 and Je-sus re-ceive, For He is stand-ing

here? If He were stand - ing here?
 here? For He is stand - ing here?
 here, were standing here?
 here, is standing here?

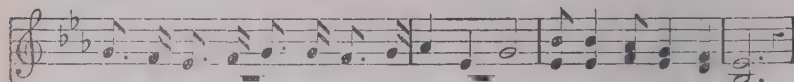
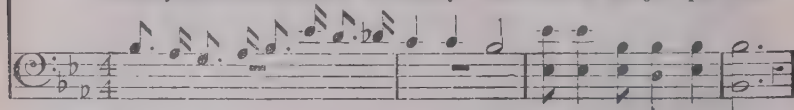
Throw Out the Gospel Line.

Mrs. C. H. M.

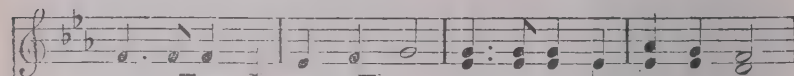
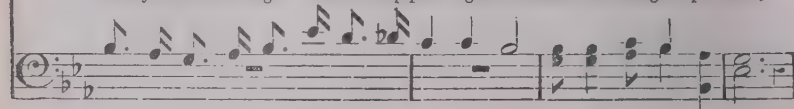
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



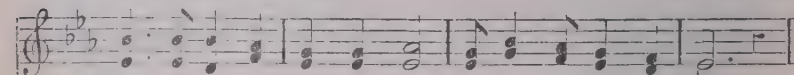
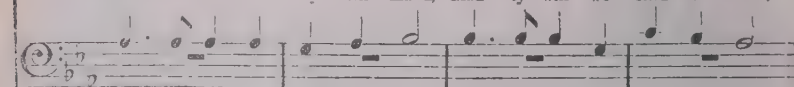
1. Man - y souls are sink - ing in the sea of sin, Throw out the gos - pel line;
2. Fierce the storm is rag - ing, soon 'twill be too late, Throw out the gos - pel line;
3. Would you know the sweetest of all earth - ly toil? Throw out the gos - pel line;



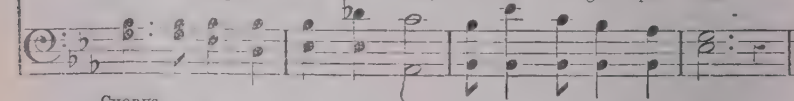
Souls which have been shipwrecked dai - ly drift - ing in, Throw out the gos - pel line;
 You a soul may res - cue from an aw - ful fate, Throw out the gos - pel line;
 Would you have the light of God's ap - prov - ing smile? Throw out the gos - pel line;



Hear them how for help they cry, Quick - ly to their res - cue fly,
 See them by the bil - lows tossed, Soon they will be sink - ing, lost;
 Haste we then at Thy com - mand, Glad - ly will we lend a hand,



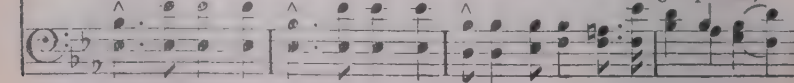
Shout to them that help is nigh, Throw out the gos - pel line.
 Haste to save at an - y cost, Throw out the gos - pel line.
 And, to bring them safe to land, Throw out the gos - pel line.



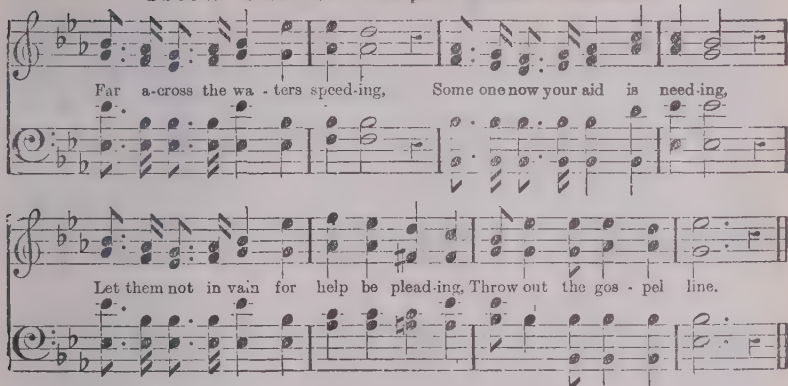
CHORUS.



To the res - cue! to the res - cue! Throw out the gos - pel line;
 the gos - pel line;



Throw Out the Gospel Line - Continued.



Far a-cross the wa - ters speed-ing, Some one now your aid is need-ing,
Let them not in vain for help be plead-ing, Throw out the gos - pel line.

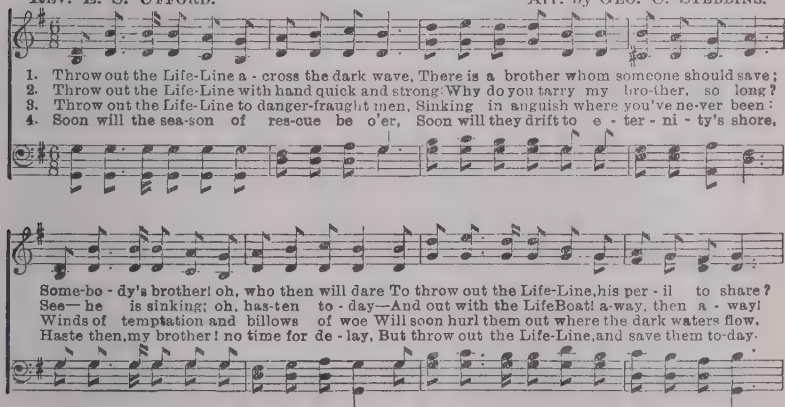
335

Throw out the Life-Line.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.) REV. E. S. UFFORD.

REV. E. S. UFFORD.

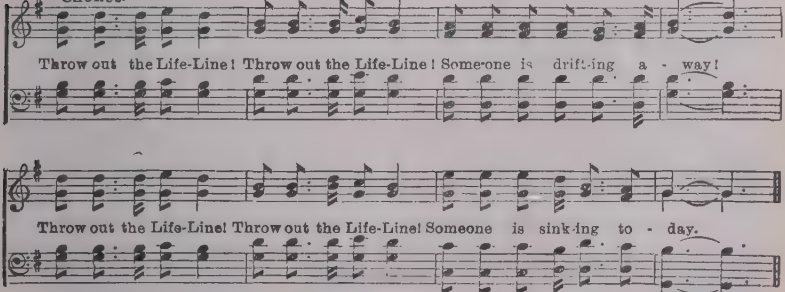
Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom someone should save;
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry my bro-ther, so long?
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where you've ne-ver been:
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e - ter - ni - ty's shore,

Some-bo - dy's brother! oh, who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
See - he is sinking; oh, has - ten to - day - And out with the Life-Boat! a-way, then a - way!
Winds of temptation and billows of woe Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
Haste then, my brother! no time for de - lay, But throw out the Life-Line, and save them to-day.

CHORUS.

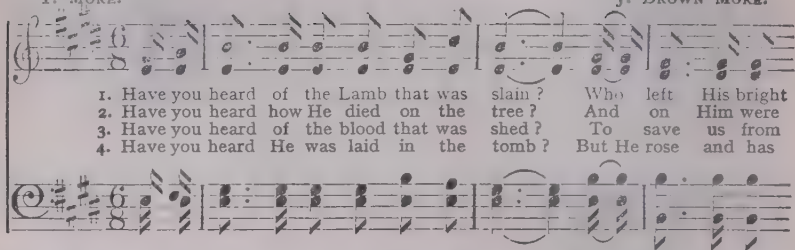


Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drift-ing a - way!
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is sink-ing to - day.

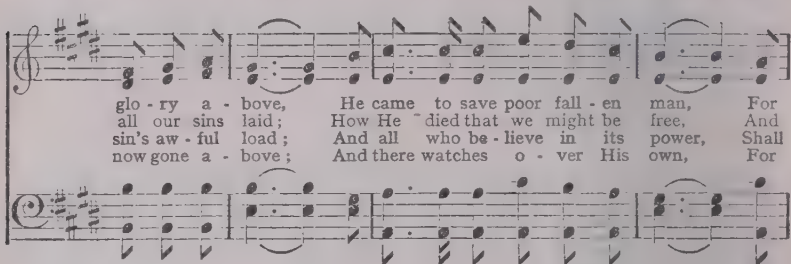
Wonderful Love.

T. MORE.

J. BROWN MORE.




1. Have you heard of the Lamb that was slain? Who left His bright
 2. Have you heard how He died on the tree? And on Him were
 3. Have you heard of the blood that was shed? To save us from
 4. Have you heard He was laid in the tomb? But He rose and has

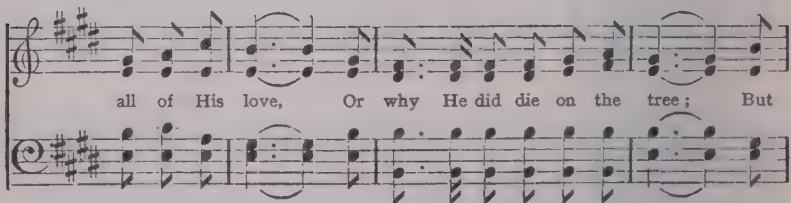


glo - ry a - bove, He came to save poor fall - en man, For
 all our sins laid; How He died that we might be free, And
 sin's aw - ful load; And all who be - lieve in its power, Shall
 now gone a - bove; And there watches o - ver His own, For

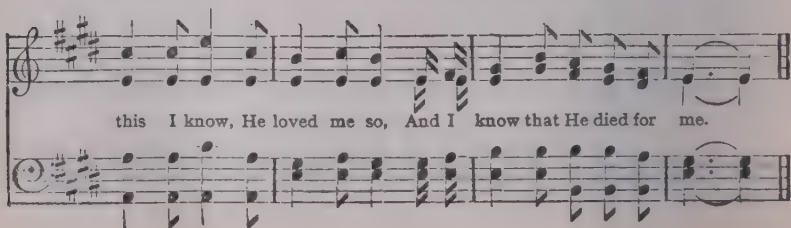
CHORUS.



oh! it was won - der - ful love. } Oh, I can't tell you
 fit for God's pre - sence be made. }
 dwell in the Fa - ther's a - bode. }
 oh! it was won - der - ful love. }



all of His love, Or why He did die on the tree; But



this I know, He loved me so, And I know that He died for me.

Tell Me the Wonderful Story.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.

1. O tell me the won - der - ful sto - ry,— Yes, tell it a
 2. O tell me the won - der - ful sto - ry,— The theme is so
 3. O tell me the won - der - ful sto - ry,— I'd grav - en it

gain and a - gain,— How Je - sus the rul - er of hea - ven Could
 pre - cious to me,— This sto - ry of Je - sus, my Sa - viour, Whose
 deep on my heart; That nev - er, while mem - ry shall serve me, Its

REFRAIN.

die for the chil - dren of men.
 love is so bound - less and free! } Still tell me the won - der - ful
 beau - ty may chance to de - part.

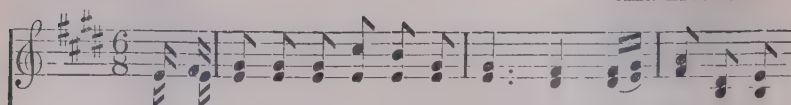
sto - ry,..... This sto - ry, so pre - cious and true: And
 won - der - ful sto - ry,

when you are weary with tell - ing, I fain would re - peat it to you.
 with telling,


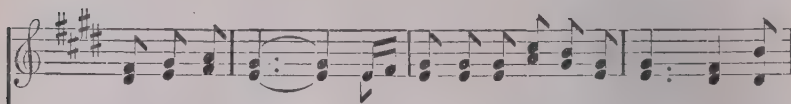
The Wonderful Jesus.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

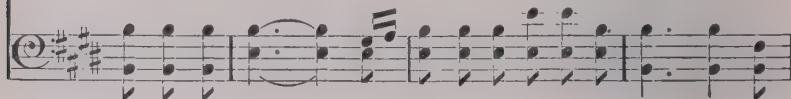
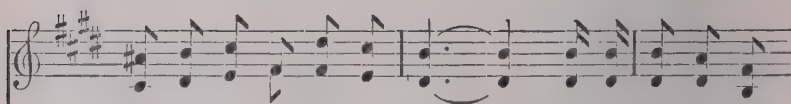
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



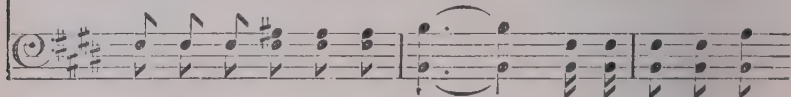
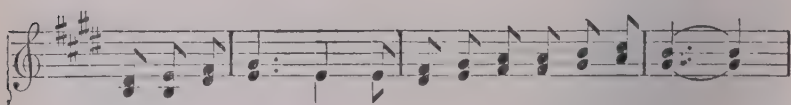
1. Have you heard of the wen - der - ful Sa - viour Who dwelt on the
 2. Have you heard that, in dy - ing for sin - ners, He an - swered for
 3. O my bro - ther! if you are not trust - ing In Je - sus, the

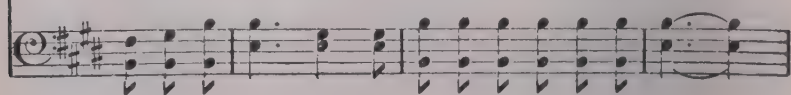
earth a - mong men, And died on the cross for their ran - som, Then
 me and for you, Se - cur - ing for us a full clear - ance, And
 bear - er of sin, If wide is the door of God's mer - cy, And


went back to heav - en a - gain? Have you heard that His
 do you be - lieve it all true? Have you par - don and
 you have not en - tered with - in, Then to - day come and

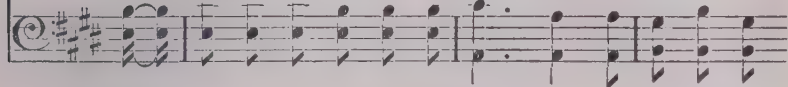
work of a - tone - ment, Com - plet - ed on Cal - va - ry's tree,
 peace and as - sur - ance, And do you with con - fi - dence know
 hum - bly con - fess Him, And go from this hal - low - ed place,



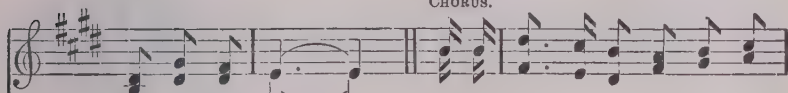
The Wonderful Jesus—Continued.




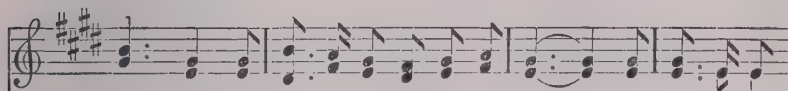
Brings par - don and peace to the sin - ner, And makes him e -
 That His blood has made sure your sal - va - tion, And wash - es you
 Re - deemed from your guilt and trans - gres - sions, A sin - ner re -




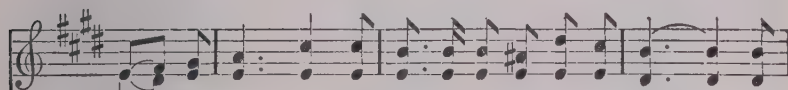
CHORUS.



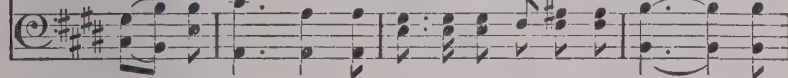
ter - nal - ly free?
 whit - er than snow?
 deemed by His grace. } O this won - der - ful, won - der - ful

Je - sus! The bear - er of guilt and of sin! To - day, in His





free grace trust - ing, The life of a Christian be - gin; To -




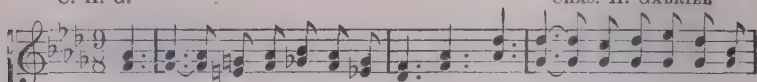
Rit. ad lib.

Rit.

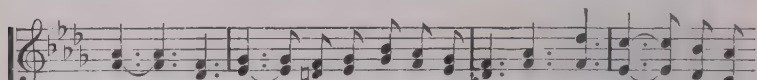


day in His free grace trust - ing, The life of a Christian be - gin.



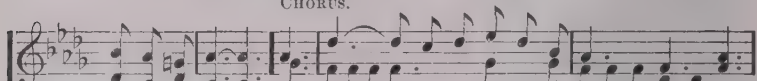


1. O sweet is the story of Je - sus, The won - derful Saviour of
 2. He came from the brightest of glo - ry; His blood as a ransom he
 3. His mer - cy flows on like a riv - er, His love is unmeasured and




men, Who suf - ered and died for the sin - ner—I'll tell it a -
 gave, To pur - chase e - ternal redemption, And oh, he is
 free; His grace is for - ev - er suf - fi - cient, It reach - es and

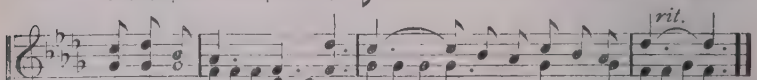
CHORUS.



gain and a - gain! } O won - derful, wonderful sto - ry, The
 mighty to save! }
 pu - ri - fies me. } O wonderful sto - ry, O wonderful story, The



dear - est that ev - er was told;..... I'll repeat it in glo - ry, The
 dearest that ev - er, that ever was told; I'll repeat it in



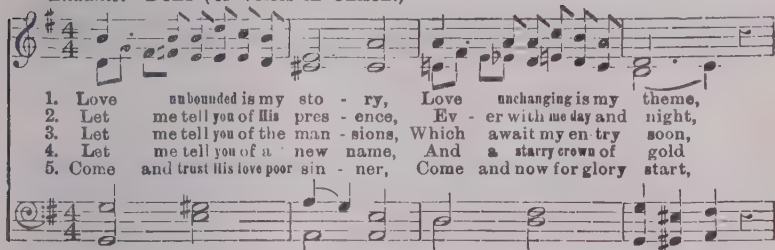
wonderful sto - ry, Where I..... shall his beauty be - hold.....
 glory, The wonderful story, Where I shall his beau - ty, his beauty behold.

Boundless Love.

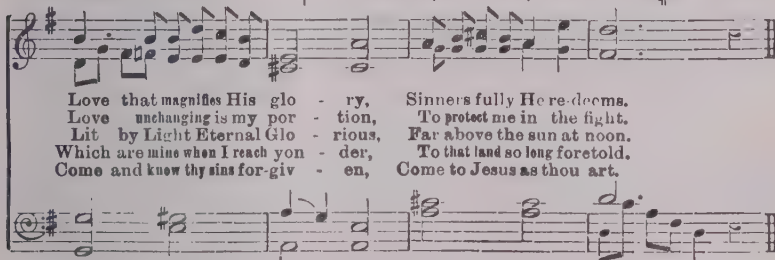
THOS. SPONDER.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Andante. DUET (or Voices in Unison.)

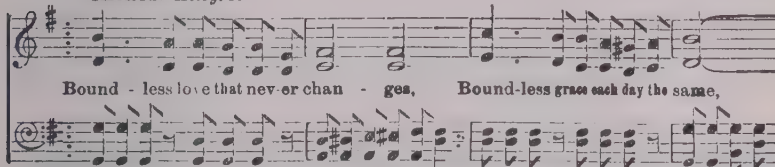


1. Love unbounded is my sto - ry, Love unchanging is my theme,
 2. Let me tell you of His pres - ence, Ev - er with me day and night,
 3. Let me tell you of the man - sions, Which await my en - try soon,
 4. Let me tell you of a new name, And a starry crown of gold
 5. Come and trust His love poor sin - ner, Come and now for glory start,



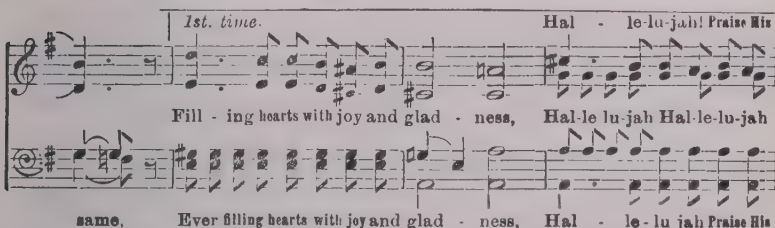
Love that magnifies His glo - ry, Sinners fully He re-deems.
 Love unchanging is my por - tion, To protect me in the fight.
 Lit by Light Eternal Glo - rious, Far above the sun at noon.
 Which are mine when I reach yon - der, To that land so long foretold.
 Come and know thy sins for-giv - en, Come to Jesus as thou art.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

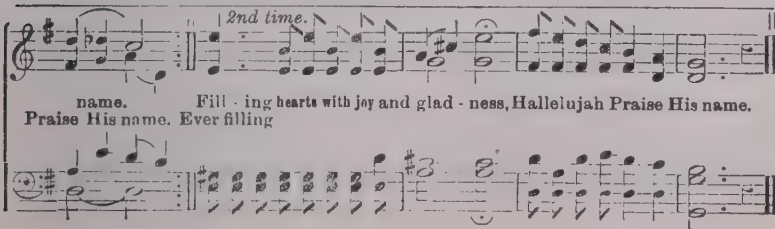


Bound - less love that nev - er chan - ges, Bound-less grace each day the same,

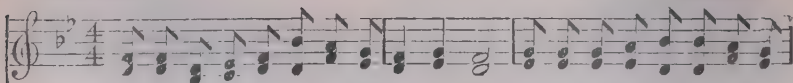
Boundless love, boundless love, love that never changes, Boundless grace, Boundless grace, grace each day the



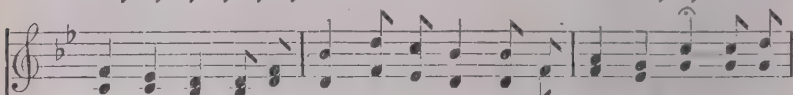
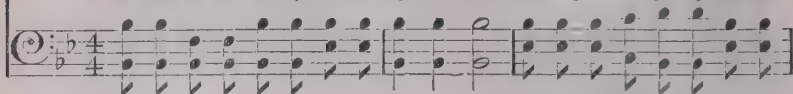
1st. time. Hal - le-lu-jah! Praise His
 Fill - ing hearts with joy and glad - ness, Hal-le-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah
 same, Ever filling hearts with joy and glad - ness, Hal - le-lu-jah Praise His



2nd time.
 name. Fill - ing hearts with joy and glad - ness, Hallelujah Praise His name.
 Praise His name. Ever filling



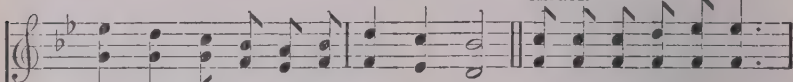
1. Go and tell the sto-ry to thy friends to-day, How the Lord of glo-ry met thee.
2. Go and tell the sto-ry of His pow'r to save, Of the sin-ful "legion" sunk be-
3. Go and tell the sto-ry, how He reigns a - bove, Win-nug men to glo-ry thro' His



on thy way; How He cleansed thy spi-rit from the stain of sin, Driv-ing
neath the wave; Tell of His com-pas-sion, of His love so true, Of the
dy-ing love; How He waits to crown them kings for ev-er-more, In the



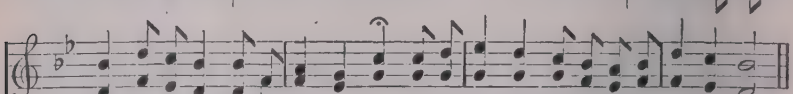
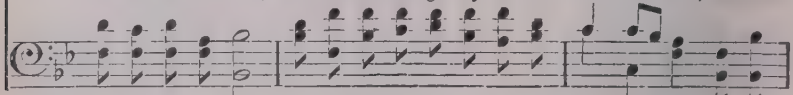
CHORUS.



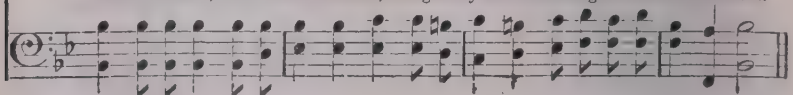
out the foe who reigned thy heart with-in.
won-drous things the Lord hath done for you. } Go and tell the sto-ry,
home a - wait-ing, on the o - ther shore.



tell it far and wide, How the Lord of glo-ry for the sin-ner died; And the



soul that hears it, and in faith believes, Straightway he the cleansing from the Lord receives.



Down at the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Down at the cross, on Cal-v'ry's mountain, Where mer-cies flow,
When no-thing in the whole cre-a-tion Could pur-chase peace,

I plung'd in the re-deem-ing foun-tain, Wash'd whit-er than the snow.
My Saviour brought His free sal-va-tion, Gave me complete re-lease.

CHORUS.

Bro-thers, won't you hear the sto-ry? See the foun-tain flow!

Oh, glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Je-sus saves me, this I know.

2. When, lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold;
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me His wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus saved my soul.

3. All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled;
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by Him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast His robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has brought me home.

The Blood Keeps Cleansing.

E. S. LORENZ.

DAVID FRASER.

1. Tho' oft I stray from my Lord a-way, For-get life's purpose and goal,
 2. Tho' bit-ter foes my way op-pose, And strive my life to con-trol,
 3. Then on I press, knowing God will bless, His tides of love o'er me roll;
 4. Life's day may pale, earthly strength may fail, Death's waves may o-ver me roll,

Tho' sin al-lure, still my faith is sure, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
 I fal-ter not, nor be-wail my lot; The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
 Come good or ill, I'm re-joic-ing still: The blood keeps cleansing my soul.
 My vic-tor shout rings as I launch out, The blood keeps cleansing my soul.

CHORUS.

my soul,

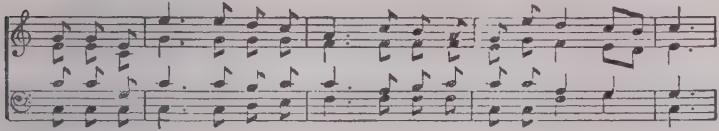
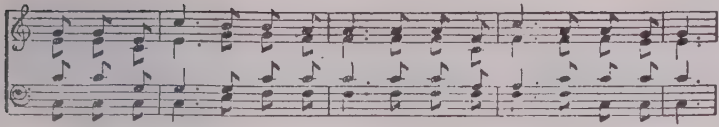
The blood keeps cleans-ing, keeps cleans-ing my soul, The
 my soul,

blood keeps cleansing my soul; Though sin may as-sail, it can
 my soul.

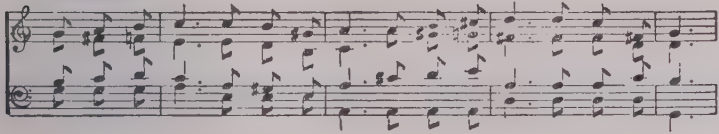
nev-er pre-vail; The blood keeps cleansing, keeps cleans-ing my soul.
 my soul.

Redemption Ground.

L.M.D.



CHORUS.



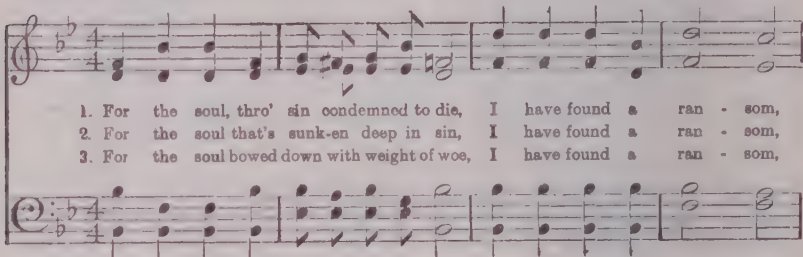
- 1 Come sing, my soul, and praise the Lord,
Who hath redeemed thee by His blood;
Delivered thee from chains that bound,
And brought thee to redemption ground.

Redemption ground, the ground of peace,
Redemption ground, O wondrous grace;
Here let our praise to God abound,
Who saves us on redemption ground.

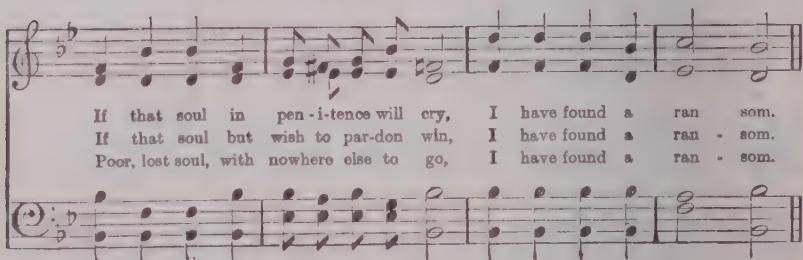
- 2 Once from my God I wandered far,
And with His holy will made war,
But now my songs to God abound;
I'm standing on redemption ground.
- 3 O joyous hour when God to me
A vision gave of Calvary:
My bonds were loosed, my soul unbound;
I sang upon redemption ground.
- 4 No works of merit now I plead,
But Jesus take for all my need;
No righteousness in me is found,
Except upon redemption ground.
- 5 Come, weary soul, and here find rest;
Accept redemption, and be blest;
The Christ who died by God is crowned,
To pardon on redemption ground.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

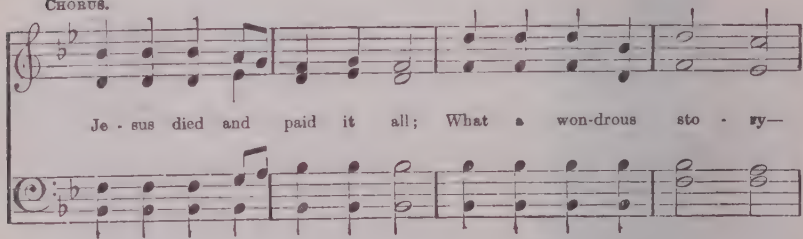


1. For the soul, thro' sin condemned to die, I have found a ran - som,
2. For the soul that's sunk-en deep in sin, I have found a ran - som,
3. For the soul bowed down with weight of woe, I have found a ran - som,

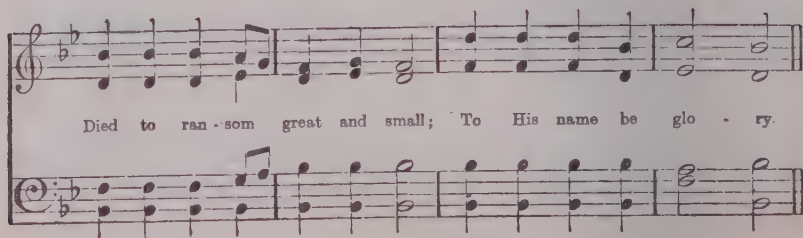


If that soul in pen - i - tence will cry, I have found a ran som.
If that soul but wish to par-don win, I have found a ran - som.
Poor, lost soul, with nowhere else to go, I have found a ran - som.

CHORUS.



Je - sus died and paid it all; What a won-drous sto - ry—



Died to ran-som great and small; To His name be glo - ry.

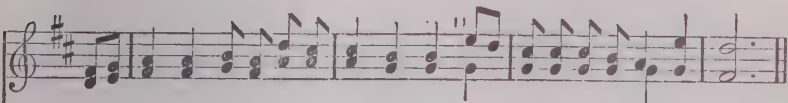
301 Sweeter as the Days go By.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The dear old story of a Saviour's love Is sweeter as the days go by;
2. The sunbeams shining from the liv-ing Light Are brighter as the days go by;
3. Hope's anchor, holding in the stormy strife, Is stronger as the days go by;
4. The peace that Jesus gives to us a - new Is deeper as the days go by;



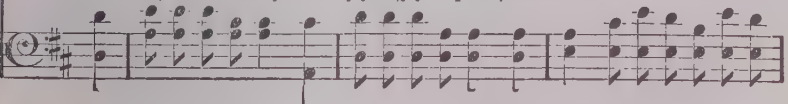
1. The glad assurance of a home a - bove Is sweeter as the days go by.
2. The stars of promise cheering sorrow's night Are brighter as the days go by.
3. We feel the throbbings of im-mor - tal life Grow stronger as the days go by.
4. The prospects op'ning to the Christian's view Are grander as the days go by.



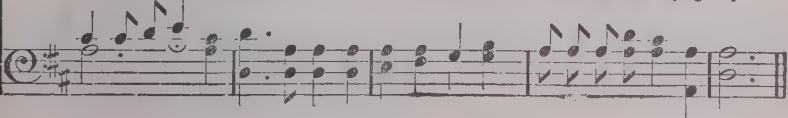
CHORUS.



We'll fill the days with joy - ful praise, We'll sing as the happy moments
We'll fill, we'll fill the days with joy-ful, joy-ful praise,



fly; (moments fly;) The song of love to Him a-bove Grows sweeter as the days go by.



Honey in the Rock.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. lxxxv. 16.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my broth-er, do you know the Sa - viour, Who is won - drous
 2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious," Do you walk in the
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt Thou have
 4. Then go out thro' the streets and bye - ways, Preach the word to the

kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
 way that's new? Have you drank from the liv - ing foun - tain?
 me to do?" Nev - er fear He will sure - ly an - swer;
 man - y or few; Say to ev - 'ry fal - len broth - er,

CHORUS.

There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my

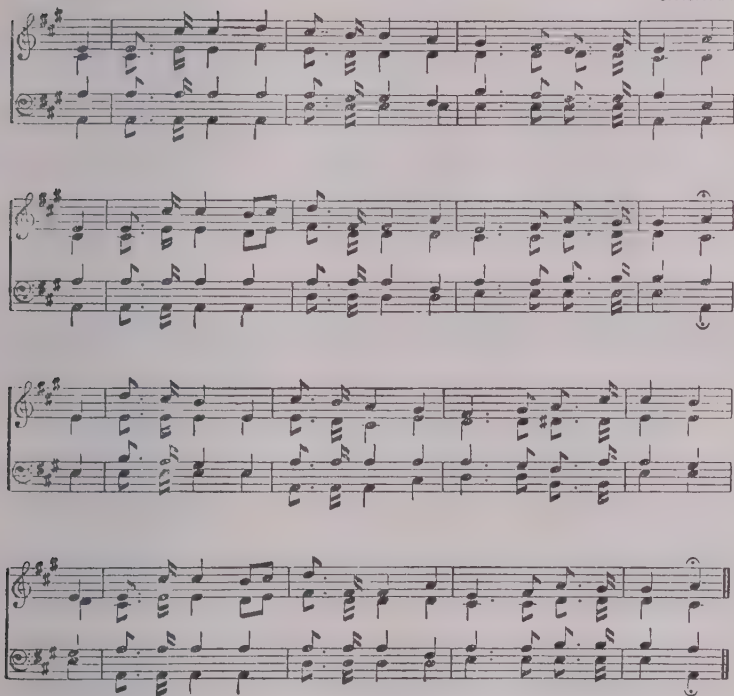
broth - er, my broth-er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you; Leave your
 for you;

sins for the blood to cov - er, There's Hon-ey in the Rock for you, for you.

By permission of F. A. GRAVES.

I've Found a Friend.

8.7.8.7. D.



1 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a
Friend !
He loved me ere I knew Him ;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely
twine
Those ties which naught can sever ;
For I am Christ's, and He is mine,
For ever and for ever.

2 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a
Friend !
He bled ; He died to save me ;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have, mine own I'll
call ;
I'll hold it for the Giver :
My heart, my strength, my life—
my all,
Are His, and His for ever

3 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a
Friend !
All power to Him is given,
To guard me on my onward
course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavour ;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a
Friend !
So kind, and true, and tender ;
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender !
From Him who loves me now so
well,
What power my soul can sever ?
Shall life or death ? shall earth
or hell ?
No ; I am His for ever.

On Calvary.

R. G. M.

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

1. From heav'n to earth the Saviour came, To die for me;

1. From heav'n to earth the Saviour came, To die for me. to die for me;
 2. Behold His hands, His feet and side! Once pierced for me; Once pierced for me;
 3. His grave was but a borrowed tomb—But now He's risen. But now He's risen;
 4. But soon our Lord will come again, The hour is nigh, the hour is nigh;

Himself He gave— O, praise His name! To set me free.

Him-self He gave— O, praise His name! To set me free, To set me free.
 When Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied Up - on the tree, Up - on the tree.
 When earth refused to give Him room He went to heav'n, He went to heav'n.
 We're going home with Him to reign Be - yond the sky, Be - yond the sky.

He bore my load of sin and guilt, For me His pre - cious blood was spilt;

He bore my load of sin and guilt, For me His precious blood, His blood was spilt,
 O, wondrous grace! I ne'er shall know The mighty, mighty love that brought Him low,
 Where by His life our joys increase, And bids all tears, all tears and sorrows cease,
 We'll meet with lov'd ones gone before, Up on the golden, golden glory shore,

No sunbeams bright did then en - gilt, Dark Cal - va - ry!

No sunbeams bright did then en-gilt Dark Cal - va - ry.
 When He to death for sin did go To Cal - va - ry.
 For to His saints He gives the peace Of sins for - giv'n.
 When woe and pain and death are o'er, Up there on high.

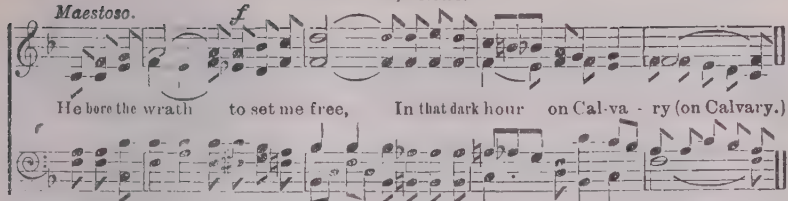
CHO. TENOR prominent, other parts *pp*.

Yes, Jesus died upon the tree, He suffered pain and a-go-ny.
 Yes, Jesus died upon the tree, He suffered pain and a-go-ny.

On Calvary.—continued.

p slower.

Maestoso.



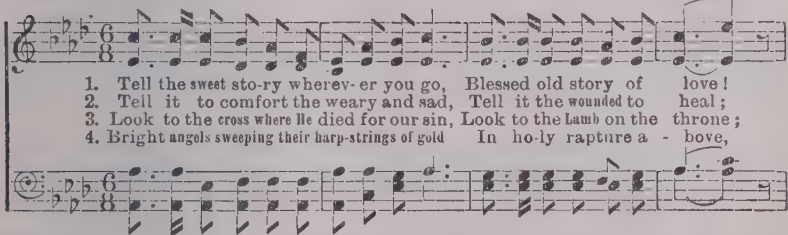
He bore. He bore the wrath, to set, to set me free, In that dark hour on Cal-va-ry.

350

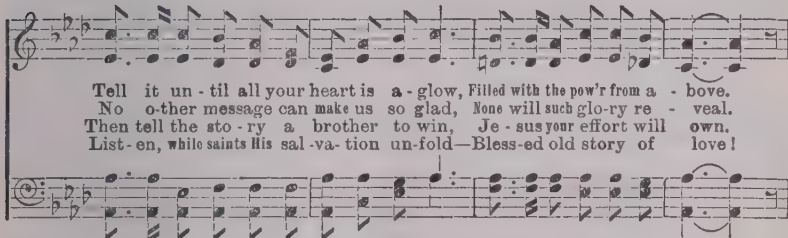
Blessed Old Story of Love.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

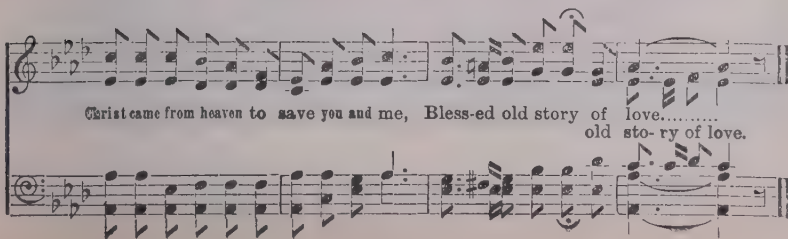
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Tell the sweet sto-ry wherev-er you go, Blessed old story of love!
2. Tell it to comfort the weary and sad, Tell it the wounded to heal;
3. Look to the cross where He died for our sin, Look to the Lamb on the throne;
4. Bright angels sweeping their harp-strings of gold In ho-ly rapture a - bove,



CHORUS.



On Calvary.

J. Wakefield MacGill.

SOLO.

pp QUARTET.

pp

1. It pleas'd the Lord to bruise His on - ly Son on Cal - va - ry,
 2. Al - though the pierc - ing wail went up on high from Cal - va - ry,
 3. And canst thou, sin - ner, stand be - neath the cross of Cal - va - ry,
 4. The cross un - folds the won - drous love di - vine on Cal - va - ry,

SOLO.

pp QUARTET.

pp

1. That He might ran - som sin - ners such as you. and set you free.
 2. "My God, oh, why hast Thou for - sak - en me on Cal - va - ry?"
 3. To see His life's blood dropping sure - ly down un - heed - ing - ly;
 4. And shows in woe love's ma - jes - ty supreme on Cal - va - ry.

SOLO.

pp QUARTET.

pp

1. He hid His face from Je - sus, whom He lov'd so ten - der - ly,
 2. The heav'ns re - turn'd nor ech - o, groan nor sigh on that dark day,
 3. And treat His cru - el suf - fer - ing as dross on Cal - va - ry,
 4. Then yield to Him that bur - den'd heart of thine at Cal - va - ry,

SOLO.

pp QUARTET.

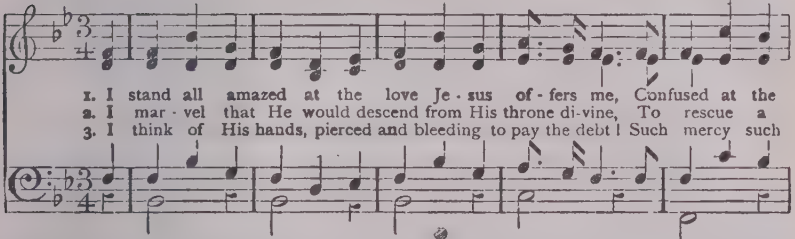
pp

1. With all His heart in yearn - ings deep and true on Cal - va - ry.
 2. And all that He might free - ly, par - don me on Cal - va - ry.
 3. While He is wear - ing sor - row's hea - vy crown in ag - o - ny.
 4. And then the cross will be thy theme throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

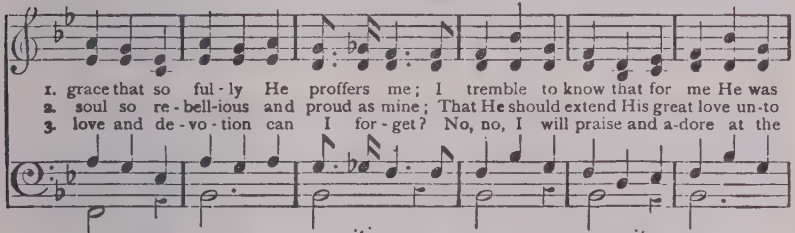
Oh, it is Wonderful!

C. H. G. DUET—Tenor and Alto or Soprano and Alto.

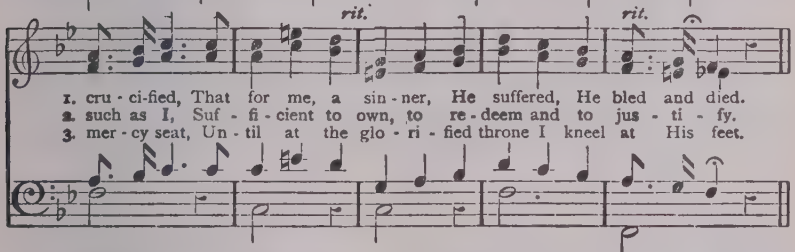
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand all amazed at the love Je-sus of-fers me, Confused at the
 2. I mar-vel that He would descend from His throne di-vine, To rescue a
 3. I think of His hands, pierced and bleeding to pay the debt! Such mercy such

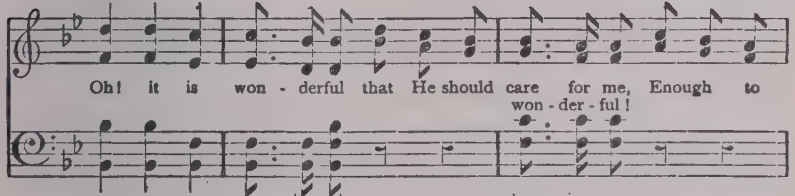


1. grace that so ful-ly He proffers me; I tremble to know that for me He was
 2. soul so re-bell-i-ous and proud as mine; That He should extend His great love un-to
 3. love and de-vo-tion can I for-get? No, no, I will praise and a-dore at the

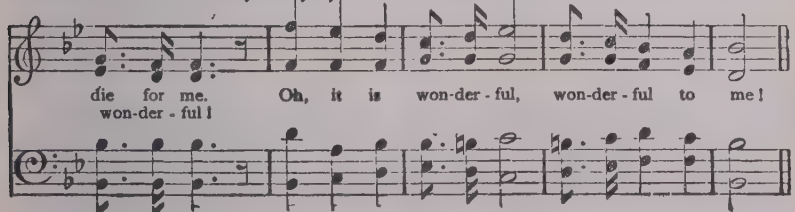


1. cru-ci-fied, That for me, a sin-ner, He suffered, He bled and died.
 2. such as I, Suf-fi-cient to own, to re-deem and to jus-ti-fy.
 3. mer-cy seat, Un-til at the glo-ri-fied throne I kneel at His feet.

CHORUS.



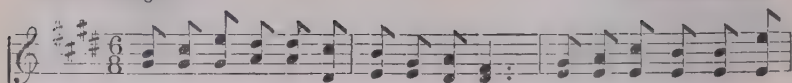
Oh! it is won-derful that He should care for me, Enough to
 won-der-ful!



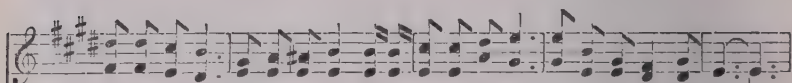
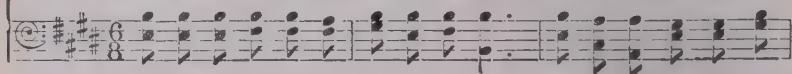
die for me. Oh, it is won-der-ful, won-der-ful to me!

Words arranged.

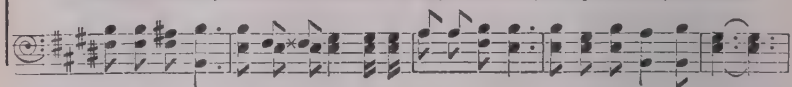
DAVID FRASER.



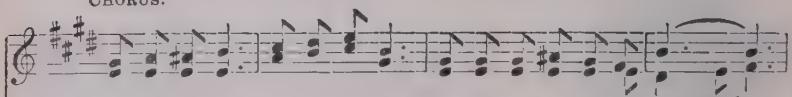
- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. Glo-ry to Je-sus, who died on the tree, | Paid the great price that my |
| 2. Once in my heart there was sin and des-pair, | Now the dear Saviour Him- |
| 3. Bless ed companion-ship, cheering me so! | Sweeter and sweet-er each |
| 4. Come, then, ye wea-ry, who long to be free, | Come to the Saviour, He |



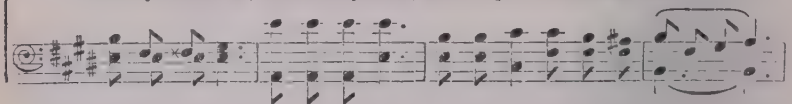
soul might be free ; Now I can sing halle-lu-jah to God, Glory ! He saves, He saves.
 self dwelleth there, And from His presence comes peace to my soul, Glory ! He saves, He saves.
 day shall it grow, Till to be like Him I joy-ful-ly go. Glory ! He saves, He saves.
 waiteth for thee ; Then with the ransom'd this song you can sing, Glory ! He saves, He saves.



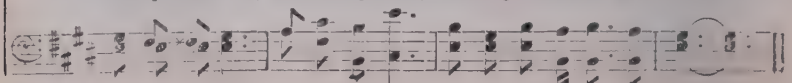
CHORUS.



Glo-ry ! He saves, wondrously saves, Saves a poor sin-ner like me !.....



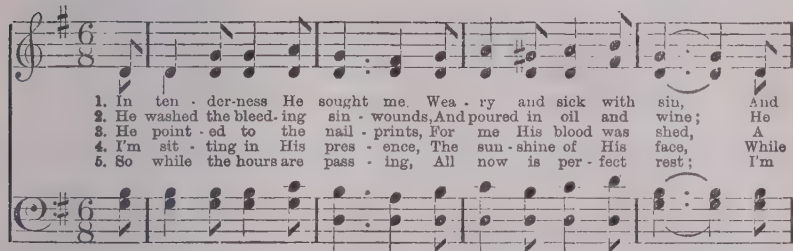
Glo-ry ! He saves, wondrously saves, Saves a poor sin-ner like me.



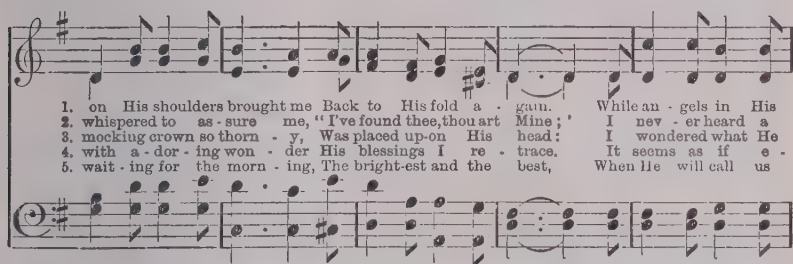
354 Oh, the Love that Sought Me!

W. SPENCER WALTON.

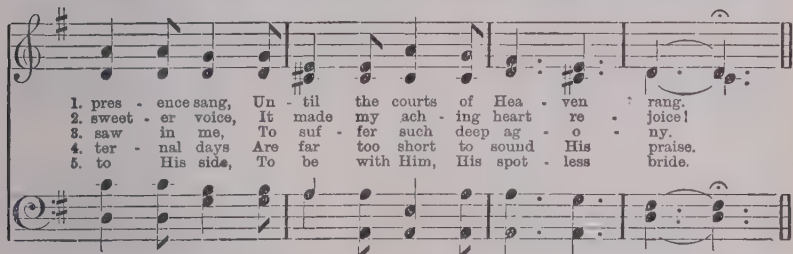
A. J. GORDON.



1. In ten - der-ness He sought me. Wea - ry and sick with sin, And
 2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed, A
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face, While
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest; I'm

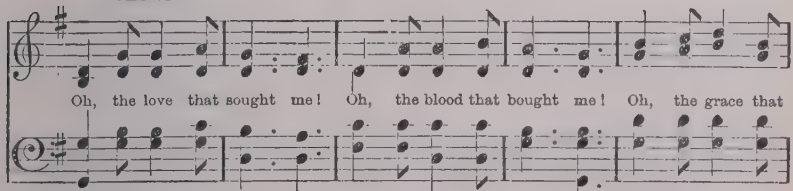


1. on His shoulders brought me Back to His fold a - gain. While an - gels in His
 2. whispered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I nev - er heard a
 3. mocking crown so thorn - y, Was placed up-on His head: I wondered what He
 4. with a - dor - ing won - der His blessings I re - trace. It seems as if e -
 5. wait - ing for the morn - ing, The bright - est and the best, When He will call us

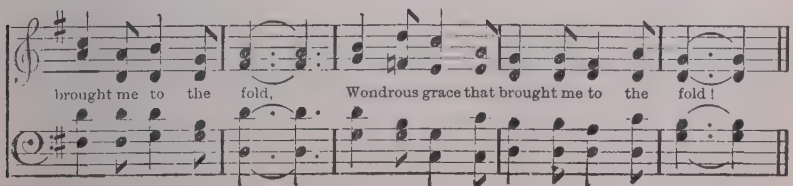


1. pres - ence sang, Un - til the courts of Hea - ven rang.
 2. sweet - er voice, It made my ach - ing heart re - joice!
 3. saw in me, To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 4. ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
 5. to His side, To be with Him, His spot - less bride.

CHORUS



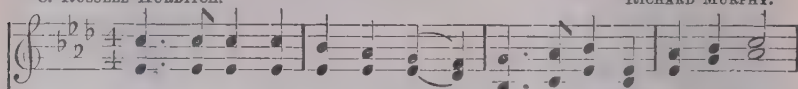
Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that



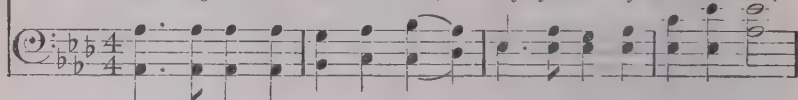
brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

C. RUSSELL HURDITCH.

RICHARD MURPHY.



1. Hear the gos-pel's joy-ful sound, Now proclaimed to all a-round,
2. Tho' we're ru-ined by the fall, We may on the Sa-viour call;
3. Seek-ing souls, to Christ draw near, Dry your ev-'ry mourn-ful tear;



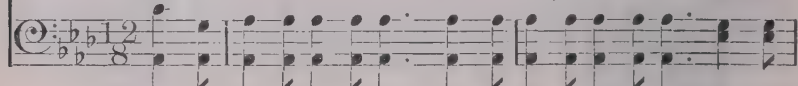
Of re-demption which is found In Christ, the Lamb of God.
Mer-cy is pro-claimed to all, Thro' Christ, the Lamb of God.
Bu-ry all your guilt-y fear In Christ, the Lamb of God.



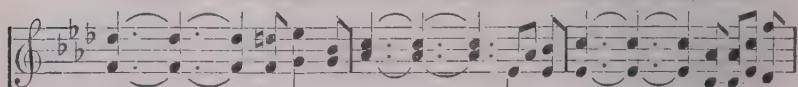
CHORUS.



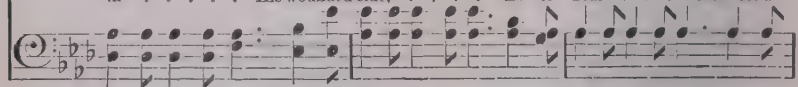
Since for sin-ners Je-sus died, Shel-ter



Since for sin-ners Je-sus died, Since for sin-ners Je-sus died, Shel-ter



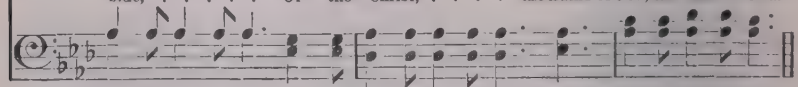
in His wounded side, Ev-er near the cross a-



in His wounded side, Shel-ter in His wounded side, Ev-er near the cross abide, Ev-er



bide, Of the Christ, the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God.



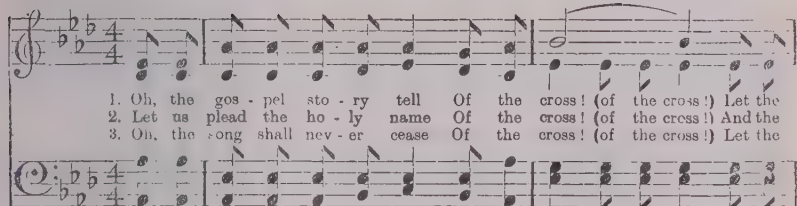
near the cross a-bide, Of the Christ, the Lamb of God, Of Christ, the Lamb of God.

356

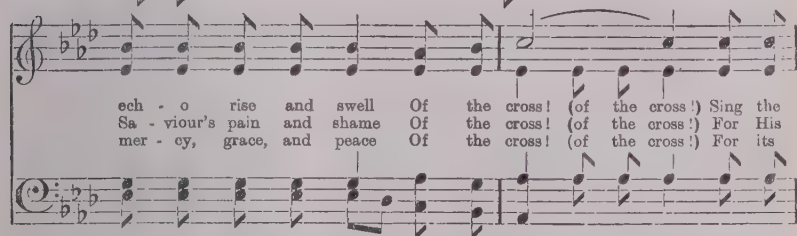
Story of the Cross.

W. P. RIVERS.

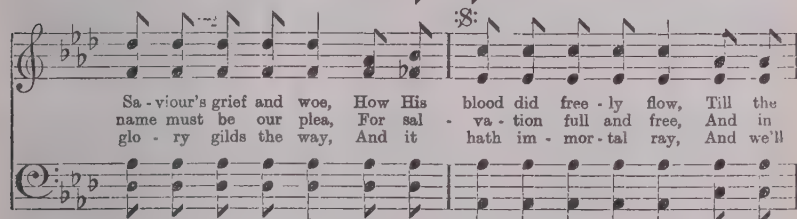
R. M. M'INTOSH.



1. Oh, the gos - pel sto - ry tell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the
 2. Let us plead the ho - ly name Of the cross! (of the cross!) And the
 3. Oh, the song shall nev - er cease Of the cross! (of the cross!) Let the



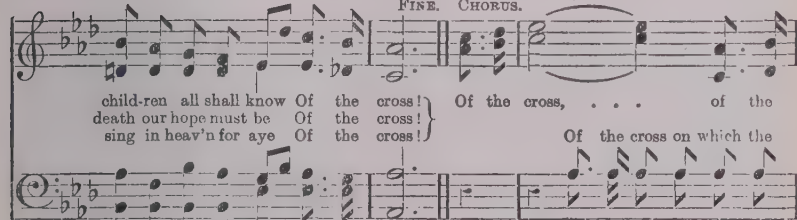
ech - o rise and swell Of the cross! (of the cross!) Sing the
 Sa - viour's pain and shame Of the cross! (of the cross!) For His
 mer - cy, grace, and peace Of the cross! (of the cross!) For its



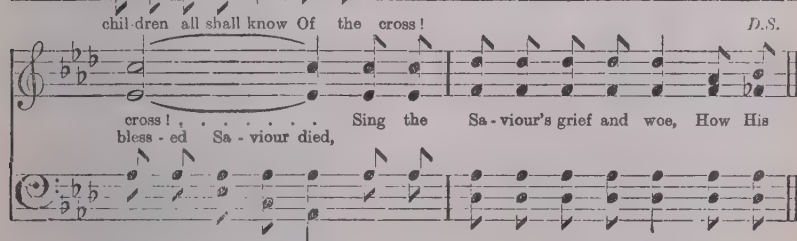
Sa - viour's grief and woe, How His blood did free - ly flow, Till the
 name must be our plea, For sal - va - tion full and free, And in
 glo - ry gilds the way, And it hath im - mor - tal ray, And we'll

D.S.—blood did free - ly flow, Till the

FINE. CHORUS.



child - ren all shall know Of the cross! Of the cross, . . . of the
 death our hope must be Of the cross! }
 sing in heav'n for aye Of the cross! } Of the cross on which the

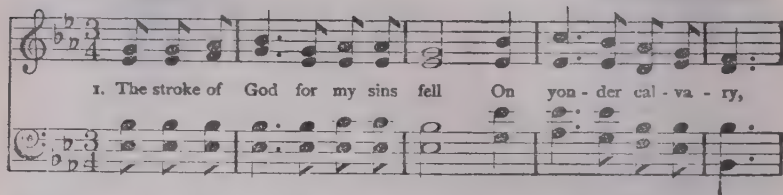


chil - dren all shall know Of the cross! *D.S.*
 cross! . . . Sing the Sa - viour's grief and woe, How His
 bless - ed Sa - viour died,

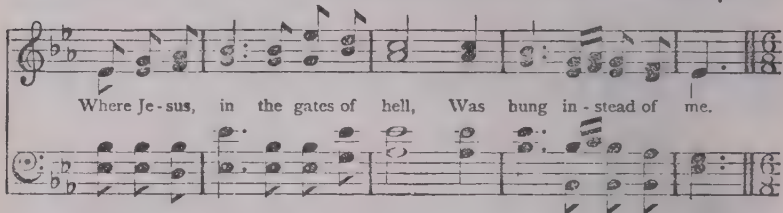
357 I'll go there till the Stars are Falling.

Dr. JOHN ROBERTSON.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

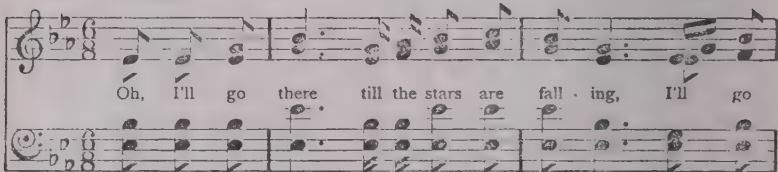


1. The stroke of God for my sins fell On yon - der cal - va - ry,

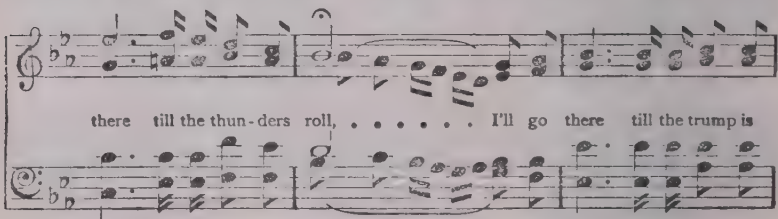


Where Je - sus, in the gates of hell, Was hung in - stead of me.

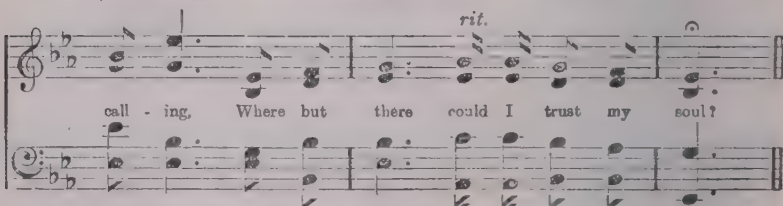
CHORUS.



Oh, I'll go there till the stars are fall - ing, I'll go



there till the thun - ders roll, I'll go there till the trump is



call - ing. Where but there could I trust my soul?

2. The wrath of God was spent on Him
Who there upon the Tree
The cup of death full to the brim
Drained dry instead of me.

3. My sins He took upon His soul,
And on the Cross He paid
With broken, bleeding heart the whole
Of judgment on Him laid.

Copyright by R. F. B., 1903.

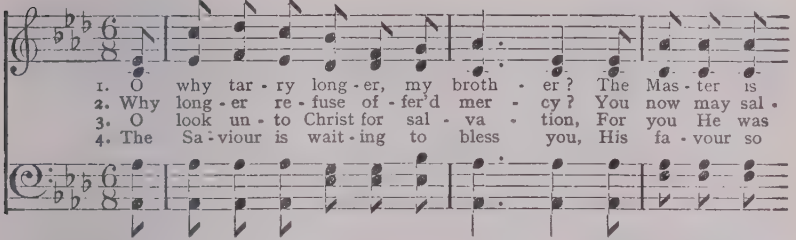
4. Where judgment fires already burned,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
The broken law's demand is turned,
They cannot burn again.

5. The Cross will stand when heavens flee
And earth reels to and fro,
There till that Day of God I see,
Poor sinner, I will go.

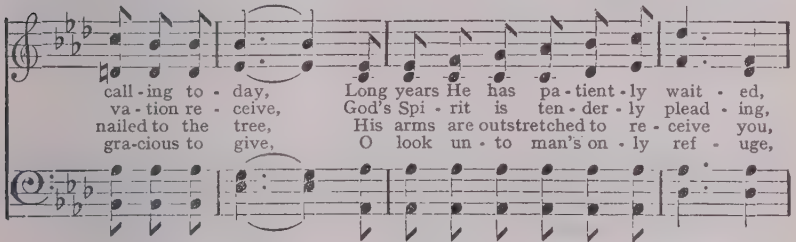
Why Tarry Longer?

R. H. WASHBURNE, S.T.D.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

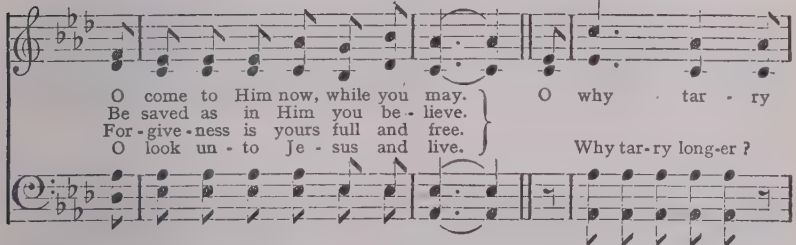


1. O why tar-ry long-er, my broth-er? The Mas-ter is
 2. Why long-er re-fuse of-fer'd mer-cy? You now may sal-
 3. O look un-to Christ for sal-va-tion, For you He was
 4. The Sa-viour is wait-ing to bless you, His fa-vour so

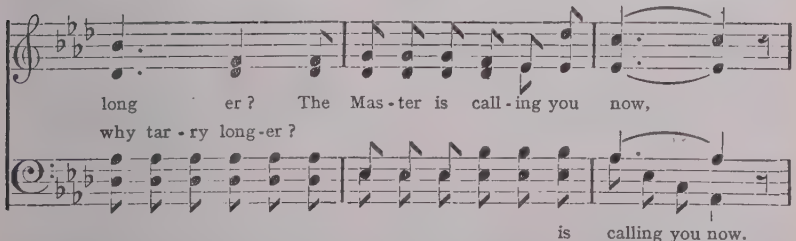


call-ing to-day, Long years He has pa-tient-ly wait-ed,
 va-tion re-ceive, God's Spi-rit is ten-der-ly plead-ing,
 nailed to the tree, His arms are outstretched to re-ceive you,
 gra-cious to give, O look un-to man's on-ly ref-uge,

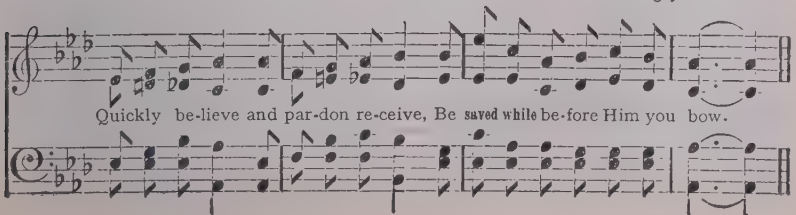
CHORUS.



O come to Him now, while you may. } O why tar-ry
 Be saved as in Him you be-lieve. }
 For-give-ness is yours full and free. }
 O look un-to Je-sus and live. } Why tar-ry long-er?



long-er? The Mas-ter is call-ing you now,
 why tar-ry long-er?
 is calling you now.

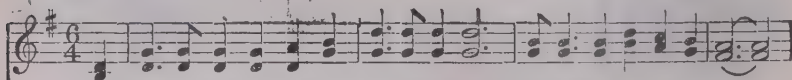


Quickly be-lieve and par-don re-ceive, Be saved while be-fore Him you bow.

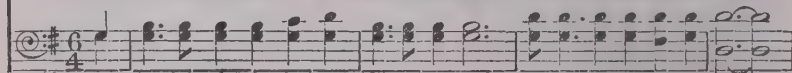
Tell It Wherever You Go.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

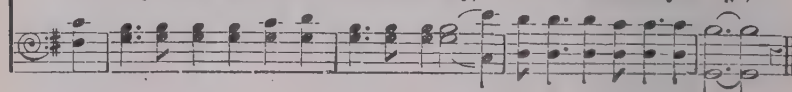
WM. EDIE MARKS.



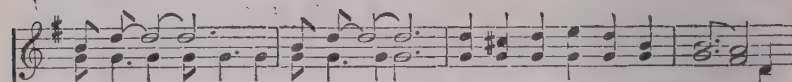
1. If Christ the Redeemer has pardoned your sin, Tell it wherever you go;
2. If now you are happy with Christ as your Guide, Tell it wherever you go;
3. When troubles assail do you trust in Him still? Tell it wherever you go;
4. If you are an heir to a mansion on high, Tell it wherever you go;



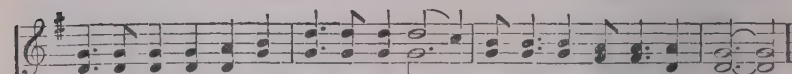
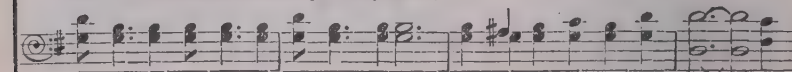
If in-to your darkness His light has shone in Tell it wherever you go.
 If He is your Friend, and with Him you a-bide, Tell it wherever you go.
 When sorrows overwhelm do you sink in His will? Tell it wherever you go.
 Un - til you find rest in that home in the sky, Tell it wherever you go,



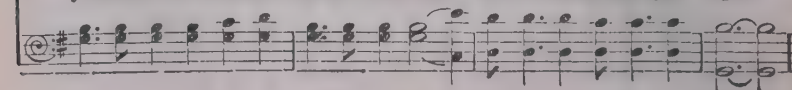
CHORUS.



Tell it..... tell it..... Tell it wher-ev-er you go; If
 Tell it that others a-round you may know,

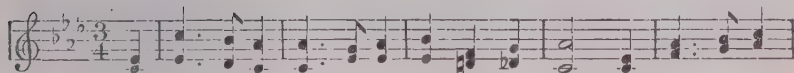


you would win others from sin and from woe? Tell it wher-ev-er you go!

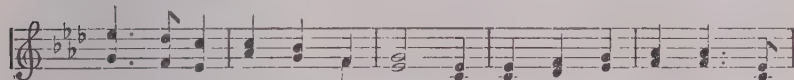


DUET AND CHORUS.

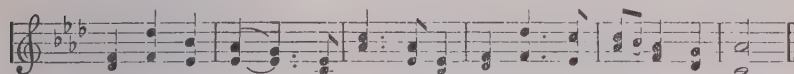
RICHARD MURPHY.



1. Come, sin - ners, to Je - sus, no long - er de - lay; A free, full sal -
2. The world will op - pose you, and Sa - tan will rage: To hin - der your
3. Tho' fierce be the con - flict, and trou - bles a - rise, There are man - sions of
4. When death's shady val - ley Christ calls you to tread, A ha - lo of

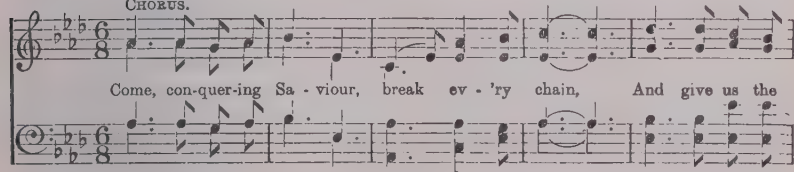


va - tion is of - fered to - day; A - rise, all ye bond-slaves, a -
com - ing they both will en - gage: But Je - sus, your Sa - viour, has
glo - ry pre - pared in the skies. A crown and a king - dom you
glo - ry a - round you He'll shed; His pres - ence shall cheer you as

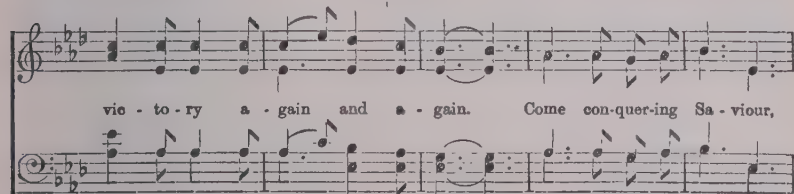


wake from your dream; Be - lieve, and the light and the glo - ry shall stream;
conquered for you, And He will as - sist you to conquer them too.
short - ly shall view— The lau - rels of vic - t'ry are waiting for you.
faint - ly you pray, And an - gels to glo - ry shall bear you a - way.

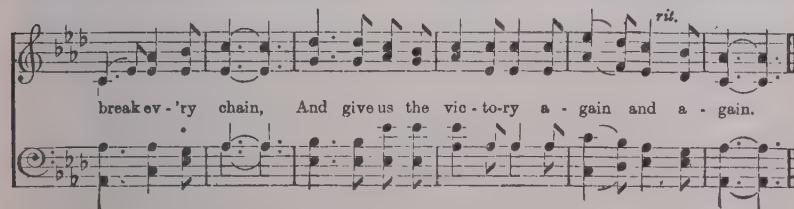
CHORUS.



Come, con - quer - ing Sa - viour, break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the



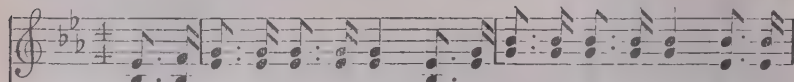
vic - to - ry a - gain and a - gain. Come con - quer - ing Sa - viour,



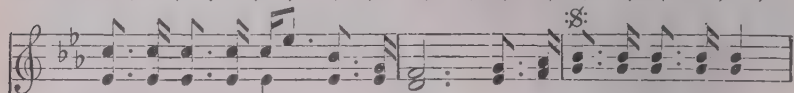
break ev - 'ry chain, And give us the vic - to - ry a - gain and a - gain.

JOHN CLIMIE.

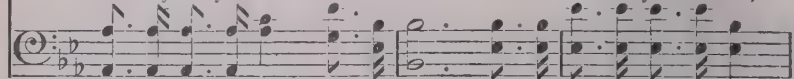
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



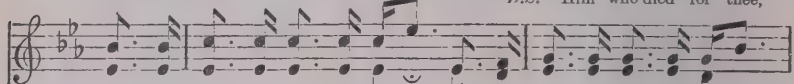
1. On the dark and downward way Man - y souls are found to - day, Who like
2. On the cross the Sa - viour gave His own life poor souls to save, Then rose
3. Yes, the Gos - pel word is true, There's a life in Christ that's new, And a
4. Days are glid - ing quick - ly past, Friends are fall - ing thick and fast, Some day



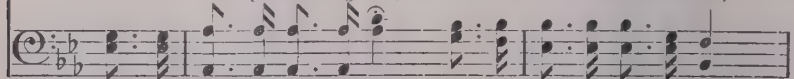
sheep have gone a - stray From the Lord. But the God of love has sent
Vic - tor o'er the grave; Bless His Name. Un - to you He of - fers rest,
par - don wait - ing you, Praise the Lord. While the Spi - rit makes ap - peal,
soon may be your last Here be - low. If sal - va - tion you would see,



D.S. - Him who died for thee,

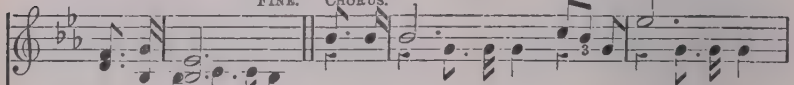


His own Son on mer - cy bent, And He calls to you re - pent,
Put His pro - mise to the test, And be - come the Sa - viour's guest,
Seek - ing for your high - est weal, Yield and get His gra - cious seal,
To the Gos - pel Ref - uge flee, Look to Je - sus and be free,



Come to Him and bow the knee, Come to Him, He'll make you free,

FINE. CHORUS.

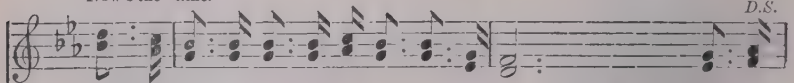


Now's the time (now's the time). Now's the time (now's the time); Now's the time (now's the time);



Now's the time.

D.S.



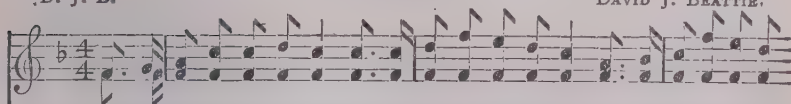
While the door of grace stands o - pen. Now's the time (now's the time); Come to



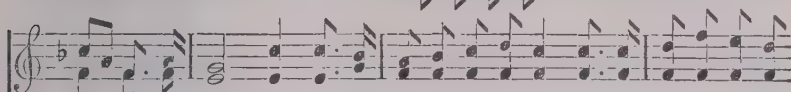
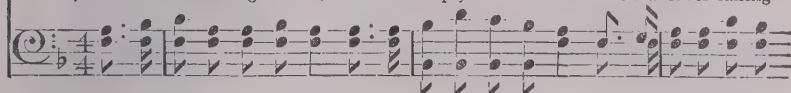
I've a Message from the King.

D. J. B.

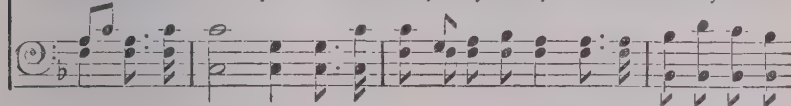
DAVID J. BEATTIE.



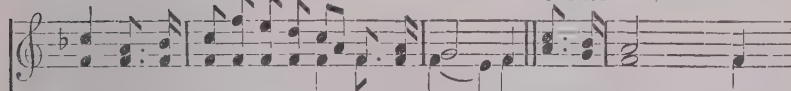
1. I've a message from the King, Loudly let the tidings ring: I've a message from the
2. 'Tis for who-so - ev - er will: Hear the joyful tidings still: 'Tis for wh - so - ev - er
3. Sinners Jesus will receive: Will you on the Lord believe? Sinners Jesus will re-
4. He's a never-failing Friend, And will keep you to the end: He's a never failing



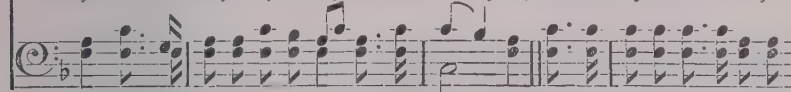
King—Hal-le - lu - jah! 'Tis a message full of love, Wafted from the courts a-
will—Hal-le - lu - jah! Je-sus died for you and me On the cross of Cal-va-
ceive—Hal-le - lu - jah! He will take your sins away, Make you hap-py all the
Friend—Hal-le - lu - jah! He will take you by and by To the home beyond the



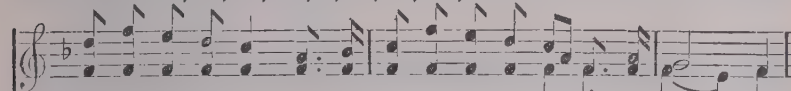
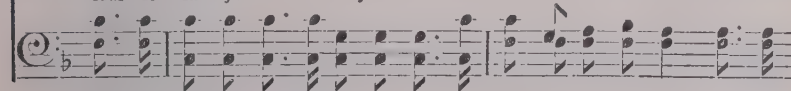
CHORUS.



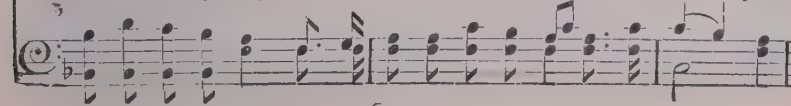
bove: 'Tis a message full of love—Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
ry: Jesus died for you and me—Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
day: He will take your sins away—Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!
sky: He will take you by and by—Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah!



Hal-le - lu - - - jah! I've a message from the King; Loudly
Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!



let the tidings ring: I've a message from the King—Hal-le - lu - jah!

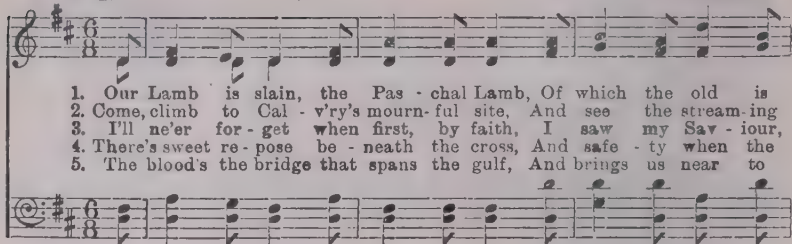


Christ, our Passover.

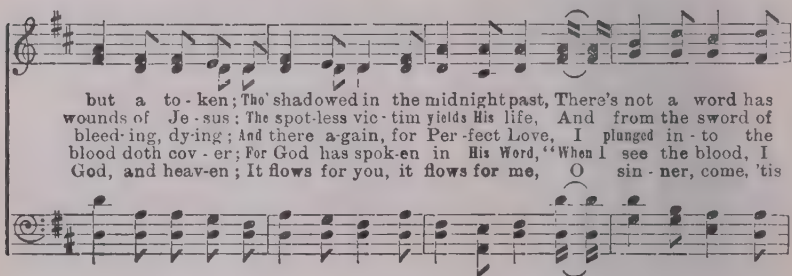
1 Cor. v. 7.

H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

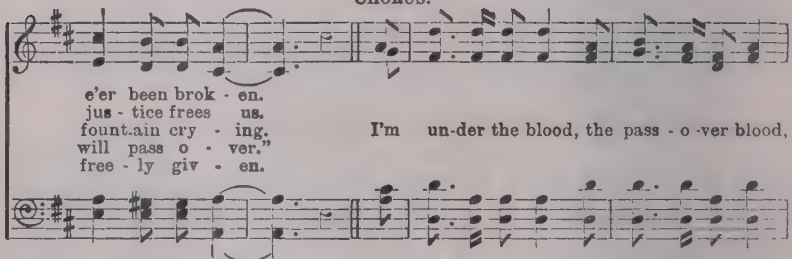


1. Our Lamb is slain, the Pas - chal Lamb, Of which the old is
 2. Come, climb to Cal - v'ry's mourn - ful site, And see the stream - ing
 3. I'll ne'er for - get when first, by faith, I saw my Sav - iour,
 4. There's sweet re - pose be - neath the cross, And safe - ty when the
 5. The blood's the bridge that spans the gulf, And brings us near to



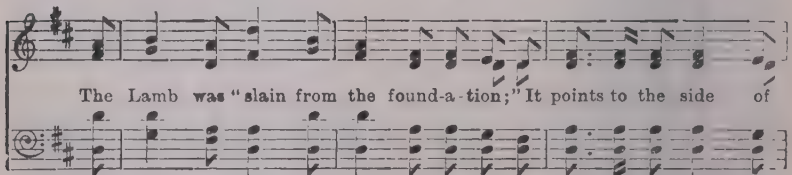
but a to - ken; Tho' shadowed in the midnight past, There's not a word has
 wounds of Je - sus; The spot - less vic - tim yields His life, And from the sword of
 bleed - ing, dy - ing; And there a - gain, for Per - fect Love, I plunged in - to the
 blood doth cov - er; For God has spok - en in His Word, "When I see the blood, I
 God, and heav - en; It flows for you, it flows for me, O sin - ner, come, 'tis

CHORUS.

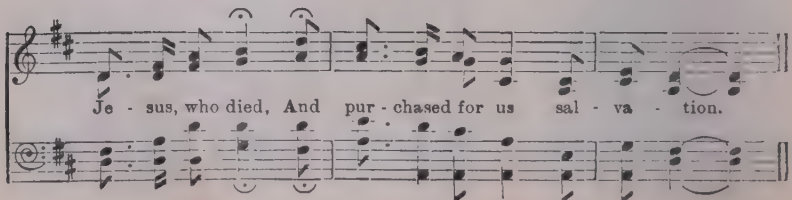


e'er been brok - en.
 jus - tice frees us.
 fount - ain cry - ing,
 will pass o - ver."
 free - ly giv - en.

I'm un - der the blood, the pass - o - ver blood,



The Lamb was "slain from the found - a - tion;" It points to the side of



Je - sus, who died, And pur - chased for us sal - va - tion.

364

Make a Friend of Jesus.

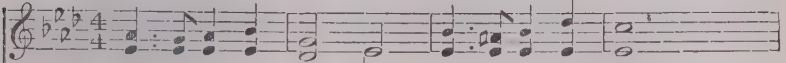
MRS. NEEDHAM-PHILLIPS.

WILL GARDNER-HUNTER.

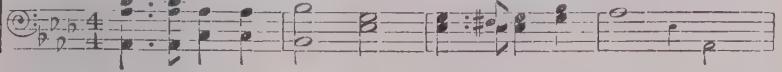
".....There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a Brother." Proverbs XVIII. 24

Doh is A flat. dolce.

<| d :- .t, | d : r | t, :- is, :- | r :- .deir : f | m :- | :- :>



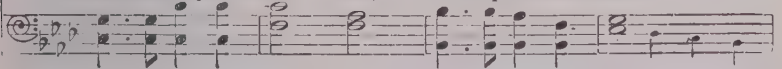
1. Make a friend of Je - sus, While He draweth near,
2. Make a friend of Je - sus, He will ne'er be - tray,
3. Make a friend of Je - sus, If you would be blest,



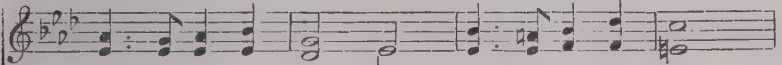
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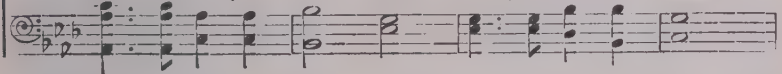
Then thro' all life's chan - ges, Nev - er need you fear;
A - ny con - fid - en - ces, Whispered by the way;
Let Him be your Com - rade, Lean upon His breast;



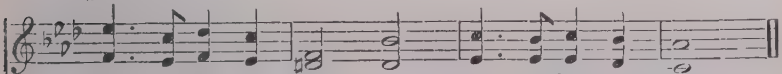
<| d :- .t, | d : r | t, :- is, :- | r :- .deir : f | m :- | :- :>



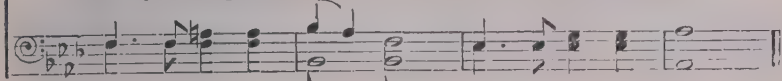
None like He will help you, None will prove so true,
But with ab - le coun - sel He will un - der - take,
He will share your bur - dens, And your joys in - crease,



<| s :- .m | f : m | l, :- | r :- | m :- .x | m : r | d :- | :- :>



Nev - er will he fail you, Long the days or few.
And will shield and guide you, For His own name's sake.
Give you strength and cour - age, Fill you with His peace.

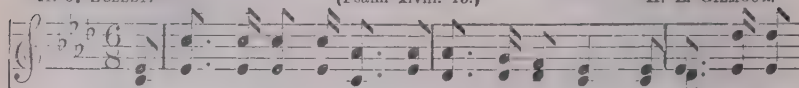


Tell the Glad Story Abroad.

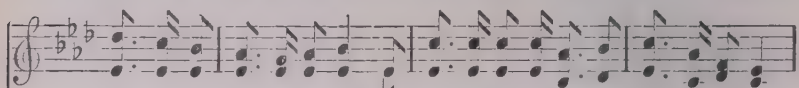
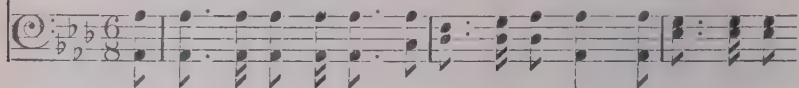
H. J. ZELLEY.

(Psalm xlviii. 13.)

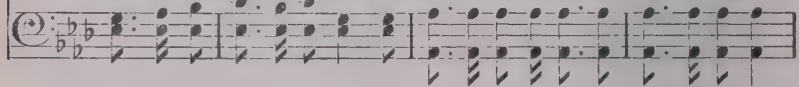
H. L. GILMOUR.



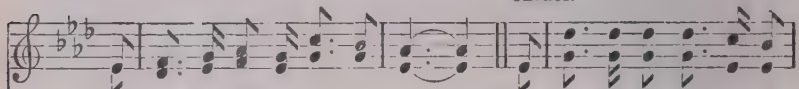
1. Have you, my dear brother, been re - cued from sin? Is Christ the Re -
2. Are you, my dear brother, washed whit - er than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear brother, with - in you now reign? And sin - ful en -
4. Is Christ, my dear brother, now walk - ing with you? And does He di -



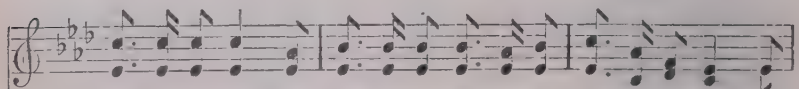
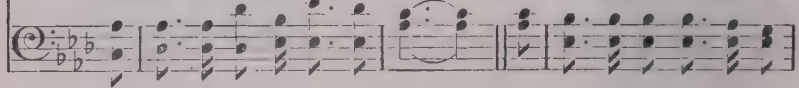
deem - er a - bid - ing with - in? Would you help some o - thers sal - va - tion to win?
 cleans - ing blood o - ver you flow? And would you have o - thers the same joy to know?
 joy - ments do you now dis - dain? Oh, would you help o - thers a hea - ven to gain?
 rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have o - thers en - joy Je - sus too?



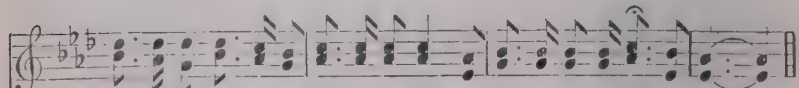
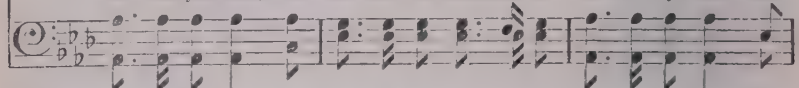
CHORUS.



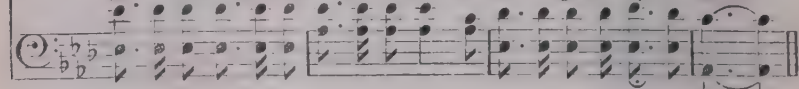
Then tell the glad sto - ry a - broad? . . Oh, tell the glad sto - ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sin - ners find cleans - ing in Cal - va - ry's flow, And



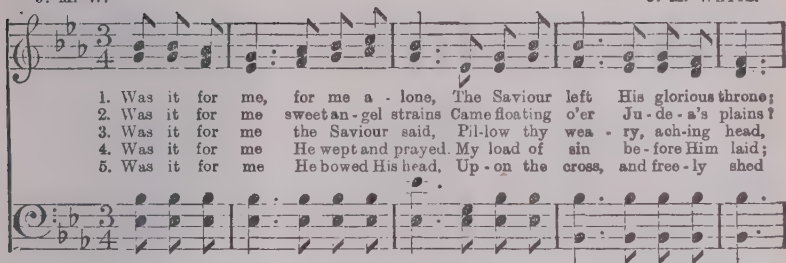
ev - 'ry heart may be made whit - er than snow, Oh, tell the glad sto - ry a - broad.



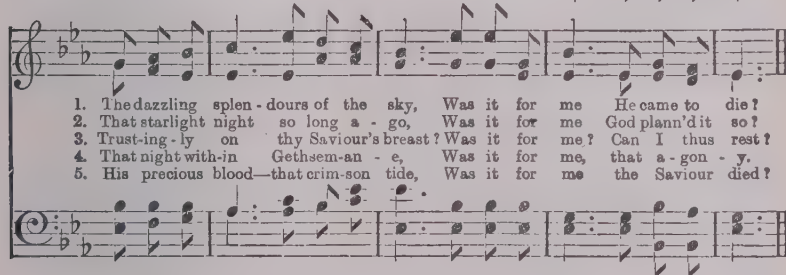
Was it for Me?

J. M. W.

J. M. W. HYTE.

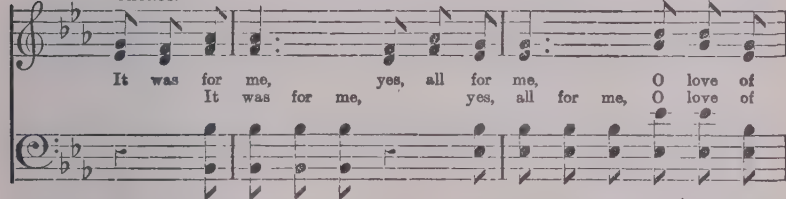


1. Was it for me, for me a - lone, The Saviour left His glorious throne;
 2. Was it for me sweet an - gel strains Came floating o'er Ju - de - a's plains?
 3. Was it for me the Saviour said, Pil - low thy wea - ry, aching head;
 4. Was it for me He wept and prayed. My load of sin be - fore Him laid;
 5. Was it for me He bowed His head, Up - on the cross, and free - ly shed

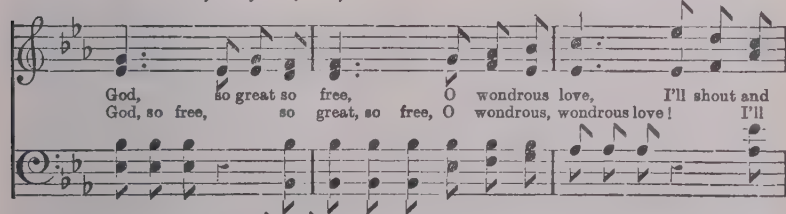


1. The dazzling splen - dours of the sky, Was it for me He came to die?
 2. That starlight night so long a - go, Was it for me God plann'd it so?
 3. Trust - ing - ly on thy Saviour's breast? Was it for me? Can I thus rest?
 4. That night with - in Gethse - man - e, Was it for me, that a - gon - y.
 5. His precious blood - that crim - son tide, Was it for me the Saviour died?

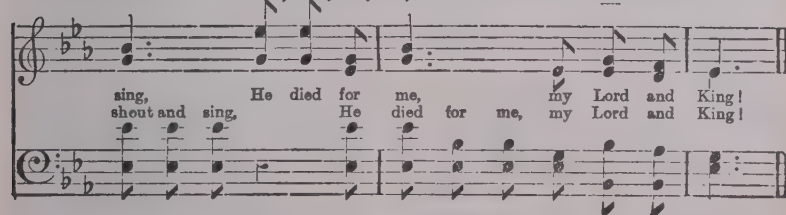
CHORUS.



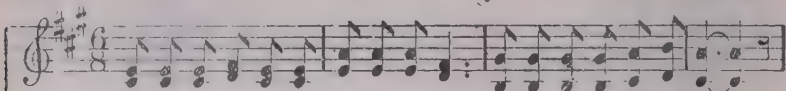
It was for me, yes, all for me, O love of
 It was for me, yes, all for me, O love of



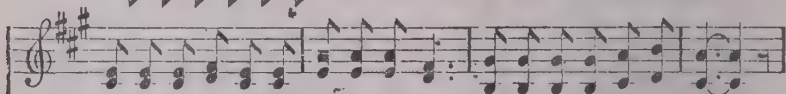
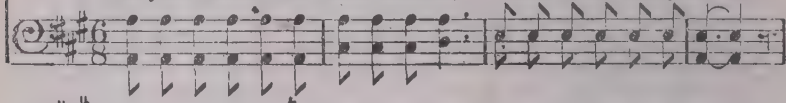
God, so great so free, O wondrous love, I'll shout and
 God, so free, so great, so free, O wondrous, wondrous love! I'll



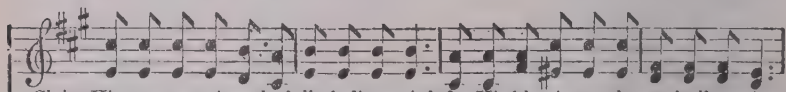
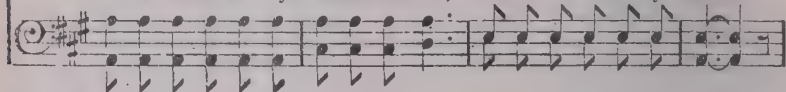
sing, He died for me, my Lord and King!
 shout and sing, He died for me, my Lord and King!



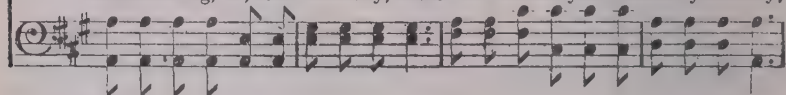
1. Come to the Saviour, believe in His name, Jesus is all that you need ;
2. Jesus has triumph'd o'er sin and the grave, Jesus is all that you need ;
3. Give your life e-ver to Jesus' control, Jesus is all that you need ;



Je-sus is now and for-ev-er the same, Jesus is all that you need.
 He is a-bundant-ly a-ble to save, Jesus is all that you need.
 Je-sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Jesus is all that you need.



Claim His sure promise, oh, fully believe, Ask for His blessing and you shall receive,
 Jesus will pardon if you will confess, Jesus will comfort in time of distress,
 Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him for ever your life and your stay,

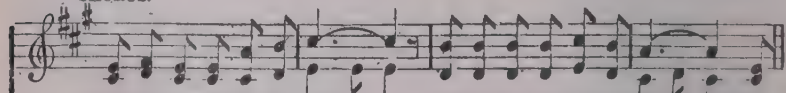


Je-sus will help you the past to retrieve, Jesus is all that you need.
 He will be with you for ev-er to bless, Jesus is all that you need.
 Will you belong to Him wholly to-day ? Jesus is all that you need.

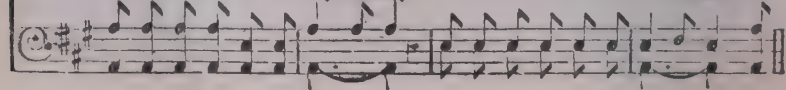


D.S.—why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need ?

CHORUS.



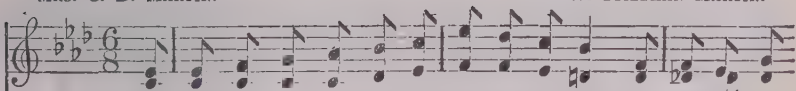
Je-sus is all that you need, . . . All that you ever can need ; . . . Oh,
 you need, can need ;



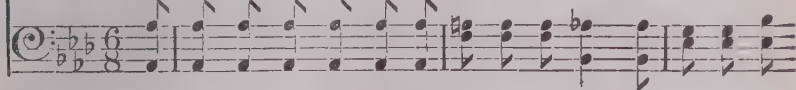
His Love is an Ocean.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

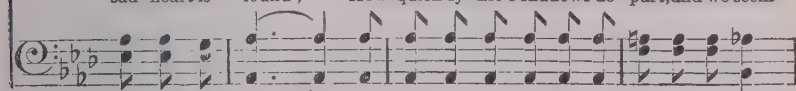
W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. His love is an o - cean so boundless and deep, It reach-es from
2. His love is a mountain as high as His throne And cov-ered with
3. His love is a sunbeam, dif - fus - ing its light Wher-ev - er a



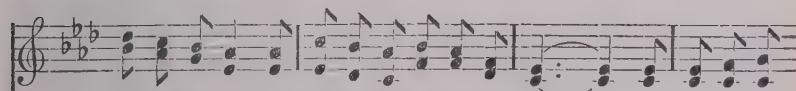
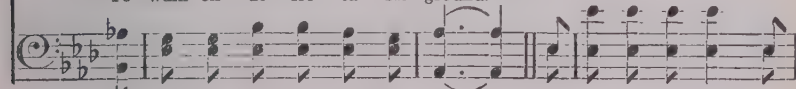
glo - ry to me ; I'm borne on its current from sin and from self,
ver - dure so fair ; With wings as an ea - gle His children may rise
sad heart is found ; How quick-ly life's shadows de - part, and we seem



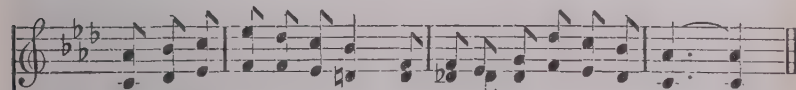
CHORUS.



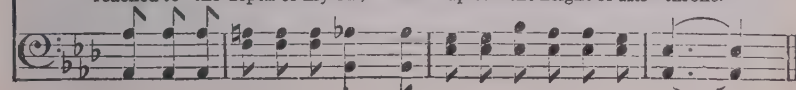
For - ev - er with Je - sus to be. } His won - der - ful love, His
Its beau - ty and bless - ings to share.
To walk on de - lec - ta - ble ground.



mar - vel - lous love, Its heights and its depths are un - known ; I'm sure it has

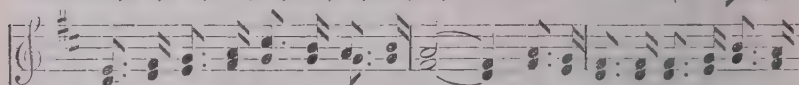
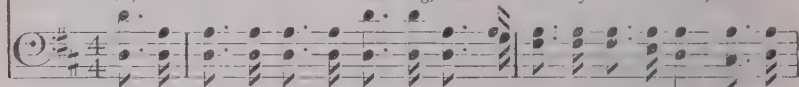


reached to the depth of my sin, And up to the height of His throne.

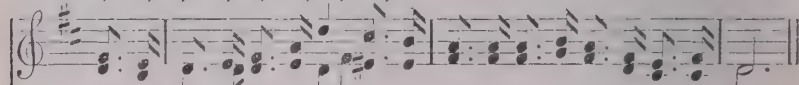
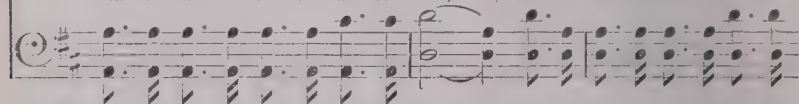




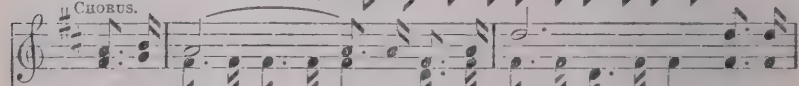
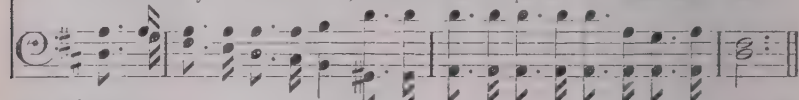
1. I am glad I have the Sa-viour in His ful-ness in my soul, And my
 2. There is peace and joy and glad-ness dwell-ing now with-in my breast, All dis-
 3. Oh, this life so full of bless-ing, where we al-ways see His face, And His



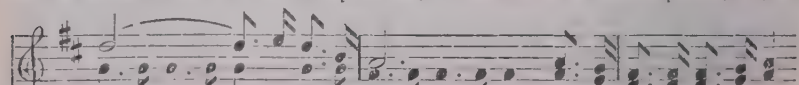
heart is so de-light-ed ev-'ry day; . . . For the light of full sal-va-tion
 turb-ing doubts and fears have fled a-way; . . . And my life is filled with sunshine,
 will is dear-er far than all be-side; . . . We will fol-low ev-er near Him



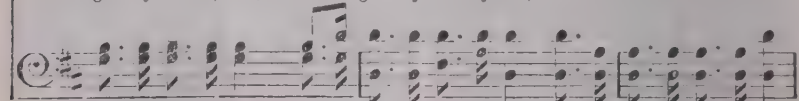
now is shin-ing clear and bright, And I have the Saviour with me all the way.
 not a cloud is in the sky, Je-sus reigns within su-preme-ly ev-'ry day.
 in the way of life di-vine, And we'll shout His praises then whate'er be-tide.



There is glo-ry in my soul, ry in my soul, There is
 glo-ry in my soul, yes, there's glo-ry in my soul, There is



glo-ry in my soul, Je-sus saves me from all sin,
 glo-ry in my soul, 'tis glo-ry in my soul,



There is Glory in my Soul—Continued.

Gives me peace and joy with-in, And there's glo - ry, yes, there's glo-ry in my soul.

370 Who shall Roll the Stone Away?

Gently. p

Words and Music by E. E. PICKARD.

1. Who shall roll the stone a - way? Who shall break the seal? . .
 2. Who can lead the wea - ry soul To the Sa - viour's cross? . .
 3. Who can ban - ish un - be - lief, As in prayer we bow? . .
 4. Who can cleanse our sins a - way, By His pre - cious blood? . .
 5. Who will come to Je - sus now? Now, this ver - y hour? . .

Who can drive the clouds a - way, Wound-ed hearts to heal? . .
 Who can make us joy - ful - ly Count all else but loss? . .
 Who can ope the si - lent lips? God can—here and now! . .
 On - ly one can these things do— Christ, the son of God! . .
 He will save you will - ing - ly, Keep you by His pow'r! . .

CHORUS. *Allegro. f*

On - ly God can lift the weight That keeps fast the glo - ry gate!

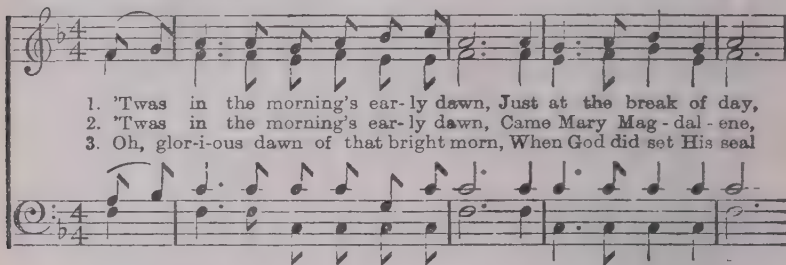
f
 Ev - en now, Lord, while we pray, Thou can'st roll the stones a - way!

The Lives for Evermore.

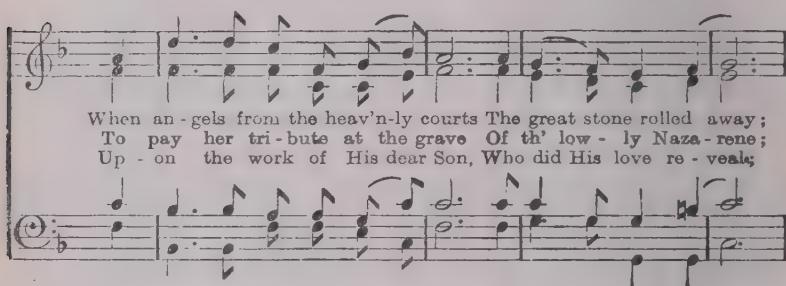
(BARITONE SOLO.)

Words by JAS. COLVILLE.

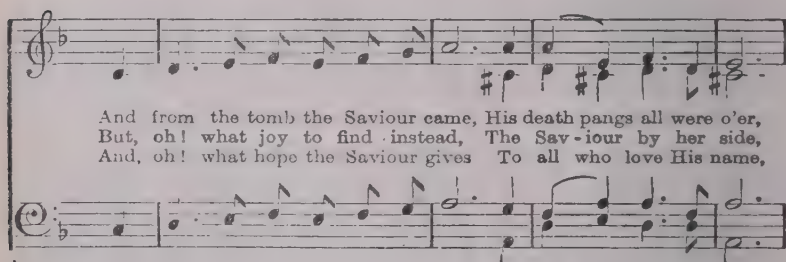
Music by JAS. COLVILLE & R. F. BEVERIDGE.



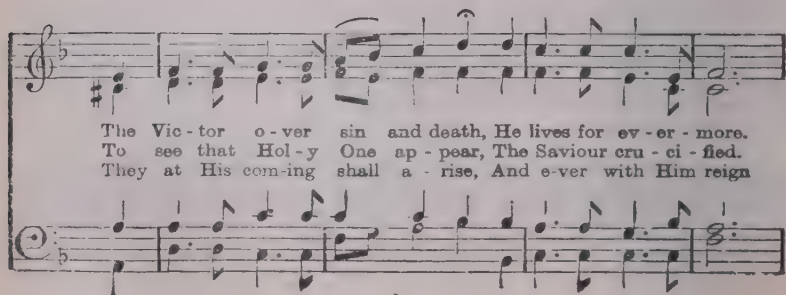
1. 'Twas in the morning's ear-ly dawn, Just at the break of day,
 2. 'Twas in the morning's ear-ly dawn, Came Mary Mag-dal-ene,
 3. Oh, glor-i-ous dawn of that bright morn, When God did set His seal



When an-gels from the heav'n-ly courts The great stone rolled away;
 To pay her tri-bute at the grave Of th' low-ly Naza-rene;
 Up-on the work of His dear Son, Who did His love re-veal;



And from the tomb the Saviour came, His death pangs all were o'er,
 But, oh! what joy to find in-stead, The Sav-iour by her side,
 And, oh! what hope the Saviour gives To all who love His name,



The Vic-tor o-ver sin and death, He lives for ev-er-more.
 To see that Hol-y One ap-pear, The Saviour cru-ci-fied.
 They at His com-ing shall a-rise, And e-ver with Him reign

He Lives for Evermore—continued.

CHORUS.

He lives for e - ver - more, He lives for e - ver - more.

The vic-tor o - ver sin and death, He lives for e - ver - more.
(He lives, the Saviour lives for evermore.)

372

Jesus saith, "I Thirst."

"OAKSHAW."

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

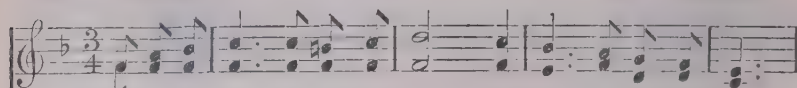
1. His are the thou-sand spark-ling rills, That from a thou-sand foun-tains
2. All fie - ry pangs on bat - tle fields, On fev - er beds where sick men
3. But more than pains that racked Him then, Was the deep long - ing thirst di-
4. O Love most pa-tient, give me grace; Make all my soul a - thirst for

burst, And fill with mu-sic all the hills; And yet He saith, "I thirst."
toss, Are in that hu-man cry He yields To an-guish on the Cross.
vine, That thirst-ed for the souls of men; Dear Lord, and one was mine.
Thee; That parched dry lip, that fad-ing face, That thirst, were all for me.

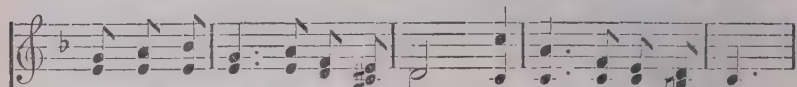
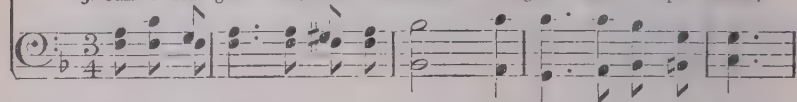
373 Can I forget the Wonderful Cross?

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

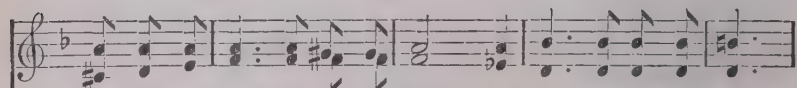
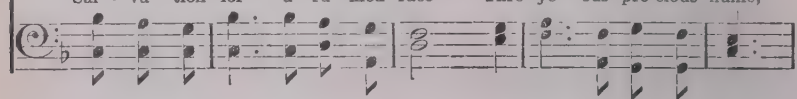
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



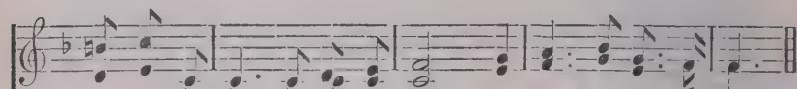
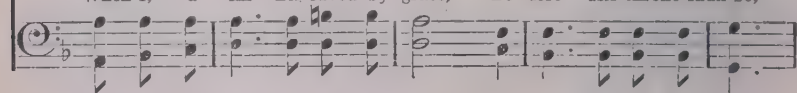
1. Can I for - get, can I for - get The place where Je - sus died?
 2. His lone - ly watch can I for - get, When, in His a - gon - y
 3. Can I for - get? No, while I breathe, His good - ness I'll pro - claim;



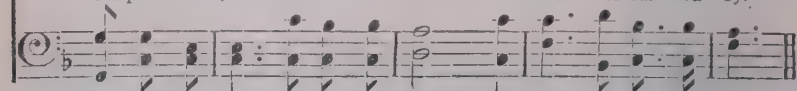
Where on the Cross of Cal - va - ry My Lord was cru - ci - fied?
 There fell great drops of blood - y sweat In dark Geth - sem - a - ne?
 Sal - va - tion for a ru - ined race Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious name,



Can I for - get His dy - ing groans, His a - gon - iz - ing pray'r?
 Betrayed and scourged, to slaughter led, To can - cel sin's great debt;
 When I, a sin - ner saved by grace, Be - fore His throne shall be,



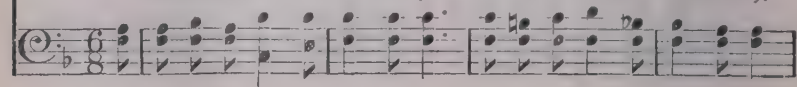
O soul of mine, it was my sins Which helped to nail Him there.
 O bas - est of in - gra - ti - tude, If ev - er I for - get!
 I'll praise Him, and re - mem - ber still The Cross of Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



O won - der - ful Cross of Cal - va - ry, Won - der - ful Cross of Cal - va - ry,



Can I forget the Wonderful Cross?—Continued.

My hope of sal - va - tion hangs on Thee, O won - der - ful, won - der - ful Cross.

374 Mary Weeping near the Cross.

STABAT MATER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Near the cross was Mary weep - ing, There her mournful station keep - ing,
 2. Who up - on that sufferer gaz - ing, Bowed in sor - row so a - maz - ing,
 3. When no eye its pi - ty gave us, When there was no arm to save us,
 4. Je - sus, may Thy love constrain us That from sin we may re - frain us,

Gaz - ing on her dy - ing Son, There with speechless grief op - press - ed,
 Would not with His moth - er mourn? 'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven;
 He His love and power dis - played; By His stripes He wrought our heal - ing;
 In Thy griefs may deep - ly grieve. Thee our best af - fec - tions giv - ing;

Anguish - strick - en, and dis - tress - ed; Thro' her soul the sword had gone.
 These the cru - el nails had driv - en; All His griefs for us were borne.
 By His death our life re - veal - ing, He for us the ran - som paid.
 To Thy glo - ry ev - er liv - ing, May we in Thy glo - ry live.

E. E. HEWITT.

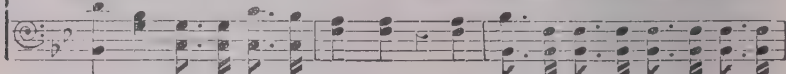
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



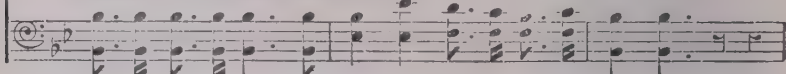
1. We tell it as we jour-ney toward the mansions built a-bove, The
2. His hand can lift the fall-en and His blood can make them white: The
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, and its notes shall vic-t'ry be: The
4. The an-gels look with won-der, yet their harps can nev-er tell The



grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; We sing it out with gladness in the
 grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; His love can pierce the dark-ness with a
 grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; We'll sing it in our tri-als, till the
 grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; His ransomed, cloth'd with beau-ty, shall the



mel-o-dies of love, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
 nev-er-fad-ing light, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
 pass-ing sha-dows flee, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
 praise of Je-sus swell, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.



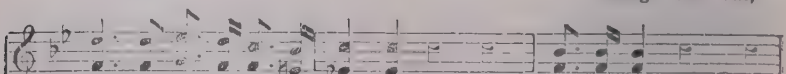
CHORUS.



Ring it out, ring it out, Ring it out,

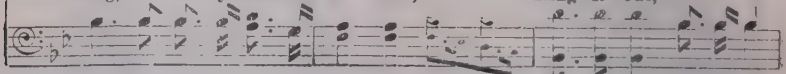


Ring it out,



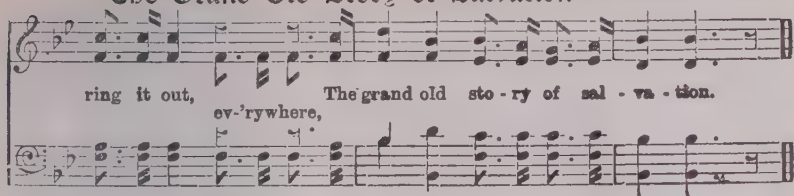
Ring, to ev-'ry tribe and na-tion;

Ring it out,



ev-'rywhere,

The Grand Old Story of Salvation—Continued.



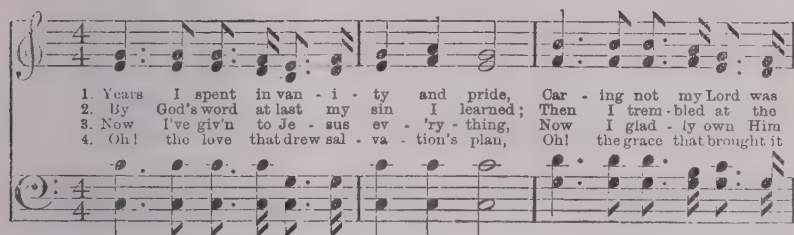
ring it out, The grand old sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
ev-'rywhere,

376

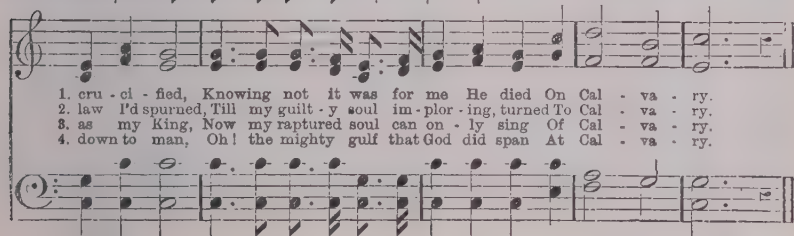
At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

D. B. TOWNER.

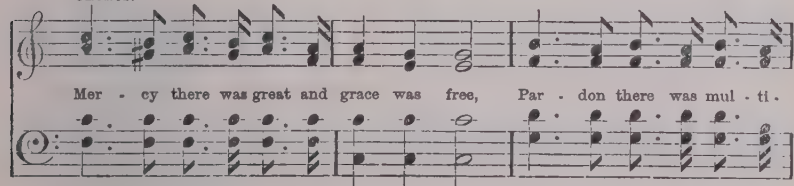


1. Years I spent in van - i - ty and pride, Car - ing not my Lord was
2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem - bled at the
3. Now I've giv'n to Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing, Now I glad - ly own Him
4. Oh! the love that drew sal - va - tion's plan, Oh! the grace that brought it

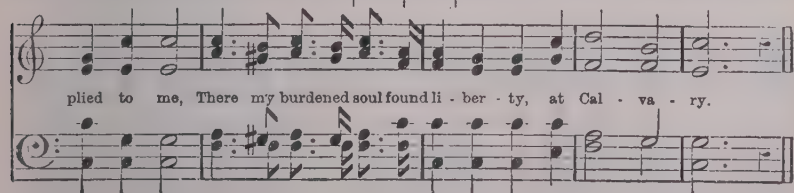


1. cru - ci - fied, Knowing not it was for me He died On Cal - va - ry.
2. law I'd spurned, Till my guilt - y soul im - plor - ing, turned To Cal - va - ry.
3. as my King, Now my raptured soul can on - ly sing Of Cal - va - ry.
4. down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.



Mer - cy there was great and grace was free, Par - don there was mul - ti -

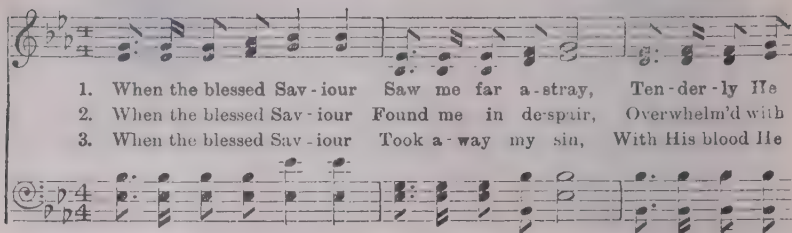


plied to me, There my burdened soul found li - ber - ty, at Cal - va - ry.

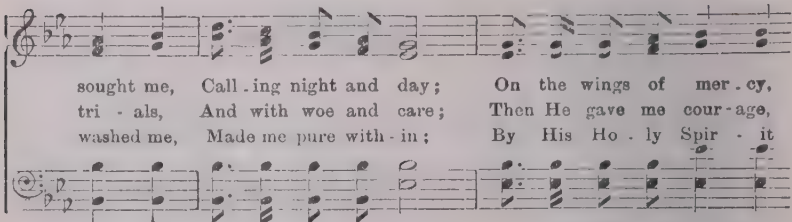
Jesus will do the same for You.

J. T. LATTI.

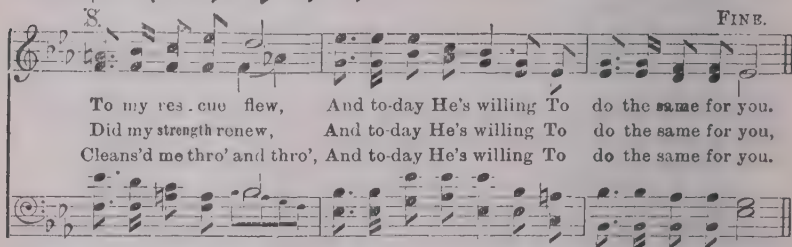
IRA B. WILSON



1. When the blessed Sav - iour Saw me far a - stray, Ten - der - ly He
 2. When the blessed Sav - iour Found me in de - spair, Overwhelm'd with
 3. When the blessed Sav - iour Took a - way my sin, With His blood He



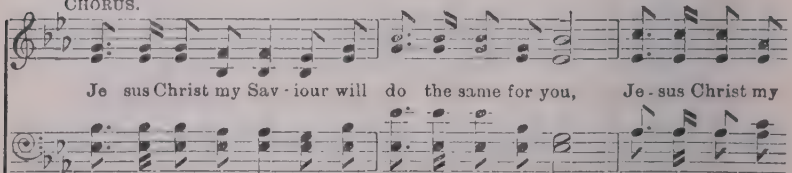
sought me, Call - ing night and day; On the wings of mer - cy,
 tri - als, And with woe and care; Then He gave me cour - age,
 washed me, Made me pure with - in; By His Ho - ly Spir - it



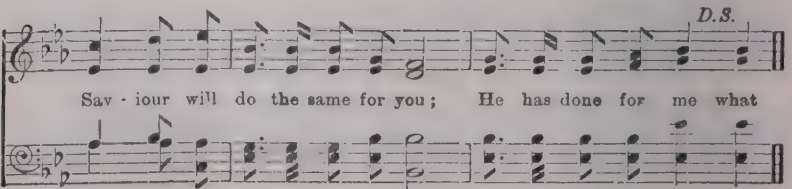
To my res - cue flew, And to-day He's willing To do the same for you.
 Did my strength renew, And to-day He's willing To do the same for you,
 Cleans'd me thro' and thro', And to-day He's willing To do the same for you.

D.S. No one else could do, And to-day He's will - ing To do the same for you.

CHORUS.



Je - sus Christ my Sav - iour will do the same for you, Je - sus Christ my

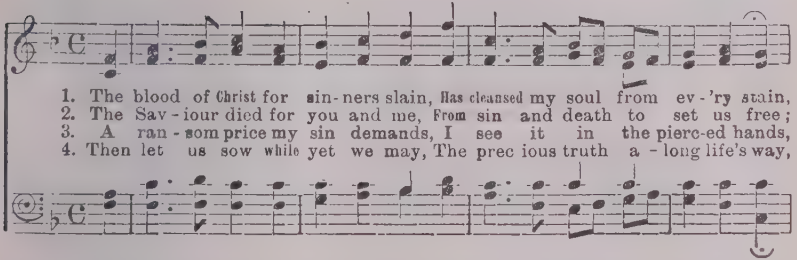


Sav - iour will do the same for you; He has done for me what

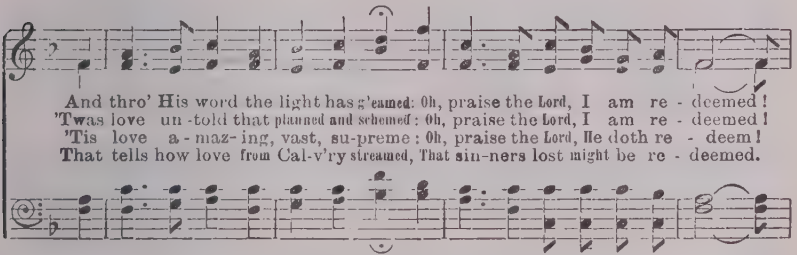
378 Oh, Praise the Lord, I am Redeemed.

W. K.

W. KANE.




1. The blood of Christ for sinners slain, Has cleansed my soul from ev'ry stain,
2. The Sav-iour died for you and me, From sin and death to set us free;
3. A ran-som price my sin demands, I see it in the pierc-ed hands,
4. Then let us sow while yet we may, The pre-cious truth a-long life's way,



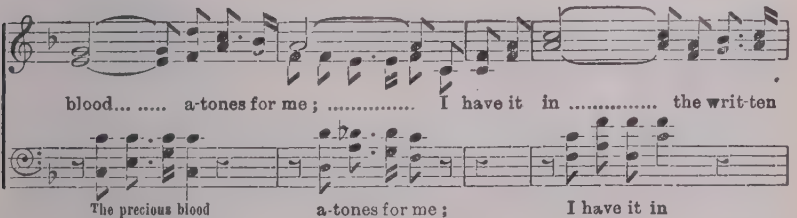
And thro' His word the light has gleamed: Oh, praise the Lord, I am re-deemed!
 'Twas love un-told that planned and schemed: Oh, praise the Lord, I am re-deemed!
 'Tis love a-maz-ing, vast, su-preme: Oh, praise the Lord, He doth re-deem!
 That tells how love from Cal-v'ry streamed, That sinners lost might be re-deemed.

CHORUS.



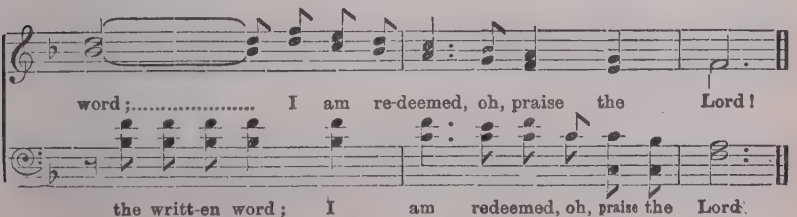
I am re-deemed,..... my soul is free,..... The precious

I am re-deemed, my soul is free.



blood..... a-tones for me; I have it in the writ-ten

The precious blood a-tones for me; I have it in



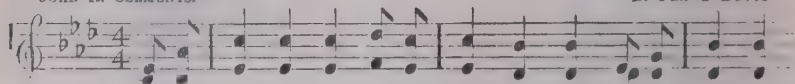
word;..... I am re-deemed, oh, praise the Lord!

the writt-en word; I am redeemed, oh, praise the Lord.

379 What a Story of Matchless Love.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

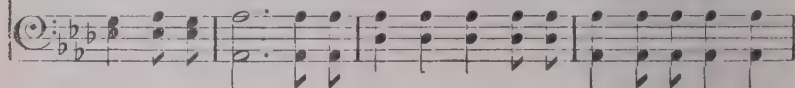
B. FRANK BUTTS



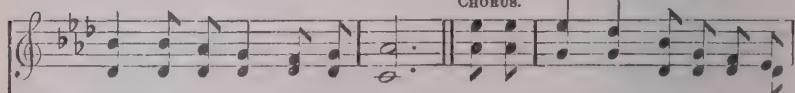
1. 'Tis a sim - ple sto - ry, but won - drous sweet; Tho' an old, old
2. 'Tis a bless - ed sto - ry of won - drous love In the hea - vens
3. 'Tis a glo - rious sto - ry; so won - drous kind Was the Son of
4. 'Tis a sim - ple sto - ry, yet won - drous deep; What a mind to



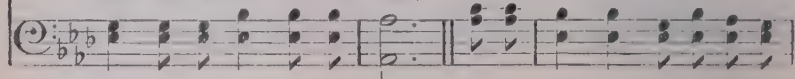
sto - ry, 'tis new; 'Tis a sto - ry sweet, Christians love to re - peat, Be -
born long a - go, Ere the Fa - ther's love sent His Son from a - bove To
God thus to die; In His fin - ished work all my hope do I find, His
draw such a plan; He who prom - is - es has the power still to keep; His



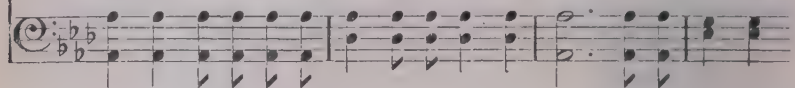
CHORUS.



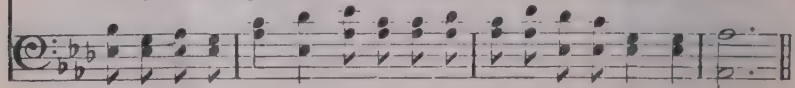
cause the old sto - ry is true. } What a sim - ple sto - ry, what a
call men from sor - row and woe. }
blood to my soul I'll ap - ply.
love still will save sin - ful man. }



sweet old sto ry, What a sto - ry of match - less love; What a bless - ed



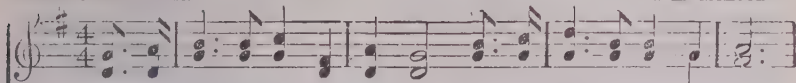
sto - ry, what a glo - rious sto - ry, Now its ech - o fills the courts a - bove.



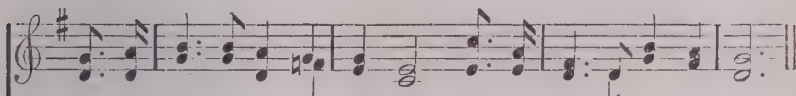
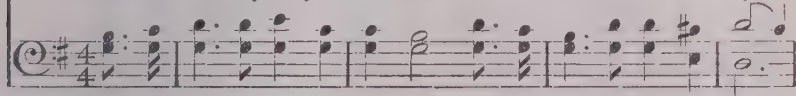
Carry it All to the Cross.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

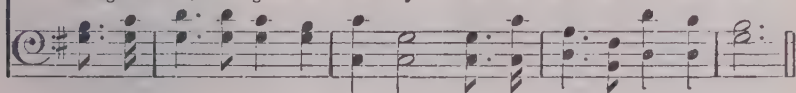
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. When your heart cries for sal - va - tion, From the weight of sin - ful dross;
 2. Here the wrongs of life are right - ed, Here earth's bit - ter things grow sweet;
 3. Sore af - flic - tions lose their keen - ness, Tri - als light - er seem to be,
 4. Great in - deed may be your bur - den, Great - er still the rem - e - dy;



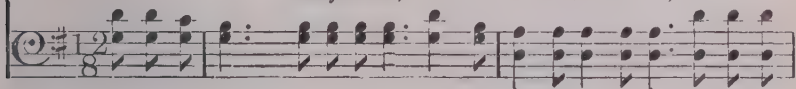
You will find it in its ful - ness At the foot of Cal - v'ry's cross.
 While we kneel with hearts sub - mis - sive At the Sa - viour's pierc - ed feet.
 Sor - rows van - ish when we view them In the light of Cal - va - ry.
 Bring it all, His grace and mer - cy Ev - er will suf - fi - cient be.



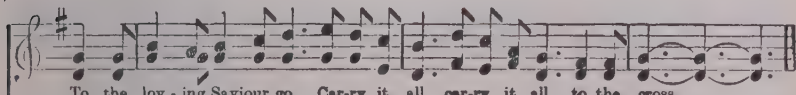
CHORUS by Wm. H. GARDNER.



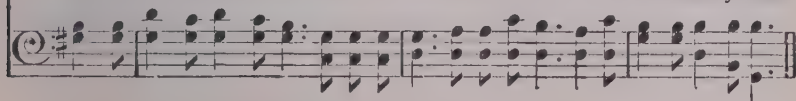
Car - ry it all to the cross, Car - ry it
 Car - ry it all, the blessed cross,



all, car - ry it all to the cross; In your sor - row and your woe,
 to the cross;



To the lov - ing Saviour go, Car - ry it all, car - ry it all to the cross,
 to Calvary's cross



Jesus Died for Me.

H. G. JACKSON.

W. S. NICKLE.

1. A guilt - y sin - ner once was I, By right eous
 2. In deep con - tri - tion Him I sought, Who on the
 3. With lov - ing smile, and words of cheer, He bade me
 4. With Him of ev - 'ry good pos - sess'd, My trust - ing

law con - demned to die, One hope re - mained, one on - ly
 cross re - demp - tion wrought, And long with tears on bend - ed
 rise, dis - pelled my fear; From bonds of death He set me
 soul finds per - fect rest; And ev - er - more my joy shall

plea, Je - sus, the Sa - viour, died for me. } He died to
 knee, Im - plored His grace, who died for me.
 free, and gave new life and hope to me.
 be, To live for Him, Who died for me.

CHORUS.

save a world from sin; He died from death my soul to win, This all my

hope, this all my plea, He died for me, He died for me.

382 Whosoever Will may have Salvation.

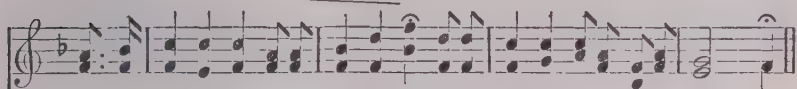
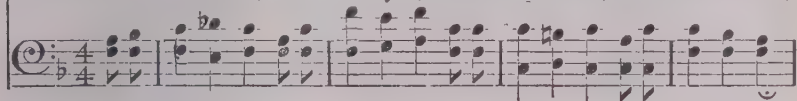
GEO. H. COOKE.

W. KANE.

Marziale.



1. Who-so - ev - er will, blessed gos-pel call, Hear, ye sin-sick souls, ruined by the fall,
2. Who so - ev - er will, Jesus calls to-day, Lov-ing-ly He pleads, sinner, why de - lay,
3. Who-so - ev - er will, if he thirst-y be, Listen to His voice, "Let him come to Me;



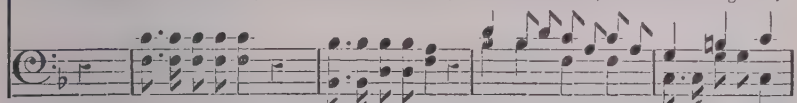
Je - sus on the Cross gave His life for all, Who-so - ev - er will may have sal - va - tion.
Trust His faithful word, hear Him sweetly say, Who-so - ev - er will may have sal - va - tion.
Drink the liv - ing wa - ter I will give so free, Who-so - ev - er will may have sal - va - tion."



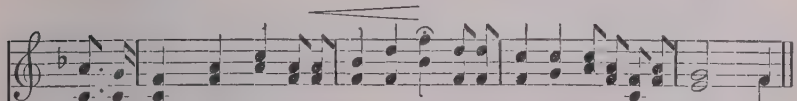
CHORUS.



Who-so-ev - er will, Who-so-ev - er will, Je-sus has said it, hear Him call-ing still,



Who-so-ev - er will, Who-so-ev - er will, Je-sus said it, hear Him calling still,



And the trust - ing soul with His love He'll fill, Whoso-ev - er will may have salva - tion.

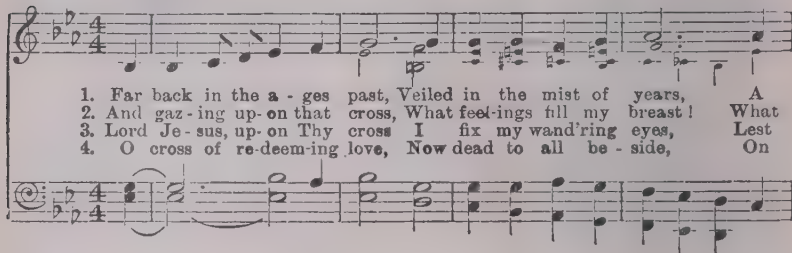


Who-so-ev - er will with His love He'll fill, Whoso-ev - er will may have sal - va - tion.

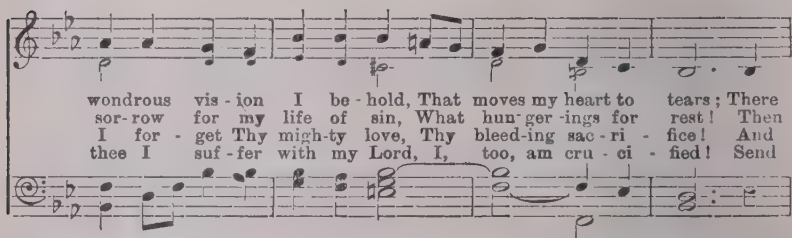
⦿ Cross of Love.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

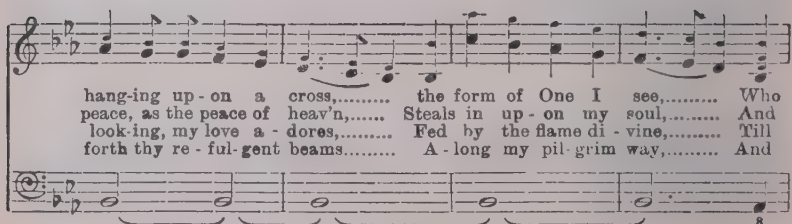
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



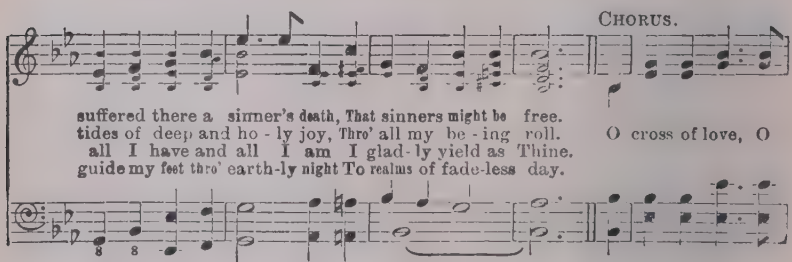
1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mist of years, A
 2. And gaz - ing up - on that cross, What feel - ings fill my breast! What
 3. Lord Je - sus, up - on Thy cross I fix my wand'ring eyes, Lest
 4. O cross of re - deem - ing love, Now dead to all be - side, On



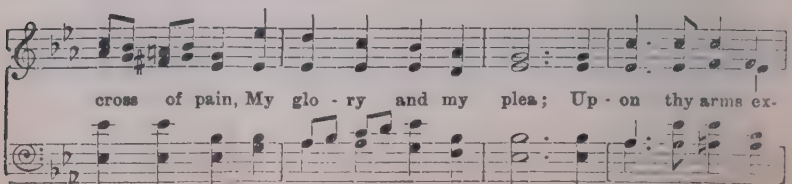
wondrous vis - ion I be - hold, That moves my heart to tears; There
 sor - row for my life of sin, What hun - ger - ings for rest! Then
 I for - get Thy might - y love, Thy bleed - ing sac - ri - fice! And
 thee I suf - fer with my Lord, I, too, am cru - ci - fied! Send



hang - ing up - on a cross,..... the form of One I see,..... Who
 peace, as the peace of heav'n,..... Steals in up - on my soul,..... And
 look - ing, my love a - dores,..... Fed by the flame di - vine,..... Till
 forth thy re - ful - gent beams,..... A - long my pil - grim way,..... And



CHORUS.
 suffered there a sinner's death, That sinners might be free.
 tides of deep and ho - ly joy, Thro' all my be - ing roll. O cross of love, O
 all I have and all I am I glad - ly yield as Thine.
 guid - ing my feet thro' earth - ly night To realms of fade - less day.



cross of pain, My glo - ry and my plea; Up - on thy arms ex -

◎ Cross of Love—Continued.

tend-ed wide Christ Je-sus died for me,..... Christ Je-sus died for me.

384

There is a Green Hill far Away.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With out a ci - ty wall,
 2. We may not know, we can not tell. What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to do us good;
 4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre-cious blood.
 He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.

CHORUS.

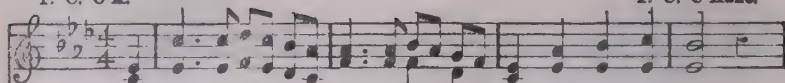
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved! And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re - deem-ing love, And try His works to do.

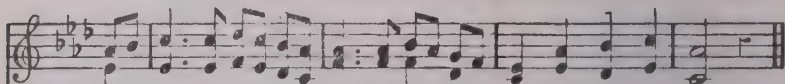
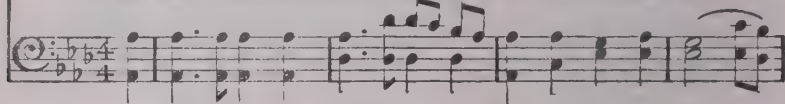
I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'Kane.



1. Oh, sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry!
2. Oh, wondrous pow'r of love divine! So rich, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er - more shall be!



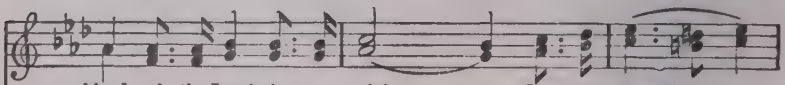
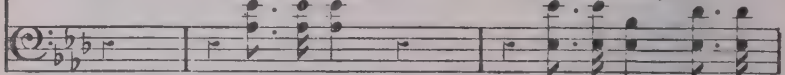
1. And for a ran - som shed His blood For you, and e - ven me!
2. It reach - es out to all mankind, Em - brac - es e - ven me!
3. He hath re - deem'd a world of sin, And ran - som'd e - ven me!



REFRAIN.



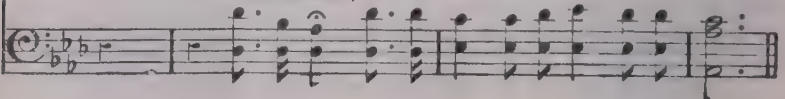
I'm re - deem'd, I'm re - deem'd, I'm re - deem'd, Through the



blood of the Lamb that was slain; I'm re - deem'd, I'm re - deem'd,



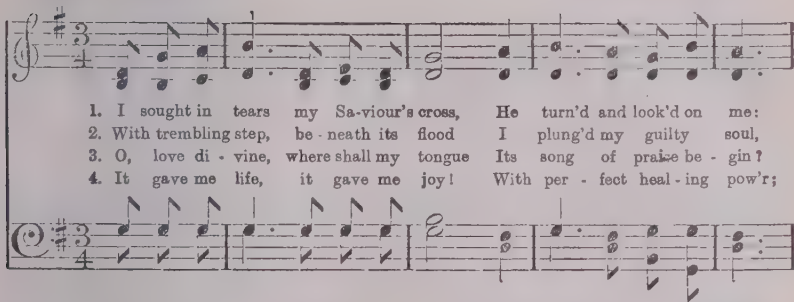
I'm re - deem'd, Hal - le - lu - jah to God and the Lamb!



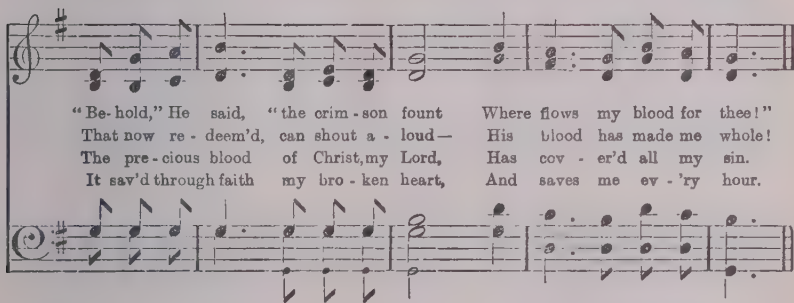
386 This Blood has made me Whole.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

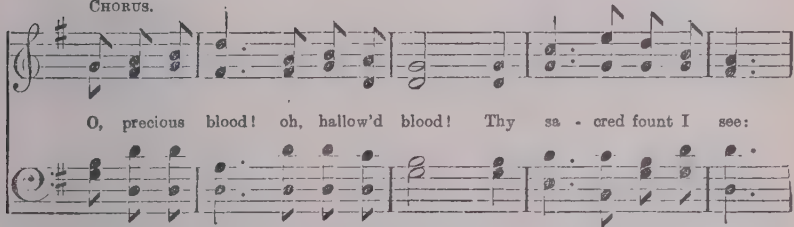


1. I sought in tears my Sa-viour's cross, He turn'd and look'd on me:
 2. With trembling step, be-neath its flood I plung'd my guilty soul,
 3. O, love di-vine, where shall my tongue Its song of praise be-gin?
 4. It gave me life, it gave me joy! With per-fect heal-ing pow'r;

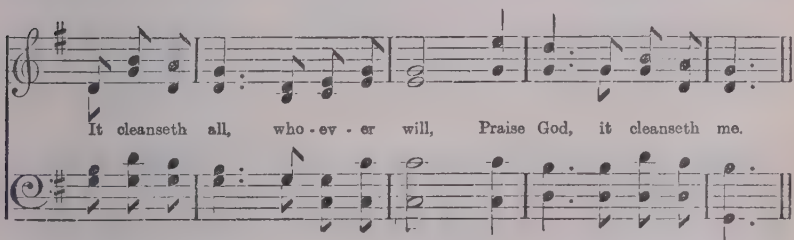


"Be-hold," He said, "the crim-son fount Where flows my blood for thee!"
 That now re-deem'd, can shout a-loud— His blood has made me whole!
 The pre-cious blood of Christ, my Lord, Has cov-er'd all my sin.
 It sav'd through faith my bro-ken heart, And saves me ev-'ry hour.

CHORUS.



O, precious blood! oh, hallow'd blood! Thy sa-cred fount I see:

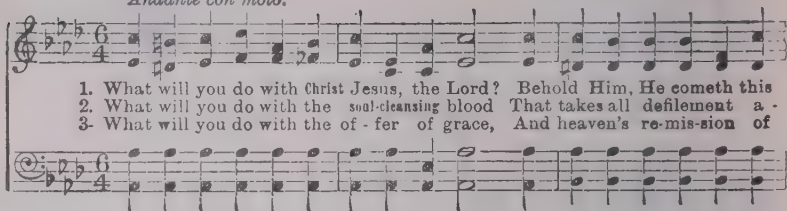


It cleanseth all, who-ev-er will, Praise God, it cleanseth me.

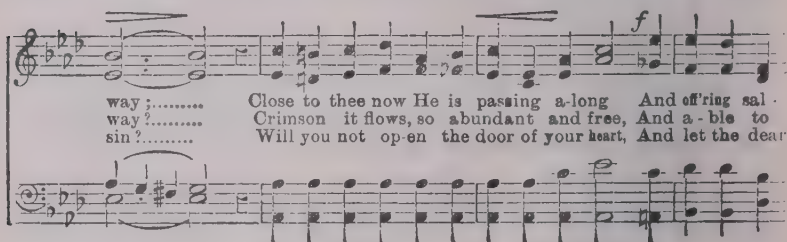
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Mrs. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

Andante con moto.



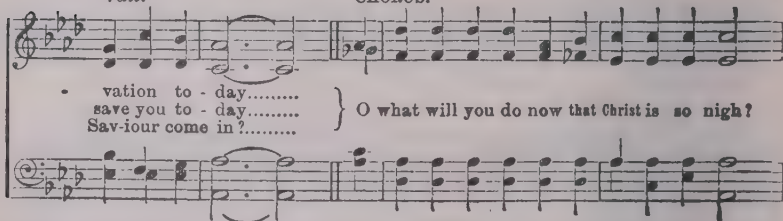
1. What will you do with Christ Jesus, the Lord? Behold Him, He cometh this
 2. What will you do with the soul-cleansing blood That takes all defilement a -
 3. What will you do with the of - fer of grace, And heaven's re-mis-sion of



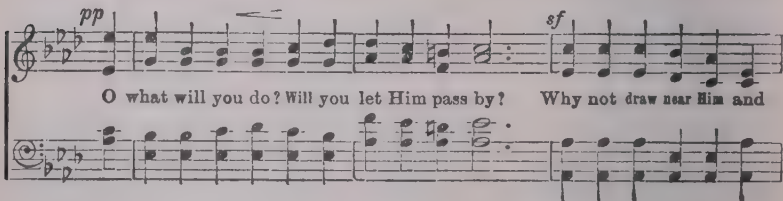
way ; Close to thee now He is passing a-long And offering sal -
 way ? Crimson it flows, so abundant and free, And a - ble to
 sin ? Will you not op - en the door of your heart, And let the dear

rall.

CHORUS.

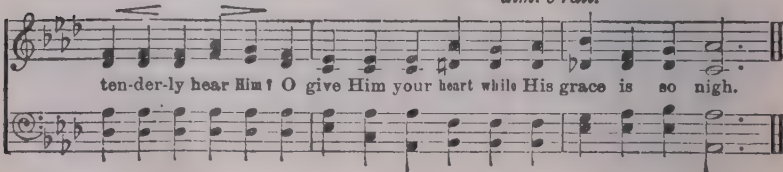


- vation to - day
 save you to - day
 Sav-iour come in ? } O what will you do now that Christ is so nigh?



O what will you do? Will you let Him pass by? Why not draw near Him and

dim. e rall.



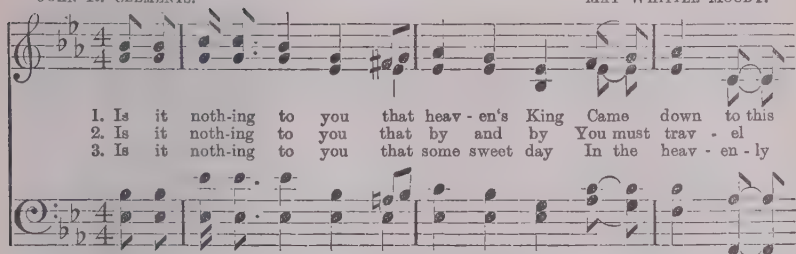
ten-der-ly hear Him! O give Him your heart while His grace is so nigh.

388

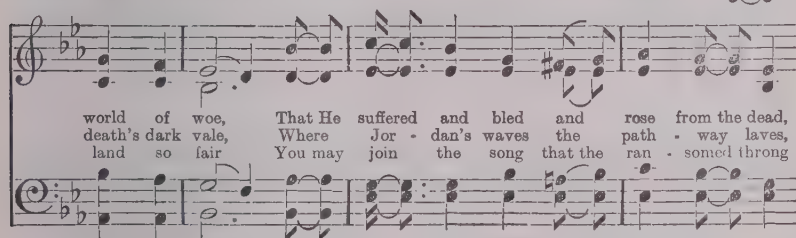
Is it Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

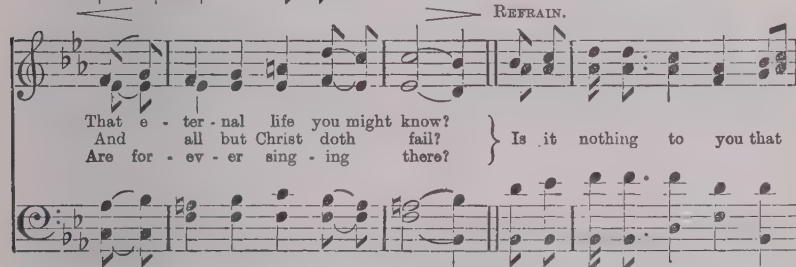


1. Is it nothing to you that heav - en's King Came down to this
 2. Is it nothing to you that by and by You must trav - el
 3. Is it nothing to you that some sweet day In the heav - en - ly

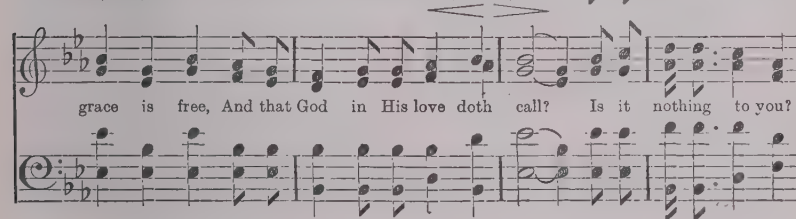


world of woe, That He suffered and bled and rose from the dead,
 death's dark vale, Where Jor - dan's waves the path - way laves,
 land so fair You may join the song that the ran - somed throng

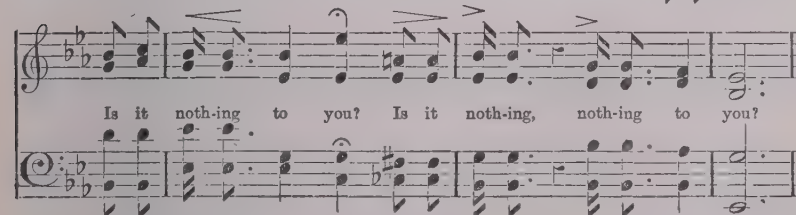
REFRAIN.



That e - ter - nal life you might know?
 And all but Christ doth fail?
 Are for - ev - er sing - ing there? } Is it nothing to you that



grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to you?



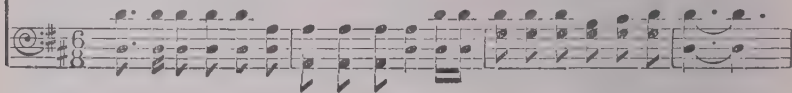
Is it noth - ing to you? Is it noth - ing, noth - ing to you?

P.S.

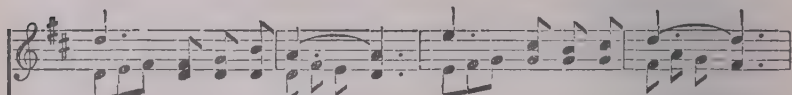
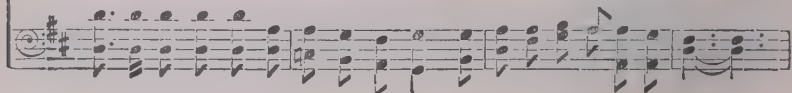
P. SMITH.



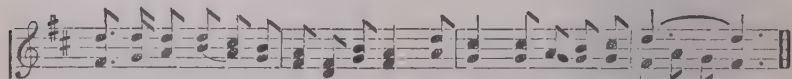
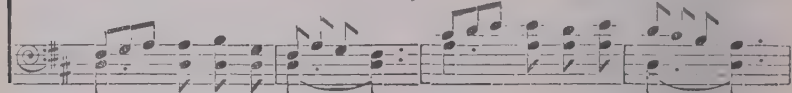
1. Moved with com-*pas*sion was Je-sus my Lord, To the lep-er that knelt at His feet,
2. Twas this com-*pas*sion that drew me to Him, When a poor help-less lep-er I lay,
3. Oh this com-*pas*sion He still has for you, Although you have wandered a-way,



Out of a heart filled with wonderful love, He spoke to him words kind and sweet.
Bur-den-ed with sin as I knelt at His feet. And sweetly I heard Him say.
Come to Him now and but kneel at His feet, And lov-ing-ly hear Him say.



I will be thou clean..... I will be thou clean.....
Be thou clean, Be thou clean.



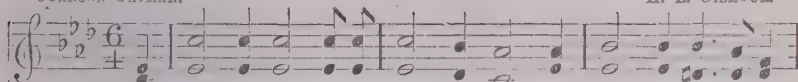
Je-sus stretched forth His dear lov-ing hand, And said I will be thou clean.....
be thou clean. be thou clean.



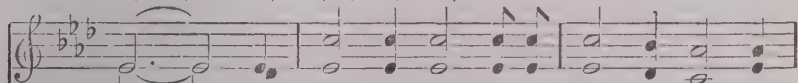
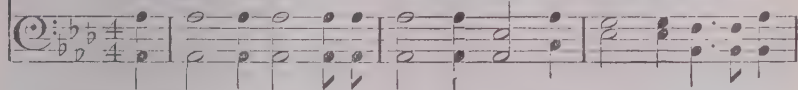
390 The Left the Ninety and Nine.

JOHNSON OATMAN.

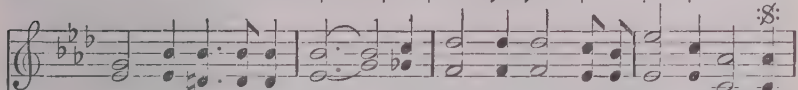
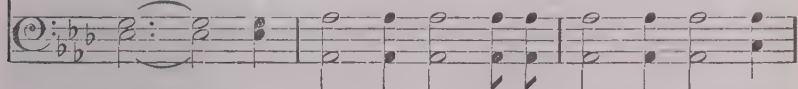
H. L. GILMOUR.



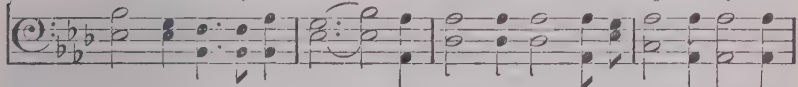
1. The sheep were sleep-ing with - in the fold, The Shep - herd counted the
2. Se - cure - ly shel-tered with - in the fold He - mained the nine - ty and
3. But at last went up a joy - ful cry, I've found this lost one of



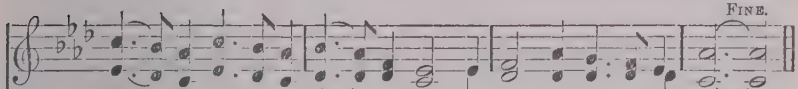
line; . . The night was dark and the wind was cold, He
nine; . . En - joy - ing the Shep-herd's wealth un - told, Those
mine; . . He'll live with Me in a home on high, Safe



count-ed nine - ty and nine. . . But one was lost on the mountain track, The
hap - py nine - ty and nine. . . They lit - tle knew of their Shepherd's pain, Who
with the nine - ty and nine. . . Then heav - en and earth took up the cry, "To

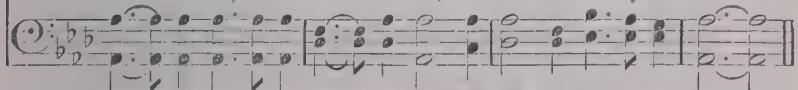


D.S.—How



FINE.

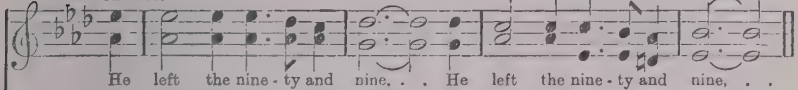
Shep - herd start-ed to bring him back, And left the nine - ty and nine. . .
suf - fer - ing thus one sheep to gain, Had left the nine - ty and nine. . .
save one sheep that was doomed to die, Christ left the nine - ty and nine. . .



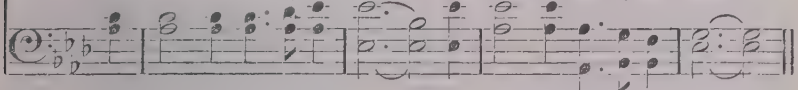
great was the cost, for the one that was lost, He left the nine - ty and nine. . .

D.S.

CHORUS.



He left the nine - ty and nine. . . He left the nine - ty and nine. . .



Oh, Wanderer Lost—continued.

morning that her - ails the day, O glor - y to Je - sus, He
hears the sad cry, "Lord, save or I per - ish, save me or I die."

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I will Give you Rest.

Mrs. C. H. ESEING.

T. C. O'KANE.

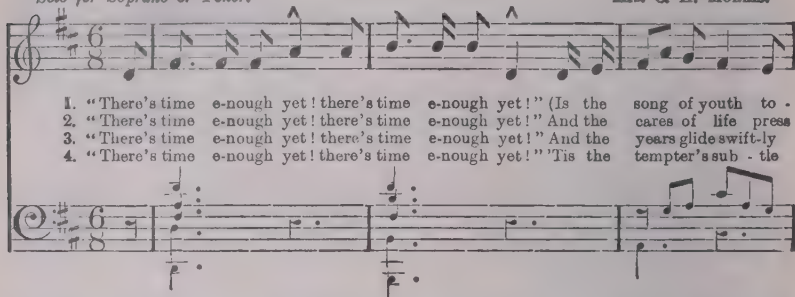
1. Come un - to me when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the
3. There, like an E - den, blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair
heart is wea - ry and distressed; Seek - ing for com - fort from your
homes that sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly
flow'rs the earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to Me, all ye who
heav'nly Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.
mu - sic swelling, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.
droop in sad - ness, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest.

There's Time Enough Yet.

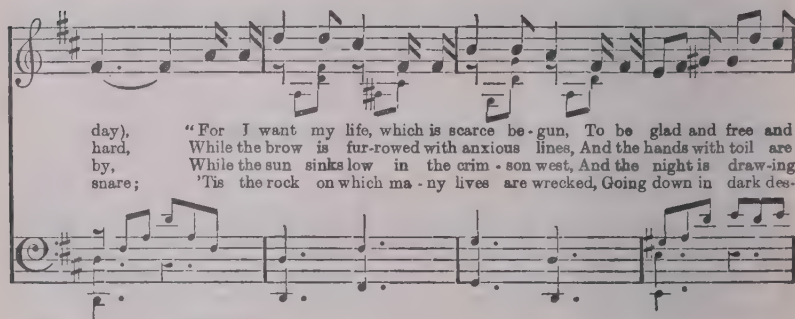
C. H. M.

Solo for Soprano or Tenor.

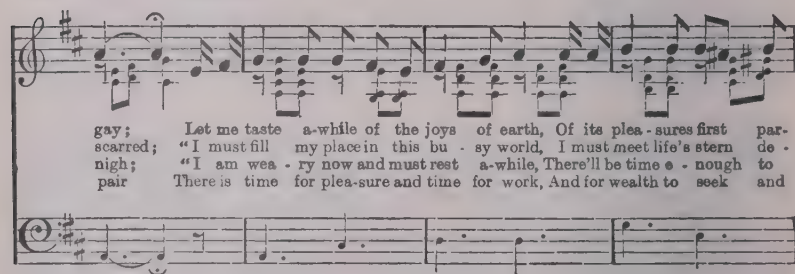
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



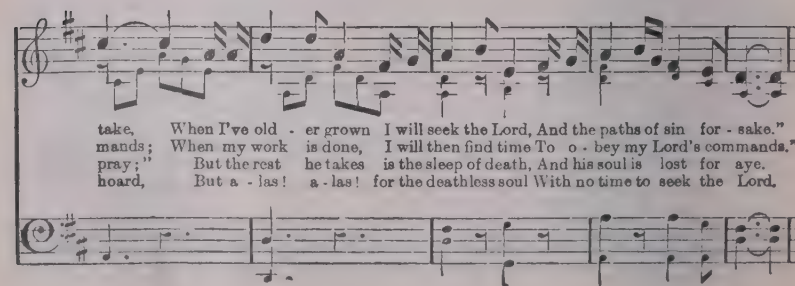
1. "There's time e-nough yet! there's time e-nough yet!" (Is the song of youth to -
 2. "There's time e-nough yet! there's time e-nough yet!" And the cares of life press
 3. "There's time e-nough yet! there's time e-nough yet!" And the years glide swift-ly
 4. "There's time e-nough yet! there's time e-nough yet!" 'Tis the tempter's sub - tile



day),
 hard,
 by,
 snare;
 "For I want my life, which is scarce be-gun, To be glad and free and
 While the brow is fur-rowed with anxious lines, And the hands with toil are
 While the sun sinks low in the crim - son west, And the night is draw-ing
 'Tis the rock on which ma - ny lives are wrecked, Going down in dark des-



gay;
 scarred;
 nigh;
 pair
 Let me taste a-while of the joys of earth, Of its plea - sures first par -
 "I must fill my place in this bu - sy world, I must meet life's stern de -
 "I am wea - ry now and must rest a-while, There'll be time e - nough to
 There is time for plea - sure and time for work, And for wealth to seek and



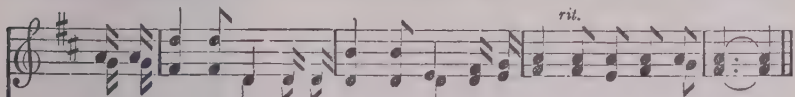
take,
 mands;
 pray;
 hoard,
 When I've old - er grown I will seek the Lord, And the paths of sin for - sake."
 When my work is done, I will then find time To o - bey my Lord's commands."
 But the rest he takes is the sleep of death, And his soul is lost for aye.
 But a - las! a - las! for the deathless soul With no time to seek the Lord,

There's Time Enough Yet—Continued.

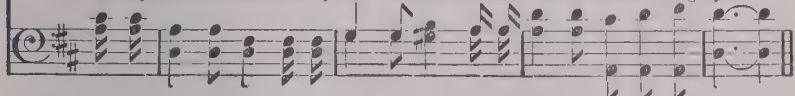
CHORUS.



Then turn to the Lord while 'tis called to-day, Lest this be thy vain re-gret,



That my soul is lost, and my life is wrecked On the rock of "time e-nough yet."

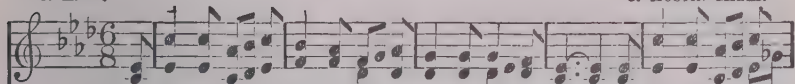


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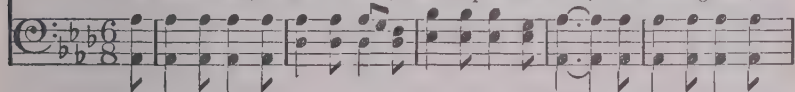
Crucified!

C. A. M.

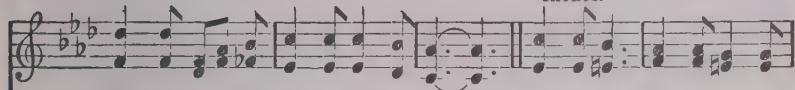
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. They nail'd my Lord up-on the tree And left Him, dy-ing, there: Thro' love He suf-tered
2. Up-on His head a crown of thorns, Upon His heart my shame; For me He prayed, for
3. "For-give Him, O forgive!" He cried, Then bow'd His sacred head; "O Lamb of God! my
4. His voice I hear, His love I know; I wor-ship at His feet; And kneeling there, at

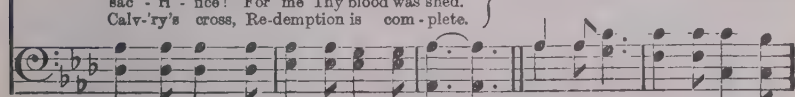


CHORUS.

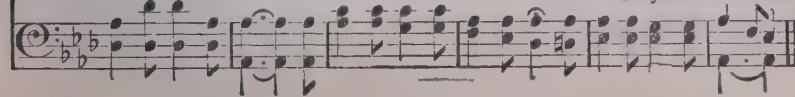


there for me; 'Twas love beyond com-pare.
me He died, And, dy-ing, spoke my name.
sac-ri-fice!" For me Thy blood was shed.
Calv-ry's cross, Re-demption is com-plete.

Cru-ci-fied! cru-ci-fied! And



nail-ed up-on the tree! With pierc'd hands and feet and side! For you! For me!
For you! For me!



Walking in the Light.

I. S. L.

HENRY A. LEWIS.

1. Walk - ing in the light; Grow - ing in Thy grace, Liv - ing in the
 2. Walk - ing in the light; Nev - er wea - ry grow, Thou wilt sure - ly
 3. Walk - ing in the light: Work - ing day by day; Lead us ev - er

light which beams from Je - sus' face, Keep us near Thy side, Kind - ly
 to us Thy for - give-ness show, Shel - tered in the Rock, We se -
 in the straight and nar - row way; Be our dai - ly guide. Cheer us

lead us on, Till we see the day, when our dear Lord shall come.
 cure - ly stand, Held and guid - ed ev - er by Thy lov - ing hand.
 by Thy love, Till at last we reach our home in heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.

Walk - - - ing in the light, Walk - ing in the light,
 Walk - ing in the light, in the beau - ti - ful light,

Work - - - ing day by day, Walk - - - ing in the
 Working day by day, working day by day; Walking in the light,

Walking in the Light—Continued.

light, . . . Ev - er walk - ing in the beau - ti - ful light of God.
in the beau - ti - ful light,

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♩, the Blood.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. From the cross, the cross where the Sa - vour died, A crim - son stream I see;
2. From His home a - bove Je - sus came in love, A foun - tain o - pened free;
3. At the cross I bow, Je - sus saves just now, His blood my on - ly plea;

'Tis the blood, the blood from His riv - en side, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.
Where its wa - ters flow I will glad - ly go, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.
See the ra - diant gleam of the crim - son stream, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.

CHORUS.

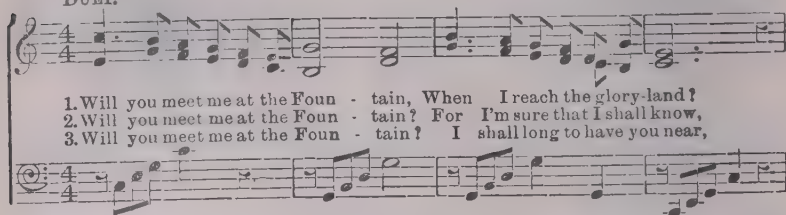
O, the blood, the pre - cious blood, Je - sus shed on Cal - va - ry;

O, the blood, the pre - cious blood, Praise the Lord, it cleanseth me.
cleanseth me.

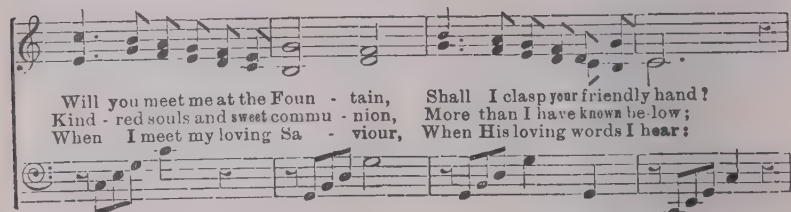
I'll Meet you There.

P. P. BLISS.
DUET.

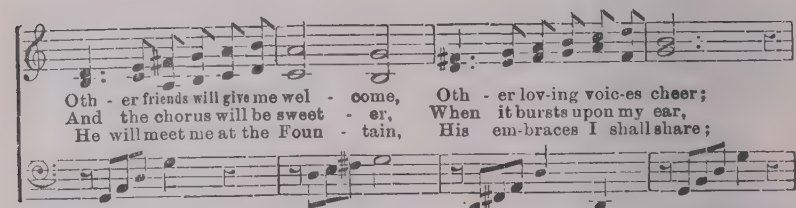
Arranged by R. F. BEVERIDGE, and
W. GARDNER HUNTER.



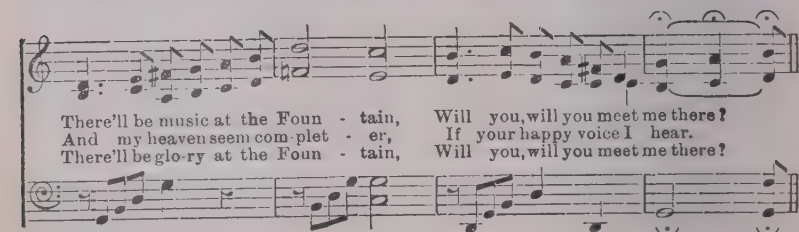
1. Will you meet me at the Foun - tain, When I reach the glory-land?
2. Will you meet me at the Foun - tain? For I'm sure that I shall know,
3. Will you meet me at the Foun - tain? I shall long to have you near,



Will you meet me at the Foun - tain, Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
Kind - red souls and sweet commu - nion, More than I have known be-low;
When I meet my loving Sa - viour, When His loving words I hear:



Oth - er friends will give me wel - come, Oth - er lov-ing voic-es cheer;
And the chorus will be sweet - er, When it bursts upon my ear,
He will meet me at the Foun - tain, His em-braces I shall share;



There'll be music at the Foun - tain, Will you, will you meet me there?
And my heaven seem com-plet - er, If your happy voice I hear.
There'll be glo-ry at the Foun - tain, Will you, will you meet me there?

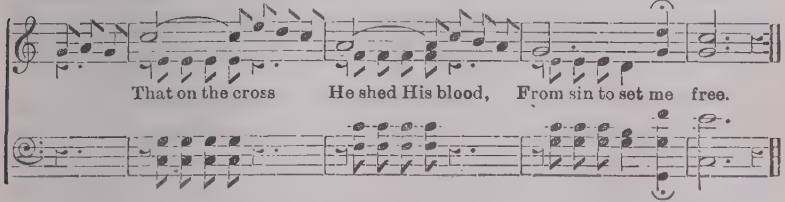
CHORUS.
I'll meet you there, For I be - lieve That Jesus died for me, -



I'll meet you there, For I be-lieve That Jesus died for me, -

I'll Meet you There.—*continued.*

That on the cross Heshed His blood, From sin to set me free.



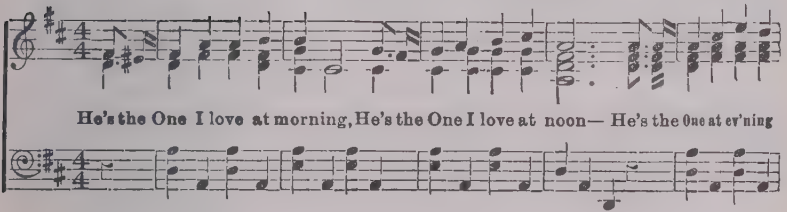
(Arrangement internationally Copyright, by R. F. Beveridge.)

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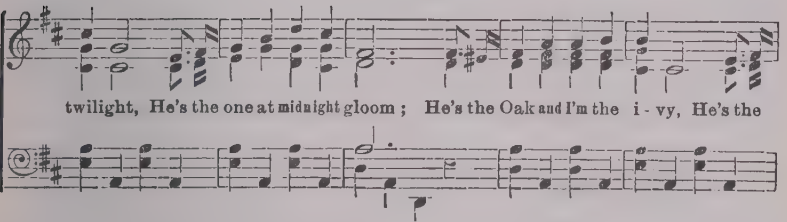
He's the One I Love.

CHORUS.

Words and Music by a Clergyman.



He's the One I love at morning, He's the One I love at noon— He's the One at ev'ning



twilight, He's the one at midnight gloom ; He's the Oak and I'm the i - vy, He's the

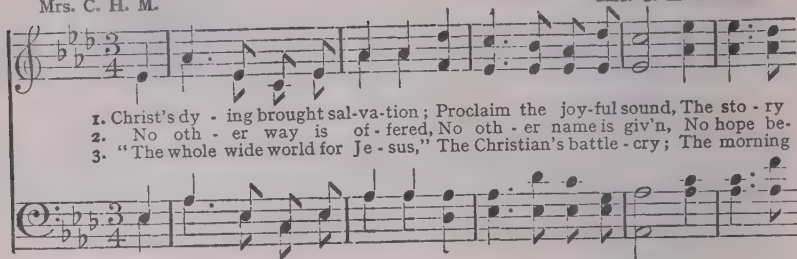


Potter, I'm the clay— And for Him and me there'll never come a part - ing day.

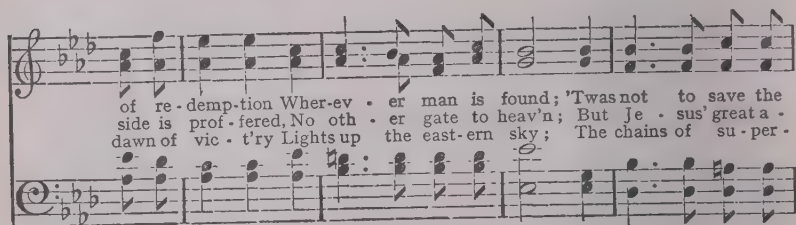
399 Salvation for the Whole Wide World!

Mrs. C. H. M.

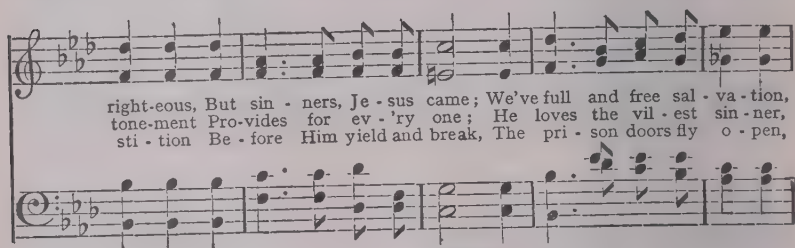
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Christ's dy - ing brought sal - va - tion; Proclaim the joy - ful sound, The sto - ry
2. No oth - er way is of - fered, No oth - er name is giv'n, No hope be -
3. "The whole wide world for Je - sus," The Christian's battle - cry; The morning

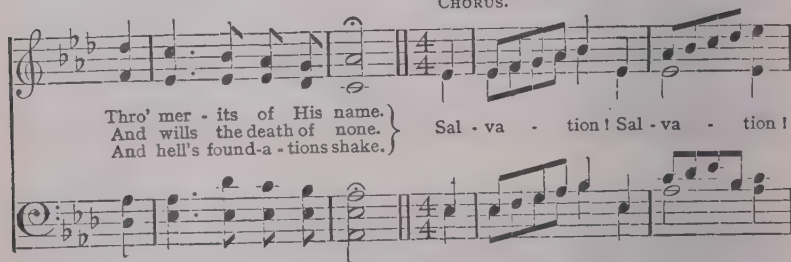


of re - demp - tion Wher - ev - er man is found; 'Twas not to save the
side is prof - ered, No oth - er gate to heav'n; But Je - sus' great a -
dawn of vic - t'ry Lights up the east - ern sky; The chains of su - per -

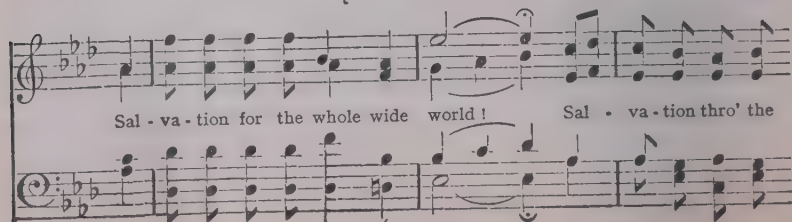


right - eous, But sin - ners, Je - sus came; We've full and free sal - va - tion,
tone - ment Pro - vides for ev - 'ry one; He loves the vil - est sin - ner,
sti - tion Be - fore Him yield and break, The pri - son doors fly o - pen,

CHORUS.



Thro' mer - its of His name. } Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion!
And wills the death of none. }
And hell's found - a - tions shake. }



Sal - va - tion for the whole wide world! Sal - va - tion thro' the

Salvation for the Whole Wide World!—Continued.

blood of the bless-ed Son of God, Sal - va-tion for the whole wide world!

400

Where is my Boy To-night?

R. L.

With tenderness.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once He was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his moth-er's knee; No
3. Oh could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will: But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
 prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!
 bring him to me with all his light, And tell him I love him still!

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

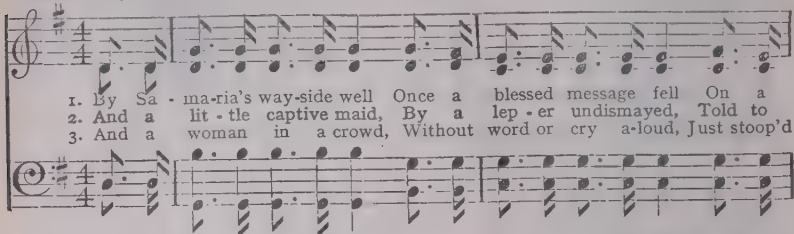
Oh, where is my boy to - night? Oh, where is my boy to - night? My
 heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows! Oh, where is my boy to - night?

The Old Fountain.

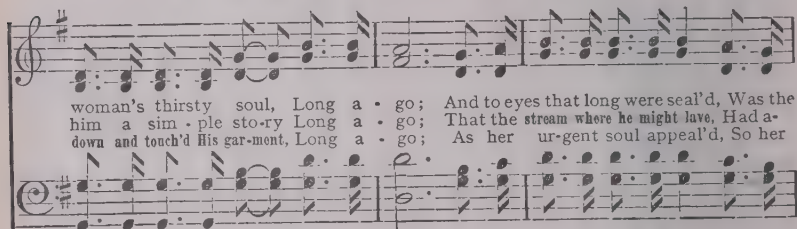
EMMA M. JOHNSON.

EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.

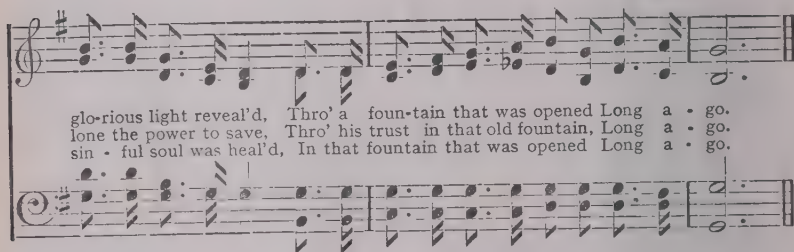
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. By Sa - ma - ria's way - side well Once a blessed message fell On a
 2. And a lit - tle captive maid, By a lep - er undismayed, Told to
 3. And a woman in a crowd, Without word or cry a - loud, Just stoop'd

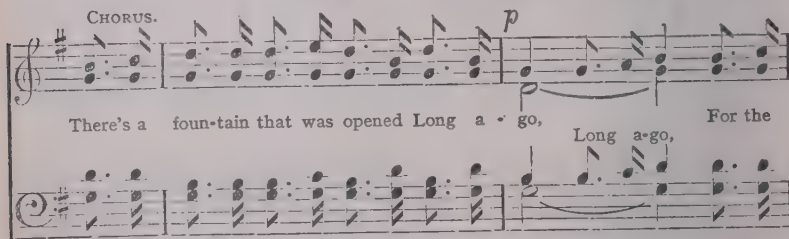


woman's thirsty soul, Long a - go; And to eyes that long were seal'd, Was the
 him a sim - ple sto - ry Long a - go; That the stream where he might lave, Had a -
 down and touch'd His gar - ment, Long a - go; As her ur - gent soul appeal'd, So her

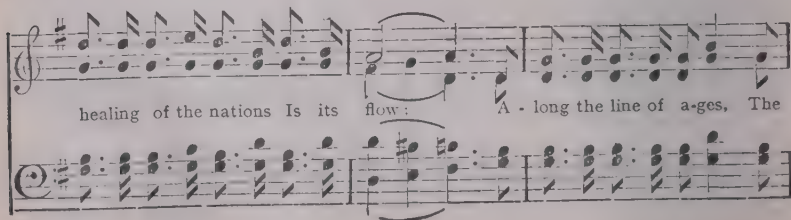


glo - rious light reveal'd, Thro' a foun - tain that was opened Long a - go.
 lone the power to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a - go.
 sin - ful soul was heal'd, In that fountain that was opened Long a - go.

CHORUS.



There's a foun - tain that was opened Long a - go, Long a - go, For the



healing of the nations Is its flow: A - long the line of a - ges, The

The Old Fountain—Continued.

prophets and the sa-ges Caught the singing of its waters, Long a - go. Long a-go.

4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptised him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine,
That was wrought through that old
Long ago. [fountain,

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side
That was pierced for our redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever cleansing wave,
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

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Whosoever will may come.

R. F. B.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

Who-so-ev - er will may come; Who-so-ev - er will may come;
Come to Jesus now;

Je-sus will receive you, Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, Whoso-ev - er will may come.

402^A

Life everlasting He gives.

R. F. B.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

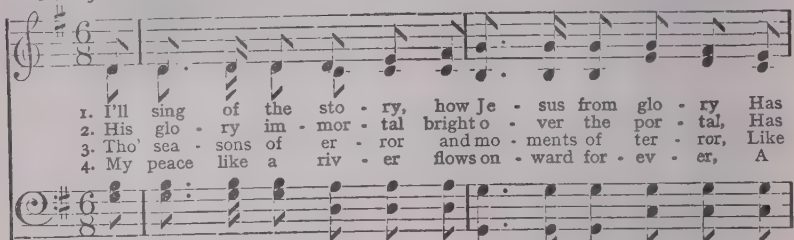
He that believeth on the Son hath life; Life ev-er-last-ing He gives;

Je - sus has said it and I know 'tis true, Life ev-er-last-ing He gives.

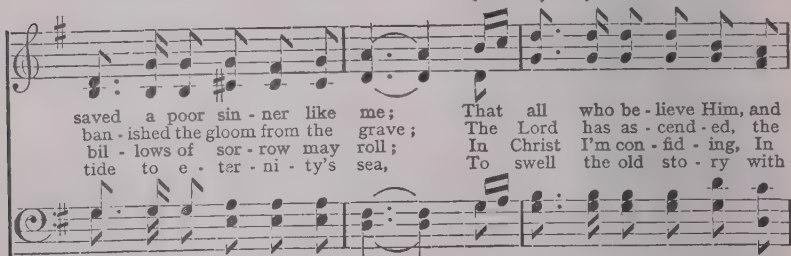
I'll Sing of the Story.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A.M.

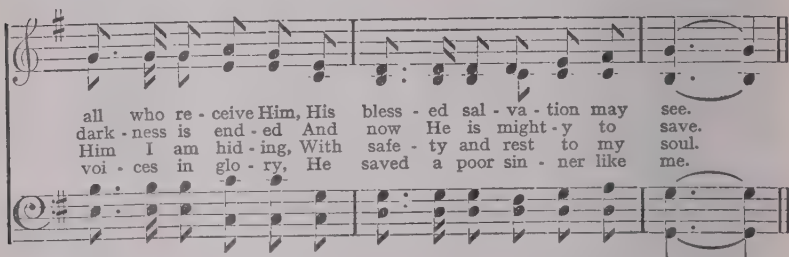
GRACE I. FOSTER.



1. I'll sing of the sto - ry, how Je - sus from glo - ry Has
 2. His glo - ry im - mor - tal bright o - ver the por - tal, Has
 3. Tho' sea - sons of er - ror and mo - ments of ter - ror, Like
 4. My peace like a riv - er flows on - ward for - ev - er, A

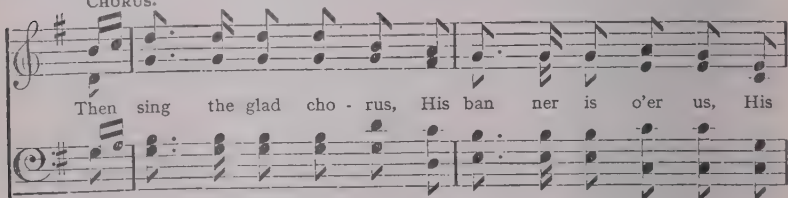


saved a poor sin - ner like me; That all who be - lieve Him, and
 ban - ished the gloom from the grave; The Lord has as - cend - ed, the
 bil - lows of sor - row may roll; In Christ I'm con - fid - ing, In
 tide to e - ter - ni - ty's sea, To swell the old sto - ry with

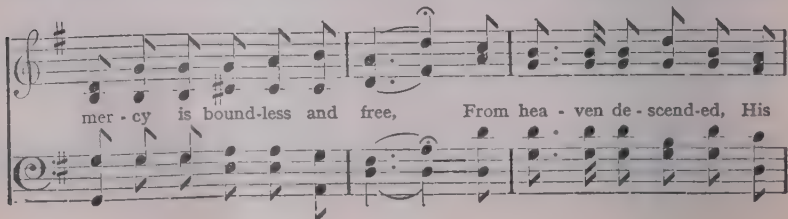


all who re - ceive Him, His bless - ed sal - va - tion may see.
 dark - ness is end - ed And now He is might - y to save.
 Him I am hid - ing, With safe - ty and rest to my soul.
 voi - ces in glo - ry, He saved a poor sin - ner like me.

CHORUS.

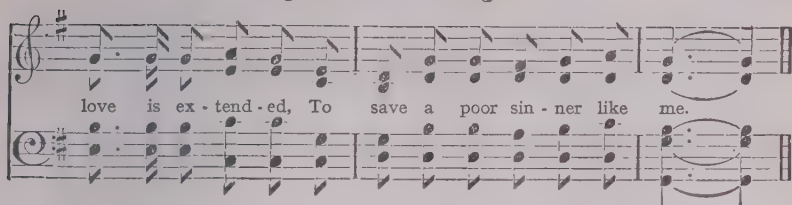


Then sing the glad cho - rus, His ban - ner is o'er us, His



mer - cy is bound - less and free, From hea - ven de - scend - ed, His

I'll Sing of the Story—Continued.



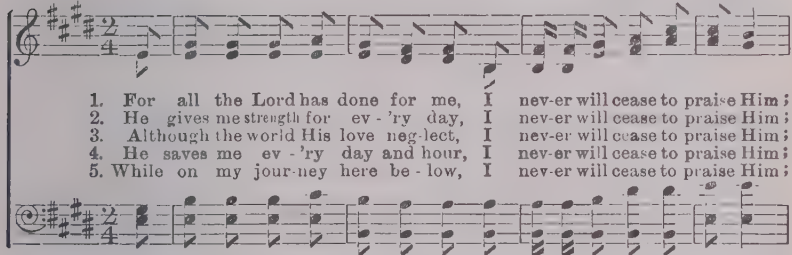
love is ex-tend-ed, To save a poor sin-ner like me.

404

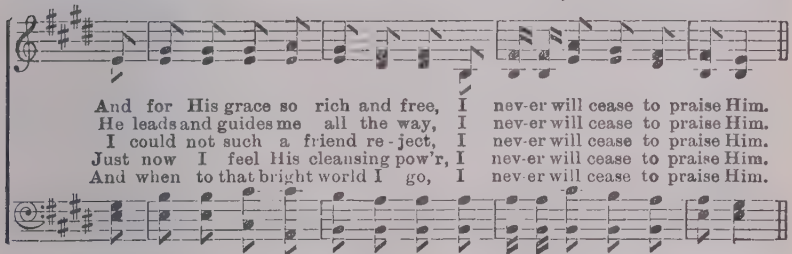
I never will cease to praise Him.

C.H.G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

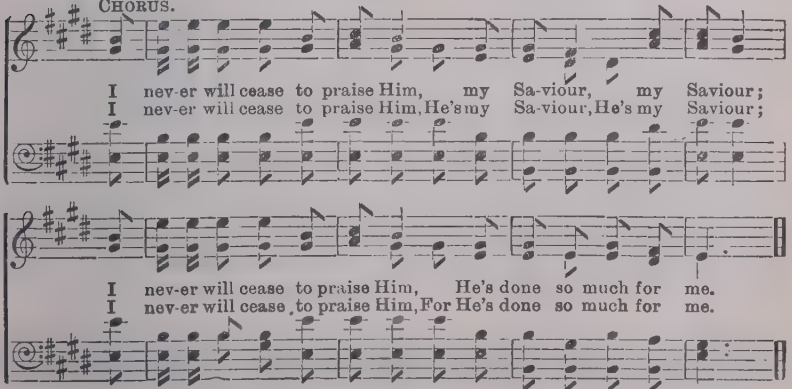


1. For all the Lord has done for me, I never will cease to praise Him;
 2. He gives me strength for ev-'ry day, I never will cease to praise Him;
 3. Although the world His love neg-lect, I never will cease to praise Him;
 4. He saves me ev-'ry day and hour, I never will cease to praise Him;
 5. While on my jour-ney here be-low, I never will cease to praise Him;



And for His grace so rich and free, I never will cease to praise Him.
 He leads and guides me all the way, I never will cease to praise Him.
 I could not such a friend re-ject, I never will cease to praise Him.
 Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I never will cease to praise Him.
 And when to that bright world I go, I never will cease to praise Him.

CHORUS.



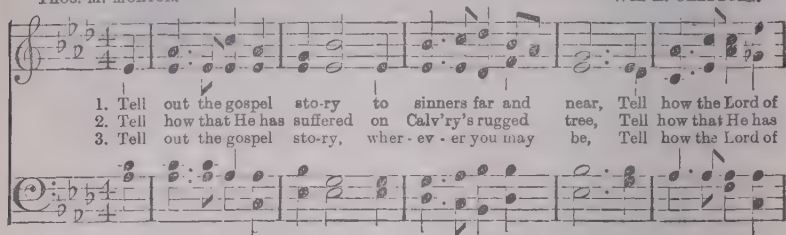
I nev-er will cease to praise Him, my Sa-viour, my Saviour;
 I nev-er will cease to praise Him, He's my Sa-viour, He's my Saviour;
 I nev-er will cease to praise Him, He's done so much for me.
 I nev-er will cease to praise Him, For He's done so much for me.

Tell out the Gospel Story.

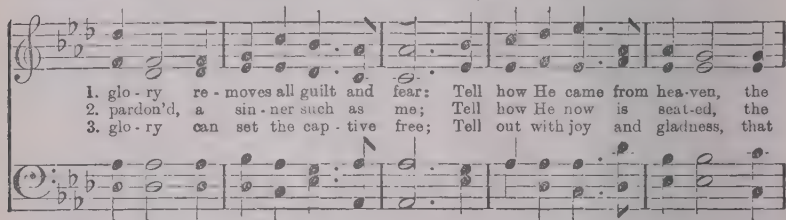
"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15).

THOS. M. MORTON.

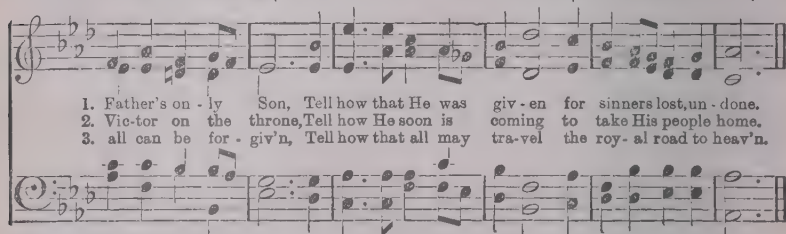
WM. E. CHADBORN.



1. Tell out the gospel sto-ry to sinners far and near, Tell how the Lord of
 2. Tell how that He has suffered on Calv'ry's rugged tree, Tell how that He has
 3. Tell out the gospel sto-ry, wher-ev-er you may be, Tell how the Lord of



1. glo-ry re-moves all guilt and fear: Tell how He came from hea-ven, the
 2. pardon'd, a sin-ner such as me; Tell how He now is seat-ed, the
 3. glo-ry can set the cap-tive free; Tell out with joy and gladness, that



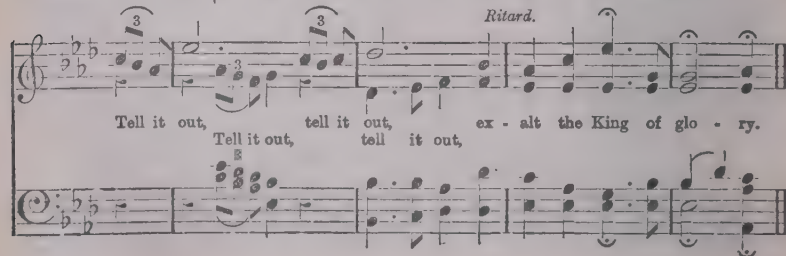
1. Father's on-ly Son, Tell how that He was giv-en for sinners lost, un-done.
 2. Vic-tor on the throne, Tell how He soon is coming to take His people home.
 3. all can be for-giv'n, Tell how that all may tra-vel the roy-al road to heav'n.

CHORUS.



Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, proclaim the wondrous sto-ry,
 Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out,

Ritard.



Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out, ex-alt the King of glo-ry.
 Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out,

Nailed to the Cross.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.
DUET. *Ad lib.*

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

1. There was One who was will - ing to die in my stead That a
 2. He is ten - der and lov - ing and pa - tient with me, While He
 3. I will cling to my Sa - viour and nev - er de - part, I will

soul so un - wor - thy might live, And the path to the cross He was
 cleans - es my heart of its dross, But "there's no con - dem - na - tion"—I
 joy - ful - ly jour - ney each day, With a song on my lips and a

REFRAIN.

will - ing to tread, All the sins of my life to for - give.
 know I am free, For my sins are all nail'd to the Cross, } They are nail'd to the Cross,
 song in my heart, That my sins have been ta - ken a - way.

they are nail'd to the Cross, O how much He was will - ing to bear! With what

anguish and loss, Je - sus went to the Cross! And He carried my sins with Him there!

Won't you Trust Him?

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Won't you trust the pro-mise of the Sa - viour? Won't you lay your
 2. Won't you go and tell Him all your sor - row, Tell Him of the
 3. Won't you go and let the Sa - viour help you? Just be-lieve and

bur - den at His feet (His feet)? Hear Him call the wea - ry, hea - vy -
 anx - ious bit - ter tears (the tears), That from watching eyes have sad-ly
 trust from day to day (each day), In your heart resolve that you will

CHORUS.

lad - en, He will give you rest so calm and sweet.
 fall - en, 'Mid the pain of slow-ly pass-ing years? } Won't you
 serve Him, He will take your ev - 'ry care a - way.

trust Him? Won't you trust Him, Won't you
 Oh, won't you trust Him? Oh, won't you trust Him? Won't you

give your heart to Je - sus right a - way? He will
 give your heart to Je - sus right a - way?

Won't you Trust Him?—Continued.

help Yes, He will you, He will save Yes, He will you,
 help you, help you, save you, save you,

He will guide you on From day to day.
 He will guide you on From day, from day to day.

408

Jesus, Come To-day.

D. M. T.

"MARGARET."

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. Je - sus, come, my zeal in - spire, Fill my heart with heav'nly fire;
 2. Teach me how to seek Thy face, I would know Thy love and grace;
 3. What would grieve Thee purge a - way, Keep me faith - ful day by day;
 4. Let Thy love be man - i - fest To the sin - ful and op - prest;
 5. Soon may all be gath - ered in, Ev - er - last - ing life to win;

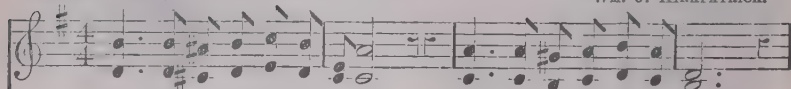
Strength-en ev - 'ry pure de - sire, Je - sus, come to - day.
 Make my heart Thy dwell - ing - place, Je - sus, come to - day.
 Ev - er read - y to o - bey, Je - sus, come to - day.
 May the wea - ry find sweet rest, Je - sus, come to - day.
 Let the har - vest song be - gin, Je - sus, come to - day.

409 He will Meet Me at the Portal.

IRVIN H. MACK.

DUET—Soprano and Alto.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



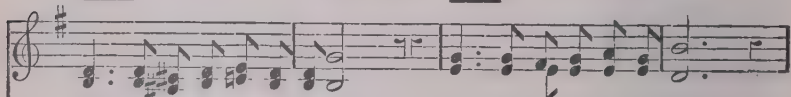
1. When the cares of life have ended,
2. I shall know my bless-ed Saviour
3. O the joy of that glad meeting,

And I cross the si-lent stream;
When He comes to greet me there,
Precious thought! it thrills me now,



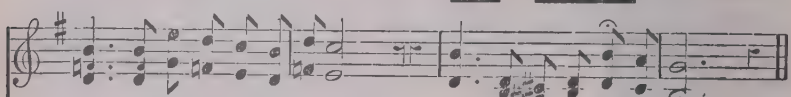
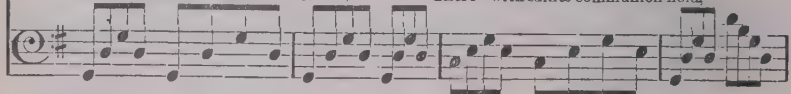
As I reach the heav'nly portal,
When He takes me to Him gently,
I shall hear Him bid me welcome

And its glo-ries on me beam;
Bids me all those blessings share;
Feel His kiss up-on my brow;



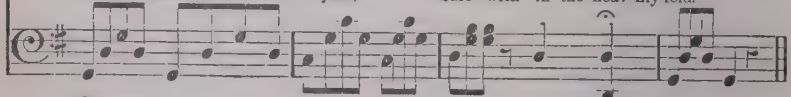
I shall hear the song of welcome,
I shall hear His voice so tender,
There I'll sing the songs of Zi-on,

As I sweep with-in the wall,
And His kind-ly face shall see,
There with saints communion hold,

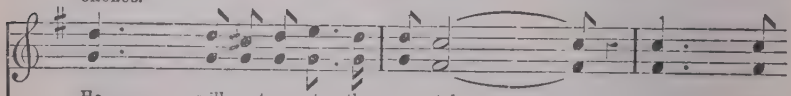


I shall see the Sa-viour coming,
I shall rest up-on His bo-som,
There I'll shout glad hal-le-lu-jahs,

And shall know His lov-ing call
Praise Him thro'e-ter-ni-ty.
Safe with-in the heav'nly fold.



CHORUS.



He will meet me at the por-tal, He will



He will meet me, He will meet me, meet me at the por-tal, He will lead me

We will Meet Me at the Portal—Continued.

lead me by the hand. Bid me welcome to His
by the hand, will lead me by the hand. Bid me welcome to His mansions,
man - sions, In that bright and happy land.
welcome to His mansions, In that bright and happy, hap - py land.

rallentando.

410

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou can'st hush the o - cean wild;
D.C.—Wond'rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior pi - lot me;
3. When at last I reach the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
D.C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot Thee!"


D.C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
"Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast.

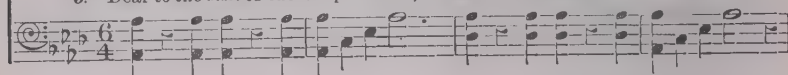
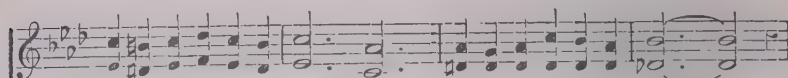
411 Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.

MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.
DUET.

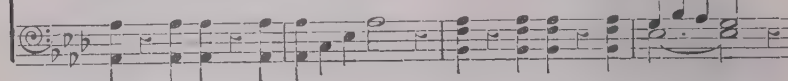
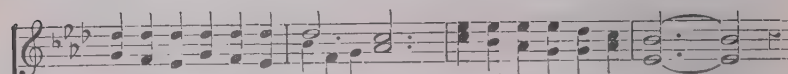
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



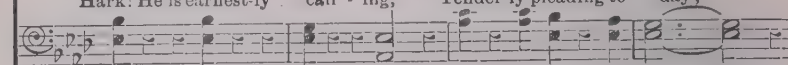
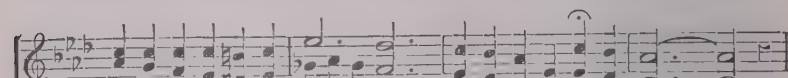
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold ;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold ;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine,"

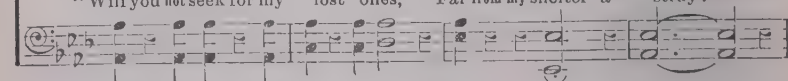
Dear is the love that He gives them ; Dearer than sil-ver or gold.
Some from the pastures are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.
Dear are the sheep that have wan - dered Out in the desert to pine.

Dear to the heart of the Shep-herd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep ;
See, the Good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost ;
Hark! He is earnest-ly call - ing, Tender-ly pleading to day ;

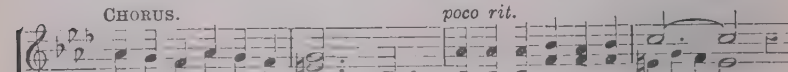



Over the mountains He fol - lows, O-ver the waters so deep.
Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in-fin-ite cost.
"Will you not seek for my lost ones, Far from my shelter a - stray?"

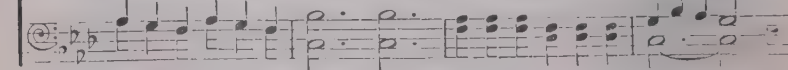


CHORUS.

poco rit.



Out in the desert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold ;



Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd—*continued.*

f a tempo.

Off to the rescue He hastens, Bringing them back to the fold.

412

He was Found Worthy.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. When none was found to ransom me, He was found worthy. To set a world of
2. To take the book and loose the seal, He was found worthy. To bruise the head that

CHORUS. REFRAIN.

1. sinners free, He was found worthy. } Oh, the bleeding Lamb! Oh, the
2. bruised His heel, He was found worthy. }

bleeding Lamb! Oh, the bleeding Lamb! He was found worthy.

3. To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God,
And save the rebels by His blood.

4. To open wide the gates of heaven,
To Him all majesty is given.

5. To reign o'er all the ransomed race,
I've tasted of His saving grace.

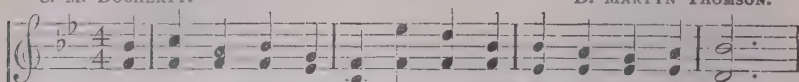
6. His blood has washed me white as snow,
And all His fulness I shall know.

The Cross a Resting Place.

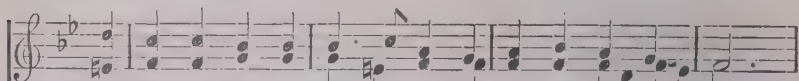
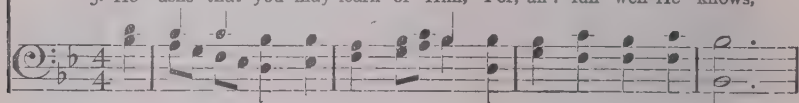
Matt. xi. 28.

C. M. DOCHERTY.

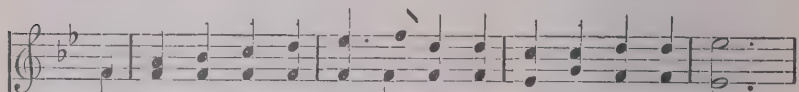
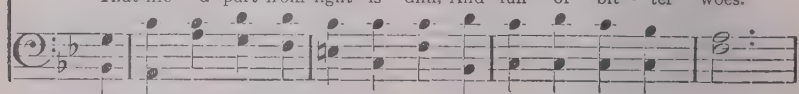
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



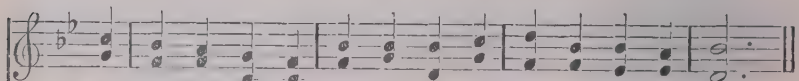
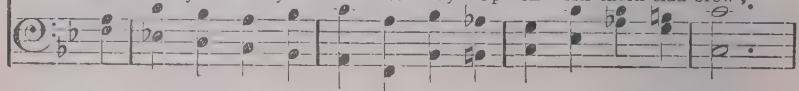
1. Oh soul be - girt by doubts and fears, The Sa - viour calls to thee,
2. 'Tis Je - sus, who in love in - vites The sin - ner to find rest,
3. He asks that you may learn of Him, For, ah! full well He knows,



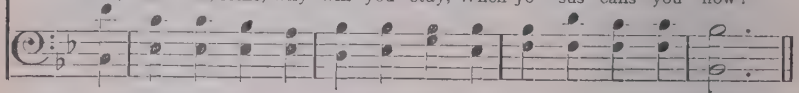
In ac - cents sweet, with voice most clear, He says, "Come un - to Me."
He prom - is - es a sweet re - pose, While lean - ing on His breast.
That life a - part from light is dim, And full of bit - ter woes.



I have for you the wine - press trod, 'Neath sorrow, pain, and woe,
His great heart throbs be - neath the wail Of sin's ter - ri - fic blow;
He tells you all your care to lay Up - on His thorn - clad brow;



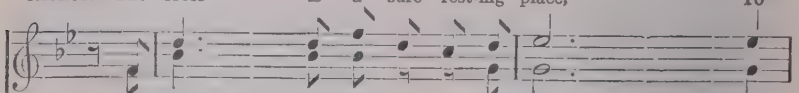
Then come, lay down your hea - vy load, And back re - joic - ing go.
His word is truth, He will not fail, He will sweet rest be - stow.
Then, sin - ner, come, why will you stay, When Je - sus calls you now?



CHORUS.—The Cross

is a sure rest - ing place,

To



A rest - - - ing place,

the Cross,

To



The Cross a rest - ing place,

The Cross a rest - ing place, To

The Cross a Resting Place—Continued.

all who will a-bide Be-neath the shadow of His
 all who will a-bide, to all who will a-bide Be-neath His wing, His
 all who will a-bide, who will a-bide. The shadow of His wing, The
 wing, Close to His pierc-ed side.
 wing, Close to His pierced side, His side, close to His pierced side.
 sha-dow of His wing, Close to His pierc-ed side, His pierced side.

414

Saviour, Comfort Me.

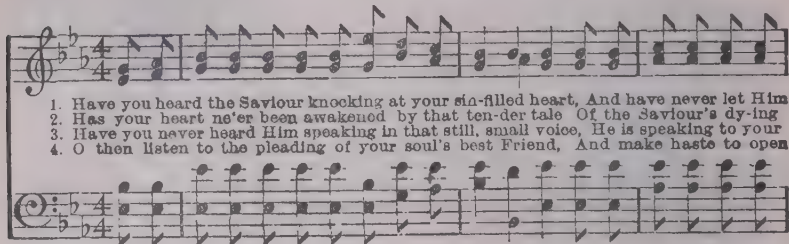
R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's rich-es flee a-way,
 2. When the se-cret i-dol's gone That my poor heart yearned up-on,
 3. Thou who wast so sore-ly tried, In the dark-ness cru-ci-fied,
 4. So it shall be good for me Much af-flict-ed now to be,
 And the last hope will not stay, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Des-o-late, be-reft, a-lone, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Bid me in Thy love con-fide, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 If thou wilt but ten-der-ly, Sav-iour, com-fort me.

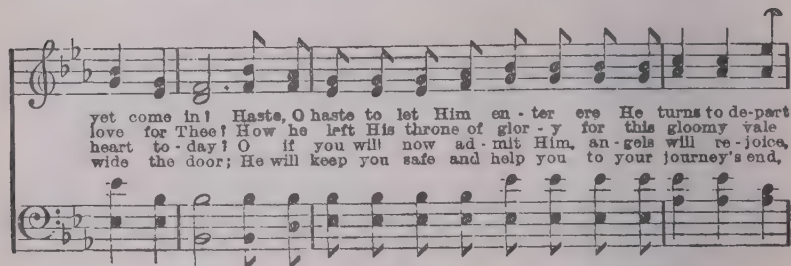
415 Have you heard the Saviour knocking?

R. C.

R. CROSBIE

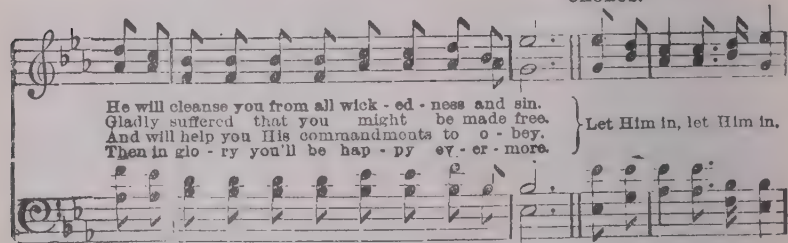


1. Have you heard the Saviour knocking at your sin-filled heart, And have never let Him
 2. Has your heart ne'er been awakened by that ten-der tale Of the Saviour's dy-ing
 3. Have you never heard Him speaking in that still, small voice, He is speaking to your
 4. O then listen to the pleading of your soul's best Friend, And make haste to open



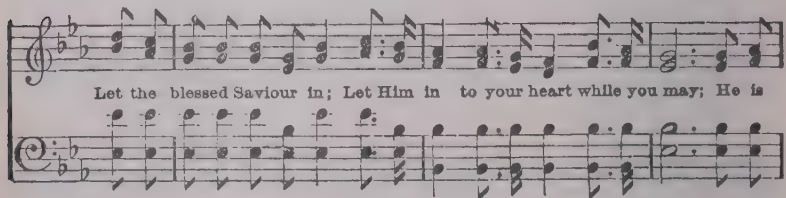
yet come in! Haste, O haste to let Him en-ter ere He turns to de-part
 love for Thee! How he left His throne of glor-y for this gloomy vale
 heart to-day! O if you will now ad-mit Him, an-gels will re-joice,
 wide the door; He will keep you safe and help you to your journey's end,

CHORUS.

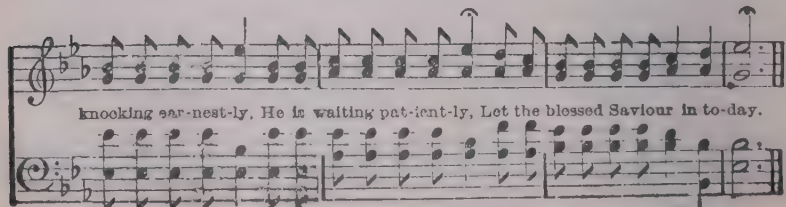


He will cleanse you from all wick-ed-ness and sin.
 Gladly suffered that you might be made free.
 And will help you His commandments to o-bey.
 Then in glo-ry you'll be hap-py ev-er-more.

Let Him in, let Him in.



Let the blessed Saviour in; Let Him in to your heart while you may; He is



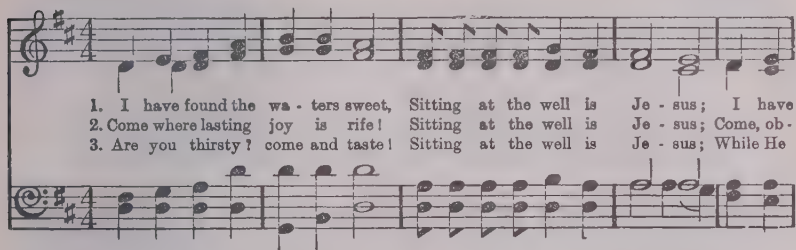
knocking ear-nest-ly, He is wait-ing pa-tient-ly, Let the blessed Saviour in to-day.

Sitting at the Well is Jesus.

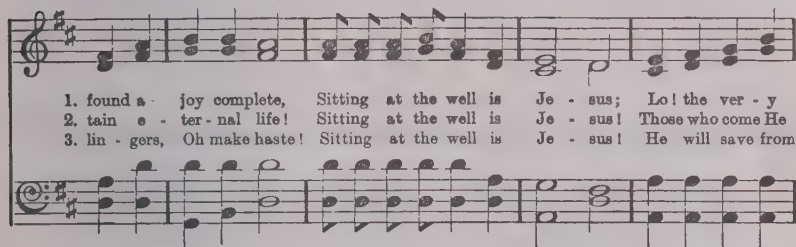
"Jesus, therefore, being wearied with His journey, sat thus on the well."—John iv. 6.

HARRIET E. JONES.

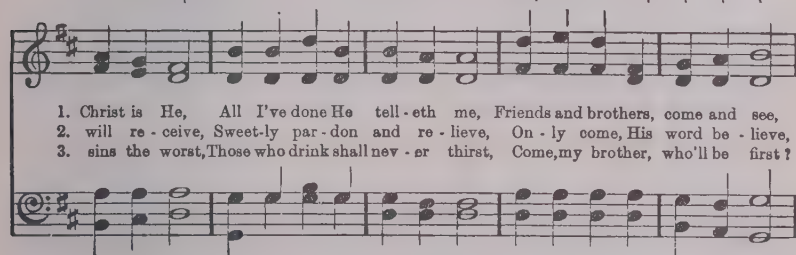
J. HOWARD ENTWISLER.



1. I have found the wa - ters sweet, Sitting at the well is Je - sus; I have
 2. Come where lasting joy is rife! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Come, ob -
 3. Are you thirsty? come and taste! Sitting at the well is Je - sus; While He

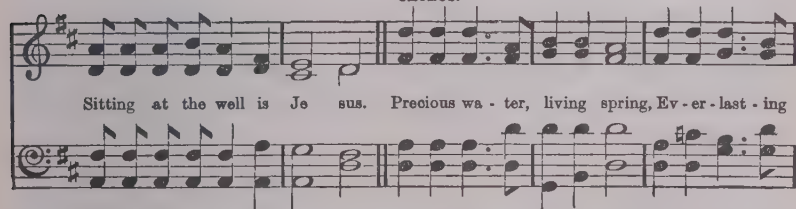


1. found a joy complete, Sitting at the well is Je - sus; Lo! the ver - y
 2. tain e - ter - nal life! Sitting at the well is Je - sus! Those who come He
 3. lin - gers, Oh make haste! Sitting at the well is Je - sus! He will save from

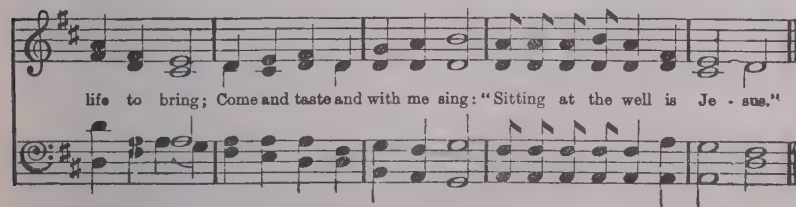


1. Christ is He, All I've done He tell - eth me, Friends and brothers, come and see,
 2. will re - ceive, Sweet - ly par - don and re - lieve, On - ly come, His word be - lieve,
 3. sins the worst, Those who drink shall nev - er thirst, Come, my brother, who'll be first?

CHORUS.



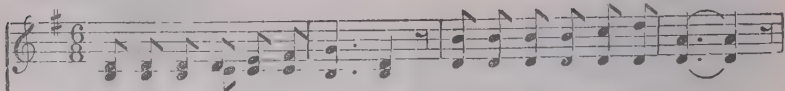
Sitting at the well is Je sus. Precious wa - ter, living spring, Ev - er - last - ing



life to bring; Come and taste and with me sing: "Sitting at the well is Je - sus."

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. K. LANGLEY.



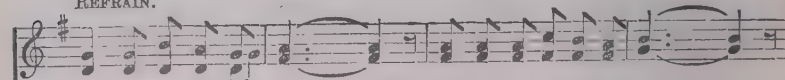
1. Oh! what a won-der-ful Sav - iour Came from the mansions a - bove,
2. Oh! what a mer-ci - ful Sav - iour Came to bear sor-row and loss;
3. Oh! 'twas a suf-fer-ing Sav - iour Pray'd with the thorns on His brow,
4. Ris - en and glo - ri - fied Sav - iour, Thou my sal - va - tion shalt be;



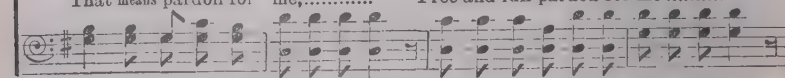
Tell-ing the way of sal - va - tion, And showing His in - fin - ite love.
 That He might purchase re - demp - tion For sin - ners, by way of the cross.
 Pray'd for the par - don of sin - ners, The pardon that's of - fer'd me now.
 Dwelling in mansions of glo - ry, And yet in - ter - ced - ing for me.



REFRAIN.

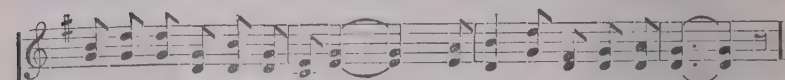


That means pardon for me,..... Free and full pardon for me!.....



means pardon for me,

full pardon for me!



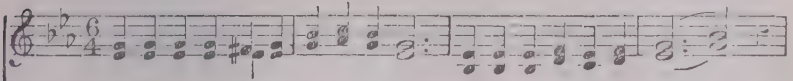
Par - don is of - fer'd to sin - ners,..... And that means pardon for me!



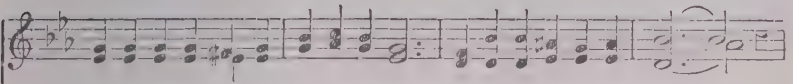
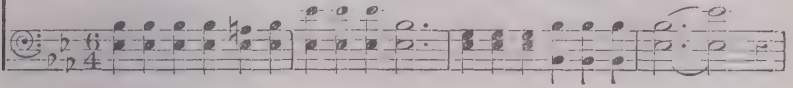
is offer'd to sinners,

L. E. J.

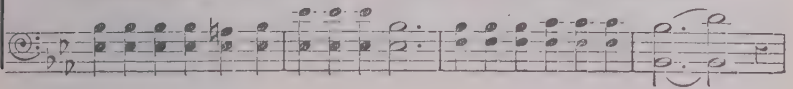
L. E. JONES.



1. Have you accept-ed of Je-sus the Lord? He is the Saviour you need ;
2. He will support you when tempted and tried, He is the Saviour you need ;
3. He will de-liv-er thee out of de-spair, He is the Saviour you need ;
4. Trust Him, believe Him, ac-cept and o-bey, He is the Saviour you need ;



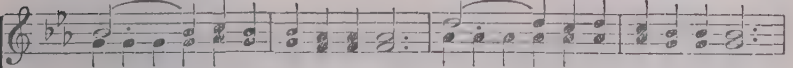
Do you believe Him and trust in His word? He is the Saviour you need.
 He will be near you to guard and to guide, He is the Saviour you need.
 He all your burdens and sorrows will share, He is the Saviour you need.
 Doubting no long-er, re-ceive Him to-day, He is the Saviour you need.



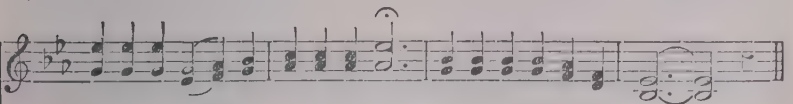
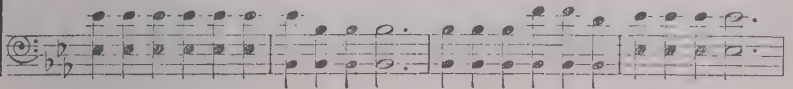
CHORUS.

He..... is

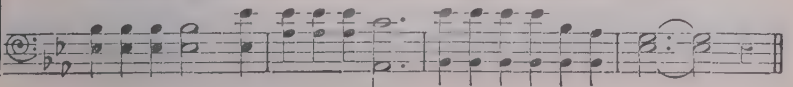
He..... is

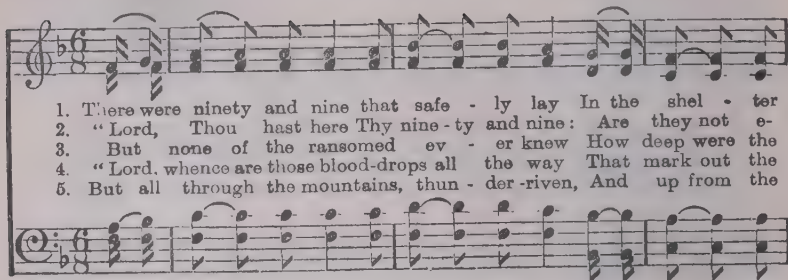


He is the Saviour, the Saviour you need, He is a Saviour, a Saviour indeed ;

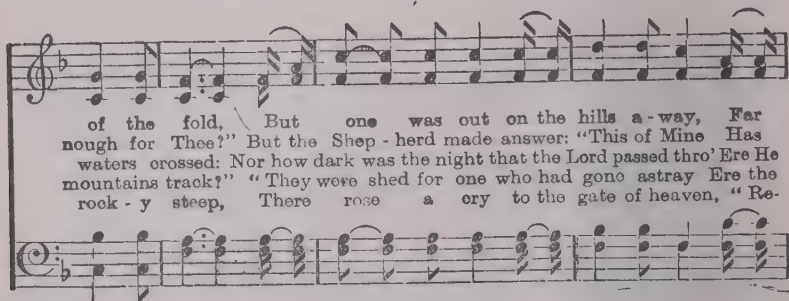


Cru-ci-fied One, God's well-belov'd Son, He is the Saviour you need.

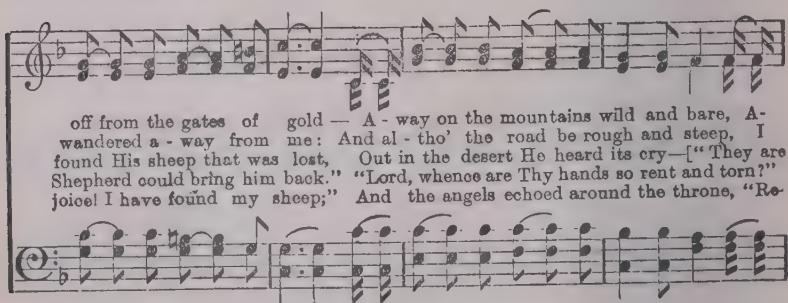




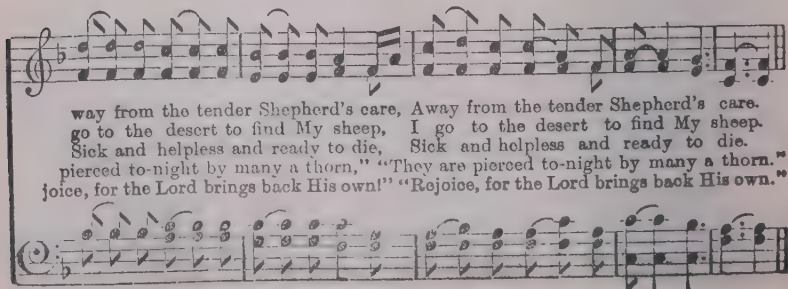
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine: Are they not e -
 3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the
 4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the
 5. But all through the mountains, thun - der-riven, And up from the



of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far
 nough for Thee?" But the Shep - herd made answer: "This of Mine Has
 waters crossed: Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He
 mountains track?" "They were shed for one who had gone astray Ere the
 rock - y steep, There rose a cry to the gate of heaven, "Re-



off from the gates of gold — A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A -
 wandered a - way from me: And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I
 found His sheep that was lost, Out in the desert He heard its cry—"They are
 Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
 joyce! I have found my sheep;" And the angels echoed around the throne, "Re-



way from the tender Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
 go to the desert to find My sheep, I go to the desert to find My sheep.
 Sick and helpless and ready to die, Sick and helpless and ready to die.
 pierced to-night by many a thorn," "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
 joyce, for the Lord brings back His own!" "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

Angels Hovering Round.

W. F. STEWART.

DUET. SOPRANO AND ALTO (or TENOR singing ALTO, octave higher.)

mf

1. There are an - gels hov - 'ring round, There are
 2. To carry the tid - ings home, There are
 3. While Je - sus bids you come, There are
 4. While sinners are com - ing home, There are

QUARTETTE. *mf*

p *mf*

an - gels, There are an - gels; There are an - gels hov - 'ring
 an - gels, There are an - gels; To carry the tid - ings
 an - gels, There are an - gels; While Je - sus bids you
 an - gels, There are an - gels; While sinners are com - ing

p *mf*

decres.

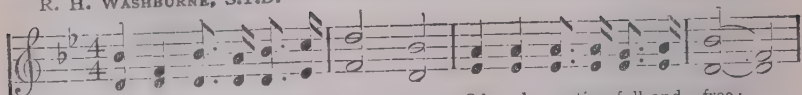
round, There are an - gels hov - 'ring round.
 home, There are an - gels hov - 'ring round.
 come, There are an - gels hov - 'ring round.
 home, There are an - gels hov - 'ring round.

decres.

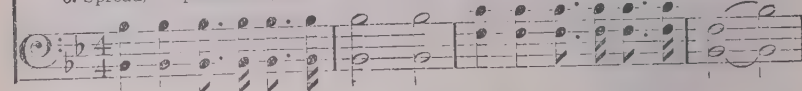
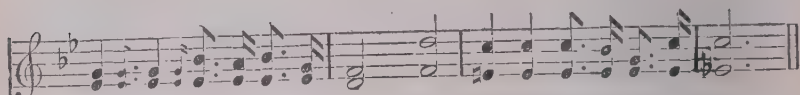
Joyful Tidings.

R. H. WASHBURNE, S.T.D.

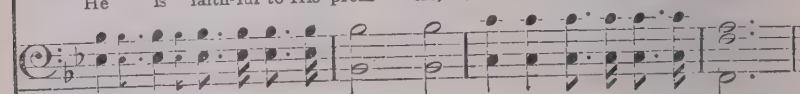
R. HAYES WULIS.



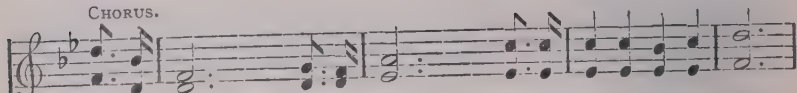
1. Spread, O spread the joyful ti - dings Of sal - va - tion full and free;
 2. Spread, O spread the joyful ti - dings; Tell the news o'er land and sea;
 3. Spread, O spread the joyful ti - dings; That our Master comes a - gain;
 4. Spread, O spread the joyful ti - dings, Lo! He in the cloud draws near;
 5. Spread, O spread the joyful ti - dings, For the choirs of heav - en ring;
 6. Spread, O spread the joyful ti - dings That the Saviour comes to reign;

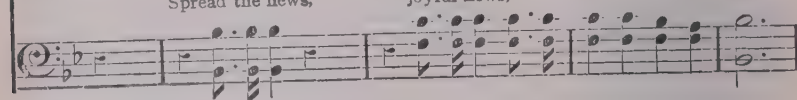
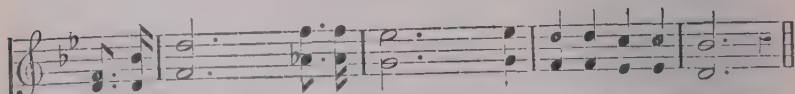
Till throughout the wide cre - a - tion, Men are set at li - ber - ty.
 Till each fall - en son of A - dam, Is from sin and guilt made free.
 E - ter - nal life will be our por - tion, If we have no spot or stain.
 To His watching, waiting chil - dren, Who His com - ing hold so dear.
 Sing - ing in tri - um - phant mea - sure, Hail, all hail, re - turn - ing King.
 He is faith - ful to His prom - ise, "I will sure - ly come a - gain."



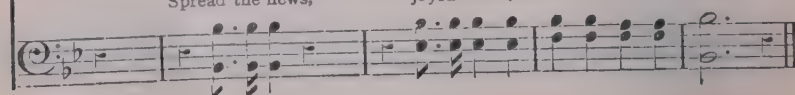
CHORUS.



Spread the news, joy - ful news, Shout, O shout the tidings forth,
 Spread the news, joyful news,

Spread the news, joy - ful news, Our King comes back to earth.
 Spread the news, joyful news,



C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. "Who-so-ev-er," saith the Lord, And par-don for my sins I see;
 2. Noth-ing but my-self I bring, And of my sins would pardoned be;
 3. Should I fail to know His grace, Or turn a-way from Cal-v'ry's tree,
 4. O - pen then, O pearl - y gates, And let my ransomed soul come in,

For I be-lieve and trust His word, And "who-so-ev-er" must mean me.
 So, weep-ing, to Thy cross I cling, For "who-so-ev-er" must mean me.
 I'll cry, while looking in His face, That "who-so-ev-er" still means me.
 My Sav-iour for my com-ing waits, His blood has covered all my sin.

CHORUS.

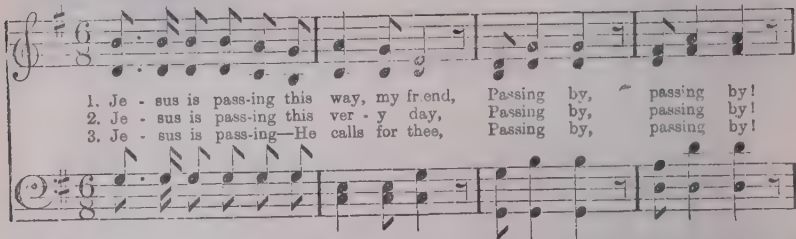
The word of God hath spoken In prom - is - es un - brok - en, And
 par - don for my sins I see; There's light on Calv'ry's mountain, And

life in Calv'ry's fountain, And then there's "who-so-ev-er," and that means me!

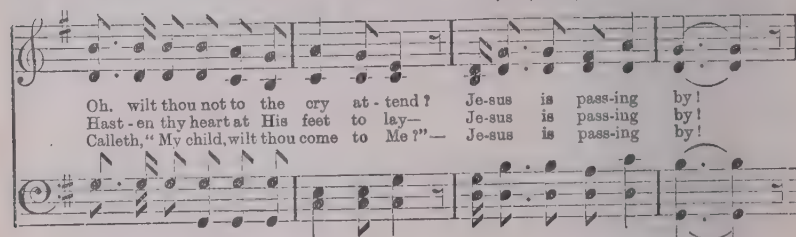
Jesus is Passing By.

BIRDIE BELL.

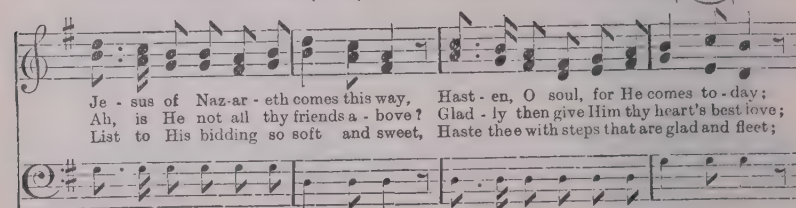
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



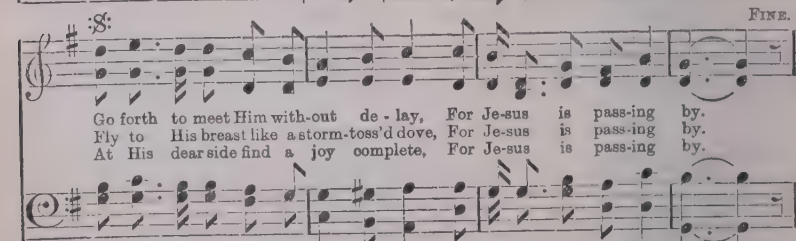
1. Je - sus is pass-ing this way, my friend, Passing by, passing by!
 2. Je - sus is pass-ing this ver - y day, Passing by, passing by!
 3. Je - sus is pass-ing—He calls for thee, Passing by, passing by!



Oh, wilt thou not to the cry at-tend? Je-sus is pass-ing by!
 Hast-en thy heart at His feet to lay— Je-sus is pass-ing by!
 Calleth, "My child, wilt thou come to Me?"— Je-sus is pass-ing by!



Je - sus of Naz-ar-eth comes this way, Hast-en, O soul, for He comes to-day;
 Ah, is He not all thy friends a - bove? Glad - ly then give Him thy heart's best love;
 List to His bidding so soft and sweet, Haste thee with steps that are glad and fleet;

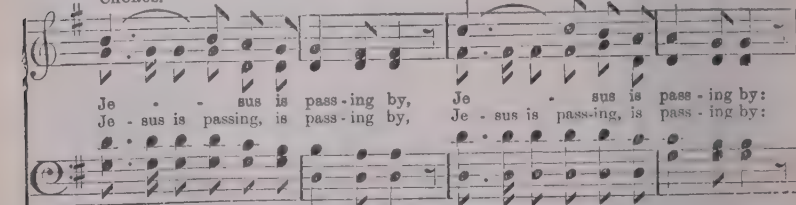


Go forth to meet Him with-out de - lay, For Je-sus is pass-ing by.
 Fly to His breast like a storm-toss'd dove, For Je-sus is pass-ing by.
 At His dear side find a joy complete, For Je-sus is pass-ing by.

D.S.—Go forth to meet Him with-out de - lay, For Je-sus is pass-ing by.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Je - - sus is pass-ing by, Je - sus is pass-ing by:
 Je - sus is passing, is pass-ing by, Je - sus is passing, is pass-ing by:

The Loving Saviour.

MRS. ALFRED MATHIESON.

Isaiah LIII. 45.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

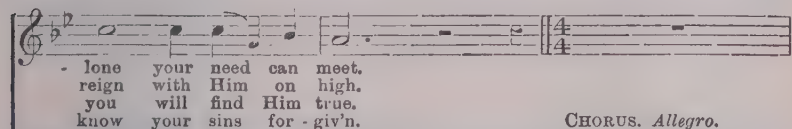
SOLO. *Adagio.*



1 The road is rough dear sin - ner, For your wea - ry sin stain'd
 2 He left His home in hea - ven, The bright - ness of the
 3 He suf - fer'd all the a - gony, He bore the Cross for
 4 The an - gels wait in won - der To hear the an - swer

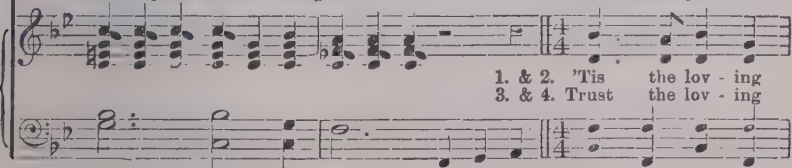


feet— But be - side you walks an - oth - er, Who a -
 sky— That you and I dear sin - ner, Might
 you— O come to Him be - liev - ing, And
 giv'n— In sim - ple faith ac - cept Him, And



- lone your need can meet.
 reign with Him on high.
 you will find Him true.
 know your sins for - giv'n.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*



1. & 2. 'Tis the lov - ing
 3. & 4. Trust the lov - ing



Sa - viour, 'Tis the Christ of God, } O won - der of all
 Sa - viour, Trust the Christ of God, }



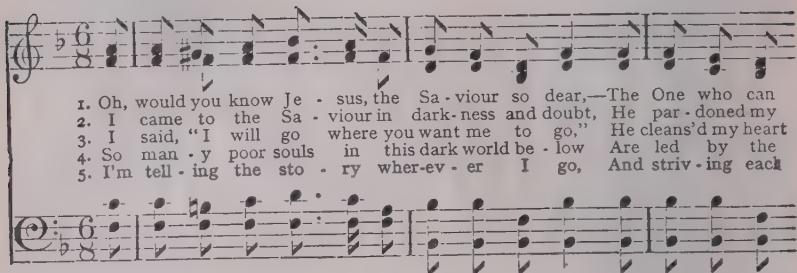
won - ders, He stoops to bear our load. (our load.)

Oh, would You know Jesus?

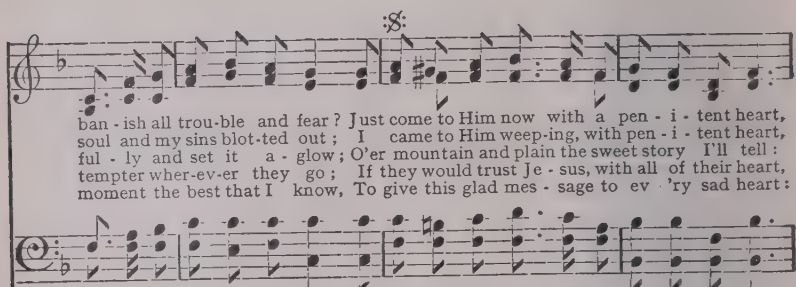
Matt. xi. 28.

S. M. SHEDD.

A. F. INGLER.



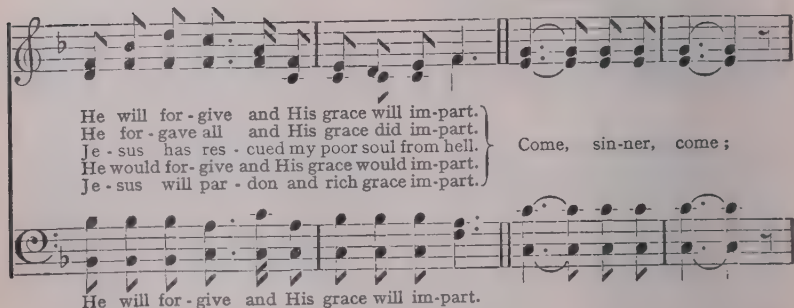
1. Oh, would you know Je - sus, the Sa - viour so dear, — The One who can
 2. I came to the Sa - viour in dark - ness and doubt, He par - doned my
 3. I said, "I will go where you want me to go," He cleans'd my heart
 4. So man - y poor souls in this dark world be - low Are led by the
 5. I'm tell - ing the sto - ry wher - ev - er I go, And striv - ing each



ban - ish all trou - ble and fear? Just come to Him now with a pen - i - tent heart,
 soul and my sins blot - ted out; I came to Him weep - ing, with pen - i - tent heart,
 ful - ly and set it a - glow; O'er mountain and plain the sweet story I'll tell:
 tempter wher - ev - er they go; If they would trust Je - sus, with all of their heart,
 moment the best that I know, To give this glad mes - sage to ev 'ry sad heart:

D.S.—Come to Him now, sinner, give Him your heart,

FINE. CHORUS.

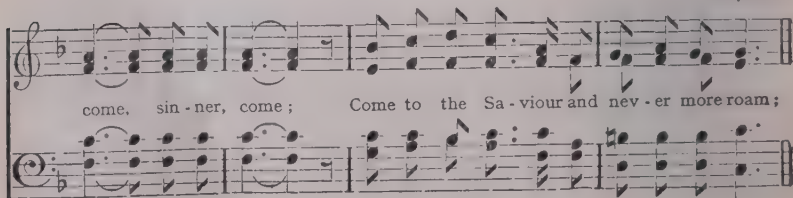


He will for - give and His grace will im - part.
 He for - gave all and His grace did im - part.
 Je - sus has res - cued my poor soul from hell.
 He would for - give and His grace would im - part.
 Je - sus will par - don and rich grace im - part.

Come, sin - ner, come;

He will for - give and His grace will im - part.

D.S. al fine.




come, sin - ner, come; Come to the Sa - viour and nev - er more roam;

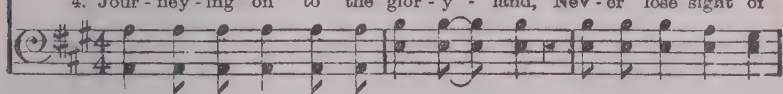

Never lose sight of Jesus.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

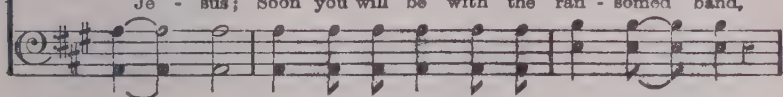
F. H. HUTCHINA.



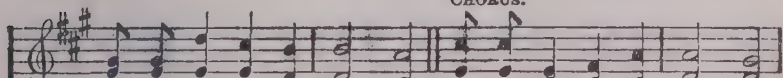
1. Wear - y of sin, heav - y lad - en soul, Nev - er lose sight of
 2. Tempt - ed and tried, He can give you peace, Nev - er lose sight of
 3. Liv - ing for Him, when by care op - pressed, Hear the sweet voice of
 4. Jour - ney - ing on to the glor - y - land, Nev - er lose sight of

Je - sus; Come un - to Him, He will make you whole,
 Je - sus; Look un - to Him, from your doubt - ings cease,
 Je - sus; "Come un - to Me, I will give you rest,"
 Je - sus; Soon you will be with the ran - somed band,

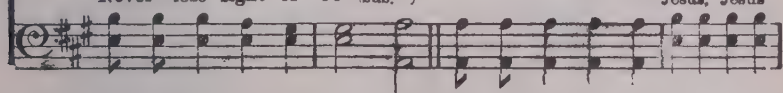



CHORUS.

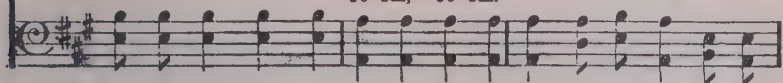
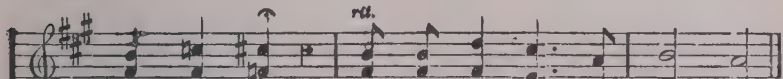


Never lose sight of Je - sus.
 Never lose sight of Je - sus.
 Never lose sight of Je - sus.
 Never lose sight of Je - sus.

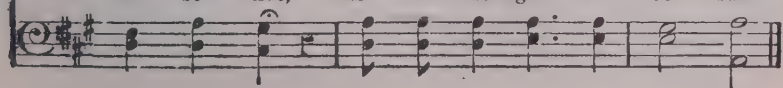
Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,
 Jesus, Jesus

Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus; He's by your side, so what
 Je - sus, Je - sus.

e'er be - tide, Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus.

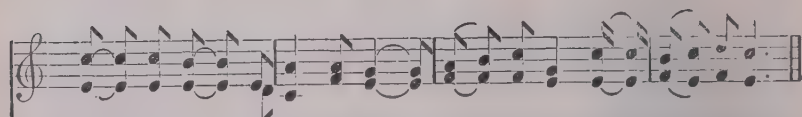


Three Crosses.

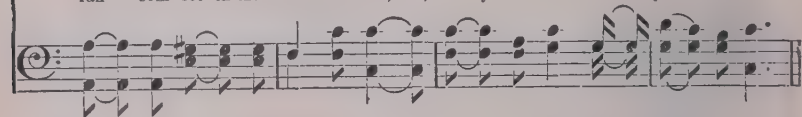
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Three cross-es stood grim-ly side by side On the hill of Cal - va - ry; On
2. Like a lamb they led Him out to die From dark Geth-sem - a - ne; He
3. Like a wan-der - ing sheep I'd gone a-stray, But all my in - i - qui - ty, My
4. My bro - ther, be - hold Him cru - ci - fied, On the cross of Cal - va - ry; Thy



each a suf - fring man had died: Two for their crimes and the Other for me.
ut-tered no moan, no bit - ter cry; 'Twas love that moved Him to die for me.
God laid on Him that aw - ful day, When, bearing my sins, He died for me.
ran - som see in that crim-son tide; Oh, free - ly it flowed for you and me.

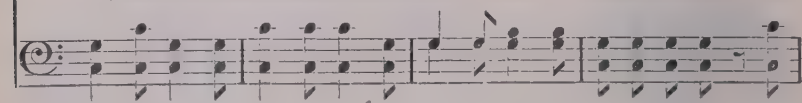


CHORUS.

to me,



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God, Oh, won - der - ful love! It



brought my Sa - viour from a - bove To die on Cal - va - ry for me.

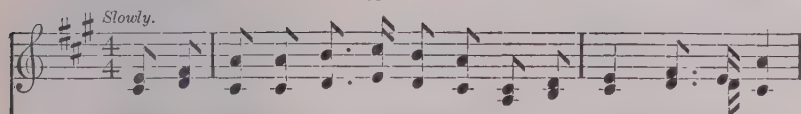


Would I know Him?

NELLIE MONTGOMERY.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

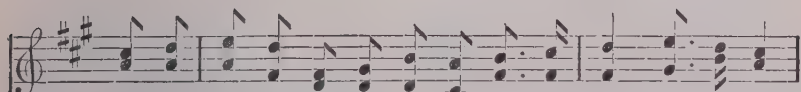
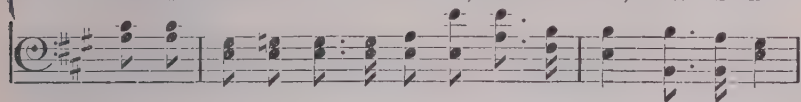
Slowly.



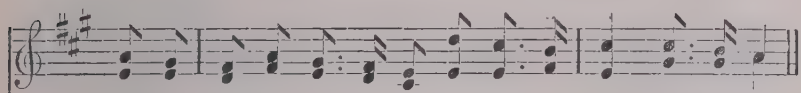
1. Would I know Him if He stood here By my side, by my side?
2. When to Sa-tan thou dost an-swer, "Flee from me, flee from me!"
3. Could I hear Him if He called me, Wait-ing here, wait-ing here?
4. When thou cri-est in thine an-guish, "Sa-viour, hear! Sa-viour, hear!"



Doth the cru-el, cru-el nail-prints Yet a-bide, yet a-bide?
 When be-tween thee and the Mas-ter Naught shall be, naught shall be.
 Would His words of mag-ic sweet-ness Pierce my ear, pierce my ear?
 It will reach Him thro' the clam-our, Nev-er fear, nev-er fear!



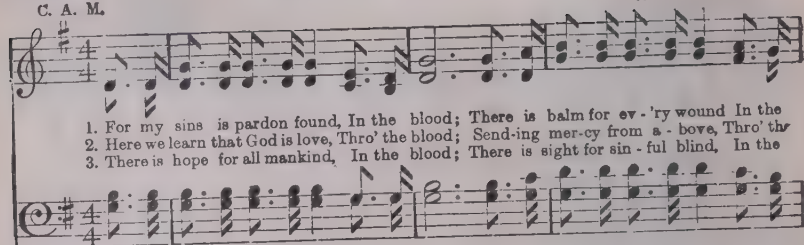
Would He show me in His beau-ty So di-vine, so di-vine,
 On thine eyes shall flash a vi-sion, Won-drous fair, won-drous fair—
 Could the world with all its lur-ings Drown that tone, drown that tone,
 Though some-times thine ears are deaf-ened By the din, by the din;



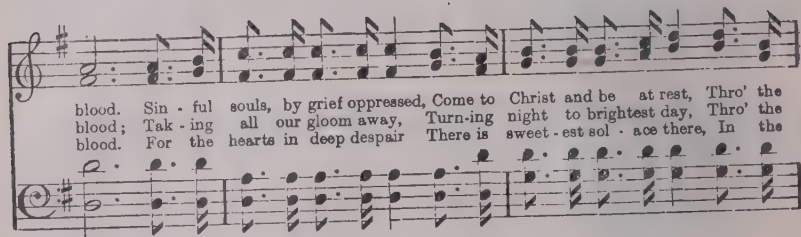
That in rap-ture I would feel Him To be mine, to be mine?
 Lo! a pierced and thorn-crowned Sa-viour Stand-eth there, stand-eth there.
 And He pass me by and leave me, All a-lone, all a-lone?
 He is list-'ning for the summons, "Lord, come in, Lord, come in!"



C. A. M.

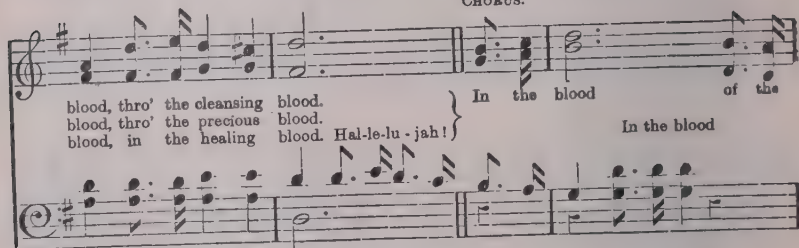


1. For my sins is pardon found, In the blood; There is balm for ev-'ry wound In the
 2. Here we learn that God is love, Thro' the blood; Send-ing mer-cy from a - bove, Thro' the
 3. There is hope for all mankind, In the blood; There is sight for sin - ful blind, In the

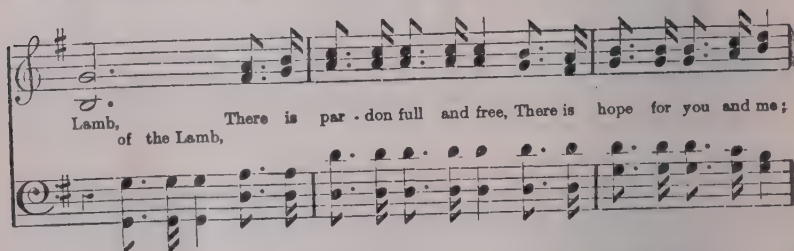


blood. Sin - ful souls, by grief oppressed, Come to Christ and be at rest, Thro' the
 blood; Tak - ing all our gloom away, Turn-ing night to brightest day, Thro' the
 blood. For the hearts in deep despair There is sweet - est sol - ace there, In the

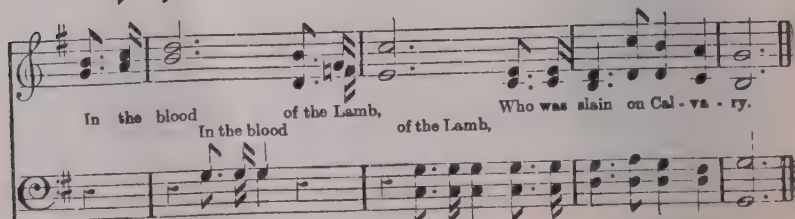
CHORUS.



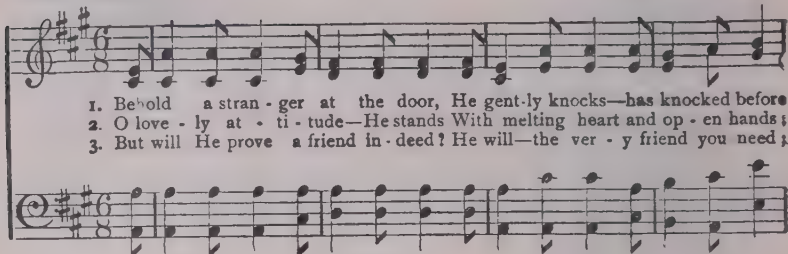
blood, thro' the cleansing blood. In the blood of the
 blood, thro' the precious blood. Hal-le-lu - jah! In the blood
 blood, in the healing blood.



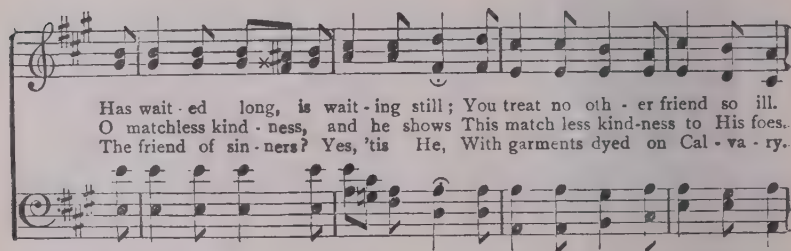
Lamb, There is par - don full and free, There is hope for you and me;
 of the Lamb,



In the blood of the Lamb, Who was slain on Cal - va - ry.
 In the blood of the Lamb,

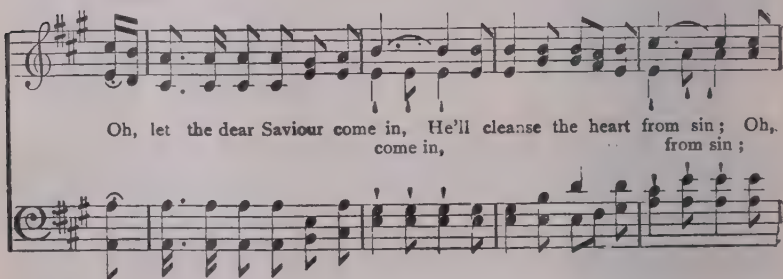


1. Behold a stran - ger at the door, He gent - ly knocks—has knocked before
 2. O love - ly at - ti - tude—He stands With melting heart and op - en hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need;

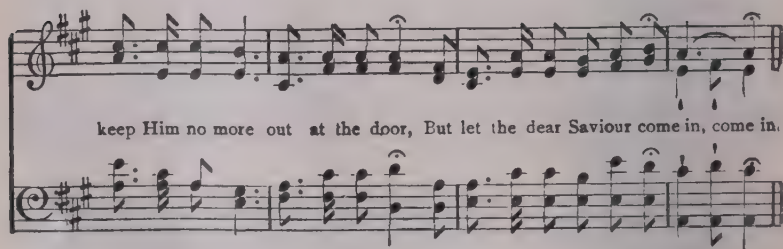


Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 O matchless kind - ness, and he shows This match less kind - ness to His foes.
 The friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.

CHORUS.



Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
 come in, from sin;



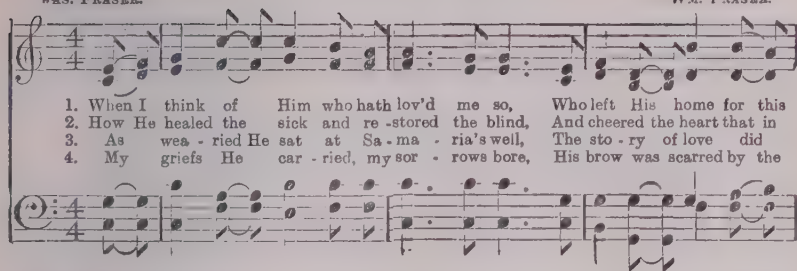
keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in, come in.

4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out His enemy and thine;
 That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

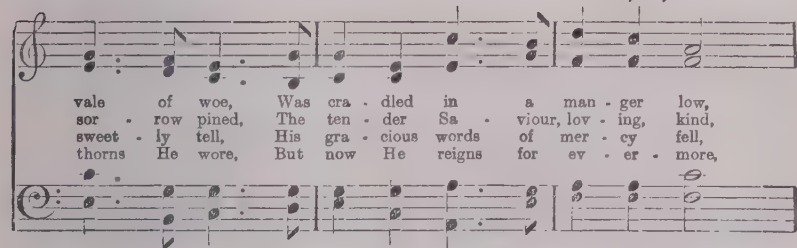
5. Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
 His feet, departed, ne're return;
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at His door rejected stand.

JAS. FRASER.

WM. FRASER.



1. When I think of Him who hath lov'd me so, Whole left His home for this
 2. How He healed the sick and re-stored the blind, And cheered the heart that in
 3. As wea-ried He sat at Sa-ma-ria's well, The sto-ry of love did
 4. My griefs He car-ried, my sor-rows bore, His brow was scarred by the



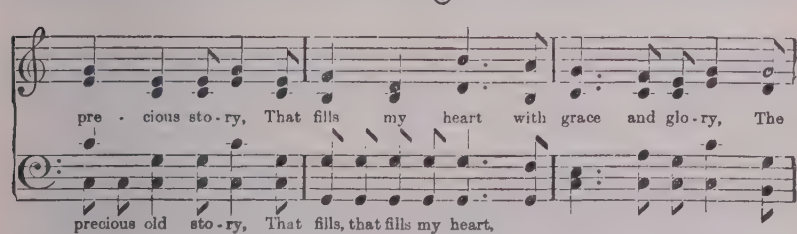
vale of woe, Was cra-dled in a man-ger low,
 sor-row pined, The ten-der Sa-viour, lov-ing, kind,
 sweet-ly tell, His gra-cious words of mer-cy fell,
 thorns He wore, But now He reigns for ev-er-more,



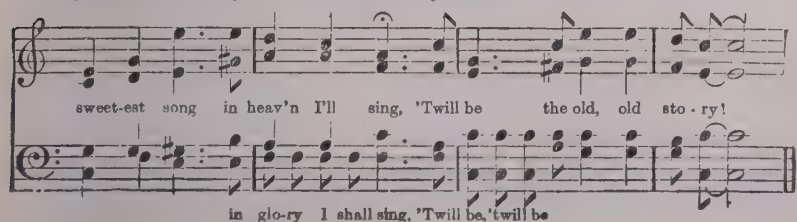
CHORUS.

O, it's a precious old sto-ry!
 O, it's a precious old sto-ry!
 O, it's a precious old sto-ry!
 O, it's a precious old sto-ry!

O, the dear old sto-ry, the



pre-cious sto-ry, That fills my heart with grace and glo-ry, The
 precious old sto-ry, That fills, that fills my heart,

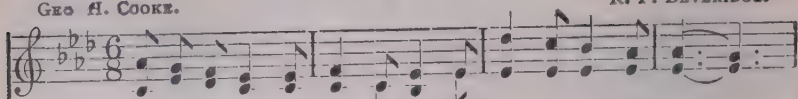


sweet-est song in heav'n I'll sing, 'Twill be the old, old sto-ry!
 in glo-ry I shall sing, 'Twill be, 'twill be

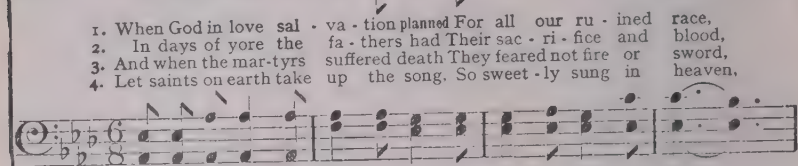

Precious Blood.

GEO. H. COOKE.

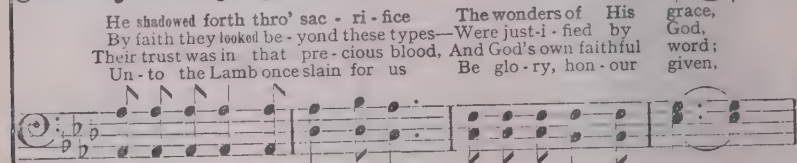
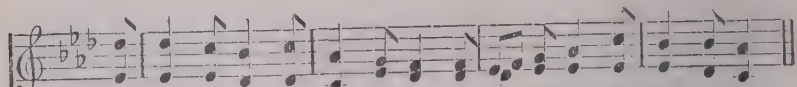
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



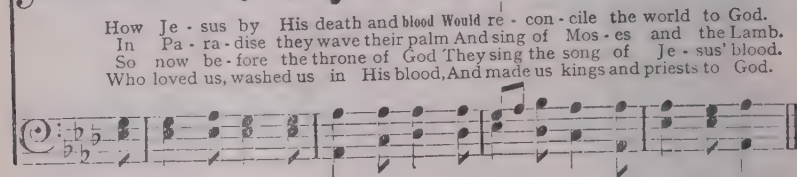
1. When God in love sal - va - tion planned For all our ru - ined race,
 2. In days of yore the fa - thers had Their sac - ri - fice and blood,
 3. And when the mar - tyrs suffered death They feared not fire or sword,
 4. Let saints on earth take up the song, So sweet - ly sung in heaven,


He shadowed forth thro' sac - ri - fice The wonders of His grace,
 By faith they looked be - yond these types—Were just-i - fied by God,
 Their trust was in that pre - cious blood, And God's own faithful word;
 Un - to the Lamb once slain for us Be glo - ry, hon - our given,

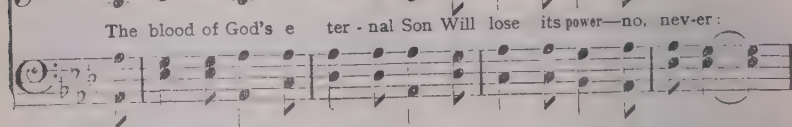

How Je - sus by His death and blood Would re - con - cile the world to God.
 In Pa - ra - dise they wave their palm And sing of Mos - es and the Lamb.
 So now be - fore the throne of God They sing the song of Je - sus' blood.
 Who loved us, washed us in His blood, And made us kings and priests to God.



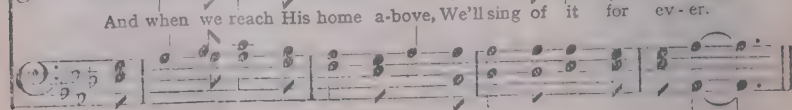
CHORUS.



The blood of God's e ter - nal Son Will lose its power—no, nev - er:

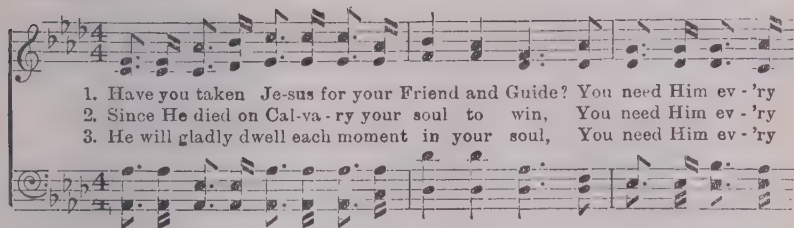
And when we reach His home a - bove, We'll sing of it for ev - er.



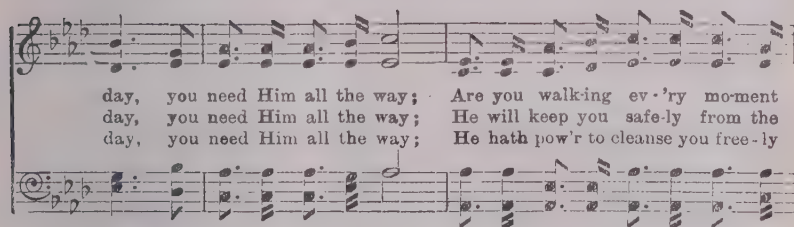
Don't Need Jesus All the Way.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

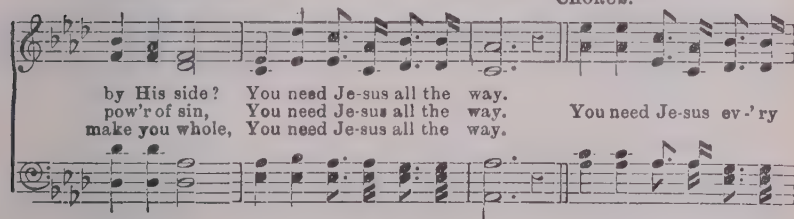


1. Have you taken Je-sus for your Friend and Guide? You need Him ev-'ry
 2. Since He died on Cal-va-ry your soul to win, You need Him ev-'ry
 3. He will gladly dwell each moment in your soul, You need Him ev-'ry

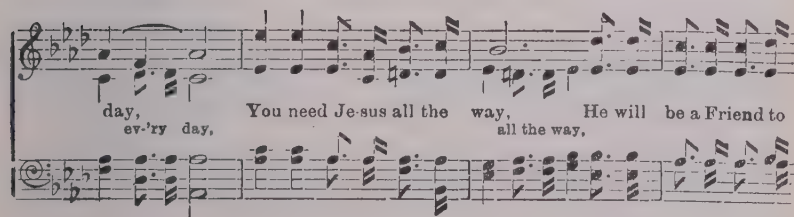


day, you need Him all the way; Are you walking ev-'ry moment
 day, you need Him all the way; He will keep you safely from the
 day, you need Him all the way; He hath pow'r to cleanse you free-ly

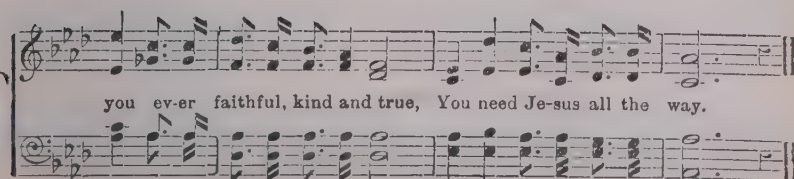
CHORUS.



by His side? You need Je-sus all the way.
 pow'r of sin, You need Je-sus all the way. You need Je-sus ev-'ry
 make you whole, You need Je-sus all the way.



day, You need Je-sus all the way, He will be a Friend to
 ev-'ry day, all the way,



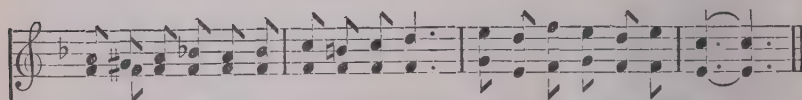
you ev-er faithful, kind and true, You need Je-sus all the way.

D. J. BEATTIE.

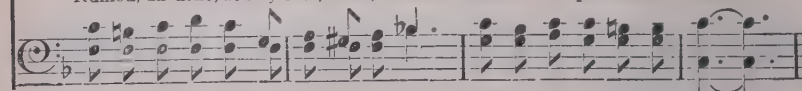
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



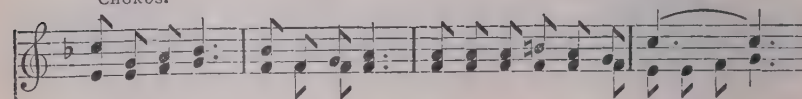
1. Was it for me? tell the sto - ry a - gain, That I may know, I may know;
2. Dy - ing for me! what a won - der - ful love— Oh, can it be? can it be?
3. But I have drifted across sin's dark wave, Far, far a - way, far a - way;
4. Sinful and wretched, I come to Thee now, Lord, I be - lieve! I be - lieve!



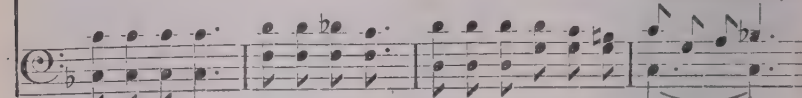
Long have I yearnéd for peace, but in vain, Can it be God loves me so?
 Did He come down from His throne far above, All for a sin - ner like me?
 Friendless, forsaken, no hand stretched to save, Will Jesus save me to - day?
 Ruined, un - done, at Thy feet, Lord, I bow— Shall I a par - don re - ceive?



CHORUS.



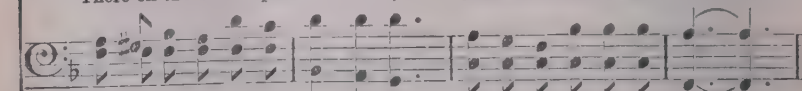
Yes! 'twas for thee, sinner, for thee, He came to seek and to save;
 seek and save;



(After Yes! unto thee, sin - ner, to thee, Life ev - er - last - ing I give;
 last verse). life I give;



There on the Cross upon Cal - va - ry, Je - sus His life free - ly gave.



Look to thy Saviour on Calv'ry's tree, And thou for ev - er shalt live.

Wounded for Me.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thou in - fi - nite Sa - viour, on Thee I de - pend; Thou art my sal -
 2. Tho' all the vain things of the earth should u - nite To draw me a -
 3. Tho' sor - rows may come, and temp - ta - tions as - sail, Thy grace is suf -
 4. When down thro' the val - ley of sha - dows I go, Thy Spi - rit shall

va - tion, Re - deem - er and Friend; To Thee in my weak - ness, for
 way from Thy pres - ence and light, I'll rest in Thy love, with Thy
 fi - cient—Thy love shall a - void; For tho' I should per - ish, thine,
 guide me, no fear shall I know; For out of the gloom I will

ref - uge I flee, And cling to the hand that was wound - ed for me.
 blood for my plea, And cling to the hand that was wound - ed for me.
 Lord, I will be, And cling to the hand that was wound - ed for me.
 cry un - to Thee, And cling to the hand that was wound - ed for me.

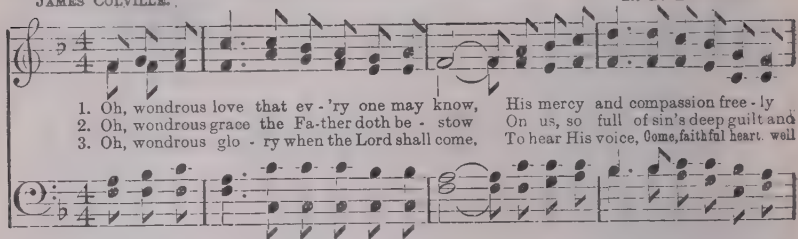
CHORUS.

Wound - ed for me, Wound - ed for me, All
 Wounded for me, wounded for me, I cling to the hand that was wounded for me;

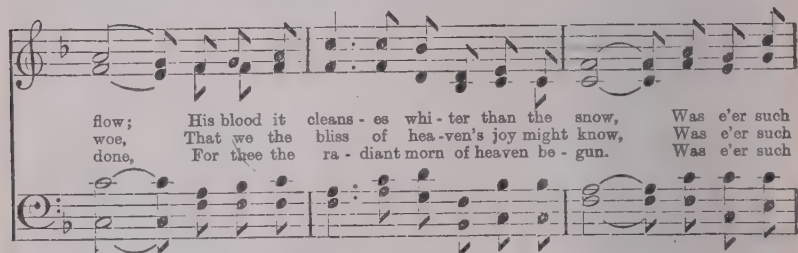
else I re - sign, blessed Lord, to be Thine, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.

JAMES COLVILLE.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

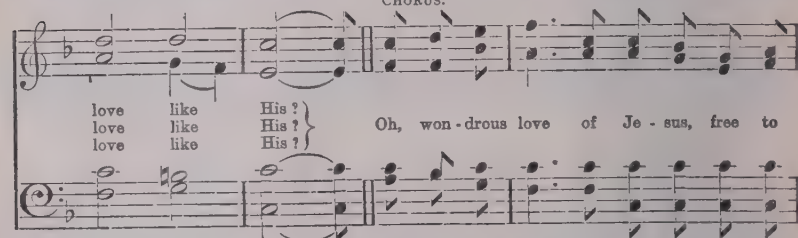


1. Oh, wondrous love that ev-'ry one may know, His mercy and compassion free-ly
 2. Oh, wondrous grace the Fa-ther doth be-stow On us, so full of sin's deep guilt and
 3. Oh, wondrous glo-ry when the Lord shall come, To hear His voice, Come, faithful heart, well

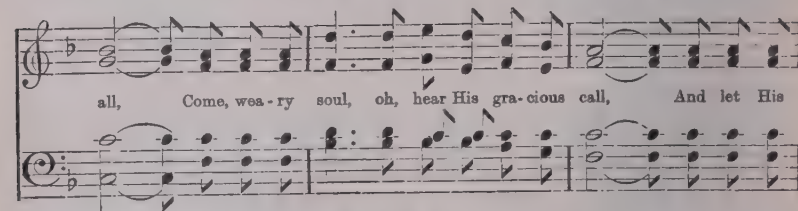


flow; His blood it cleans-es whi-ter than the snow, Was e'er such
 woe, That we the bliss of hea-ven's joy might know, Was e'er such
 done, For thee the ra-diant morn of heaven be-gun. Was e'er such

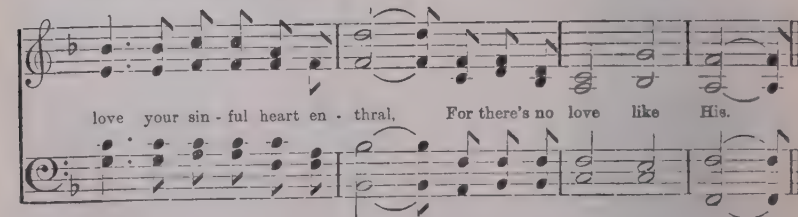
CHORUS.



love like His? } Oh, won-drous love of Je-sus, free to
 love like His? }
 love like His? }

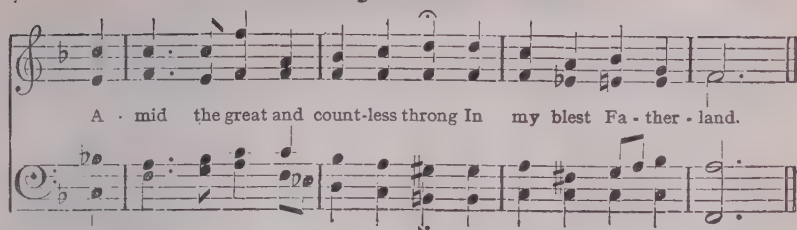


all, Come, wea-ry soul, oh, hear His gra-cious call, And let His



love your sin-ful heart en-thral, For there's no love like His.

The Suffering Saviour—Continued.



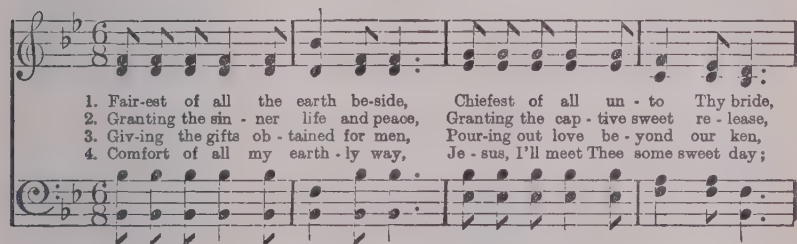
A - mid the great and count-less throng In my blest Fa - ther - land.

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That Man of Calvary.

M. P. F.

M. P. FERGUSON.

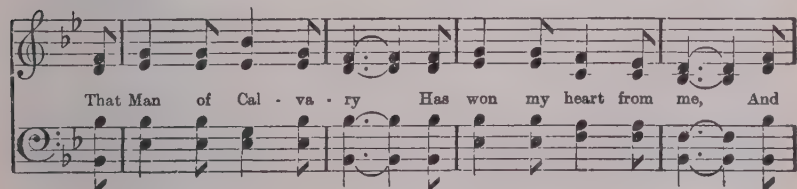


1. Fair-est of all the earth be-side, Chiefest of all un - to Thy bride,
2. Granting the sin - ner life and peace, Granting the cap - tive sweet re - lease,
3. Giv-ing the gifts ob - tained for men, Pour-ing out love be - yond our ken,
4. Comfort of all my earth - ly way, Je - sus, I'll meet Thee some sweet day;



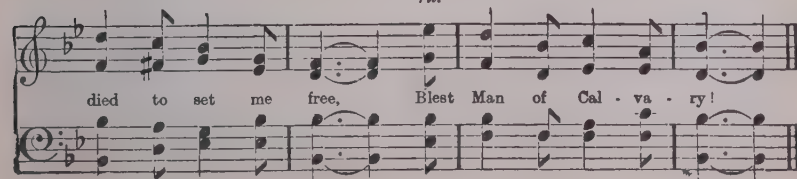
Fulness di - vine in Thee I see, Beau - ti - ful Man of Cal - va - ry!
Shedding His blood to make us free, Mer - ci - ful Man of Cal - va - ry!
Giv-ing us spot - less pu - ri - ty, Boun - ti - ful Man of Cal - va - ry!
Cen - tre of glo - ry Thee I'll see, Won - der - ful Man of Cal - va - ry!

CHORUS.



That Man of Cal - va - ry Has won my heart from me, And

rit.

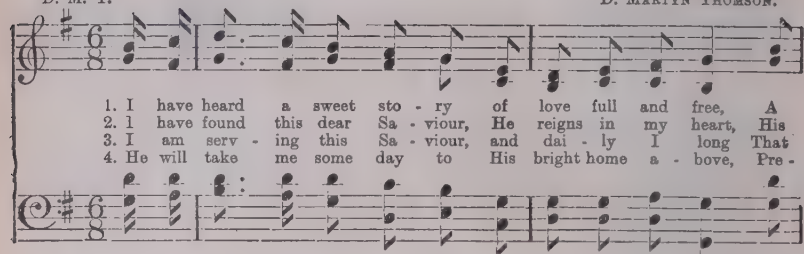


died to set me free, Blest Man of Cal - va - ry!

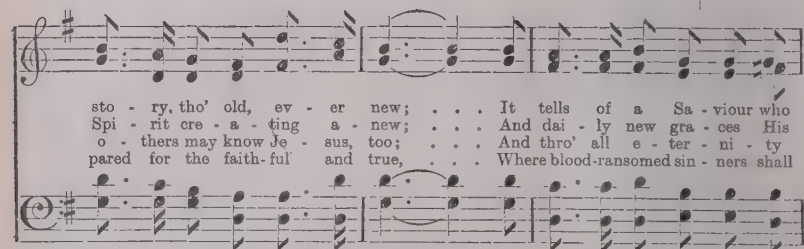
The Wonderful Story.

D. M. T.

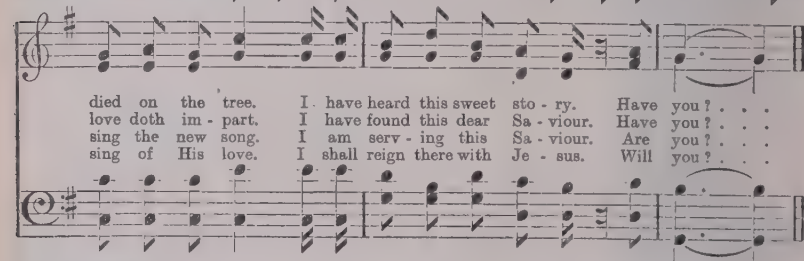
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. I have heard a sweet sto - ry of love full and free, A
 2. I have found this dear Sa - viour, He reigns in my heart, His
 3. I am serv - ing this Sa - viour, and dai - ly I long That
 4. He will take me some day to His bright home a - bove, Pre -

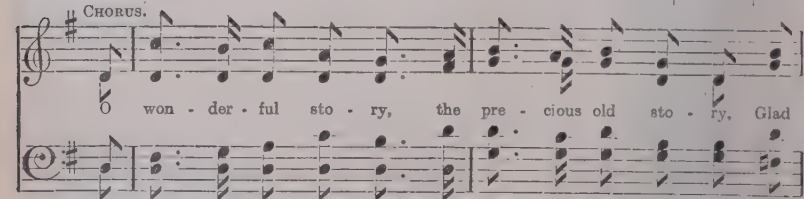


sto - ry, tho' old, ev - er new; . . . It tells of a Sa - viour who
 Spi - rit cre - a - ting a - new; . . . And dai - ly new gra - ces His
 o - thers may know Je - sus, too; . . . And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty
 pared for the faith - ful and true, . . . Where blood-ransomed sin - ners shall

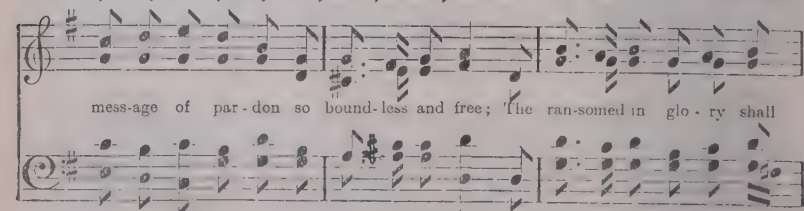


died on the tree. I have heard this sweet sto - ry. Have you? . . .
 love doth im - part. I have found this dear Sa - viour. Have you? . . .
 sing the new song. I am serv - ing this Sa - viour. Are you? . . .
 sing of His love. I shall reign there with Je - sus. Will you? . . .

CHORUS.

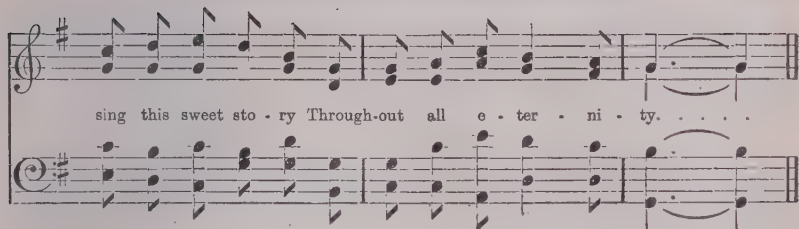


O won - der - ful sto - ry, the pre - cious old sto - ry, Glad



mess-age of par-don so bound-less and free; The ran-somed in glo - ry shall

The Wonderful Story—Continued.



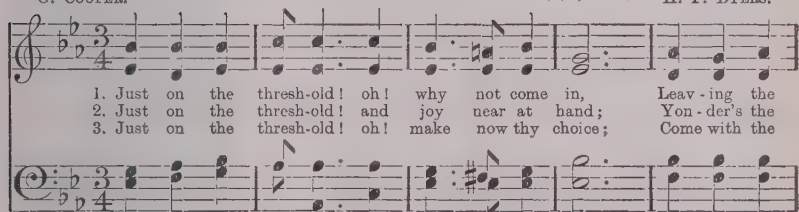
sing this sweet sto - ry Through-out all e - ter - ni - ty. . . .

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Just on the Threshold!

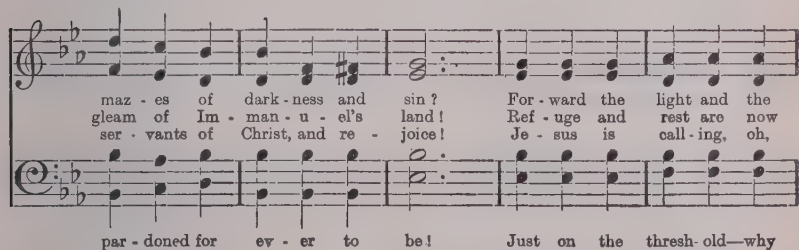
G. COOPER.

H. P. BYERS.



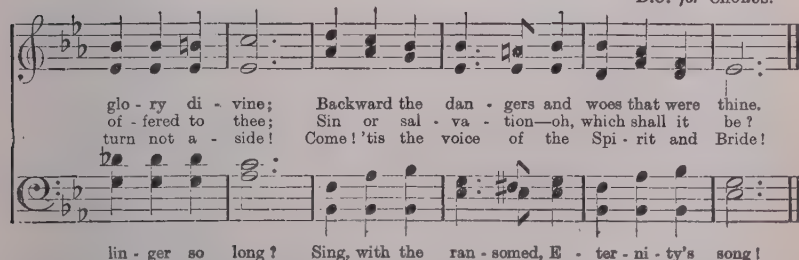
1. Just on the thresh-old! oh! why not come in, Leav-ing the
2. Just on the thresh-old! and joy near at hand; Yon-der's the
3. Just on the thresh-old! oh! make now thy choice; Come with the

CHORUS—Just on the thresh-old— and Christ calls to thee! Come! with the



maz-es of dark-ness and sin? For-ward the light and the
gleam of Im-man-u-el's land! Ref-uge and rest are now
ser-vants of Christ, and re-joice! Je-sus is call-ing, oh,
par-doned for ev-er to be! Just on the thresh-old—why

D.C. for CHORUS.

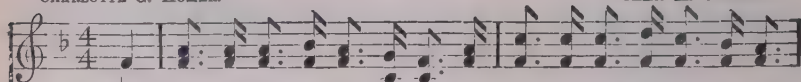


glo-ry di-vine; Backward the dan-gers and woes that were thine.
of-fered to thee; Sin or sal-va-tion—oh, which shall it be?
turn not a-side! Come! 'tis the voice of the Spi-rit and Bride!
lin-ger so long? Sing, with the ran-somed, E-ter-ni-ty's song!

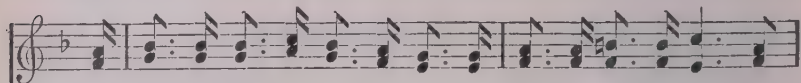
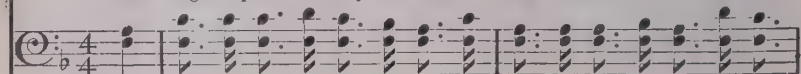
The Victory shall be Ours.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

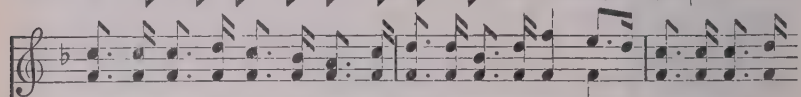
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Be - neath the ban - ner of the King We march, and songs of prais - es sing;
2. We will be loy - al, brave, and true, And try some work of love to do;
3. Al - though temp - ta - tions may as - sail, Our faith and trust can nev - er fail,



To Him our will - ing ser - vice bring, On Him our hope is stayed; A -
For, with His bless - ed cross in view, Our one de - sire shall be To
For in His name we shall pre - vail, And gain the vic - tor's prize; The



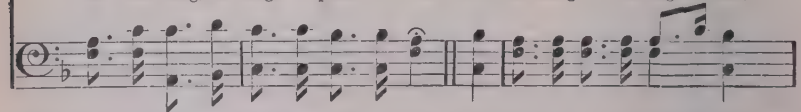
gainst the hosts of sin and wrong Our cov - e - nant is made; With pur - pose, zeal, and
tell His won - ders all a - broad, His love from sea to sea, And how the bless - ed
world shall with His glo - ry ring, And e - cho thro' the skies; Te Him a - lone our



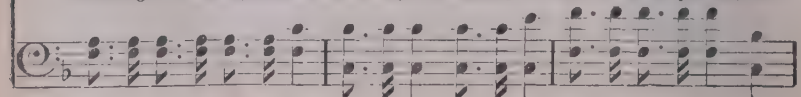
CHORUS.



cour - age strong, We shall not be a - fraid. } We're march - ing to the
Lamb of God Hath set His peo - ple free. }
Sa - viour King, Our songs of praise a - rise. } We're marching to the king - dom,



king - dom, Thro' sun and shade, and lone - ly hours; Our
marching to the kingdom, We're marching on, marching on thro' the lone - ly hours; Our



The Victory shall be Ours—Continued.

Lead - er goes be - fore us The vic - t'ry shall be ours!
 Lead - er goes be - fore, our Lead - er goes be - fore us,

444 Keep Me under the Blood.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Thou my ran - som price hast paid, Bless - ed Son of God,
 2. At the cross where first I knelt, Full of sin - ful pride,
 3. Where to self and sin I died, Where the nails were driv'n,
 4. Shout - ing with my la - test breath Prais - es to our God,

Since on Thee my heart is stayed, Keep me un - der the blood.
 Where I first sal - va - tion felt, Let me still a - bide.
 Let me still for cleansing hide In Thy dear side riv'n.
 Who my soul has saved and kept By His pre - cious blood.

CHORUS.

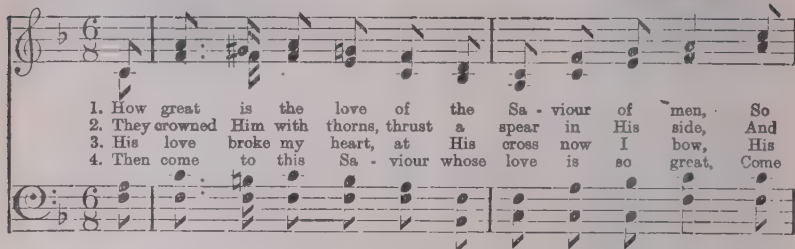
Keep me un - der the blood, dear Lord, Cal - va - ry's crim - son flood;

Not mine own, but Thine a - lone, Keep me un - der the blood.

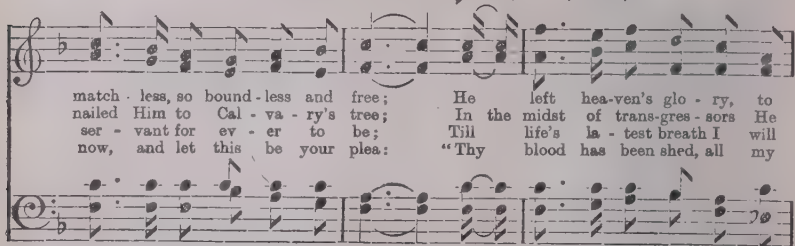
445 To Save a Poor Sinner like Me.

D. M. T.

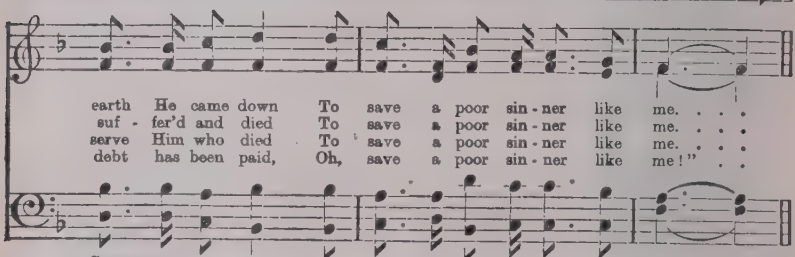
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. How great is the love of the Sa - viour of men, So
 2. They crowned Him with thorns, thrust a spear in His side, And
 3. His love broke my heart, at His cross now I bow, His
 4. Then come to this Sa - viour whose love is so great, Come

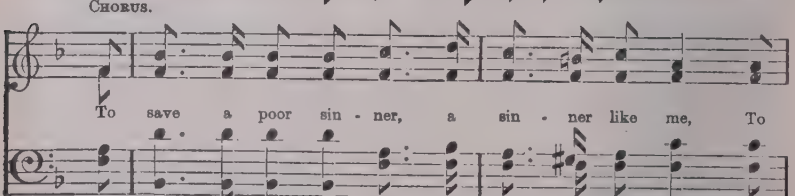


match - less, so bound - less and free; He left hea - ven's glo - ry, to
 nailed Him to Cal - va - ry's tree; In the midst of trans - gres - sors He
 ser - vant for ev - er to be; Till life's la - test breath I will
 now, and let this be your plea: "Thy blood has been shed, all my



earth He came down To save a poor sin - ner like me. . . .
 suf - fer'd and died To save a poor sin - ner like me. . . .
 serve Him who died To save a poor sin - ner like me. . . .
 debt has been paid, Oh, save a poor sin - ner like me!" . . .

CHORUS.



To save a poor sin - ner, a sin - ner like me, To



save a poor sin - ner like me, Cruel thorns pierc'd His head, He
 save a poor sin - ner, a sin - ner like me, Cruel thorns pierc'd His head, He

To Save a Poor Sinner like Me—Continued.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

suf-fer'd and died, To save a poor sin-ner like me. . . like me.
 suf-fer'd and died, To save a poor sin-ner, a sin-ner like me.

446 I know that I have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Two staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1. Tho' loved ones van-ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a-bide, I
 2. Tho' hea-vy be my load of care, And tri-als meet me ev-'ry-where, With
 3. When Sa-tan's ar-rows round me fly, And sin, a tor-rent, rush-es by, A
 4. And when the an-gel shall appear, To call me thro' the val-ley de-ar, I

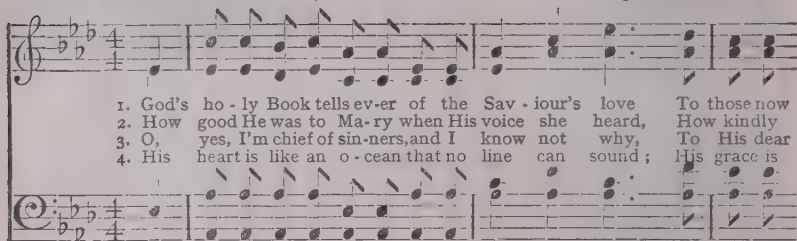
CHORUS.

Two staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

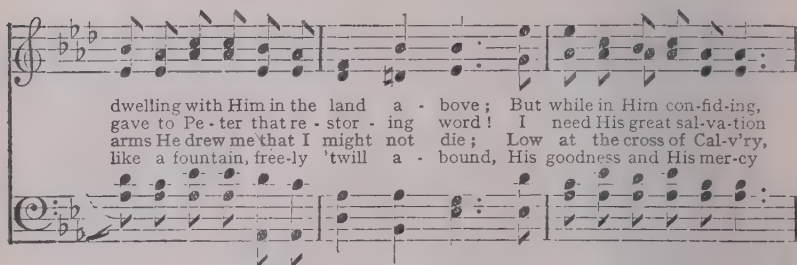
still am ful-ly sat-is-fied—I know that I have Je-sus.
 pa-tience I my cross will bear—I know that I have Je-sus.
 nev-er-fail-ing Friend is nigh,—I know that I have Je-sus.
 shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,—I know that I have Je-sus.

Two staves of music in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is on the treble staff and the accompaniment is on the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Gen-tle, loving Je-sus! For life and for e-ter-ni-ty, I know that I have Jesus.



1. God's ho - ly Book tells ev - er of the Sav - iour's love To those now
 2. How good He was to Ma - ry when His voice she heard, How kindly
 3. O, yes, I'm chief of sin - ners, and I know not why, To His dear
 4. His heart is like an o - cean that no line can sound; His grace is

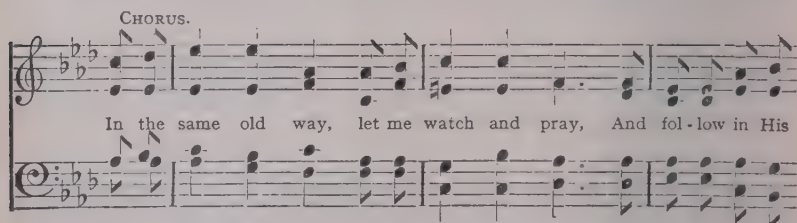


dwelling with Him in the land a - bove; But while in Him con - fid - ing,
 gave to Pe - ter that re - stor - ing word! I need His great sal - va - tion
 arms He drew me that I might not die; Low at the cross of Cal - v'ry,
 like a fountain, free - ly 'twill a - bound, His goodness and His mer - cy

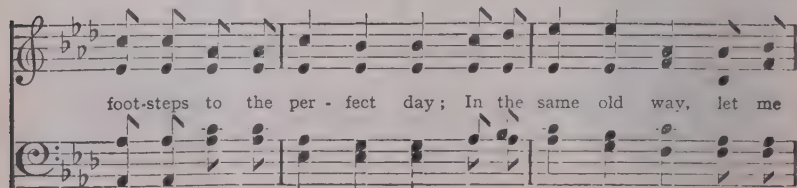


I can humbly say, I know that Je - sus loves me in the same old way.
 just as much as they; I know that Je - sus loves me in the same old way.
 I can on - ly say, I know that Je - sus loves me in the same old way.
 all His deeds dis - play, I know that Je - sus loves me in the same old way.

CHORUS.



In the same old way, let me watch and pray, And fol - low in His



foot - steps to the per - fect day; In the same old way, let me

In the Same Old Way—Continued.

watch and pray And fol-low in His footsteps to the per - fect day.

448

We're a happy Band.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

A. M. PHILLIPS.

1. We're a happy band on the march to Canaan's land, And a ho - ly joy doth
 2. Singing as we go thro' this vale of tears below, We can catch a glimpse of
 3. On the o - ther shore we shall meet to part no more, Dwelling there with Christ who

gladden all the way; From the wilderness, in the paths of ho - li-ness,
 heaven's glo - ry bright, Light and love di-vine all a-round our pathway shine,
 died to set us free, Chanting now His praise, as we walk in wisdom's ways,

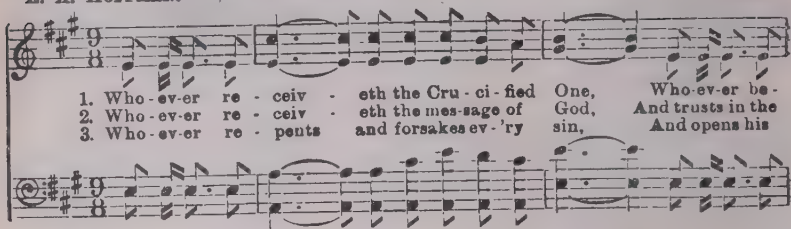
D.S.—From the wilderness, in the paths of ho - li-ness,

FINE. REFRAIN.
 We are marching on to the realms of endless day. } Marching, marching on,
 As we're marching on to the land where is no night. } yes, marching,
 We are marching on to the glorious ju - bi-lee. }

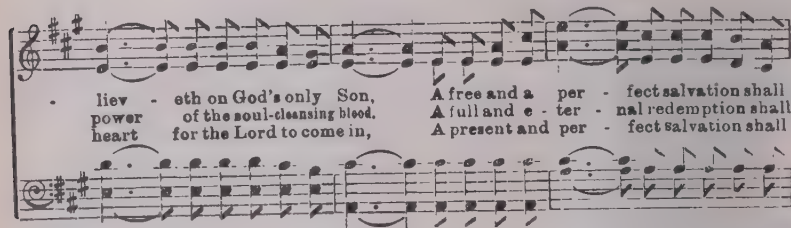
We are marching on to the realms of endless day.

D.S.

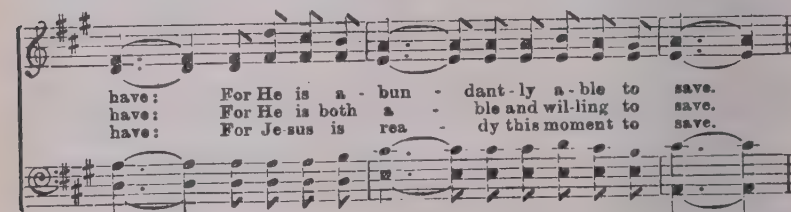
Marching, marching on, Fol-low-ing the footsteps of Je - sus all the way;
 yes, marching,



1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who-ev-er be -
 2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the mes-sage of God, And trusts in the
 3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes ev-'ry sin, And opens his

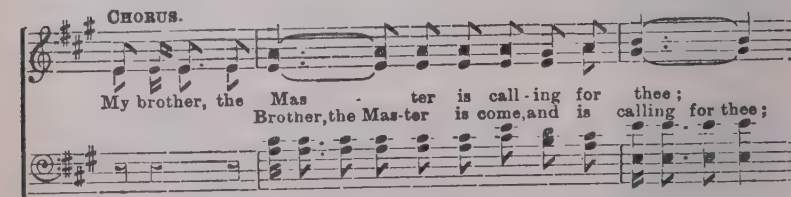


liev - eth on God's only Son, A free and a per - fect salvation shall
 power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal redemption shall
 heart for the Lord to come in, A present and per - fect salvation shall

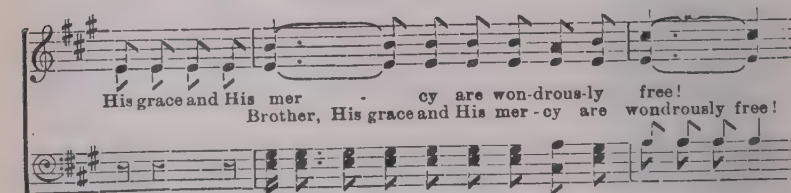


have: For He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 have: For He is both a - ble and wil - ling to save.
 have: For Je - sus is rea - dy this moment to save.

CHORUS.



My brother, the Mas - ter is call - ing for thee;
 Brother, the Mas - ter is come, and is calling for thee;



His grace and His mer - cy are won - drous - ly free!
 Brother, His grace and His mer - cy are wondrously free!

Abundantly Able to Save.—continued.

His blood as a ran - som for sin ners He gave,
 Brother, His blood as a ran-som for sin-ners He gave,

And He is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
 And He is a - bun-dant-ly a - ble to save.

450

Pilot Me.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O - ver Ju-de - a's rug-ged hills, Down by the sounding sea, Where'er Thy
 2. O - ver the stormy sea of life, Where wind and wave is free, Guide my frail
 3. When to the shad'wy vale I come, Trusting, O Lord, in Thee, Show me the

CHORUS.

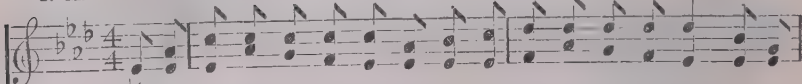
blessed footsteps lead, Je-sus, O pi - lot me.
 barque to harbour safe, Je-sus, O pi - lot me. } Pi - lot me, pi - lot me,
 path Thy feet have trod, Jesus, O pi - lot me.

Je - sus, O pi - lot me; Thro' all the changes life de-crees, Je-sus, O pi-lot me.

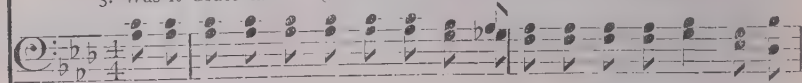
C. M. DOCHERTY.

Jude 3.

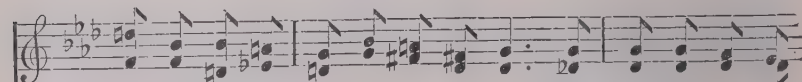
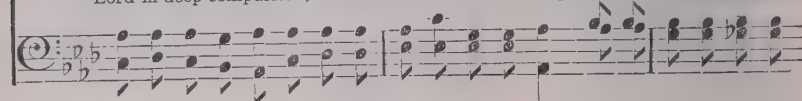
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



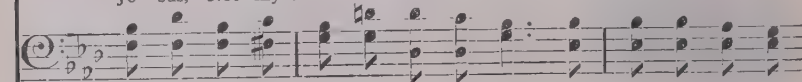
1. Oh the blessed Gos-pel sto-ry, How I love to hear it told, It is
2. Of His death and re-sur-rec-tion, I am nev-er tired to speak, For I
3. Was it Grace that sought the sinner? Was it Love that made Christ die? Did the



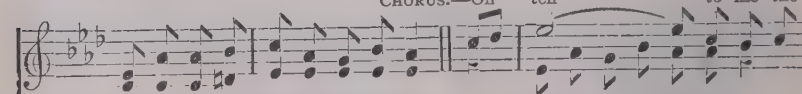
sweet as sweet-est honey, It is pure as pur-est gold. Of the Christ who came from
find a bless-ed union, By the Spirit most complete. Once I thought that sin was
Lord in deep compassion, Leave His Father's Home on High? Then I'll yield myself to



Hea-ven, To this world of sin and woe, That we might be for-
fa-tal, And that death my lot must be; But now I've learned from
Je-sus, Not my own—but His to be, Un-til I sing His

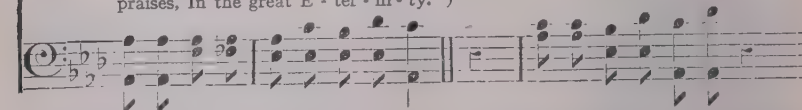


CHORUS.—Oh tell to me the

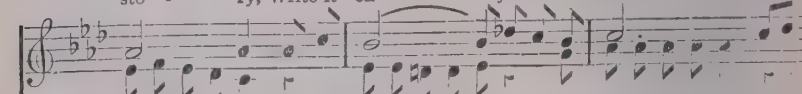


giv-en, And to Heav'n at last may go. }
Scripture That the Saviour died for me. }
praises, In the great E-ter-ni-ty. }

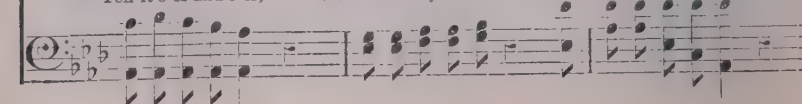
Tell to me the sto-ry,



sto - - - ry, Write it on my heart each word, Un-



Tell it o'er and o'er, Write it on my heart, Write on my heart each word,



The Gospel Story—Continued.

til I reach the glo - ry, and I see my ris-en

Till I reach the glory, Reach the golden shore, And I see my Lord,

Lord. I'll praise Him without ceasing, For His mercy, love, and grace,

See my ris-en Lord. Praise Him without ceasing, For His mercy, love, and grace,

For His love and grace,
When at last in Heav-en, My Lord awards to me a place.

When at last in Heaven, My Lord awards to me a place, awards to me a place.
When at last in Heav'n, My Lord a-wards to me a place, a-wards to me a place.

When at last in Heav'n, My Lord awards to me a place.

452 Sinful, O Lord, I seek the Cleansing Flow.

D. M. T.

"MARTYN."

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. Sin - ful, O Lord, I seek the cleans - ing flow,
2. Feel - ing my Lord, weak - ness, seek the I come to Thee,

Wash me and make me whit - er than the snow.
Plead - ing Thy pro - mise, "I will strength - en Thee."

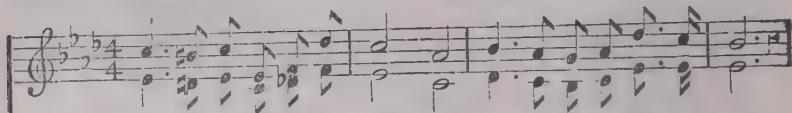
3. In times of sorrow, when o'ercome with grief,
Only the Man of Sorrow gives relief.
4. Lord, when my sorrows like sea billows roll,
May Thy voice speak peace to my troubled soul.

5. And in my gladness, Lord, help me to raise
Unto Thee blessing, honour, glory, praise.
6. When life is ended, Lord, in Thy great love,
Fit me for service in Thy courts above.

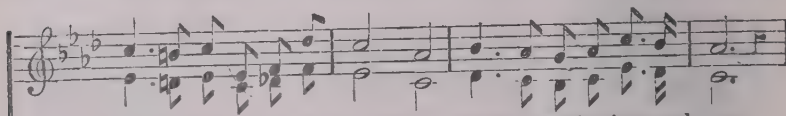
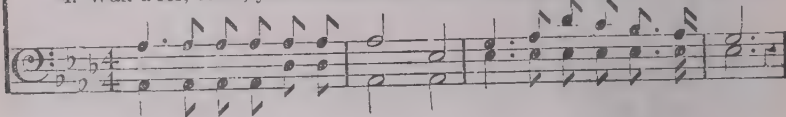
Wan-d'er, Come!

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

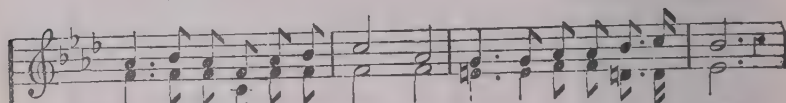
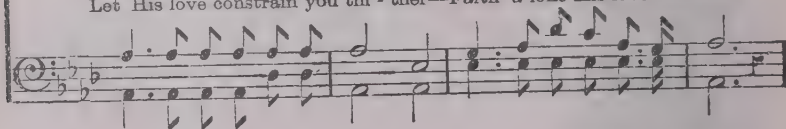
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



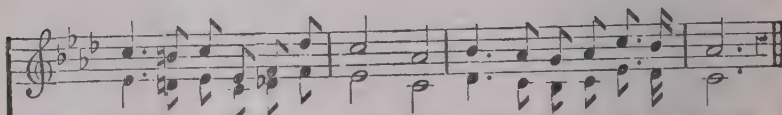
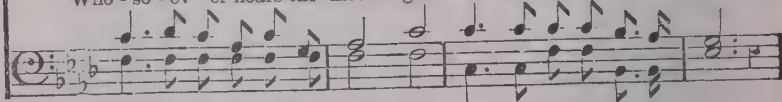
1. Wan-d'er, come, oh, come to Je - sus, Come, and in con-tri-tion bow ;
2. Wan-d'er, come, oh, haste to Je - sus, He's the re - fuge in the storm ;
3. Wan-d'er, come, give all to Je - sus, Come, and find His promise true ;
4. Wan-d'er, come, you're still in-vit - ed, Je-sus spreads His wounded hands !



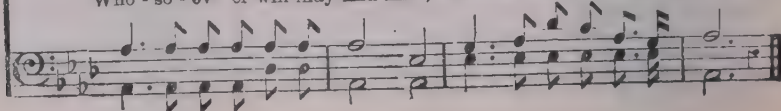
Lo ! He waits to free-ly par - don, Give sal - va-tion here and now.
Rocks and mountains will not hide you In the day of dread a - larm.
Come con-fessing, come be - liev - ing, He will meet and welcome you.
Let His love constrain you thi - ther—Faith a-lone His love demands.



Wan-d'er, come, the feast is rea - dy, You are an in - vit-ed guest ;
Wan-d'er, come, ac-cept the message Faith-ful her-alds now pro-claim ;
Wan-d'er, come, tho' sins like scarlet May your waiting Saviour grieve,
Who - so - ev - er hears the mes - sage Need not wait nor backward shrink ;



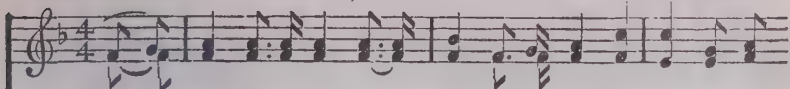
Ban-quet with the world's Re-deem-er, Cal-v'ry's Saviour gives sweet rest.
Christ is pass-ing, ven-ture to Him, He may nev-er pass a - gain !
Still He lin-gers now to par - don ; Come, re-pent, ac-cept, be-lieve.
Who - so - ev - er will may find Him, Who - so - ev - er thirsts may drink.



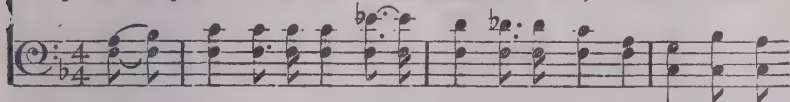
454 The Knock of the Nail-pierced Hand.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

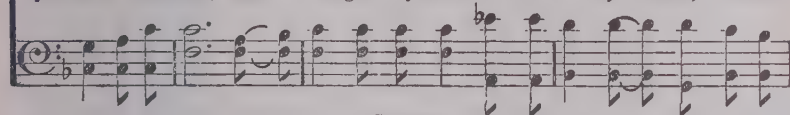
JOHN R. SWENNY.



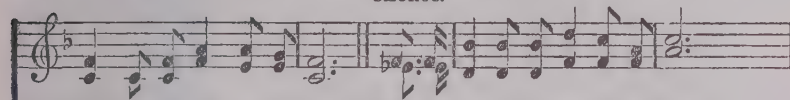
1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's - door to - night, The Saviour in
2. You turn not away when a friend's at your door, Here's one there's none
3. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree, A wel - come from



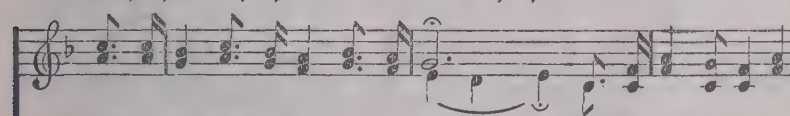
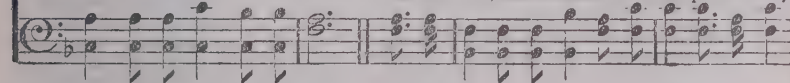
meekness doth stand, And longs for ad - mis - sion? pray lis - ten now To the
like in the land, Who asks to come in and for ev - er a - bid, Heed the
you should command, Since the weight of your sins in His bo - dy he bore, Heed the



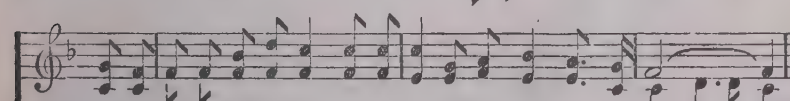
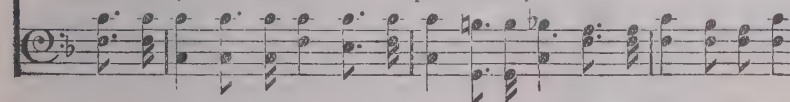
CHORUS.



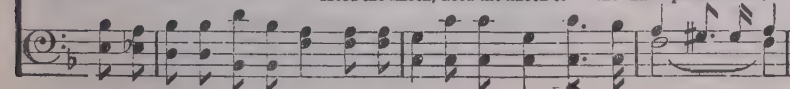
knock of the nail - pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,



Heed the knock of the nail - pierced hand; Swing the door open wide,
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand;



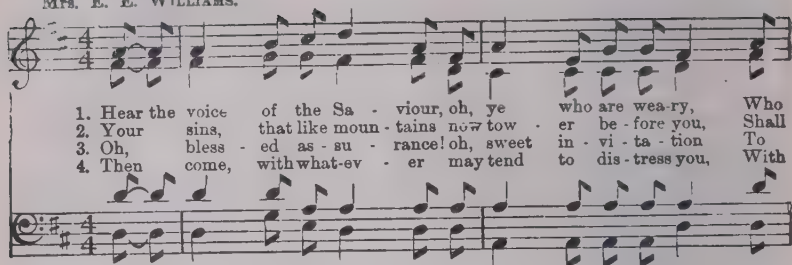
Bid Him enter and abide, Heed the knock of the nail - pierced hand.
Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail - pierced hand.



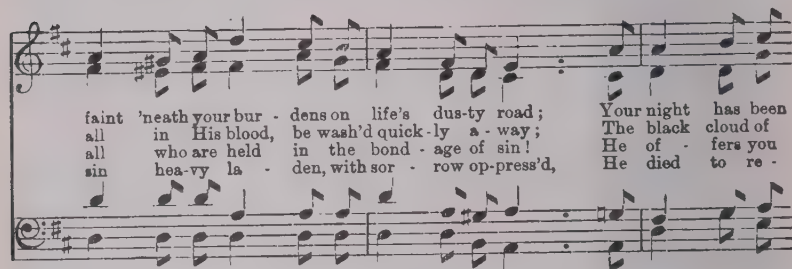
Come Unto Me.

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

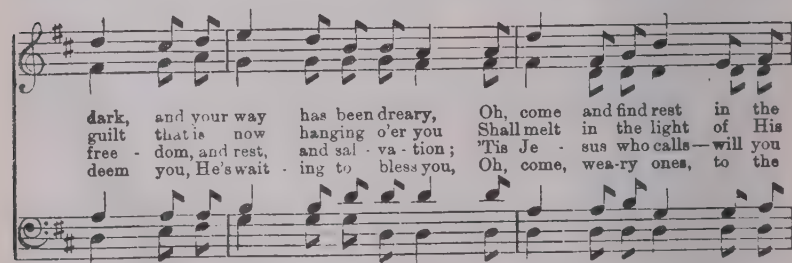
H. L. G.



1. Hear the voice of the Sa - viour, oh, ye who are wea-ry, Who
 2. Your sins, that like moun - tains now tow - er be - fore you, Shall
 3. Oh, bless - ed as - su - rance! oh, sweet in - vi - ta - tion To
 4. Then come, with what - ev - er may tend to dis - tress you, With

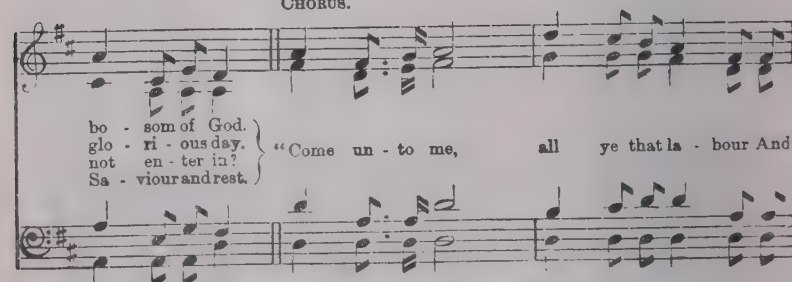


faint 'neath your bur - dens on life's dus - ty road; Your night has been
 all in His blood, be wash'd quick - ly a - way; The black cloud of
 all who are held in the bond - age of sin! He of - fers you
 sin hea - vy la - den, with sor - row op - press'd, He died to re -



dark, and your way has been dreary, Oh, come and find rest in the
 guilt that is now hanging o'er you Shall melt in the light of His
 free - dom, and rest, and sal - va - tion; 'Tis Je - sus who calls - will you
 deem you, He's wait - ing to bless you, Oh, come, wea - ry ones, to the

CHORUS.



bo - som of God.
 glo - ri - ous day. } "Come un - to me, all ye that la - bour And
 not en - ter in?
 Sa - viour and rest.

Come Unto Me—continued.

are hea - vy la - den, and I will give you rest;

Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me, And

ye shall find rest, Sweet . . . rest, . . . un - to . . . your souls."

456

Refuge of the Soul.

A. D. R.

(To Tune above.)

1. I hear the sweet welcome, the echoes awaking,
That calls me to Jesus, my Saviour and Friend;
O, say, is there joy for the heart that is breaking?
A haven at last when the voyage shall end?

CHORUS.—

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest;
Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest
Sweet rest unto your souls."

2. How anxious the load of the sin that oppresses!
How eager the hopes in my bosom that burn!
O, God, could I speak what my trembling confesses,
In love would'st Thou bid a poor rebel return?

CHORUS.—"Come unto Me, &c."

3. I come, Lord; I fly to the refuge provided,
No longer a rebel and stranger to grace;
From sin, and from sorrow, and danger divided,
I rest evermore in Thy loving embrace.

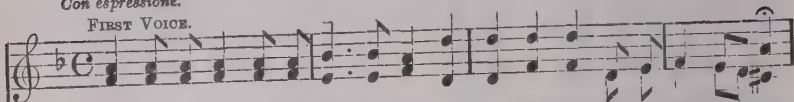
CHORUS.—"Come unto Me, &c."

At the Eleventh Hour.

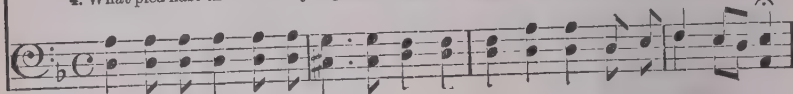
"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you"—Matt. vii. 7.

Con espressione.

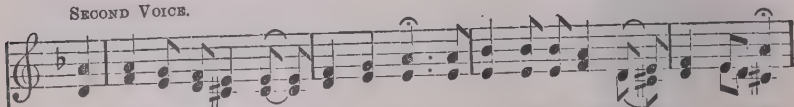
FIRST VOICE.



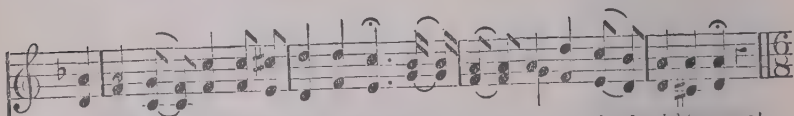
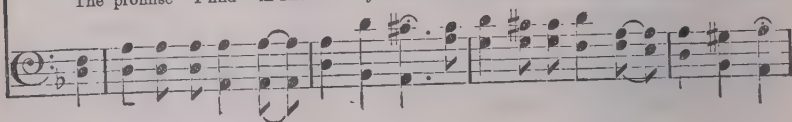
1. Who knocketh now at the wick-et gate? Who standeth there in the twi-light grey?
2. Where hast thou been all the long, long day? Why lose the path? it was plain to thee.
3. What fruit hast thou from the fields so fair? What golden sheaves that thy hands have bound?
4. What plea hast thou for thy slight-ed Lord, If now His ear He would bend to thee?



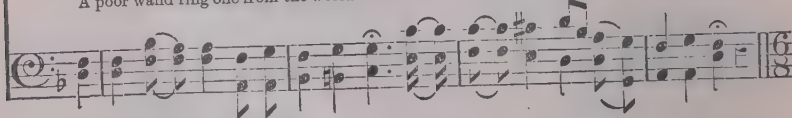
SECOND VOICE.



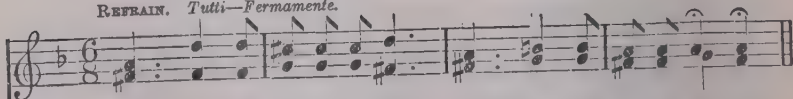
A poor wand'r'er lone; it is late, so late—The sun-light has fled from the dy-ing day;
I wander'd in search of a bet-ter way—It seem'd, ev-er seem'd, so near to me;
My heart is oppress'd with grief and care—The joy which I sought I have nev-er found—
The promise I find in His ho-ly word—His blood, precious blood, He has shed for me;



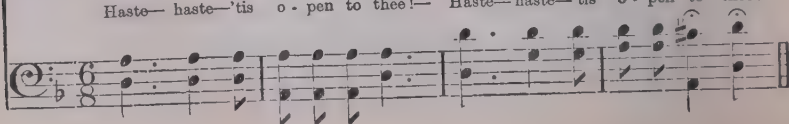
My locks are damp with the fall-ing dews—Pray o-pen to me, for the night pursues!
Now, wea-ry, I come to the wick-et gate, And venture to knock—tho' the hour be late.
Nought, nought do I bring from my wand'rings wide—But a wast-ed life, at the ev-en-tide.
A poor wand'ring one from the world of sin—In the name of Christ—I will come in.



REFRAIN. Tutti—Fermamente.



Haste—haste—'tis o-pen to thee!—Haste—haste—'tis o-pen to thee!



458

Jesus is Calling To-day.

Con tenerezza.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— call - ing to - day—
 2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— call - ing to - day—
 3. Je - sus is wait - ing, O, come to Him now— wait - ing to - day—
 4. Je - sus is plead - ing, O, list to His voice— hear Him to - day—

call - ing to - day! Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam—
 call - ing to - day! Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest—
 wait - ing to - day! Come with thy sins—at His feet low - ly bow—
 hear Him to - day! They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice—

REFRAIN.

far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 He will not turn thee a - way.
 come and no long - er de - lay.
 quick - ly a - rise, come a - way.

} Call - ing to -
 Call - ing, call - ing to -

day,
 day, to - day! call - ing to - day,
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;

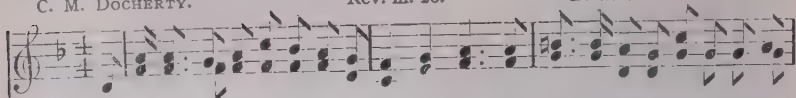
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day!
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,

The Waiting Saviour.

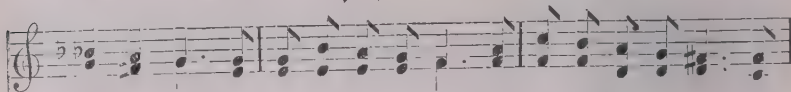
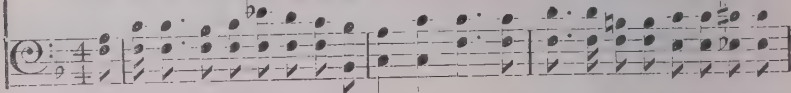
C. M. DOCHERTY.

Rev. iii. 20.

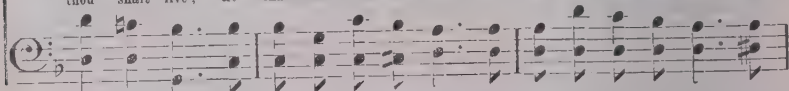
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



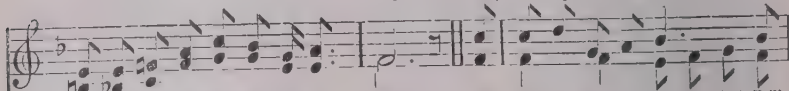
1. Poor sin-ner! Je-sus stands out-side the bolt-ed door, He's knock'd and knock'd again un-til His
 2. Re-mem-ber He's a King from off a king-ly throne, Who laid His glo-ry by, and sought you
 3. Oh! don't for- get He stands out-side the bolt-ed door; Then haste, poor sinner, haste His par-don
 4. His prom-ise is most sure, sal-va-tion He will give— Then ope to Him Thine heart, believe, and



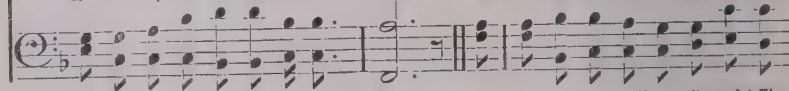
heart is sore; Then why not let Him in? He'll free you from all sin, And
 for His own. He hung up-on a tree, That you might ran-somed be, And
 now im-plore. For if His grace you spurn, He from your heart shall turn, And
 thou shalt live; He shall with boun-teous care For you a feast pre-pare, Oh,



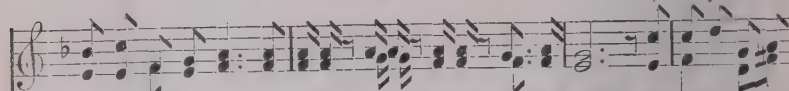
CHORUS.—Oh, won't you let Him in?



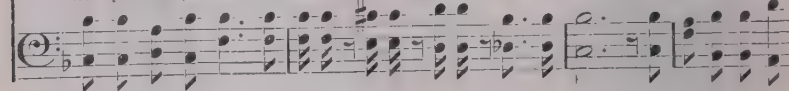
give you joy and peace for ev-er more. } Oh, won't you let Him in? He'll
 now He waits out-side the bolt-ed door. }
 nev-er more be found out-side your door.
 do not keep Him long-er at the door.



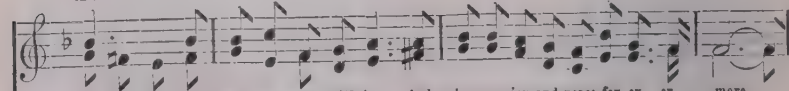
Oh, won't you let Him



free you from your sin, He's standing, knocking, pleading at the door, Oh, won't you



in?



let Him in? He'll flood your heart with-in. And give you joy and peace for ev-er more.



T. M. T.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Un - bar the door of your heart to - night, Christ will en - ter in;
 2. Why long - er wait? O de - cide to - night; All is read - y now,
 3. O rest - less soul, wilt thou long - er doubt? Quick - ly now be - lieve,

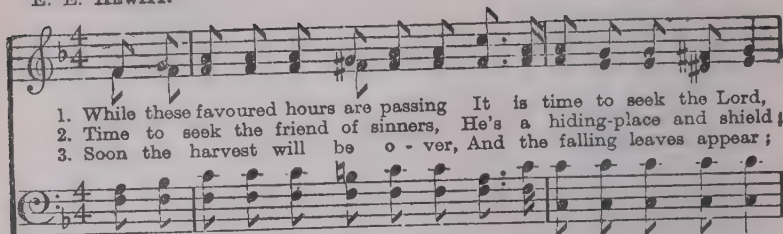
Christ will en - ter in. He on - ly waits, sinner, your de - sire,
 all is read - y now, The Spir - it pleads, list - en to His call,
 quick - ly now be - lieve, Fol - low the lead - ings the Spir - it gives,

CHORUS.

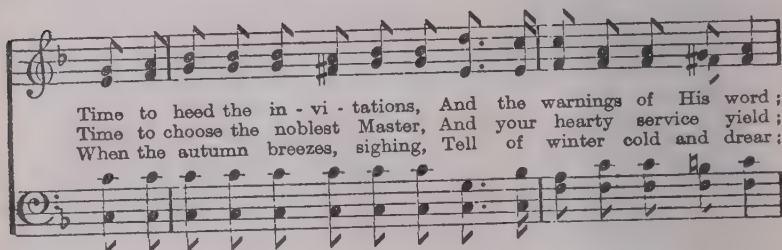
He will en - ter in, He will en - ter in. } Un - bar the door,
 He is read - y now, He is read - y now.
 On - ly now be - lieve, on - ly now be - lieve.

un - bar the door, Bid the blessed Saviour now come in; He is ling'ring there,

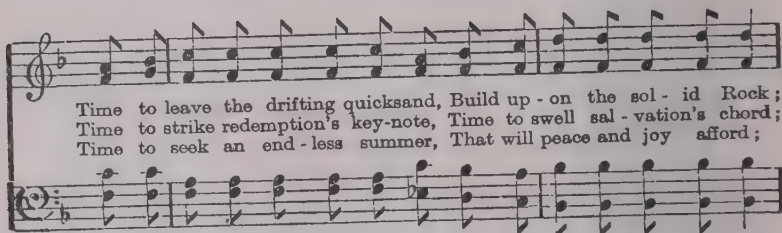
He is ling'ring there, Longs to cleanse your heart from ev'ry sin.
 from ev'ry sin.



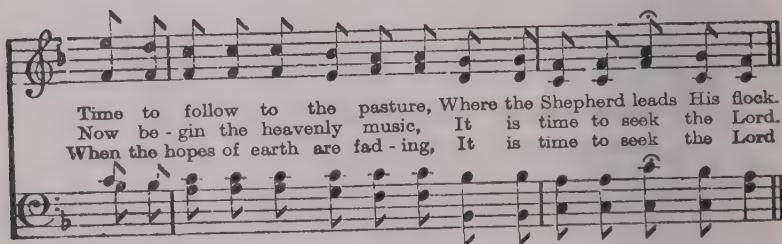
1. While these favoured hours are passing It is time to seek the Lord,
 2. Time to seek the friend of sinners, He's a hiding-place and shield;
 3. Soon the harvest will be o - ver, And the falling leaves appear;



Time to heed the in - vi - tations, And the warnings of His word;
 Time to choose the noblest Master, And your hearty service yield;
 When the autumn breezes, sighing, Tell of winter cold and drear;

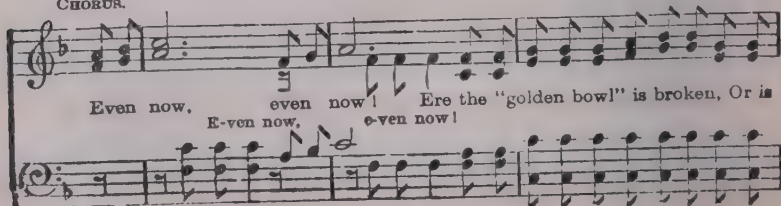


Time to leave the drifting quicksand, Build up - on the sol - id Rock;
 Time to strike redemption's key-note, Time to swell sal - vation's chord;
 Time to seek an end - less summer, That will peace and joy afford;



Time to follow to the pasture, Where the Shepherd leads His flock.
 Now be - gin the heavenly music, It is time to seek the Lord.
 When the hopes of earth are fad - ing, It is time to seek the Lord

CHORUS.



Even now, even now! Ere the "golden bowl" is broken, Or is
 E-ven now, e-ven now!

Even Now—continued.

loosed the "silver cord," Even now, even now! It is time to seek the Lord.
Even now, even now!

462 'Tis the Blessed Saviour Calling.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. 'Tis the blessed Saviour call-ing, Come un-to me;
2. How He longs for your re-turn-ing, Come, come a-way;
3. On the cross be-hold Him dy-ing, All, all for you;
4. While the Spir-it now is plead-ing, Come, come a-way;

Precious words like mu-sic fall-ing, Come un-to me.
While the lamp of life is burn-ing, Come, come to-day.
It is finished, hear Him cry-ing, What will you do?
And the Sav-iour in-ter-ced-ing, Do not de-lay.

CHORUS.

In this hour of your pro-ba-tion, O accept His great sal-

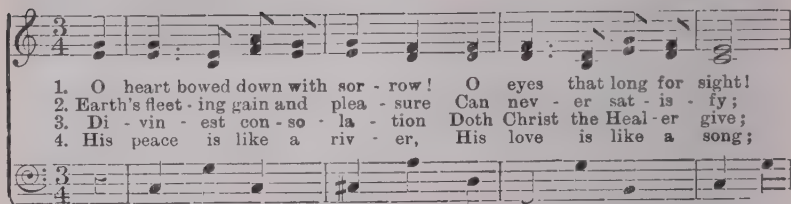
va-tion; Do not slight his in-vi-ta-tion, Come un-to me.

Come Unto Me.

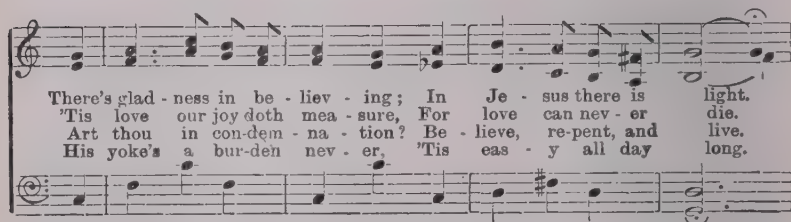
DUET AND CHORUS.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.



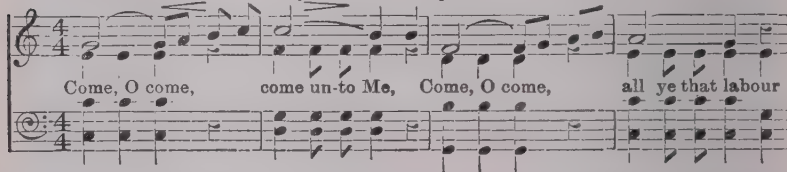
1. O heart bowed down with sor - row! O eyes that long for sight!
 2. Earth's fleet - ing gain and plea - sure Can nev - er sat - is - fy;
 3. Di - vin - est con - so - la - tion Doth Christ the Heal - er give;
 4. His peace is like a riv - er, His love is like a song;



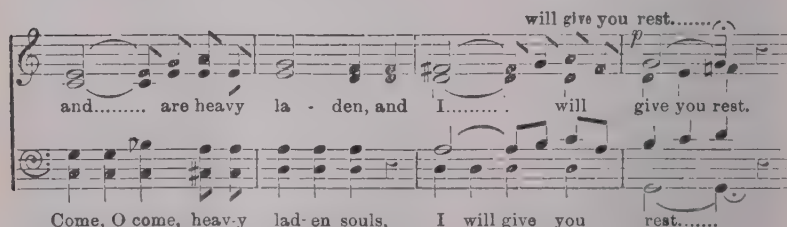
There's glad - ness in be - liev - ing; In Je - sus there is light.
 'Tis love our joy doth mea - sure, For love can nev - er die.
 Art thou in con-dem - na - tion? Be - lieve, re - pent, and live.
 His yoke's a bur - den nev - er, 'Tis eas - y all day long.

CHORUS.

"Come..... un-to Me,..... all ye..... that la - bour



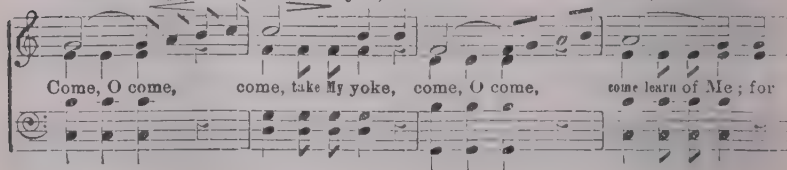
Come, O come, come un-to Me, Come, O come, all ye that labour



and..... are heavy la - den, and I..... will give you rest.

Come, O come, heav-y lad-en souls, I will give you rest.....

Take..... My yoke up-on you, and learn..... of Me;..... for



Come, O come, come, take My yoke, come, O come, come learn of Me; for

Come Unto Me—Continued.

rit.

I..... am meek and low-ly in heart : and ye shall find rest un-to your souls."

I am meek and

464

He's Waiting for Thee.

WM. ROBERTSON.

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

SOLO. *ad lib*

1. Out-side thy heart a Saviour stands, Out-side the door fast barred,
2. The thorn-marks on His bless-ed brow He bore in love for thee;
3. He stands! O, must He go a-way? Can you His mer-cy spurn?
4. E-ter-ni-ty hangs on thy choice, E-ter-nal weal or woe;

He knocks with ten-der, lov-ing hands, That for thy sins were scarr'd.
O let Him in, be-fore Him bow, He longs to set thee free.
O, bid Him en-ter while you may—What if He ne'er re-turn.
'Tis thine to make all heav'n rejoice, Or peace and rest fore-go.

CHORUS.

He's waiting for thee, He's pleading with thee, O hasten and o-pen the door;

Thy soul's deepest need this Saviour doth read, Helongs to be thine ev-er more, ever more.

Thy soul's deepest need this Saviour doth read, Helongs to be thine ev-er more, ever more.

Jesus is Calling.

F. S. S.

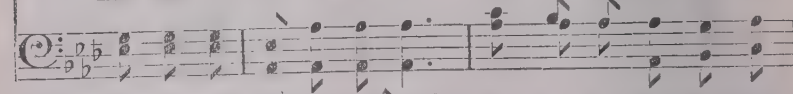
F. S. SHEPARD.



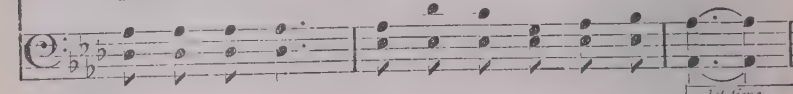
1. Je - sus the Sav - iour is call - ing for thee, "Come heav - y -
2. Ye who are wan - der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the



la - den one, come un - to Me; I will thy soul from its
mes - sage - why long - er de - lay? Why from His pres - ence so
moun - tain so dark and so cold; Turn to Him now - in His



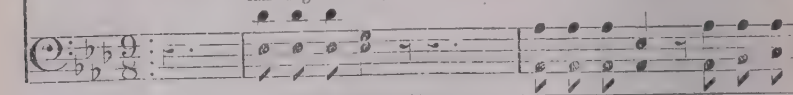
bur - dens set free" - Je - sus is call - ing for thee!
long wilt thou stay? Je - sus is call - ing for thee!
arms He'll en - fold - Je - sus is call - ing for thee!



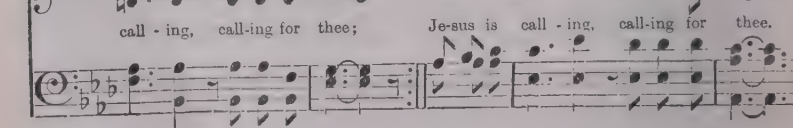
CHORUS.



Je - sus is call - ing, Ten - der - ly call - ing. Je - sus is
call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee,



call - ing, call - ing for thee; Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee.



W. K.

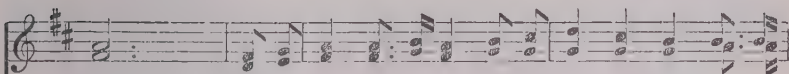
W. KANE.



1. There's a feast to be giv'n by the King of heav'n,
2. At the King's own request you're a welcome guest, Will you come? Will you
3. There is room for us all in the ban-quet hall,
4. Sin-ner, come while you may, and no long-er stay,



Will you come?



come?

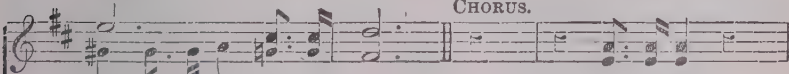
Will you come and be fed with the liv - ing bread?
 There's a gar - ment to wear, 'tis a roy - al fare, Will you
 There's e-nough and to spare, there's a va - cant chair,
 There is room for you and a wel - come true,



Will you come?

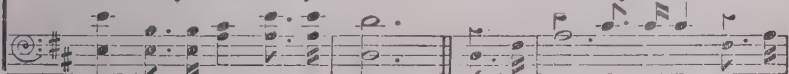
come?

CHORUS.



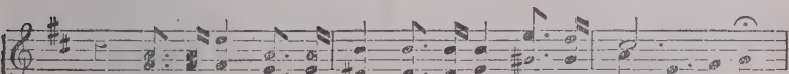
come? Will you come? Will you come?

Will you come?



Will you come?

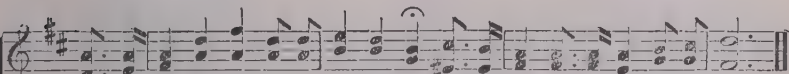
Will you



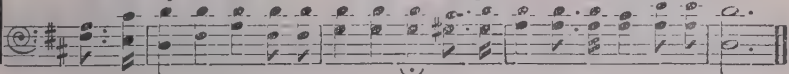
Will you come? Will you come? 'tis the Mas-ter's com-mand. Will you come?



come?



To the roy - al feast He in - vites the leas't, To partake from His bounti - ful hand.



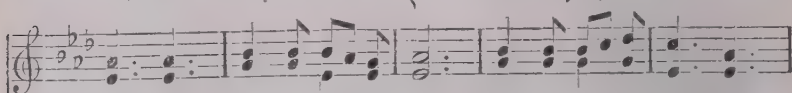
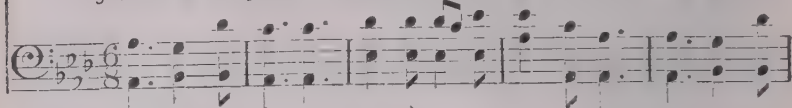
Jesus is Calling.

W. E. M. STEWART.

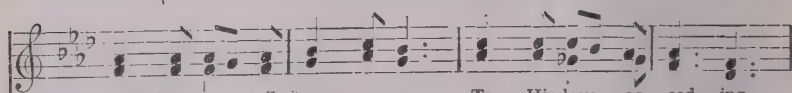
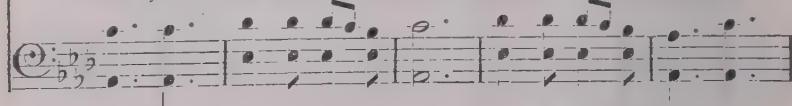
FERD. DEGEN. Arranged by P. P. B.



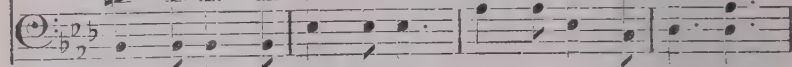
1. Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing you and call-ing me; Soft ac-cents
2. Come and, con-fess-ing, Let Him dwell with-in your heart; Re-ceive His
3. Let me im - plore you—Come to Him, and do so now, While life's be-



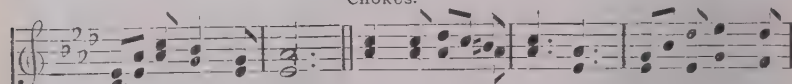
fall - ing, From the heav'n to thee; Wilt thou heed His plead - ing,
bless - ing, Choose the bet - ter part. He will guide you ev - er.
fore you, And youth on your brow. There's a time approach - ing,



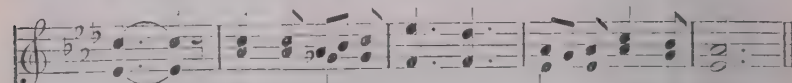
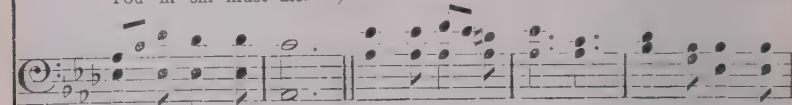
And from e - vil turn a-way, To His love ac - ced - ing,
He will keep you from all guile, And no pow'r can sev - er
And for you may be near by, When, your self re-proach - ing,



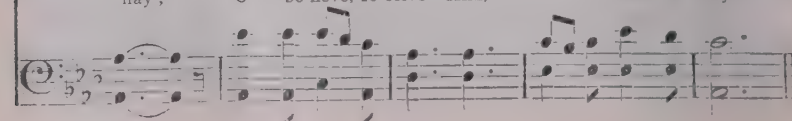
CHORUS.



And to choose His way? } Lost one, turn to Je - sus; Do not say Him
From His love and smile. }
You in sin must die.



nay; O be-lieve, re-ceive Him, Do not turn a - way.



F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Je - sus is waiting so near,
 2. Hear thy sweet message of love,
 3. Cast on the Saviour thy care,

Come, He is calling to - day,
 Glad - ly the summons o - bey,
 Hear His glad word and o - bey,

the Saviour to-day,
 the summons o-bey,
 o-bey Him to-day,

Ban - ish your doubting and fear,
 Seek ye the kingdom a - bove,
 Trust Him your bur - den to bear.

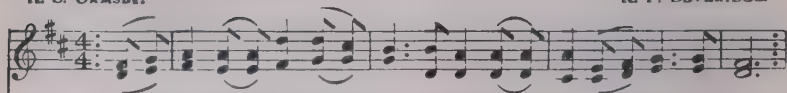
Lin - ger no lon - ger a -
 Lin - ger no lon - ger a -
 He is the life and the

CHORUS.

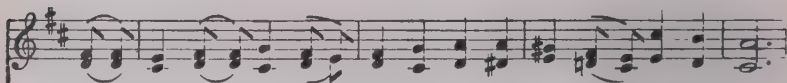
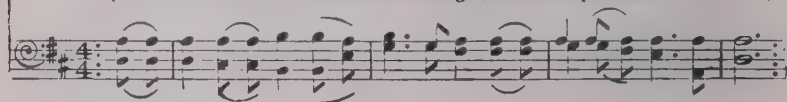
way, (a-way.) } Come, . . . , Come, . . . ,
 way, (a-way.) }
 way, (the way.) } Come, He is call - ing, Come, He is call - ing,

Je - sus is call - ing to - day,
 is call - ing to - day, Come, Come, He is call - ing,

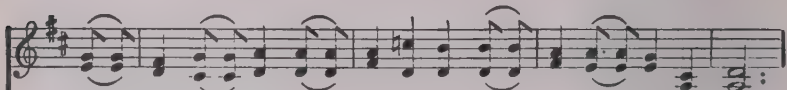
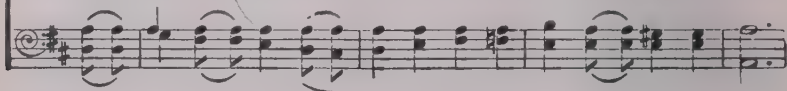
come, Linger no lon - ger a - way.
 Come, He is calling, no lon - ger a - way.



I. { I a.. stand-ing out-side thy door to-night, I am seeking thy heart to win ;
The world for a-while has withdrawn its light, Wilt thou o-pen and let me in? }



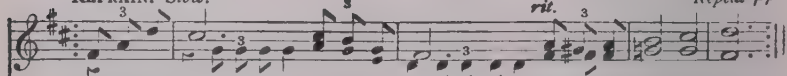
I have tra - vell'd far on a lone - ly road, In sor - row and ag - o - ny ;



I have borne sin's hea - vy and crushing load, And all for the sake of thee !



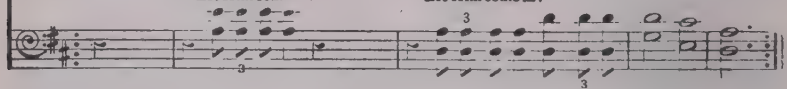
REFRAIN. *Slow.*



Let Him come in !..... Let Him come in !..... Let the dear Sa-viour in !

Let Him come in !

Let Him come in !



2.

From the glorious heights of heaven I came
To seek thee, and to save ;
But the world it gave Me a cross of shame,
And a lonely, borrowed grave !
I left My radiant home above,
And all for the sake of thee ;
I have died to prove My deep, deep love—
Wilt thou open the door to Me ?

3.

Thou hast wandered far in the paths of sin,
Thou art weary, and sad, and lone ;
But My blood can cleanse, and My love can win ;
May I make thine heart My own ?

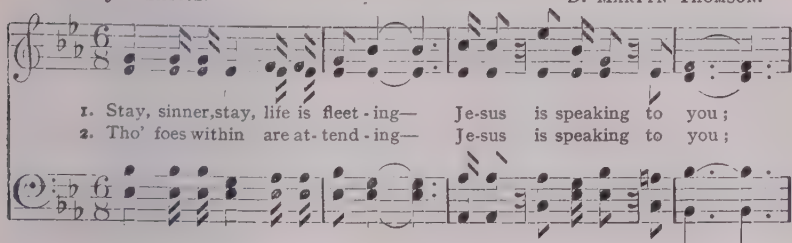
The world it has given thee care and pain,
And famine and misery ;
I offer thee treasures of priceless gain—
Wilt thou open the door to Me ?

4.

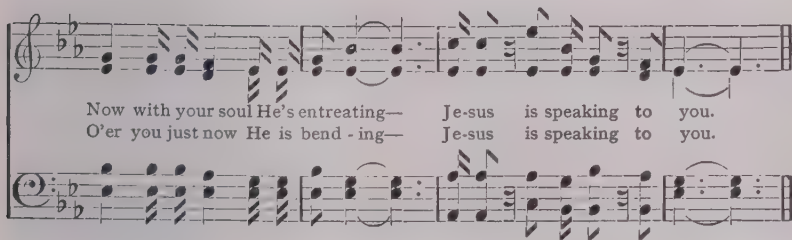
If thou wilt not answer My pleading voice,
If thou wilt not open to Me.
Thou wilt sadly repent thy wistful choice
Through a lost eternity ;
And thy bitter cry will arise too late,
“Open, O Lord, to me !”
While the door of grace where thou mad'st Me
wait
May be shut for ever to thee !

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

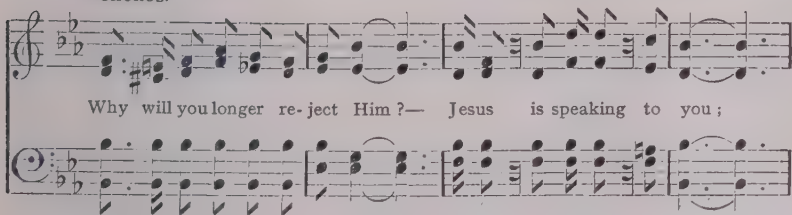


1. Stay, sinner, stay, life is fleet-ing— Je-sus is speaking to you ;
 2. Tho' foes within are at-tend-ing— Je-sus is speaking to you ;



Now with your soul He's entreating— Je-sus is speaking to you.
 O'er you just now He is bend-ing— Je-sus is speaking to you.

CHORUS.

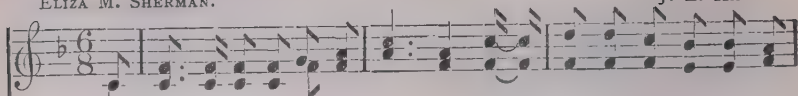


Why will you longer re-ject Him?— Jesus is speaking to you ;

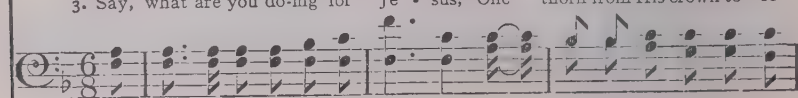
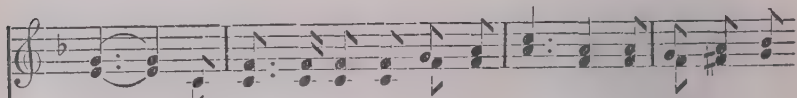


This is the time to ac-cept Him— Jesus is speaking to you.

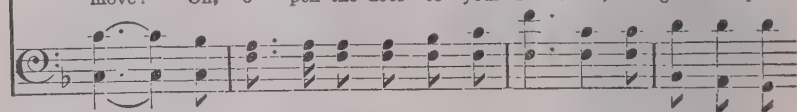
3. "Come," hear the glad invitation—
 Jesus is speaking to you ;
 Now is the day of salvation—
 Jesus is speaking to you.
4. Soon you may cross death's dark river—
 Jesus is speaking to you ;
 Your soul be lost—lost for ever—
 Jesus is speaking to you.



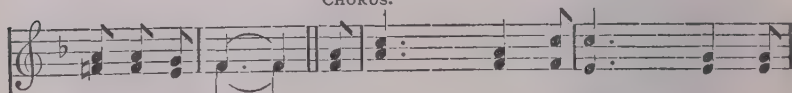
1. Say, what are you doing for Je - sus, The Sa-viour who suf-fered for
 2. Say, what are you doing for Je - sus? He was cru - ci - fied, sin-ners, for
 3. Say, what are you doing for Je - sus, One thorn from His crown to re -

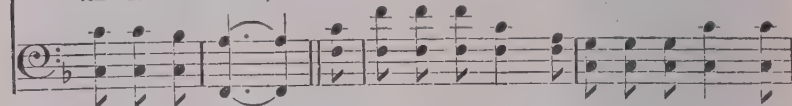
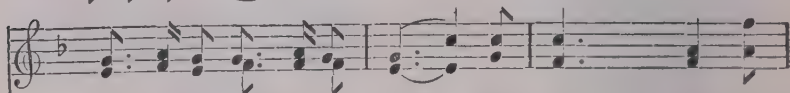
thee? His soft voice is call - ing thee gen - tly, Oh, child of My
 you. Oh, give Him the life that He purchased, And take of His
 move? Oh, o pen the door to your Sa - viour, And give Him your



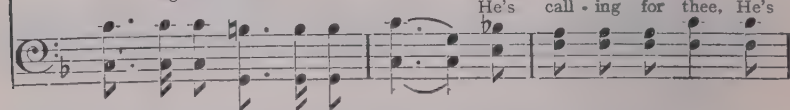
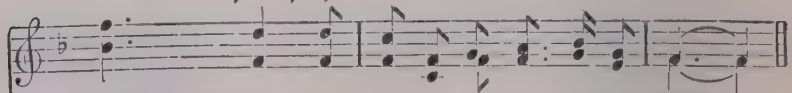
CHORUS.



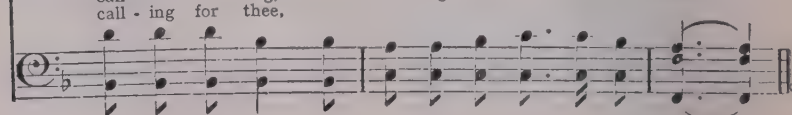
love, come to Me. } He's call - ing, He's call - ing, He's
 love, pure and true. } He's call - ing for thee, He's call - ing for thee, He's
 ten - der - est love.

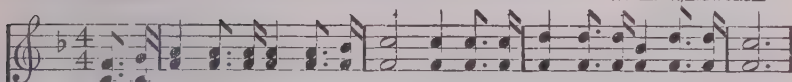



call - ing thee, "Come un - to Me." He's call - ing, He's
 He's call - ing for thee, He's

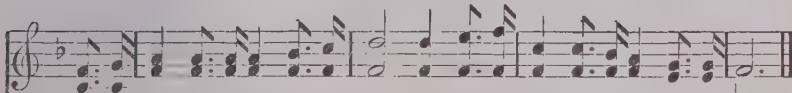
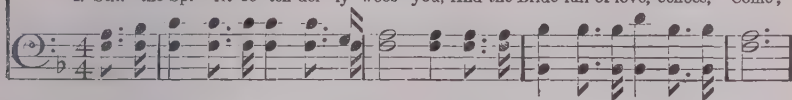



call - ing, He's call - ing thee, "Come un - to Me."
 call - ing for thee,

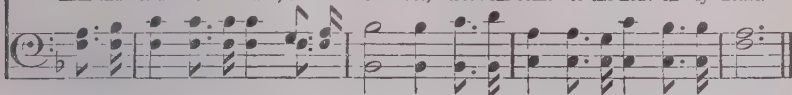




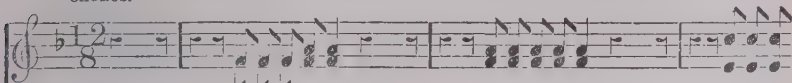
1. We are told of the feast and the wed-ding, Which the King had prepared in His home,
2. Christ to-day spreads a banquet of mer-cy, And His ser-vants invite to His home;
3. Slight no long-er the kind in-vi-ta-tion, And the mes-sage of mer-cy we bring;
4. Still the Spi-rit so ten-der-ly woos you, And the Bride full of love, echoes, "Come;"



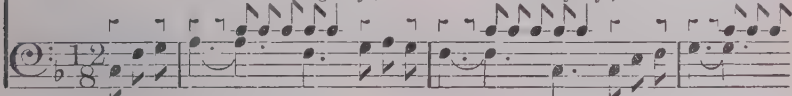
When the few that were bidden had spurned it, Man-y more were in-vit-ed to come.
 Sin-ner, all now is read-y and wait-ing, On the highways of sin cease to roam.
 O, ac-cept now the boun-ty of Je-sus, And sit down at the feet of thy King.
 Him that hear-eth and will, who-so-e-ver, Let him come to the heav-en-ly home.



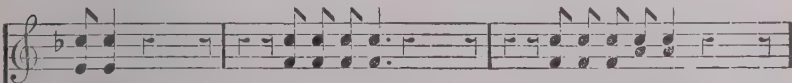
CHORUS.



Out on the highways, in-to the byways, Over the



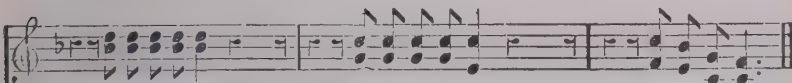
Out on the high-ways, in-to the by-ways, O-ver the moun-



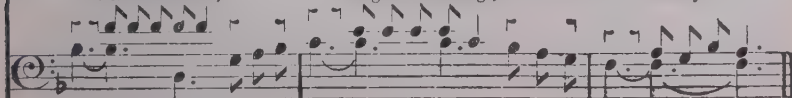
tain, o-ver the sea, Car-ry the mes-sage,



tain, o-ver the sea, Car-ry the mes-sage, tell of sal-



tell of sal-vation, Ring out the tid-ings, "Mer-cy is free."



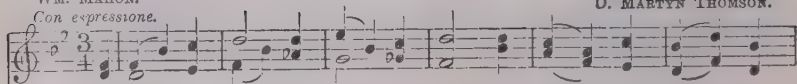
va-tion, Ring out the ti-dings. "Mer-cy is free."

Oh! Sinner, Come.

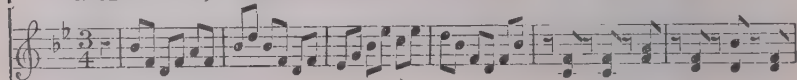
WM. MAHON.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

Con espressione.



1. Oh! sin - ner, come, do not de - lay, But come to God now
2. Oh! sin - ner, come, God waits for thee, To give thee par - don
3. Oh! sin - ner, come to Him for rest, And lean up - on His



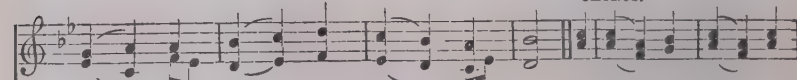
PIANO.



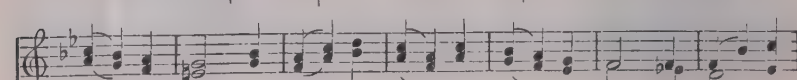
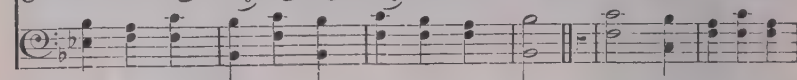
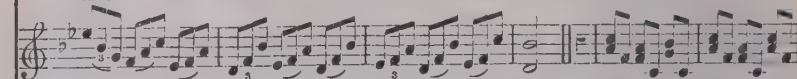
whilst thou may; Thy day of grace will soon be o'er, And
full and free; He loved so much His Son He gave, To
lov - ing breast; His heart of love now yearns for thee, To



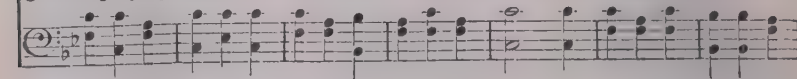
CHORUS.



God shall plead with thee no more. } Oh! come, then come, no
bleed and die thy soul to save. }
save and bless and set Thee free.



lon - ger stay; But trust in God, His word o - bey, Ac - cept His



Oh! Sinner, Come—Continued.

Son who died for thee, And bought thy par - don full and free.

478

Come Unto Me.

A. C. W.

MRS. AGNES C. WOOLSTON.

Gently.

1. O come, weary heart, to thy Saviour to-night, He pleadeth, O come un-to Me.
2. Thy burden He bids thee lay down at His feet, Thy burden of sorrow and sin;
3. He's calling you gently, then why do you wait? He's plead-ed so of-ten in vain;

His mercy and favour why do you slight? He's calling now, brother, for thee.
He knoweth thy woe, thy coming He'll greet, And welcome His wand'ring one in.
He's standing just now out - side thy gate; He calls thee a-gain and a - gain.

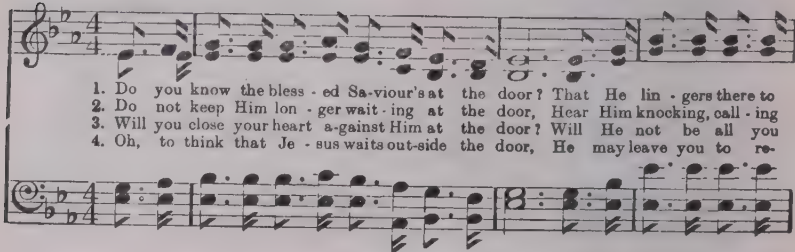
CHORUS.

Come, come, come un-to Me, Wea-ry and sore op - prest;
Come un-to Me,

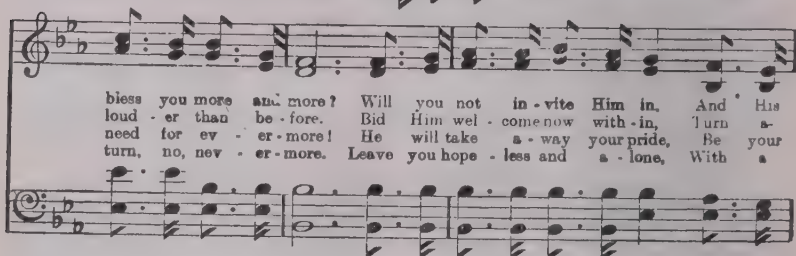
Come, come, come, come, And I will give you rest.
Come un-to Me, come un-to Me,

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

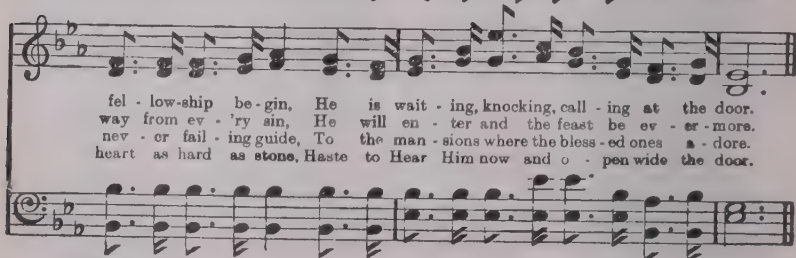
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Do you know the bless - ed Sa - viour's at the door? That He lin - gers there to
 2. Do not keep Him lon - ger wait - ing at the door, Hear Him knocking, call - ing
 3. Will you close your heart a - gainst Him at the door? Will He not be all you
 4. Oh, to think that Je - sus waits out - side the door, He may leave you to re -

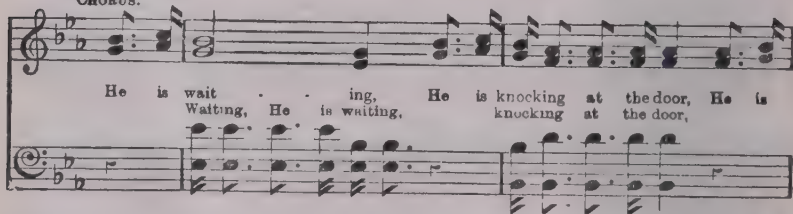


bless you more and more? Will you not in - vite Him in, And His
 loud - er than be - fore. Bid Him wel - come now with - in, 'Iurn a -
 need for ev - er - more! He will take a - way your pride, Be your
 turn, no, nev - er - more. Leave you hope - less and a - lone, With a

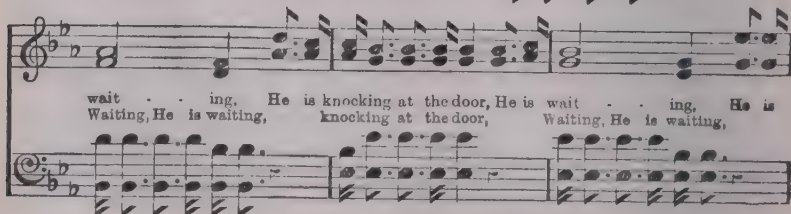


fel - low - ship be - gin, He is wait - ing, knocking, call - ing at the door.
 way from ev - 'ry sin, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er - more.
 nev - er fail - ing guide, To the man - sions where the bless - ed ones a - dore.
 heart as hard as stone, Haste to Hear Him now and o - pen wide the door.

CHORUS.

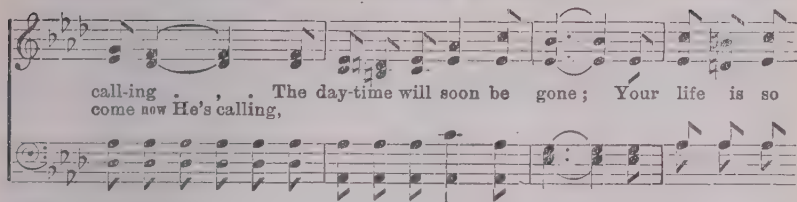


He is wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is
 Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door,

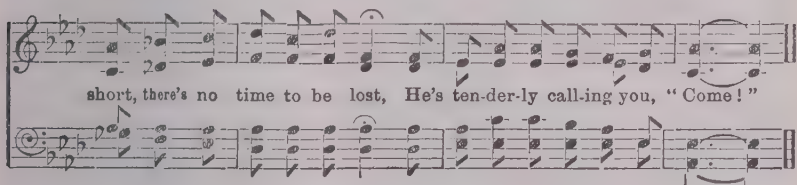


wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - ing, He is
 Waiting, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, He is waiting,

He's Tenderly Calling You.--Continued.



calling come now He's calling, The day-time will soon be gone; Your life is so




short, there's no time to be lost, He's ten-der-ly call-ing you, "Come!"

482

Come Home.

DUET. *Soprano and Alto.*
Slow and Expressive.

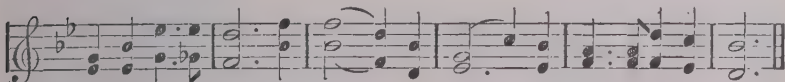
Words and Music by D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. Come home, come home, O wand'ring child, come home, No longer tread the
2. Come home, come home, No longer mer-cy spurn, The Saviour stands with
3. Come home, come home, The fat-ted calf He'll kill, He'll cleanse your heart from

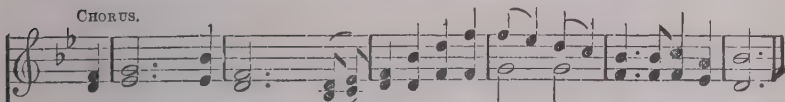


path of sin That leads at last to doom; Come home, come home, No
arms outstretched To wel-come thy re - turn; Come home, come home. He
ev - 'ry sin, Your days with glad-ness fill; Come home, come home, The



long-er spurn His grace, Come home, come home, And seek thy Father's face.
will not cast you out, Come home, come home, Do not His promise doubt,
Robe and Ring He'll give, Come home, come home, He'll ev - 'ry sin for - give.

CHORUS.



Come home, come home, The Father bids you wel - come, Wanderer, come home,
Come home, come home,



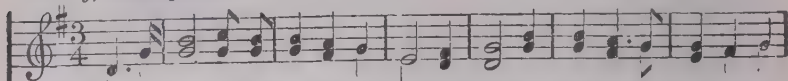
Invitation.

483 Will you open the door of your heart to-night ?

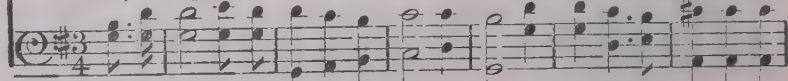
J. F. K. M.

J. F. K. MACPHERSON.

Slowly, with expression.



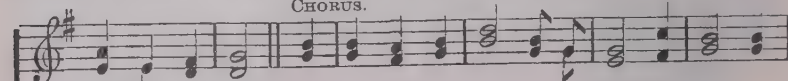
1. Will you o - pen the door of your heart to-night? Outside Jesus pa - tient - ly
2. Will you o - pen the door of your heart to-night? Oh, soul, will you long - er
3. Will you o - pen the door of your heart to-night? God's spirit is striv - ing
4. Will you o - pen the door of your heart to-night? Do not send the dear Saviour



stands ; He is graciously waiting, how can you Him slight? He's knocking with delay? When the Saviour can free you from sin's awful blight, There's danger and within; He may nev - er a - gain with your stubborn will fight, But leave you to away ; Lest he leave you for ev - er condemned in God's sight, On the aw - ful

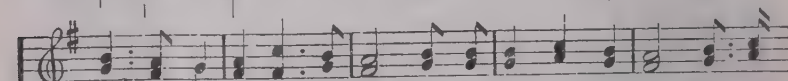


CHORUS.

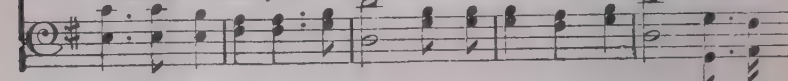


nail-pierc-ed hands.
death in your way.
per - ish in sin.
reck - on - ing day.

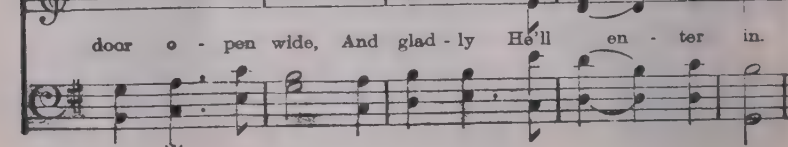
Just o - pen the door of your heart to-night, For



Jesus now seeks you to win; He is wait-ing out-side, swing the



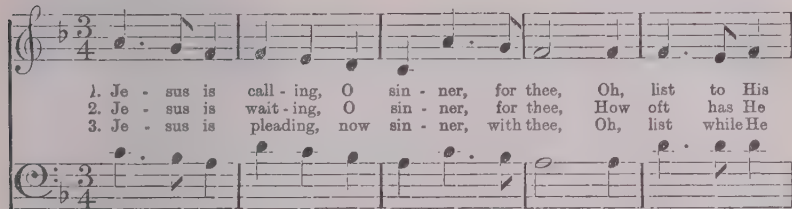
door o - pen wide, And glad - ly He'll en - ter in.



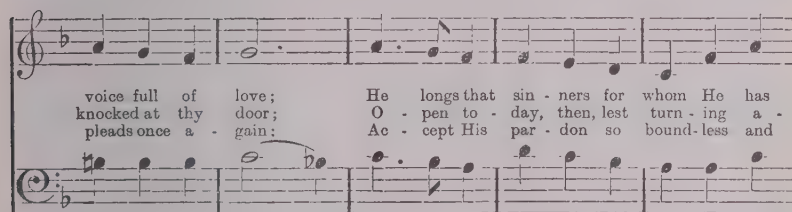
The Saviour's Voice.

D. M. T. DUET—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

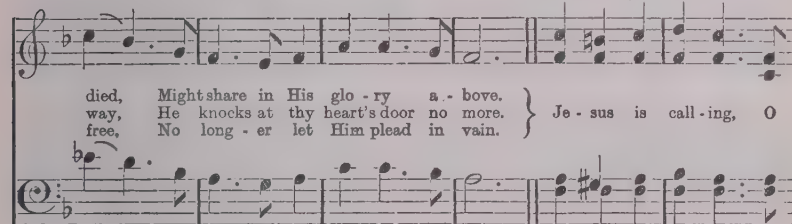


1. Je - sus is call - ing, O sin - ner, for thee, Oh, list to His
 2. Je - sus is wait - ing, O sin - ner, for thee, How oft has He
 3. Je - sus is pleading, now sin - ner, with thee, Oh, list while He

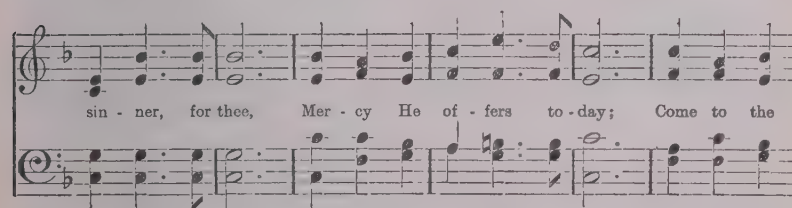


voice full of love; He longs that sin - ners for whom He has
 knocked at thy door; O - pen to - day, then, lest turn - ing a -
 pleads once a - gain: Ac - cept His par - don so bound - less and

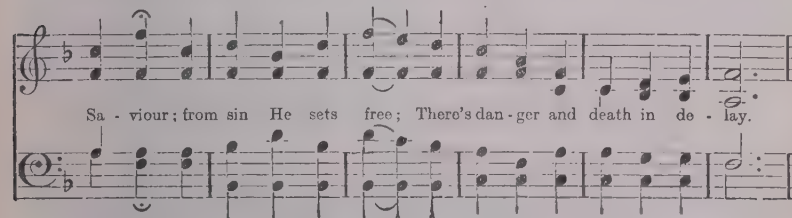
CHORUS. *Quicker.*



died, Mightshare in His glo - ry a - bove.
 way, He knocks at thy heart's door no more. } Je - sus is call - ing, O
 free, No long - er let Him plead in vain.



sin - ner, for thee, Mer - cy He of - fers to - day; Come to the



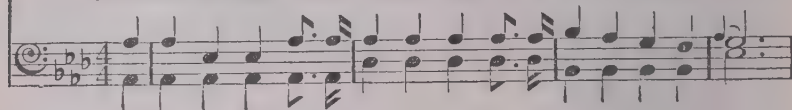
Sa - viour; from sin He sets free; There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

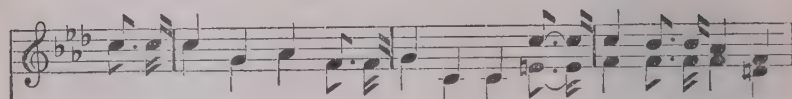
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



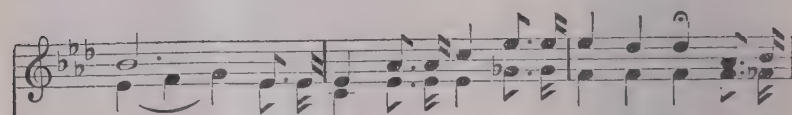
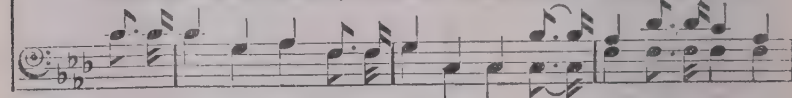
1. A voice is heard in the dew-y dawn, And the call is sweet and low;
2. The day is near-ing the noontide glow, And the voice is heard a - gain,
3. The feet are tread-ing the western slope, And the air is growing chill;



Come now, my child, to the Shepherd's fold, Where the liv-ing wa-ters flow;
 It calls the soul to a no-bler life 'Tis a patient, kind re-frain;
 O can it be God is waiting yet, That His voice is pleading still?



But the gay heart answers in careless tones, As light as the morning
 En-ter now the Mas-ter's broad harvest field, In the strength of your ear-ly
 That he'll flood with beau-ty the sun-set sky, Bright rays from the Golden



chime,
 prime,
 Clime? "Let me live for the world just a lit-tle while, I will
 Come and bring to His work service good and true, Still the
 But the sin-ner, long-harden'd, has turn'd a-way, With the



Sometime.—Continued.

REFRAIN. *Slowly, and with expression.*

turn to God— sometime,
same re - ply— "sometime!"
fa - tal word—"sometime!"

Be - ware! beware! At the

pearl - y gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late! Be -

ware! beware! At the pearly gate God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!

By permission of W. J. KIRKPATRICK, owner of copyright.

4. O soul, take heed, ere the shadows fall,
And the day of grace be past,
For how shall a trembling sinner stand
By the gates of death at last?
Hear the Saviour's call; at the Cross lay down
Thy burden of guilt and crime,
And the angels shall sing thee a sweeter song
Than the sad refrain "Sometime."


CHORUS —

Beware! Beware! At the pearly gate
God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!
Beware! Beware! At the pearly gate
God may answer your sometime, too late! too late!

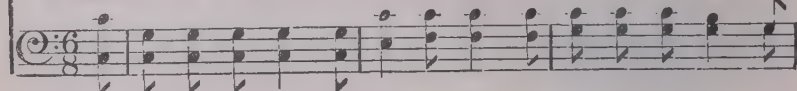
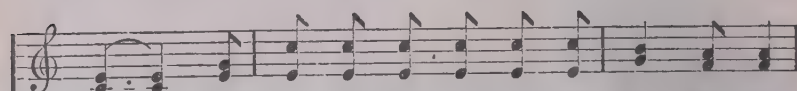
486 Don't Let it be said, Too Late.

IDA L. REED.


FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.


1. Don't let it be said, too late, too late To en - ter the king - dom
 2. Don't let it be said, too late, O friend, That thou must for - ev - er
 3. Don't let it be said, too late, but come, There's naught to win by de -


fair, That thou, all in vain, by the jew - el'd gate
 stand Out - side of the bright jas - per walls for aye,
 lay; Pre - pare then thy soul for its heav'n - ly home,



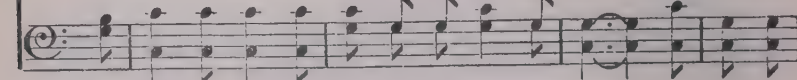

CHORUS.



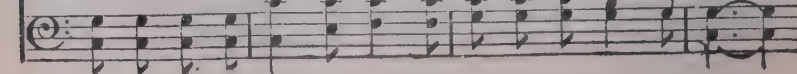
Must wait in the dark - ness there.
 Shut out from the gold - en land. } Don't let it be said,
 And en - ter the fold to - day. }

too late, too late, Or, vain will thy pleadings be; Be read - y

to en - ter the gold - en gate While o - pen it stands for thee.



487

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. With great feeling.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home;
 2. I've was-ted ma-n'y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

1. The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 2. I now repent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 3. I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 4. My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;

O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home;
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

What wilt Thou do?

DUET—SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Dr. JOHN ROBERTSON.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. O what wilt thou do when thy feet are slip - ping, Where the
 2. O where wilt thou go when the doors are clos - ing That were
 3. O what wilt thou say when the Judge is sit - ting On the

brae dips down to the wa - ters cold, And thy hands shall let
 o pen long to thine ea - ger heart, And the lights all go
 great white throne, and the quick and dead Come up to His

go of all they've been gripping, And shall search in space
 out where thy soul re - pos - ing, Shall at last a wake
 bar while earth's scenes are flit - ting, And e - ter - ni - ty's skies

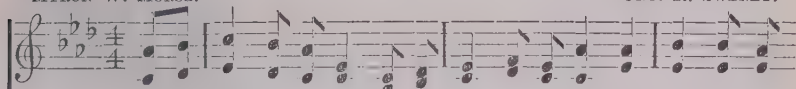
for a staff to hold, With fail - ing breath, in the
 with a shud - d'ring start, When ne'er a spark in the
 are o - ver - head, In the day at last of the

gulf of death, What wilt thou do? What wilt thou do?
 aw - ful dark, Where wilt thou go? Where wilt thou go?
 trum - pet blast, What wilt thou say? What wilt thou say?

489 Oh, Come and a Dear Saviour Meet.

MYRON W. MORSE.

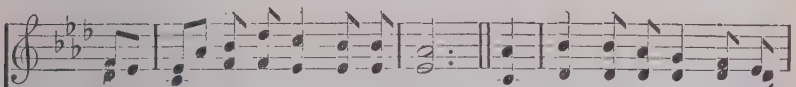
JNO. R. SWENEY.



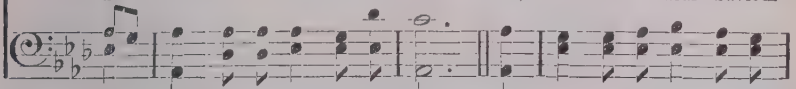
1. There comes to my heart, in a still, quiet way, A voice that is
 2. What then shall I say to this Friend waiting here, A pen - i - tent
 3. Then glad - ly I'll come and sur - ren - der my all, And find blessed



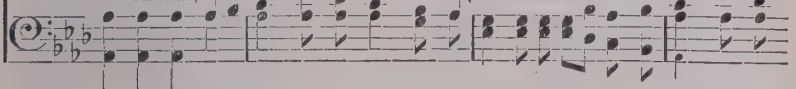
ten - der and sweet; And in tones full of love it is say - ing to - day,
 sin - ner to greet? For a voice full of love gently falls on my ear,
 rest at His feet; I am sure that to me comes the still, quiet call,



Oh, come and a dear Saviour meet. Oh, come and a dear Saviour
 To come and a dear Saviour meet. Oh, come and a dear Saviour
 To come and a dear Saviour meet. Oh, come and a dear Saviour



meet, Yes, come and a dear Saviour meet; And in tones full of
 meet, Yes, come and a dear Saviour meet; For a voice full of
 meet, Yes, come and a dear Saviour meet; I am sure that to
 Oh come, Come and meet



love it is say - ing to - day, Oh, come and a dear Saviour meet.
 love gently falls on my ear, To come and a dear Saviour meet.
 me comes the still, quiet call, To come and a dear Saviour meet.



JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

W. E. M. HACKLEMAN.

Slowly, with expression.

1. You are drifting far from shore, lean-ing on an i - dle oar, You are
 2. Lights up - on the home-land shore give you warning o'er and o'er, You are
 3. Voi - ces from the home-land shore faint - er grow as they im - plore, You are

drifting, slow-ly drifting, drifting down; You are drifting with the tide to the
 drifting, slow-ly drifting, drifting down; Soon be - yond the harbour bar will your
 drifting, slow-ly drifting, drifting down. O my broth-er, do not wait, heed them

rit. ad lib.

o - cean wild and wide, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
 boat be car-ried far, You are drift-ing, slow - ly drift-ing, drift-ing down.
 ere it be too late, Ere for e - ver you have drift-ed, drift-ed down.

CHORUS. *rit.**a tempo.**rit.**a tempo.*

You are drift - ing down, drift - ing down To the
 You are drift-ing, slow-ly drifting, you are slow-ly drifting down.

*rit.**a tempo.*

dark and aw - ful sea; You are drift - ing down from a Father's loving care,
 You are drifting, slowly drifting.

Drifting Down—Continued.

To the blackness of despair, You are drifting, slowly drifting, drifting down. drifting down.

491

Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Long - ing for rest; . . . Fold Thou Thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to Thee, Hear Thou my cry; . . . Save, or I
 3. Now let the roll - ing waves Bend to Thy will; . . . Say to the
 4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; . . . Yon - der Thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to Thy breast. }
 per - ish, Lord, Save or I die. }
 trou - bled deep, Peace, peace be still. }
 bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright. } Rocked on a storm - y sea,

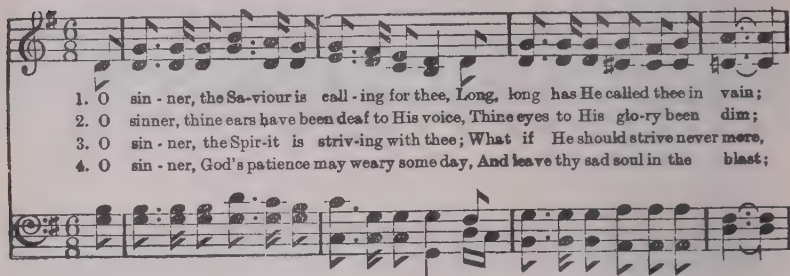
Oh, be not far from me, Lord, Let me cling to Thee, On - ly to Thee.

Over the Dead-Line.

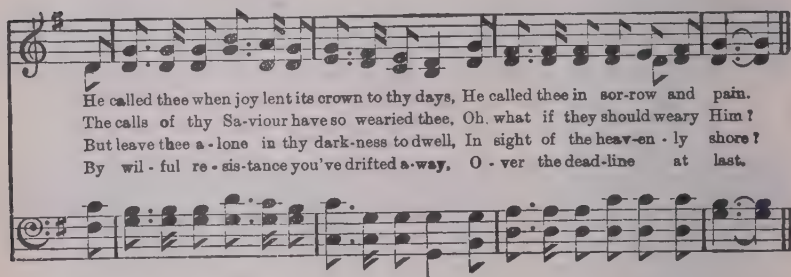
When urging an exceedingly wicked man to flee from the wrath to come, I was met by this statement: "I was brought up to honour God, and I have ended up by hating Him; I have blasphemed His name, and resisted His Spirit until I can no longer repeat or believe, if there is a dead line to God's grace I have drifted over it, and am lost."—W. G. M.

VIRGINIA W. MOYER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

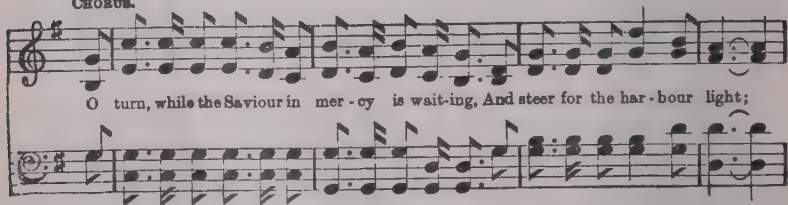


1. O sin - ner, the Sa - viour is call - ing for thee, Long, long has He called thee in vain;
 2. O sinner, thine ears have been deaf to His voice, Thine eyes to His glo - ry been dim;
 3. O sin - ner, the Spir - it is striv - ing with thee; What if He should strive never more,
 4. O sin - ner, God's patience may weary some day, And leave thy sad soul in the blast;

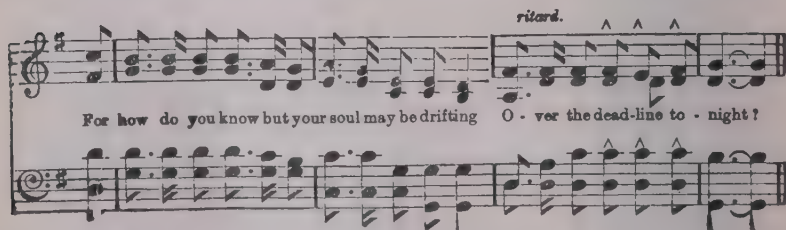


He called thee when joy lent its crown to thy days, He called thee in sor - row and pain.
 The calls of thy Sa - viour have so wearied thee, Oh, what if they should weary Him?
 But leave thee a - lone in thy dark - ness to dwell, In sight of the heav - en - ly shore?
 By wil - ful re - sis - tance you've drifted a - way, O - ver the dead - line at last.

CHORUS.



O turn, while the Saviour in mer - cy is wait - ing, And steer for the har - bour light;

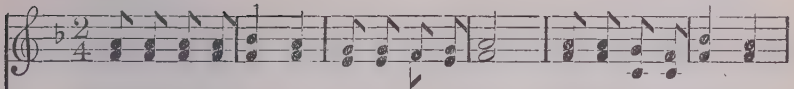


For how do you know but your soul may be drifting O - ver the dead - line to - night?

The Waiting Guest.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

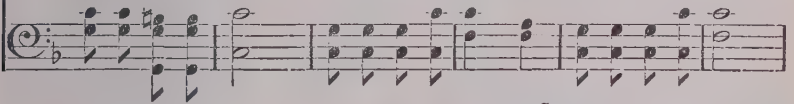
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. Who is this that wait-eth, Waiteth for my call, | While the dews of morn-ing |
| 2. Who is this that wait-eth In the storm outside, | Sad and worn and wea-ry, |
| 3. O, it is my Sa-viour! Saw I not be-fore | All that bleeding sor-row, |
| 4. Thou shalt wait no long-er In the gloom outside! | En-ter, O sweet Stranger, |



Gen-tly round Him fall?	Hark! I hear Him knock-ing, Knocking at my door,
Still His wish de-nied?	O, such gen-tle pa-tience Must an entrance win;
All that an-guish sore?	Saw I not the nail-prints, When His blood was shed?
And with me a-bide!	Long I sought Thee, Sa-viour, Thou wast at my door!



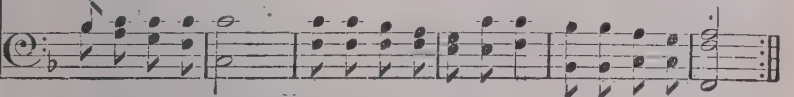
CHORUS.



Ask-ing me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er!	} Let me in, let me in,
Still I hear Him pleading, "Let Me en-ter in."	
Saw I not the thorn-crown On His king-ly head?	
Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome ev-er-more!	O come in, O come in,



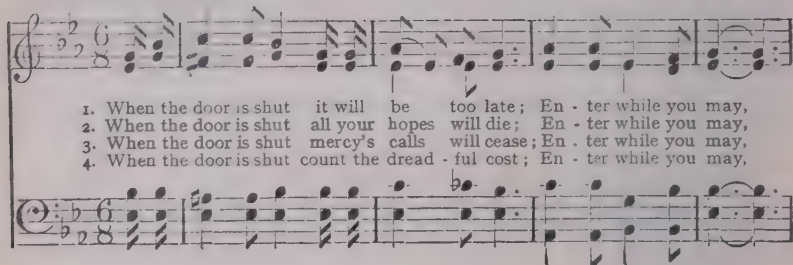
Pa-tient-ly I wait!	Wilt thou not un-bar the door	Ere it be too late?
Be my guest to-day;	Sa-viour, come, a-bide with me	Ev-er-more, I pray.



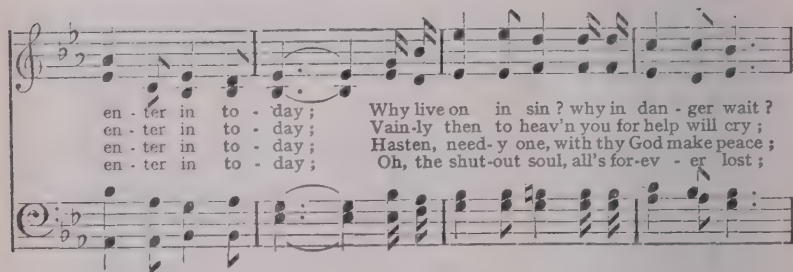
When the Door is Shut.

T. C. NEAL. SOLO.

JOHN FRASER and R. F. B.

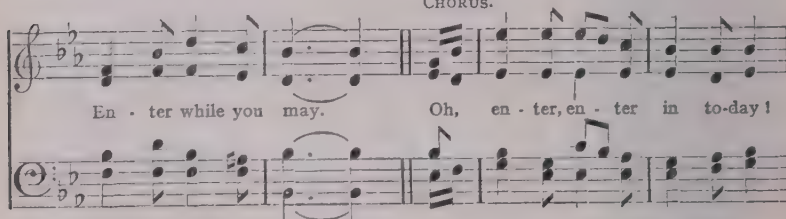


1. When the door is shut it will be too late; En - ter while you may,
 2. When the door is shut all your hopes will die; En - ter while you may,
 3. When the door is shut mercy's calls will cease; En - ter while you may,
 4. When the door is shut count the dread - ful cost; En - ter while you may,

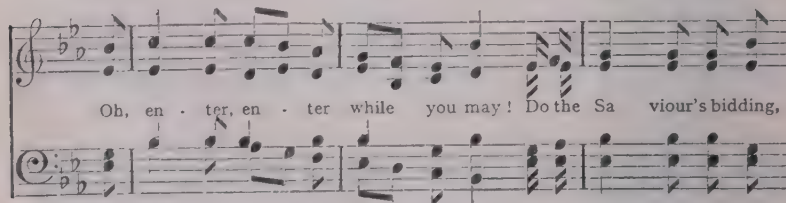


en - ter in to - day; Why live on in sin? why in dan - ger wait?
 en - ter in to - day; Vain - ly then to heav'n you for help will cry;
 en - ter in to - day; Hasten, need - y one, with thy God make peace;
 en - ter in to - day; Oh, the shut-out soul, all's for - ev - er lost;

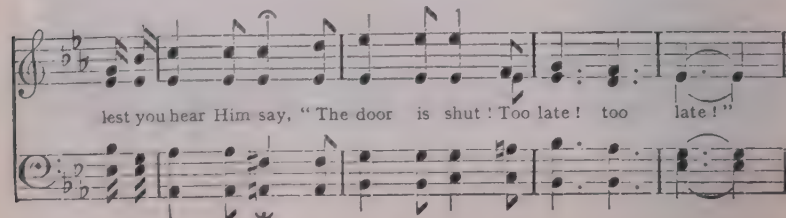
CHORUS.



En - ter while you may. Oh, en - ter, en - ter in to-day!



Oh, en - ter, en - ter while you may! Do the Sa - viour's bidding,



lest you hear Him say, "The door is shut! Too late! too late!"

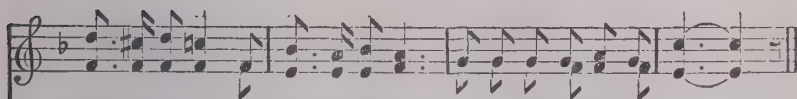
Drifting Away from God.

F. A. S.

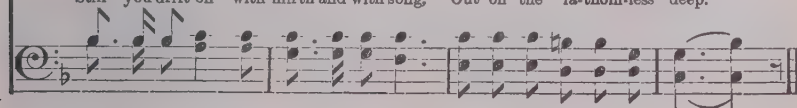
FRANK A. SIMPKINS.



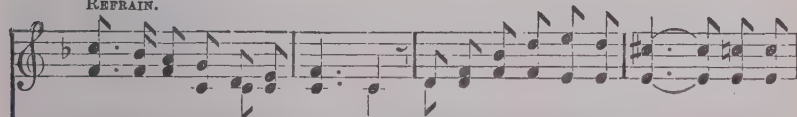
1. Drift - ing a - way from the Sa - viour, Drift - ing to lands un - known,
2. Drift - ing a - way from the Sa - viour, He who would bear your load;
3. Drift - ing a - way from the Sa - viour, Fear - less - ly on you go;
4. Drift - ing a - way from the Sa - viour, E - ven the an - gels weep;



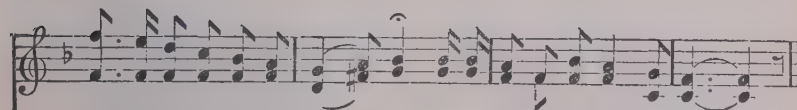
Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drifting a - lone.
 Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing, yes, drifting from God.
 Drift - ing a - way by night and by day, Drift - ing to re - gions of woe.
 Still you drift on with mirth and with song, Out on the fa - thom - less deep.



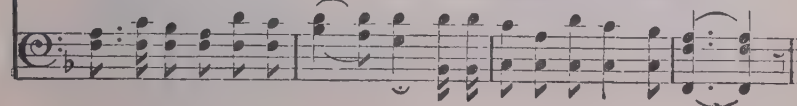
REFRAIN.



Drift - ing a - way from the Sa - viour, Drift - ing a - way from His love, While the



Sa - viour is ten - der - ly call - ing, You are drifting a - way from God.

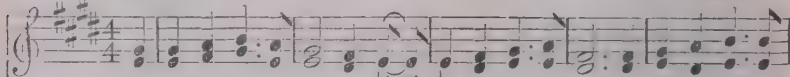


496 What will You Do without Him?

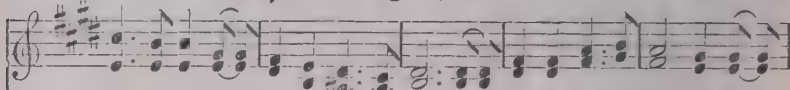
F. R. HAVERGAL.

Slowly and with expression.

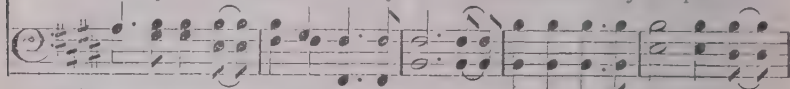
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



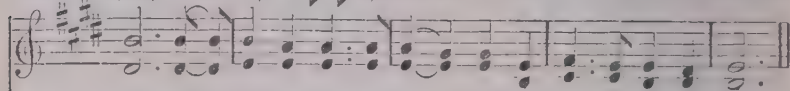
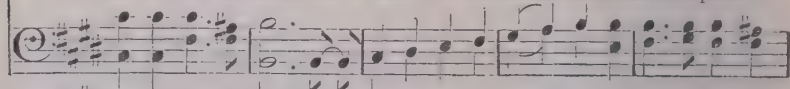
1. I could not do with-out Him! Je - sus is more to me Than all the rich-est,
 2. Why will you do with-out Him? The Word of God is true! The world is pass-ing
 3. What will you do with-out Him In the long and dreary day Of trou-ble and per -
 4. What will you do with-out Him When death is drawing near, With-out His love—the



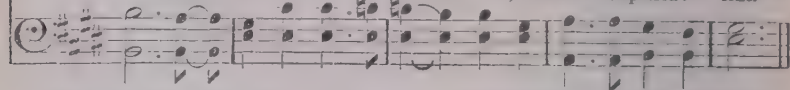
fair - est gifts Of earth could ex - er be. But the more I find Him precious, And the
 to its doom. And you are pass-ing too. It may be no to - mor - row Shall
 plex - i - ty When you do not know the way? And no one else can help you. And
 on - ly love That casts out ev - 'ry fear? When the shadow-val-ley o - pens Un -



more I find Him true, The more I long for you to find What He can be to
 dawn for you or me; Why will you run the aw - ful risk Of all e - ter - ni -
 no one guides you right, And hope comes not with morn - ing, And rest comes not with
 light-ed and un - known, And the ter - ror of its darkness drear, Must all be passed a -



you, The more I long for you to find What He can be to you.
 ty, Why will you run the aw - ful risk Of all e - ter - ni - ty.
 night, And hope comes not with morn - ing, And rest comes not with night.
 lone, And the ter - ror of its dark-ness drear, Must all be passed a - lone.



5. You cannot do without Him!
 There is no other name
 By which you ever can be saved:
 No way, no hope, no claim.
 Without Him—everlasting loss
 Of love, and life, and light!
 Without Him—everlasting woe
 And everlasting night.

6. Why should you do without Him?
 It is not yet too late,
 He has not closed the day of grace,
 He has not shut the gate;
 He calls you—Hush! He calls you,
 He would not have you go
 Another step without Him,
 Because He loves you so.

497

Hallelujah! 'Tis Done.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. 'Tis the pro - mise of God full sal - va - tion to give
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly and dan - ger - ous, too,

1. Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
2. Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! 'tis done, I be - lieve on the Son; I am

1st time. 2nd time.

saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One, Cru - ci - fied One.

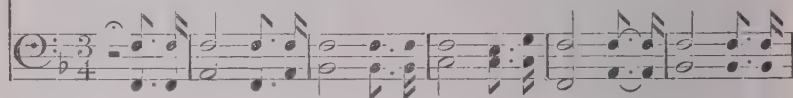
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song:
- 4 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
And they sing while they march through the streets of pure gold:
- 5 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
And the theme of our praises for ever will be:

Slow.

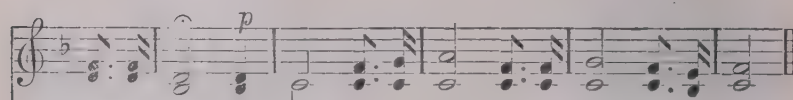
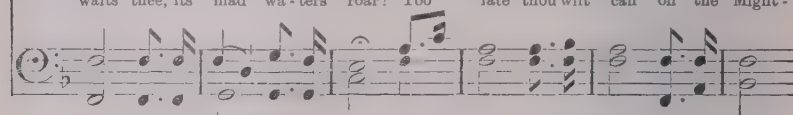
GEO. ORBIN.



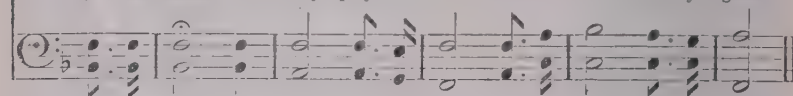
1. Go - ing down to the grave, with no hope in thy heart That thy God will re -
2. Go - ing down to the grave, in the black-ness of night, No star - beam of
3. No God and no hope, where, oh, where is thy stay? Thy Sa - viour long
4. Thine hours of gay plea - sure ere long will be o'er, A dark gulf a -



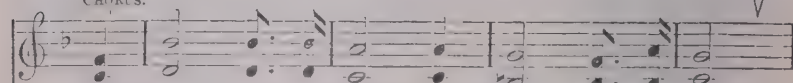
ceive thee all guilt as thou art; Life's sun - shine ex - tinguished with fal -
 love from the Fa - ther of light; No Sa - viour's sweet pre - sence and pro -
 plead - ing turns not yet a - way; His sad eye will pi - ty, His strong
 waits thee, its mad wa - ters roar! Too late thou wilt call on the Might -



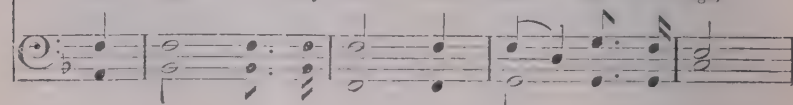
ter - ing tread, In dark - ness and doubt go - ing down to the dead.
 mise to save, A stran - ger to God, go - ing down to the grave.
 arm can save, Why then in thine own strength go down to the grave?
 y to save, When thy pray'r shall be lost in e - ternity's grave.



CHORUS.



Oh, turn to thy God Who dwell - eth on high,



Going Down to the Grave—Continued.

f *p* *rit.*

Come trust - ing His word, And thou shalt not die.

499

What will the Ending Be?

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Why art thou choosing earth's plea - sures More than the heav - en - ly trea - sures?
 2. Mind ful a - lone of the pre - sent, Counting this earth-life but plea - sant,
 3. Earth and its van - i - ties tast - ed, Tal - ents neg - lect - ed or wast - ed,
 4. Life is fast ebb - ing and dy - ing, Swift - ly its mo - ments are fly - ing;

Turning from Je - sus, the Sav - iour, a - way, Scorn - ing the mess - age of
 Heed - less of heav - en and death and the grave, Thought - less of Je - sus, the
 Liv - ing a - lone for the joys of to - day. Let - ting e - ter - ni - ty
 Je - sus still slighted, His mer - cy re - jected, And thy poor spir - it un -

mercy each day? Oh, what will the end - ing be, Perishing soul, for thee?
 might - y to save; Oh, what will the harvest be, Perishing soul, for thee?
 bring what it may, Oh, what will the harvest be, Perishing soul, for thee?
 sav'd and neg - lect'd, Oh, what will the harvest be, Perishing soul, for thee?

500

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

S.M.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
 2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
 3. And He the wit-ness gives To loy-al hearts and free, That ev-'ry promise
 4. All hail, a-ton-ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the gift of

CHORUS.

pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
 is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea.
 Christ our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

I am com-ing, Lord!

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

501

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS. *With expression.*

W. F. STEWART.

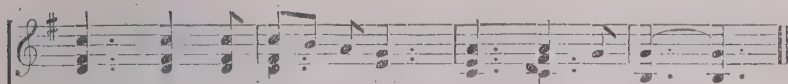
1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve;
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed:" come, come to - day!
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed:" har - vest is past!

"Al - most per - suad - ed:" Christ to re - ceive;
 "Al - most per - suad - ed:" turn not a - way!
 "Al - most per - suad - ed:" doom comes at last!

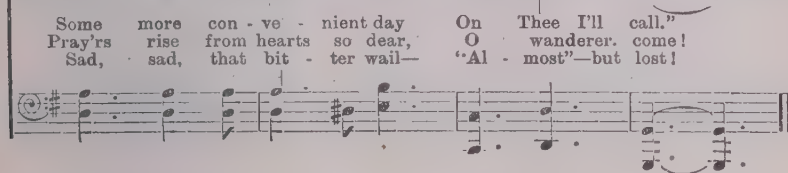
Almost Persuaded.—continued.



Seems now some soul to say?—"Go, Spir - it, go Thy way:
Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are ling - ring near,
"Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is but to fail:

Some more con - ve - nient day On Thee I'll call."
Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer, come!
Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most"—but lost!



502

What Then?

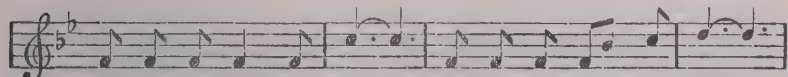
Anon.

Tune No. 76.

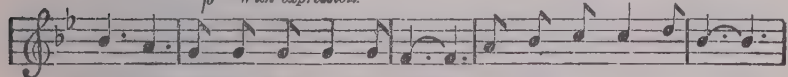
E. C. Avis.



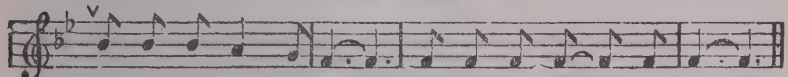
1. After the joys of earth, Af - ter its songs of mirth,
2. After this emp - ty name, Af - ter a wear - y frame,
3. After this sad fare - well To a world loved too well,



Af - ter its hours of light, Af - ter its dreams so bright,
Af - ter this conscious smart, Af - ter an ach - ing heart,
Af - ter this ai - lent bed With the for - got - ten dead,

p With expression.


What then? Only an empty name, On - ly a weary frame,
What then? Only a sad fare - well, To a world loved too well,
What then? O then the judgment throne, O then the last hope gone,

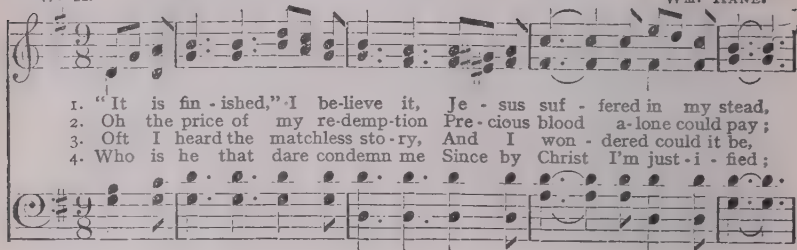


On - ly a conscious smart, On - ly an ach - ing heart,
On - ly a si - lent bed With the for - got - en dead.
Then all the woes that dwell In an e - ter - nal hell.

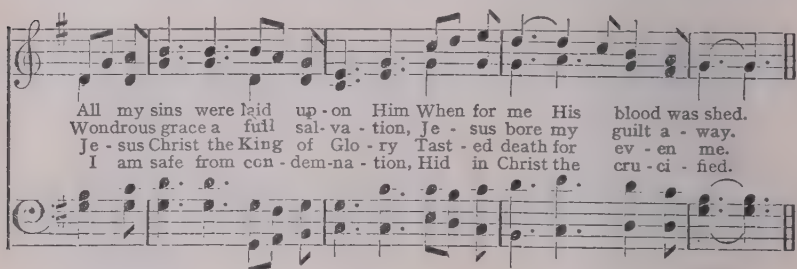
Surrender All to Jesus.

W. K.

WM. KANE.

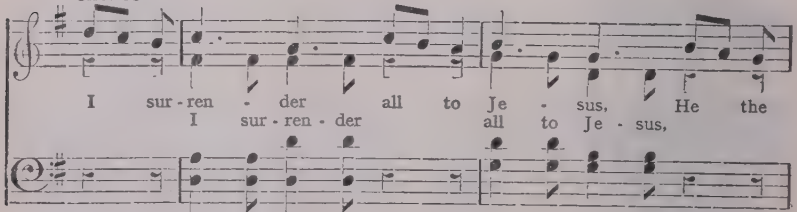


1. "It is fin-ished," I be-lieve it, Je - sus suf - fered in my stead,
 2. Oh the price of my re-demp-tion Pre-cious blood a-lone could pay;
 3. Oft I heard the matchless sto-ry, And I won - dered could it be,
 4. Who is he that dare condemn me Since by Christ I'm just-i - fied;

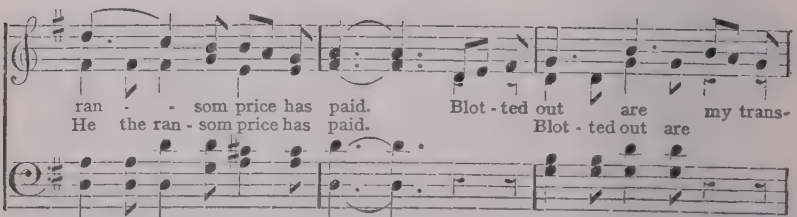


All my sins were laid up - on Him When for me His blood was shed.
 Wondrous grace a full sal - va - tion, Je - sus bore my guilt a - way.
 Je - sus Christ the King of Glo - ry Tast - ed death for ev - en me.
 I am safe from con - dem - na - tion, Hid in Christ the cru - ci - fied.

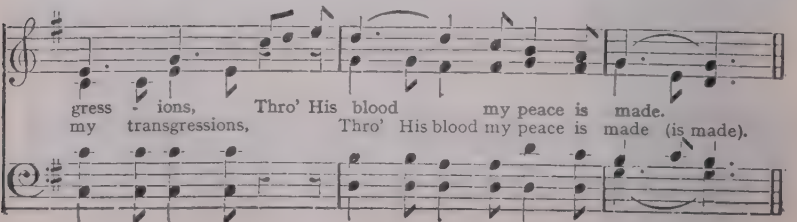
CHORUS.



I sur - ren - der all to Je - sus, He the
 I sur - ren - der all to Je - sus,



ran - som price has paid. Blot - ted out are my trans-
 He the ran - som price has paid. Blot - ted out are

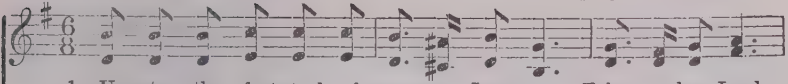


gress ions, Thro' His blood my peace is made.
 my transgressions, Thro' His blood my peace is made (is made).

Take Me, Dear Lord.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Un - to the foot-stool of mer - cy I come, Take me, dear Lord,
2. On - ly Thy blood can for sin - ners a - tone, Take me, dear Lord,
3. Nothing but self can I of - fer to Thee, Take me, dear Lord,
4. All my self-cleansing is ut - ter - ly vain, Take me, dear Lord,
5. Faith claims the prom - ise of mer - cy to - day; Take me, dear Lord,



just as I am; Wea - ry and sin - sick no lon - ger to roam,
 just as I am; Par - don and cleanse me, and seal me Thine own,
 just as I am; Make of me what Thou wouldst have me to be,
 just as I am; Pen - i - tent tears can - not wash the dark stain,
 just as I am; Emp - ty Thou'lt nev - er turn a - ny a - way,



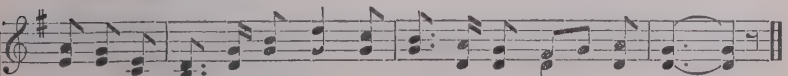
CHORUS.



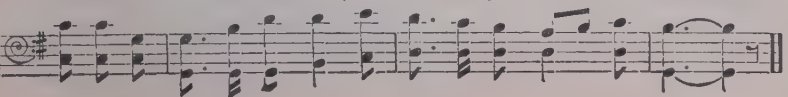
Take me just as I am. Take me, dear Lord,



just as I am, Just as I am, just as I am; Save me thro'



merits of Je - sus' dear name, And take me just as I am.

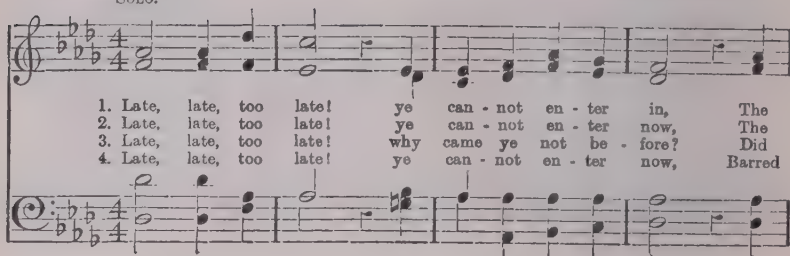


Late, Late, too Late.

J. C. DECK.

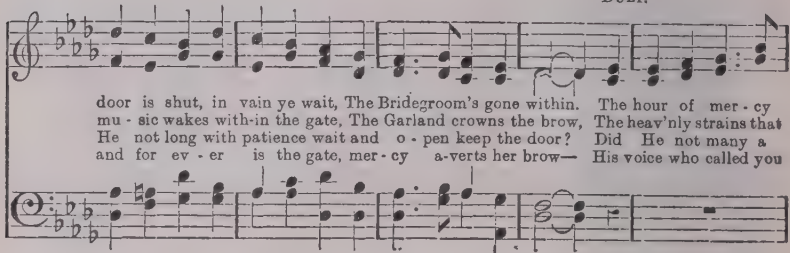
R. F. BEVERIDGE.

SOLO.



1. Late, late, too late! ye can - not en - ter in, The
 2. Late, late, too late! ye can - not en - ter now, The
 3. Late, late, too late! why came ye not be - fore? Did
 4. Late, late, too late! ye can - not en - ter now, Barred

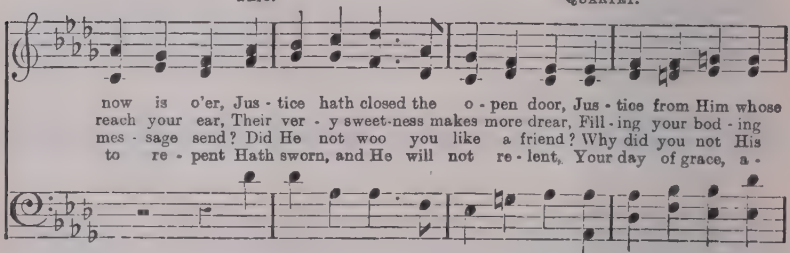
DUET.



door is shut, in vain ye wait, The Bridegroom's gone within. The hour of mer - cy
 mu - sic wakes with-in the gate, The Garland crowns the brow, The heav'nly strains that
 He not long with patience wait and o - pen keep the door? Did He not many a
 and for ev - er is the gate, mer - cy a - verts her brow— His voice who called you

TRIO.

QUARTET.



now is o'er, Jus - tice hath closed the o - pen door, Jus - tice from Him whose
 reach your ear, Their ver - y sweet-ness makes more drear, Fill - ing your bod - ing
 mes - sage send? Did He not woo you like a friend? Why did you not His
 to re - pent Hath sworn, and He will not re - lent, Your day of grace, a -



grace be - fore You spurned from love of sin, 'Tis now too late, too late!
 hearts with fear, Ye can - not en - ter now— Too late, too late, too late!
 voice at - tend? Your day of grace is o'er, 'Tis now too late, too late!
 las! is spent, Ye can - not en - ter now! Too late, too late, too late!

Out of Christ.

F. M. D. (Last 2 verses by R. F. B.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Out of Christ, with-out a Sa-viour, Oh! can it, can it be?
 2. Out of Christ, with-out a Sa-viour, Lone-ly and dark the way;
 3. Out of Christ, with-out a Sa-viour, No help nor re-fuge nigh;
 4. Out of Christ, with-out a Sa-viour, Dark will the voy-age be;
 5. Out of Christ, with-out a Sa-viour, Give to Him now your heart

Like a ship with-out a rud-der On a wild and storm-y sea!
 With no light, no hope in Je-sus, Mak-ing bright the cheer-less day.
 How can you, my friend and bro-ther, Dare to live or dare to die?
 Clouds will ga-ther, storms sur-round you, Oh! to Christ for re-fuge flee.
 Ere the door of mer-cy clos-es, And you hear His word "de-part."

CHORUS.

Oh! to be with-out a Sa-viour, With no hope nor re-fuge nigh:

Can it be, O bless-ed Sa-viour, One with-out Thee dares to die!

By permission of J. J. Hood, Philadelphia.

1. Not now— go, Spir - it, go Thy way, Some fu - ture time I'll call for Thee,
 2. Not now— a few more years of sin; I'm young, O come some o - ther day,
 3. Not now— ah, soul al - lured, deceived, 'Tis Sa - tan who is lead - ing on;
 4. Not now—some more con - ven - ient day, I'll think it o'er and count the cost;

Not now—some more conven - ient day, Re - turn a - gain to me.
 And I will glad - ly let Thee in; Go, Spi - rit, go Thy way.
 Not now— the Spi - rit sore - ly grieved, May af - ter - while be gone.
 O do not shrink the price to pay, Thy soul may soon be lost.

CHORUS.

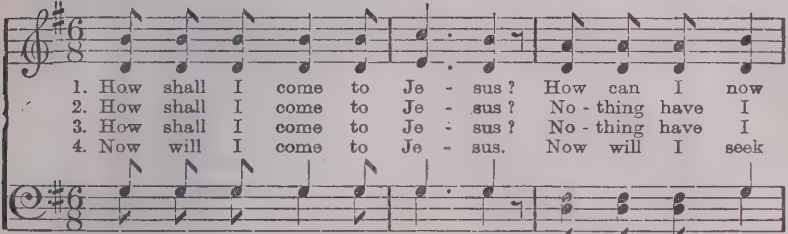
O sin - ner, harden not your heart, Un - til the die is cast;

God's Spi - rit may from you de - part, And you'll be lost at last.

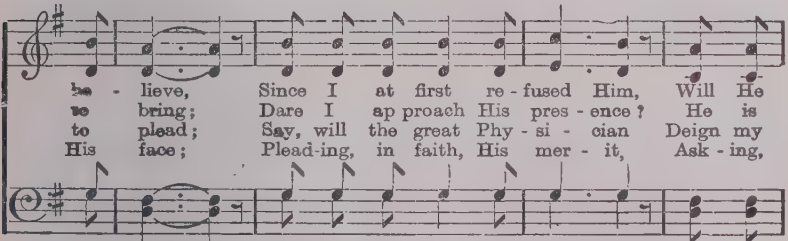
How shall I Come to Jesus?

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. How shall I come to Je - sus? How can I now
 2. How shall I come to Je - sus? No - thing have I
 3. How shall I come to Je - sus? No - thing have I
 4. Now will I come to Je - sus. Now will I seek



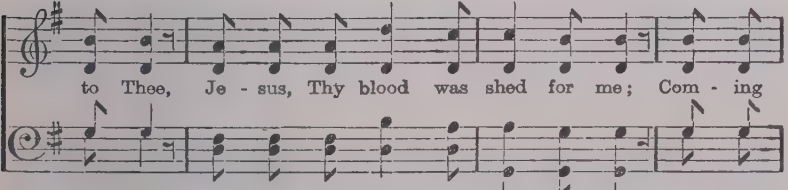
be - lieve, Since I at first re - fused Him, Will He
 re - bring; Dare I ap - proach His pres - ence? He is
 to plead; Say, will the great Phy - si - cian Deign my
 His face; Plead - ing, in faith, His mer - it, Ask - ing,

CHORUS.

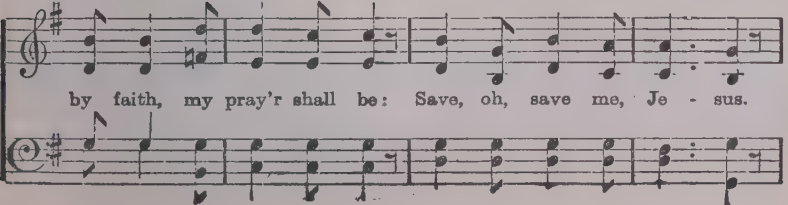


my heart re - ceive?
 a roy - al King.
 re - quest to heed?
 in faith, His grace.

Je - sus, I look a - lone



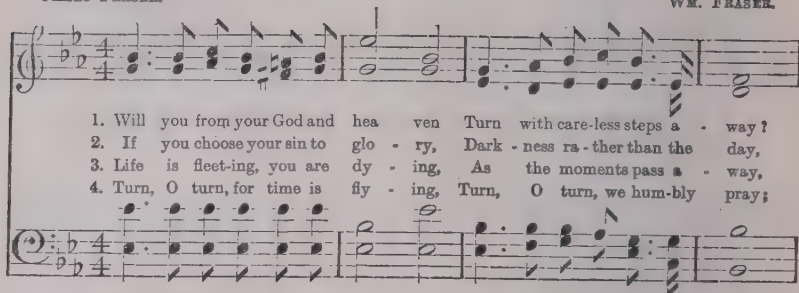
to Thee, Je - sus, Thy blood was shed for me; Com - ing



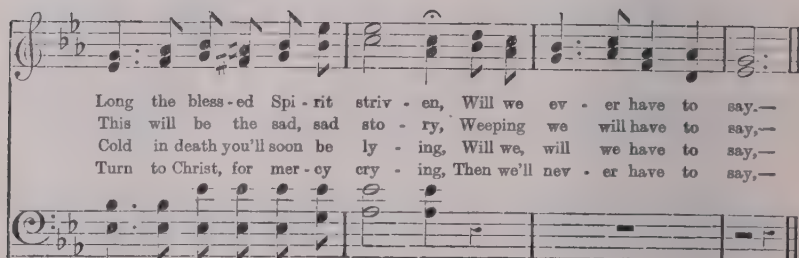
by faith, my pray'r shall be: Save, oh, save me, Je - sus.

JAMES FRASER.

WM. FRASER.

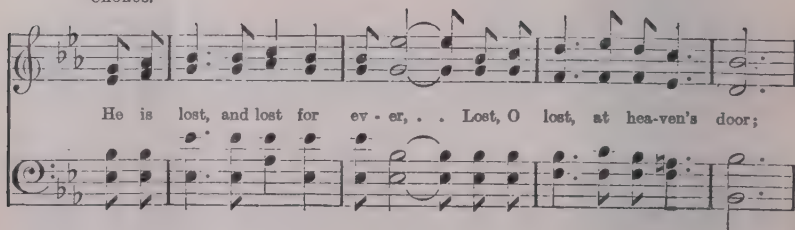


1. Will you from your God and hea ven Turn with care-less steps a - way?
 2. If you choose your sin to glo - ry, Dark - ness ra - ther than the day,
 3. Life is fleet-ing, you are dy - ing, As the moments pass a - way,
 4. Turn, O turn, for time is fly - ing, Turn, O turn, we hum-bly pray;

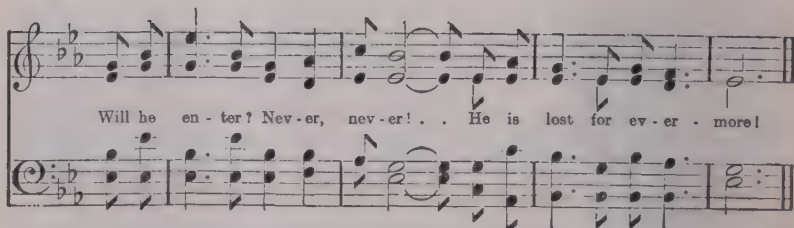


Long the bless-ed Spi - rit striv - en, Will we ev - er have to say.—
 This will be the sad, sad sto - ry, Weeping we will have to say,—
 Cold in death you'll soon be ly - ing, Will we, will we have to say,—
 Turn to Christ, for mer - cy cry - ing, Then we'll nev - er have to say,—

CHORUS.



He is lost, and lost for ev - er, . . . Lost, O lost, at hea-ven's door;



Will he en - ter? Nev - er, nev - er! . . . He is lost for ev - er - more!

To Jesus I will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(Ps. xxvii. 8.)

W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen - tle voice with - in calls a - way (calls a - way), 'Tis a
 2. He has pro - mised all my sins to for - give (to for - give), If I
 3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth (in my youth), And be
 4. Still the gen - tle voice with - in calls a - way (calls a - way), And its

warn - ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er), But my heart is melt - ed
 ask in sim - ple faith for His love (for His love); In His ho - ly word I
 faith - ful in its cause till I die (in the truth); If with cheer - ful step I
 warn - ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er); But my heart is melt - ed

now, I o - bey (I o - bey); From my Sa - viour I will wan - der no more.
 learn how to live (how to live), And to la - bour for His king - dom a - bove.
 walk in the truth (in the truth), I shall wear a star - ry crown by - and - bye.
 now, I o - bey (I o - bey); From my Sa - viour I will wan - der no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; Yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved;

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je - sus I will go and be saved.

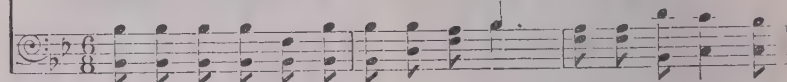
I Must Find Christ To-night.

E. A. H.

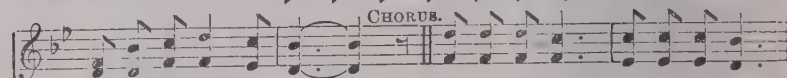
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



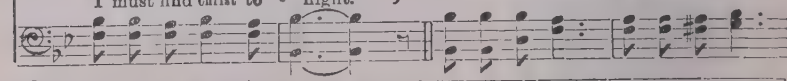
1. Deep is the darkness en-shroud-ing my soul; Oh, for one ray of
 2. Long have I known the hard bondage of sin, Long felt its with'ring
 3. Wrecked on life's sea, by the wild billows toss'd, Trembling and sick with



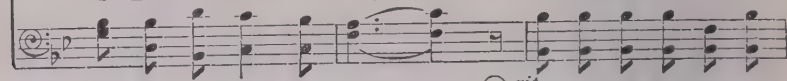
light!..... Lead me to Je - sus, I long to be whole,
 blight;..... Now I re-solve, a new life to be - gin,
 fright;..... I must have help, or my soul will be lost,



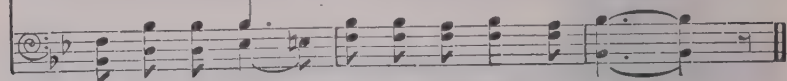
I must find Christ to - night. } I must find Christ, I must find Christ,
 I must find Christ to - night.
 I must find Christ to - night.



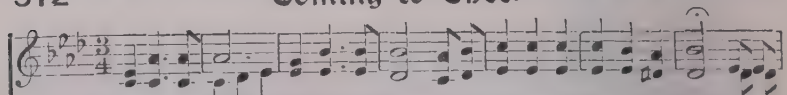
I must find Christ to - night;..... I have resolved a new



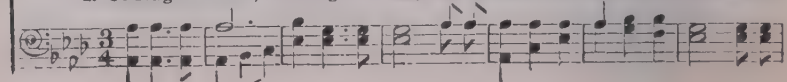
life to be - gin,..... I must find Christ to - night.....



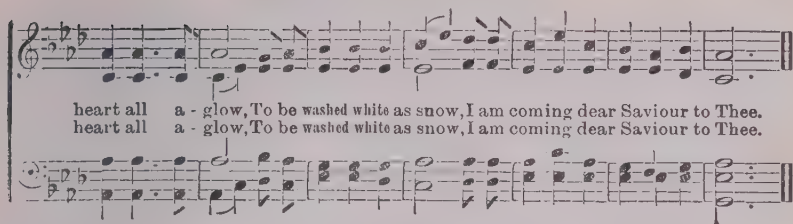
Coming to Thee.



1. Coming to Thee, coming to Thee, I am coming dear Saviour to Thee: With my
 2. Coming to Thee, coming to Thee, There is cleansing dear Saviour in Thee: With my



Coming to Thee.—continued.

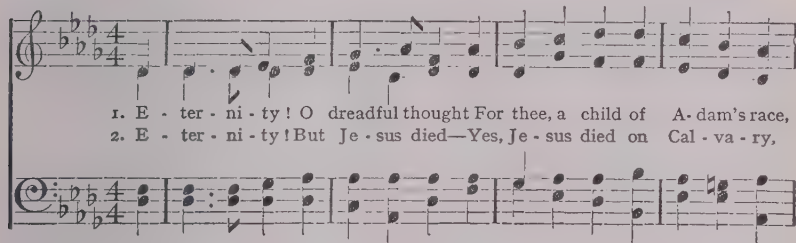


heart all a - glow, To be washed white as snow, I am coming dear Saviour to Thee.
heart all a - glow, To be washed white as snow, I am coming dear Saviour to Thee.

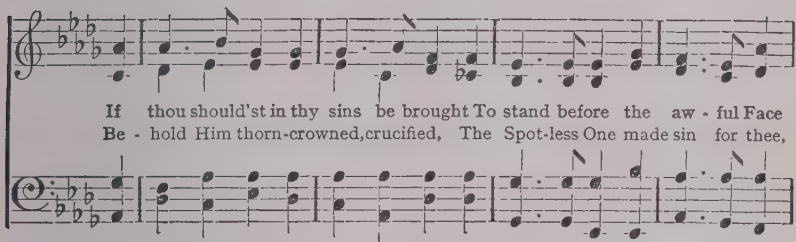
513

Eternity!

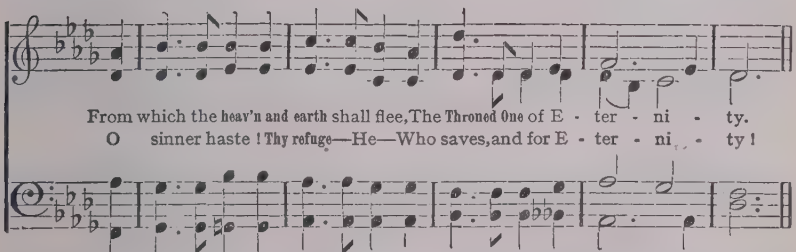
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



1. E - ter - ni - ty! O dreadful thought For thee, a child of A - dam's race,
2. E - ter - ni - ty! But Je - sus died—Yes, Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry,



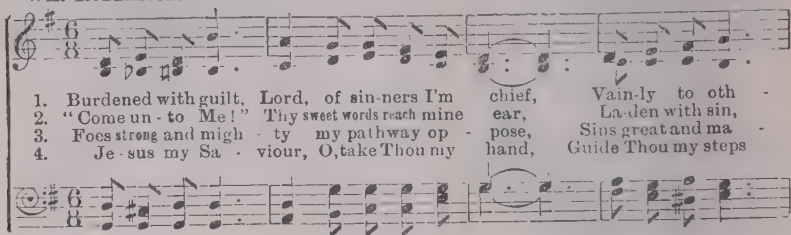
If thou should'st in thy sins be brought To stand before the aw - ful Face
Be - hold Him thorn-crowned, crucified, The Spot-less One made sin for thee,



From which the heav'n and earth shall flee, The Throned One of E - ter - ni - ty.
O sinner haste! Thy refuge—He—Who saves, and for E - ter - ni - ty!

3. Eternity! Behold the Lamb
Once slain—now lives, exalted high,
He calls thee, sinner, by thy name,
Just as thou art, to Him draw nigh,
If sin He bore—to set thee free,
Believe, and live eternally!

4. To-night may be thy latest breath,
Thy little moment here be done,
Eternal woe—"the second death,"
Await the grace-rejecting one,
Thine awful destiny foresee—
Time ends,—and then Eternity!



1. Burdened with guilt, Lord, of sin-ners I'm chief, Vain-ly to oth-
 2. "Come un-to Me!" Thy sweet words reach mine ear, La-den with sin,
 3. Foes strong and migh-ty my pathway op-pose, Sins great and ma-
 4. Je-sus my Sa-viour, O, take Thou my hand, Guide Thou my steps

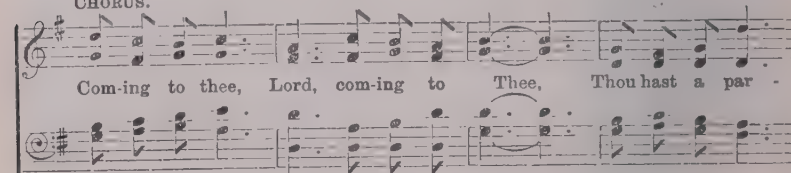


- ers I seek for re-lief; Thou hast the heart that can sol-ace my
 Lord, I dare venture near, Welcomed by Thee I have nothing to
 - ny that on-ly God knows; Wash'd in the stream that from Cal-va-ry
 to Im-man-u-el's land, Till with the ran-som'd in glo-ry I

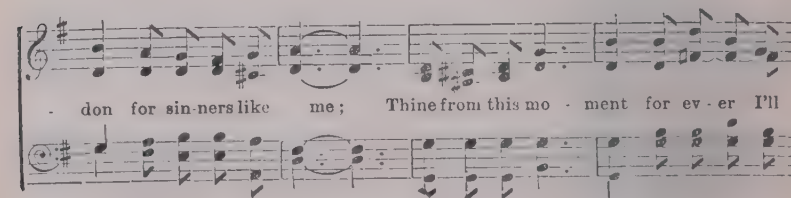


grief, Je-sus my Sa-viour I'm com-ing to Thee.
 fear, Je-sus my Sa-viour I'm com-ing to Thee.
 flows, Je-sus my Sa-viour I'm com-ing to Thee.
 stand, Je-sus my Sa-viour for ev-er with Thee.

CHORUS.



Com-ing to thee, Lord, com-ing to Thee, Thou hast a par-



- don for sin-ners like me; Thine from this mo-ment for ev-er I'll

Coming to Thee—continued.

be: Je - sus, my Sa - viour, I'm com-ing to Thee.

515

Lost After All.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. 'Tis sad to think, that tho' some hear, So many times, year af - ter year,
2. The Saviour says, "Come unto Me, I'll save your soul, I'll set you free,"
3. Dear friends are in the land so fair, Perhaps they bade you meet them there
4. Sal - va - tion why will you ne - glect? Why longer still do you re - ject
5. Then come to Jesus, come just now, Low at His footstool humbly bow,

The blessed gospe! call—God's love they spurn from day to day, Un-
 Oh, hear Him sweetly call; Then, sinner, come, no longer wait, To-
 Your promise now re - call; They're watching for you down life's way, Oh,
 The Ho - ly Spirit's call? Oh, let it not of you be said These
 He'll hear you when you call; Shall an - gels bear the joy - ful news? Or

til at last the an - gels say, "Lost af - ter all, Lost af - ter all!"
 morrow it may be too late—"Lost af - ter all, Lost af - ter all!"
 will they ev - er have to say, "Lost af - ter all, Lost af - ter all!"
 words so sad when you are dead, "Lost af - ter all, Lost af - ter all!"
 must they say if you re - fuse, "Lost af - ter all, Lost af - ter all!"

Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

C. H. PURDAY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, I come! I come!
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, I come! I come!
 3. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind, I come! I come!
 4. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, I come! I come!

But that Thy blood was shed for me, I come! I come! And that Thou
 To rid my soul of one dark blot, I come! I come! To Thee whose
 Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind, I come! I come! Yes, all I
 Wilt welcome, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve, I come! I come! Be - cause Thy

I come, I come to Thee!

bidst me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come to Thee!
 blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come to Thee!
 need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come to Thee!
 prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come to Thee!

Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

John VI. 37.

W. F. STEWART.

BASS SOLO.

1. Just as I am with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,—

Just as I am.—continued.

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

518

JAMES FRASER.

Out of Christ.

GERMAN TUNE.

Solemnly

1. Sin - ner, if you pass death's por - tal Out of Christ, oh, then be - ware!
 2. Out of Christ shall one here ev - er Meet the Christ-re - ject - er's doom;
 3. Come, O come, His word be - liev - ing, Take His mer - cy, par - don, grace;

p rit.

Lost will be thy soul im - mor - tal, None but blood-washed en - ter there.
 Hear God say, "I knew you nev - er, Cast him in - to end - less gloom?"
 Come to Je - sus, life re - ceiv - ing, Seek, O seek, your Fa - ther's face!

CHORUS.

Out of Christ and lost for ev - er, Oh, take heed, poor Christless soul!

p rit.

Out of Christ and lost for ev - er, While the cease - less a - ges roll!

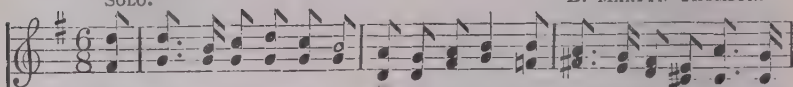
519 Don't Leave Thy Soul to a Death-bed.

C. M. DOCHERTY.

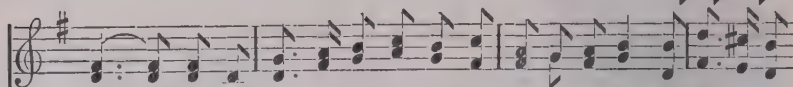
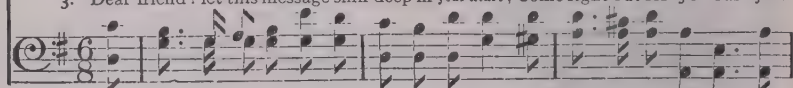
Heb. iii. 7-8.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

Solo.



1. Come, friend! there's a sto-ry I wish you to hear, Of one whom I met long a -
2. I witnessed a scene which I ne'er can for-get, Of one whom I held fond and
3. Dear friend! let this message sink deep in your heart; Come right out for Je - sus just

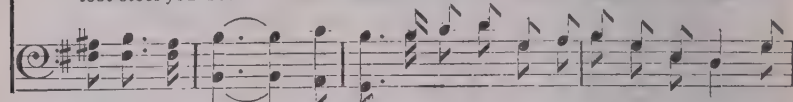


go; Who, when asked if the Sa-vi-our was pre-sent and dear, And if he to
 dear! Who had lived all her life with-out wor-ry or fret, Not thinking that
 now, Hum-bly pray that the Spirit, God's grace may impart, While down at His

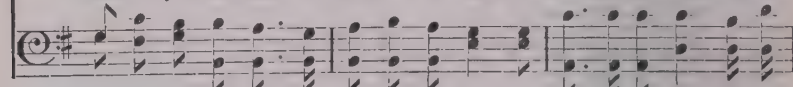


glo-ry would go,
 death was so near.
 foot-stool you bow.

Re-plied, "I am health-y and strong in my days, I
 I pic-ture her yet in her an-guish and pain, No
 Re-mem-ber that Life and not Death, is the time To



nev-er was fool-ish or rough in my ways; I'm float-ing a - long and will
 strong, lov-ing arms of the Christ to sus-tain, And more, all my plead-ings for
 think of your soul, and the hea-ven-ly cli-me: Come now, and make sure the dear



trust to God's grace—I am leav-ing my soul to a death-bed."
 her seemed in vain, She had left her poor soul to a death-bed.
 Sa-vi-our is thine—Don't be leav-ing your soul to a death-bed.



Don't Leave Thy Soul to a Death-bed—Continued.

CHORUS.

poco rit.

Don't leave thy soul to a death-bed ! For death-bed thou mayest not see ;

tempo.

Oh ! turn to the Lord while 'tis called To-day, To His arms of mer-cy now flee.

520

"Hiding."

H. B. H.

W. F. STEWARD.

1. In the Rock of A-ges hid-ing I have found a sure retreat, In the refuge now a-
2. In the Rock of A-ges resting, I enjoy a sweet repose, Where the grace of God for
3. In the Rock of A-ges trusting, I am kept in perfect peace, In the hope of glo-ry

CHORUS.

bid-ing I have found a joy complete. }
 ev-er Like a mighty riv-er flows. } While the storm around me rages, And the
 waiting, Till the toil of life shall cease. }

angry billows roar, I am hiding in the Rock of A-ges, I am safe for ev-er-more.

Faith will e'er Prevail.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I've an an - chor strong that will sure - ly hold Tho' the
 2. I've an an - chor strong that is ground - ed deep in my
 3. I've an an - chor strong that will firm - ly hold Thro' the

wild - est bil - lows roll, 'Tis the faith I have in Thee,
 bless - ed Sav - iour's love, Tho' the storm may rage, yet I'm
 swell - ing floods of death It will keep my soul, when the

CHORUS.
 Christ my Lord, Who the winds and waves con-trol.
 ca - bled strong To the Rock that can - not move.
 wa - ters cold Chill my last ex - pir - ing breath. } Faith will e'er pre
 Faith will e'er pre-

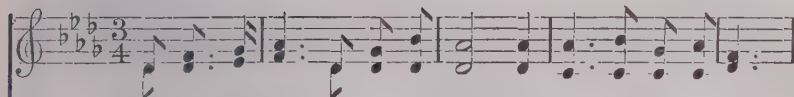
vail, Faith will e'er pre - vail, I be-
 vail, e'er pre-vail, Faith will e'er pre - vail, e'er pre-vail,

lieve the word of my ris en Lord : Faith will e'er pre-vail (e'er pre-vail).

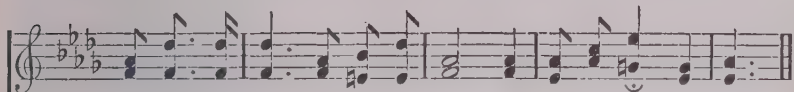
Blind Bartimeus.

Mrs. J. F. K.

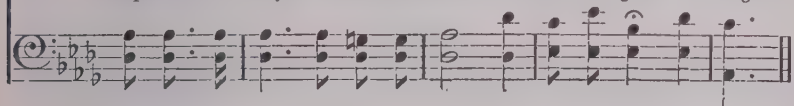
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



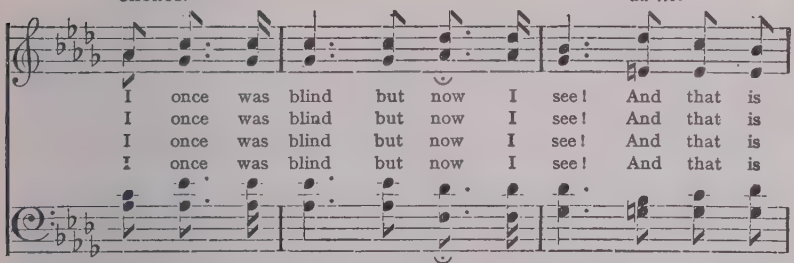
1. Whence Je - sus came, I can - not tell, Nor why He came to me ;
2. When all was dark, One touched my eyes, And that is all I know,
3. How it was done, I can - not say, Nor e - ven think nor dream ;
4. It is the Son of God ! His grace Makes trembling weakness strong ;



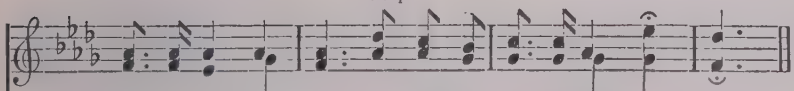
One thing I know, and know it well ; Tho' I was blind I see !
 For light came down from par - a - dise, And set my soul a - glow.
 Nor why a touch of moistened clay Should make things what they seem.
 Wipes tears a - way from sor - row's face, And teach-es grief a song.



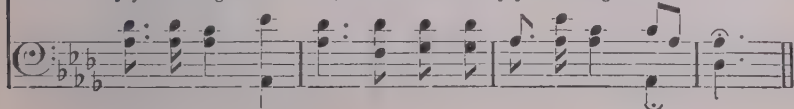
CHORUS.

ad lib.

I once was blind but now I see ! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see ! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see ! And that is
 I once was blind but now I see ! And that is

*tempo.*

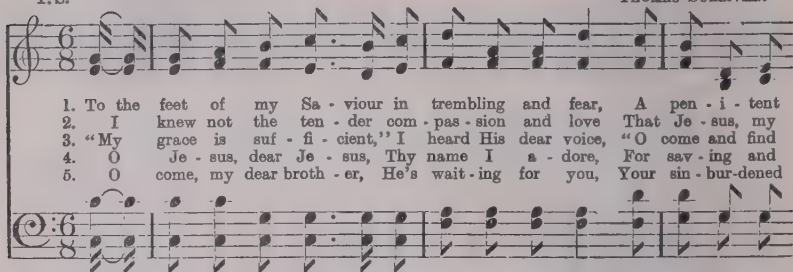
news e-nough for me, And that is news e-nough for me.
 light e-nough for me, And that is light e-nough for me.
 truth e-nough for me, And that is truth e-nough for me.
 joy e-nough for me, And that is joy e-nough for me.



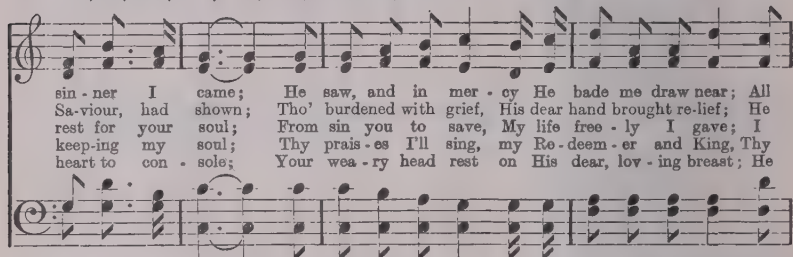
523 He Touched me and Made me Whole.

T.S.

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

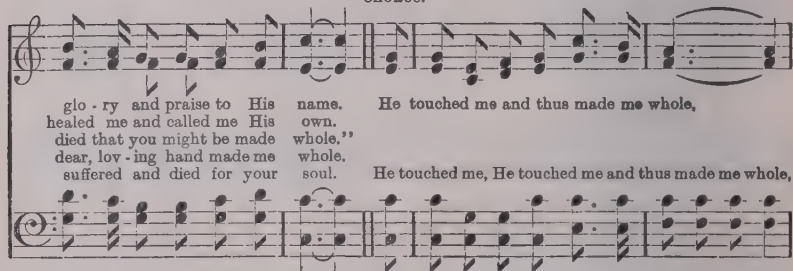


1. To the feet of my Sa-viour in trembling and fear, A pen-i-tent
 2. I knew not the ten-der com-pas-sion and love That Je-sus, my
 3. "My grace is suf-fi-cient," I heard His dear voice, "O come and find
 4. O Je-sus, dear Je-sus, Thy name I a-dore, For sav-ing and
 5. O come, my dear broth-er, He's wait-ing for you, Your sin-bur-dened

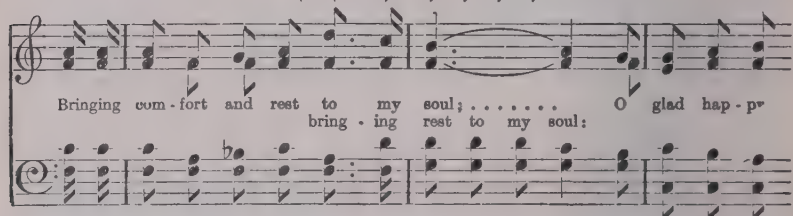


sin-ner I came; He saw, and in mer-cy He bade me draw near; All
 Sa-viour, had shown; Tho' burdened with grief, His dear hand brought re-lief; He
 rest for your soul; From sin you to save, My life free-ly I gave; I
 keep-ing my soul; Thy prais-es I'll sing, my Re-deem-er and King, Thy
 heart to con-sole; Your wea-ry head rest on His dear, lov-ing breast; He

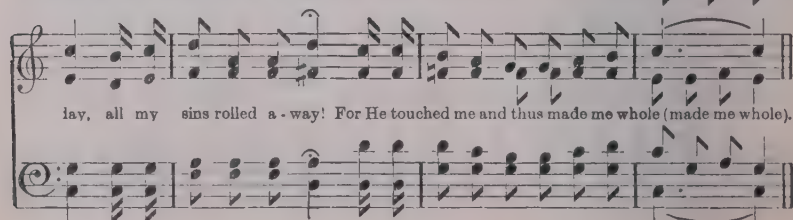
CHORUS.



glo-ry and praise to His name. He touched me and thus made me whole,
 healed me and called me His own.
 died that you might be made whole."
 dear, lov-ing hand made me whole,
 suffered and died for your soul. He touched me, He touched me and thus made me whole,



Bring-ing com-fort and rest to my soul; O glad hap-py
 bring-ing rest to my soul;

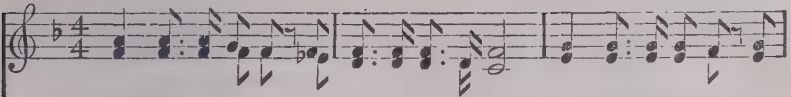


lay, all my sins rolled a-way! For He touched me and thus made me whole (made me whole).

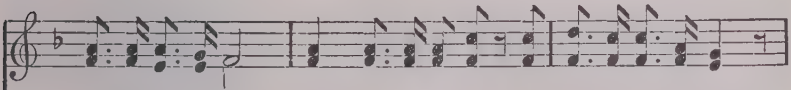
He Saved Me, Too!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

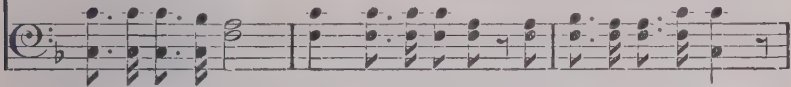
Geo. C. Hugo.



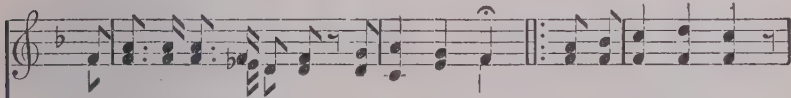
1. Once deep con-vic-tion the Lord on me did roll, My heart was heav-y, and
 2. Once in a meeting, the pow'r of God was there, Ma - ny were shouting His
 3. Once we were praying for more of pow'r di-vine, That in His ser-vice we
 4. God has a mansion pre - pared for you and me, Where we will praise Him, thro'



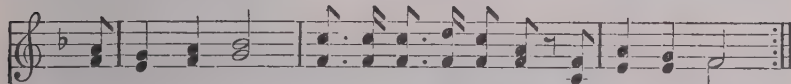
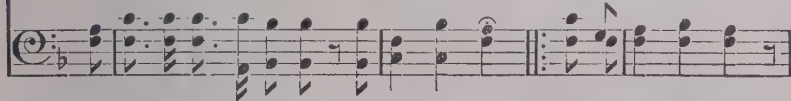
anx-ious for my soul; Friends were con-vert-ed, by faith saved thro' and thro',
 name in praise and pray'r; God gave a blessing to those in ev - 'ry pew,
 might a - rise and shine; God sent His Spi - rit, our fire He did re - new,
 all e - ter - ni - ty; "I will receive you," His prom - is - es are true,



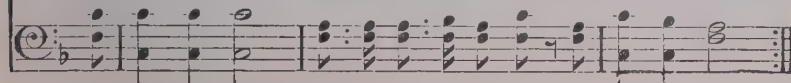
CHORUS.



But while the Lord saved others, He saved me, too! Yes, He saved me, too!
 But while the Lord bless'd others, He bless'd me, too! Yes, He bless'd me, too!
 But while the Lord filled others, He filled me, too! Yes, He filled me, too!
 But when the Lord takes others, He'll take me, too! Yes, He'll take me, too!



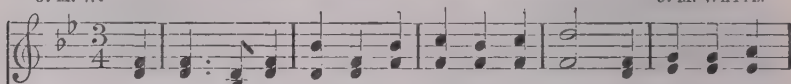
He saved me, too! While the Lord saved oth-ers, He saved me, too!
 He bless'd me, too! While the Lord bless'd others, He bless'd me, too!
 He filled me, too! While the Lord filled oth-ers, He filled me, too!
 He'll take me, too! When the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me, too!



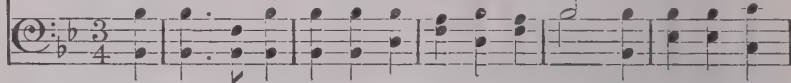
This Wonderful Name.

J. M. W.

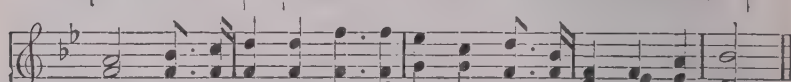
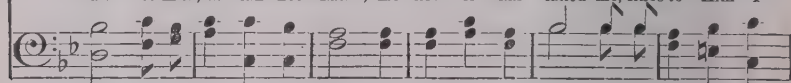
J. M. WHITE.



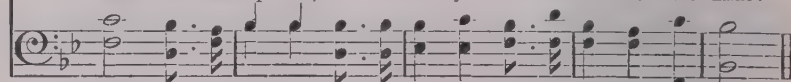
1. Oh, won - der - ful ran - som, His own precious blood Was shed that my
 2. While I was re - bell - ious and sunk - en in sin, My heart tight - ly
 3. He saw me a cap - tive to Sa - tan and sin, The price far too
 4. Yes, He 's my Sa - viour, I feel no a - larm, While trust - ing my



soul might be brought back to God! Un - worth - y was I, yet to Je - sus I
 closed lest the light should come in, His great lov - ing - kind - ness was toward me the
 great for a man to re - deem; The gift of His Fa - ther, He will - ing - ly
 all to Him, sin can - not harm; He nev - er has failed me, since to Him I



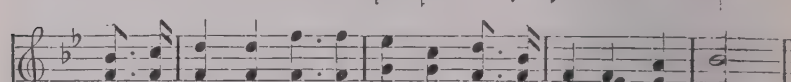
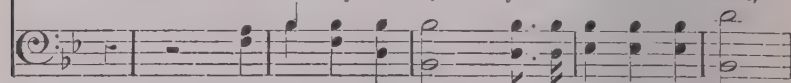
came, And He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to His won - der - ful name!
 same, Je - sus loved me, hal - le - lu - jah to His won - der - ful name!
 came To re - deem me, hal - le - lu - jah to His won - der - ful name!
 came He has kept me, hal - le - lu - jah to His won - der - ful name!



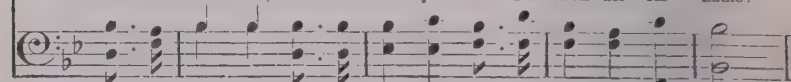
CHORUS.



Un - wor - thy was I, yet to Je - sus I came,
 Un - wor - thy was I, yet to Je - sus I came,



And He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah to His won - der - ful name!

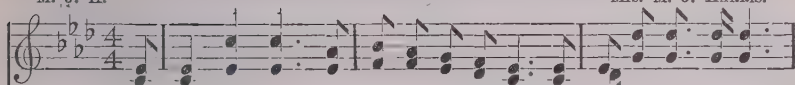


526

He Took My Sins Away.

M. J. H.

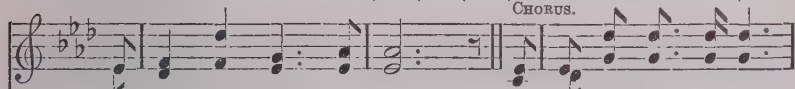
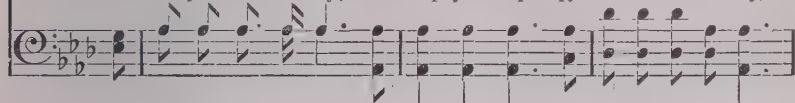
Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.



1. I came to Je - sus wea - ry, worn, and sad, He took my sins a - way,
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took them all a - way,
2. No con - dem - na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins a - way,
3. If you will come to Je - sus Christ to - day, He'll take your sins a - way,

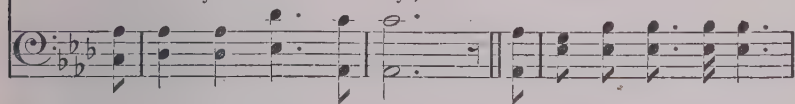


He took my sins a - way; And now His love has made my heart so glad,
 He took them all a - way; And now on Him I roll my ev - 'ry care,
 He took my sins a - way; His per - fect peace He did to me im - part,
 He'll take your sins a - way; And keep you hap - py in His love each day,

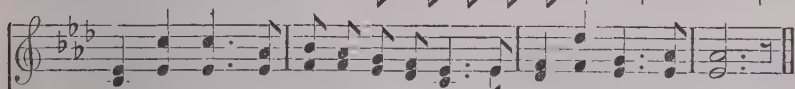
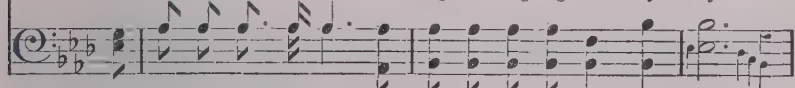


CHORUS.

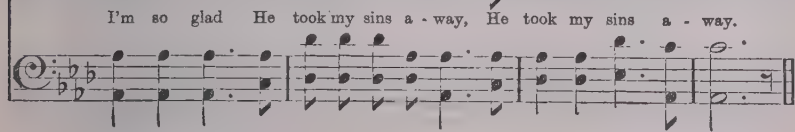
He took my sins a - way.	} He took my sins a - way,
He took my sins a - way.	
He took my sins a - way.	
He'll take your sins a - way.	

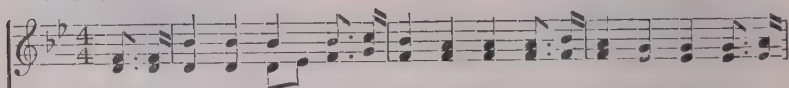


He took my sins a - way, And keeps me sing - ing ev - 'ry day!

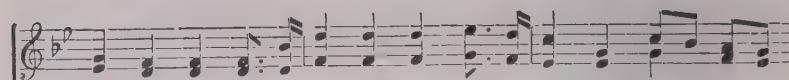
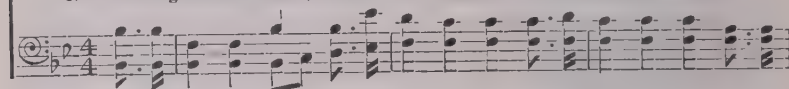


I'm so glad He took my sins a - way, He took my sins a - way.





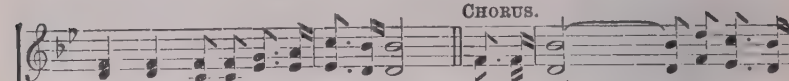
1. 'Tis the grandest theme thro' the a - ges rung ; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grandest theme in the earth or main ; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grandest theme, let the tid - ings roll, To the guilt - y heart, to the



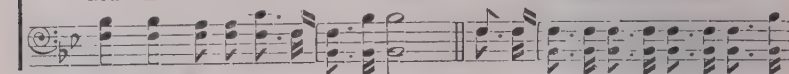
mor - tal tongue, 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our
mor - tal strain, 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our
sin - ful soul, Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our



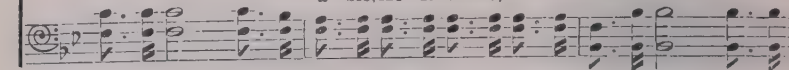
CHORUS.



God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." } He is a - - - ble to de
God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." } a - ble, He is a - ble,
God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." }



- liv - er thee, He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee ; Tho' by
a - ble, He is a - ble,



sin oppress, Go to Him for rest ; Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.

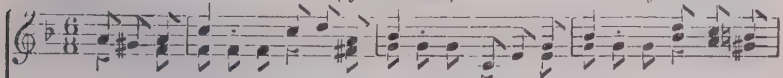


I know I'm Thine.

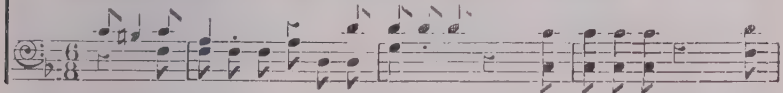
Words and Music by NEIL MCINTYRE. (Scotlands blind Evangelist.)
(QUARTETTE.)

Arr. by W. G. F.

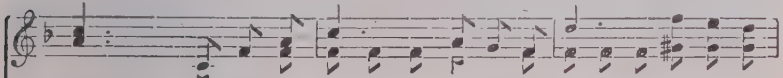
Andante.



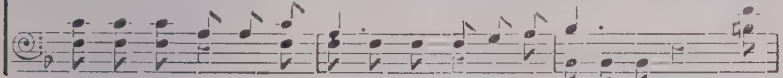
1. Sometimes I think I am not Thine, When sins a - round, My soul en -
2. Sometimes I think I am not Thine, When foes a - gainst My soul con-
3. Sometimes I think I am not Thine, When on my path No light doth



Some-times I think I am not Thine, When sins a - round My



- twine, But when I think of all Thy care, I know I'm
- bine; But when I think of all Thy grace, My need is
- shine; But when I think of Cal-vary's tree, I know I'm



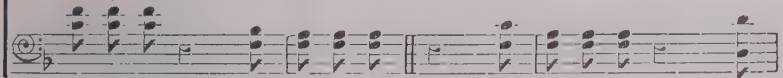
soul en twine; But when I think of all Thy care, I

CHORUS.

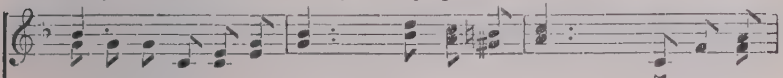
I know I'm Thine, O gra-cious



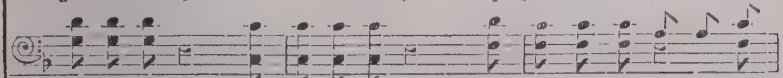
Thine, A son and heir.
met In ev - ry place.
Thine, Christ died for me. } I know I'm Thine, O



know I'm Thine, My son and heir.
Lord, I know I'm Thine, By pre-cious blood.



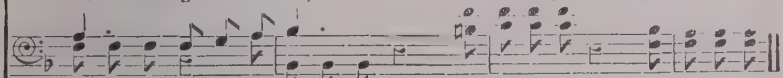
gracious Lord, I know I'm Thine, By precious blood; I know I'm



I



Thine though doubts as-sail, I know I'm Thine; I will pre-vail.

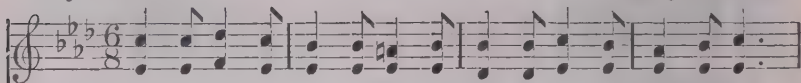


know I'm Thine, though doubts as-sail, I know I'm Thine, I will prevail.

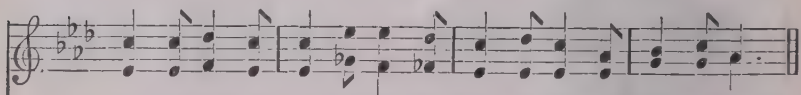
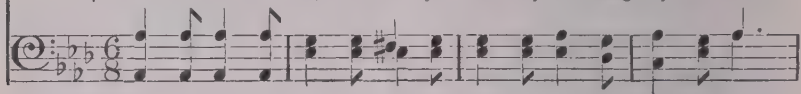
529 Since My Saviour Pardoned Me.

D. J. B.

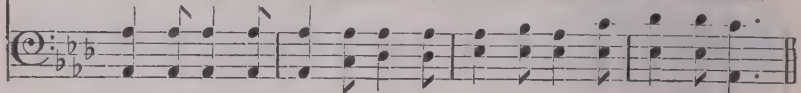
DAVID J. BEATTIE.



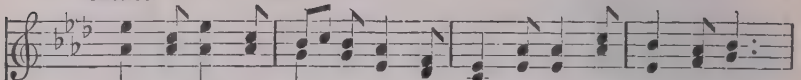
1. There is mu - sic e - ver swell - ing From the Heavenly courts a - bove,
2. Once the chains of Sa - tan bound me, Long I drained earth's cup of woe ;
3. Now in Him I'm one for e - ver— Oh, what peace, what joy divine !
4. I will tell the old, old sto - ry Till my travelling days are o'er ;



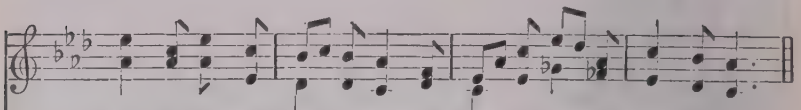
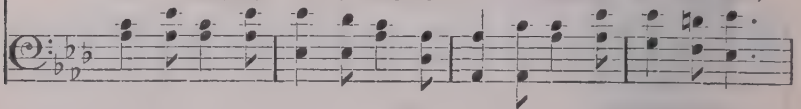
To my heart the sto - ry tell - ing Of a Father's boundless love.
But my Saviour sought and found me, Plunged me 'neath the crimson flow.
Nought the bonds of love can se - ver— I am His, and He is mine.
Till I soar to yon bright glo - ry—There to dwell for e - ver - more.



CHORUS.



Oh, I'm sing - ing, al - ways sing - ing, From the bonds of sin I'm free ;



In my heart joy - bells are ring - ing. Since my Sa - viour pardoned me.



530

Beauty for Ashes

J. G. C.

J. G. CRABBE.

1. I sing the love of God, my Fa - ther, Whose Spirit abides within; Who changes
 2. I sing the love of Christ, my Saviour, Who suffered upon the tree; That, in the
 3. I sing the beauty of the gospel That scatters, not thorns, but flowers; That bids me

all my grief to glad-ness, And pardons me all my sin. Tho' clouds may lower dark and
 secret of His presence, My bondage might freedom be. He comes "to bind the broken-
 scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherever are lonely hours. The "garment of His praise" it

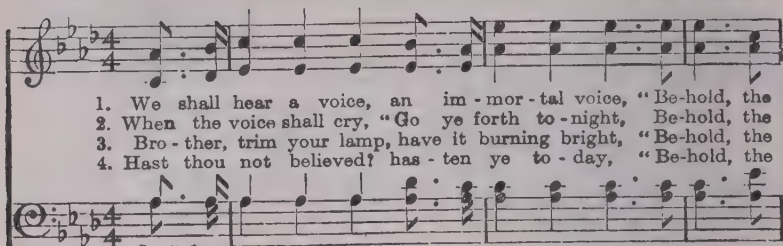
8.
 drear - y, Yet he has promised to be near; He gives me sunshine for my shadow,
 hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer; He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning,
 of - fers For "heaviness of spir-it," drear; It gives me sunshine for my shadow,

D.S.—gives me sunshine for my shad-ow,

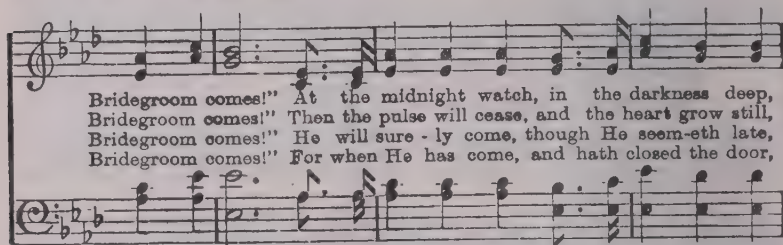
FINE. CHORUS.

And "beauty for ash - es," here. He gives me joy..... in place of
 And "beauty f r ash-es, here. He gives me joy

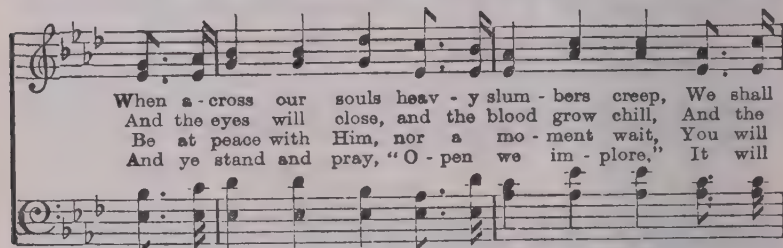
D.S.
 sor - row; He gives me love..... that casts out fear; He
 in place of care, He gives me love that casts out fear:



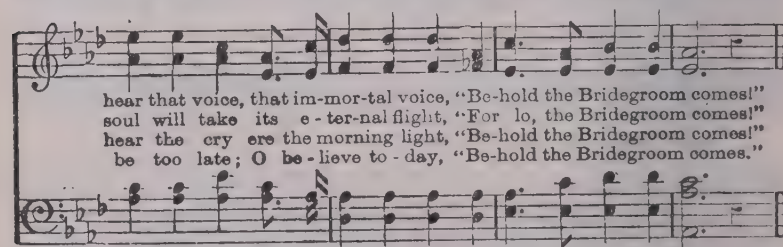
1. We shall hear a voice, an im - mor - tal voice, "Be-hold, the
2. When the voice shall cry, "Go ye forth to - night, Be-hold, the
3. Bro - ther, trim your lamp, have it burning bright, "Be-hold, the
4. Hast thou not believed? has - ten ye to - day, "Be-hold, the



Bridegroom comes!" At the midnight watch, in the darkness deep,
Bridegroom comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still,
Bridegroom comes!" He will sure - ly come, though He seem-eth late,
Bridegroom comes!" For when He has come, and hath closed the door,

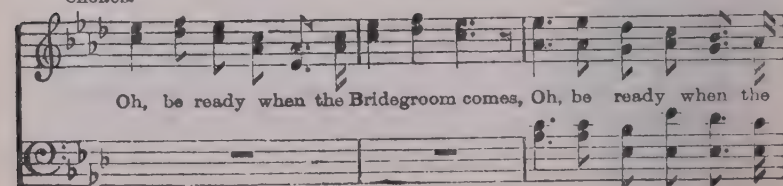


When a - cross our souls heav - y slum - bers creep, We shall
And the eyes will close, and the blood grow chill, And the
Be at peace with Him, nor a mo - ment wait, You will
And ye stand and pray, "O - pen we im - plore," It will



hear that voice, that im-mor-tal voice, "Be-hold the Bridegroom comes!"
soul will take its e - ter-nal flight, "For lo, the Bridegroom comes!"
hear the cry ere the morning light, "Be-hold the Bridegroom comes!"
be too late; O be - lieve to - day, "Be-hold the Bridegroom comes."

CHORUS.



Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes, Oh, be ready when the

Behold the Bridegroom Comes—continued.

The musical score is written for two voices, likely Soprano and Alto, in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system contains the lyrics: "Bridegroom comes! At the noontide, in the eve-ning, At the He comes, He comes He". The second system contains: "mid-night, in the morn . . . ing, Oh, be read - y, comes, in the morning, Oh, be read - y, He". The third system contains: "Oh, be read - y, comes, Oh, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! He comes, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes!". The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm.

Bridegroom comes! At the noontide, in the eve-ning, At the
He comes, He comes He

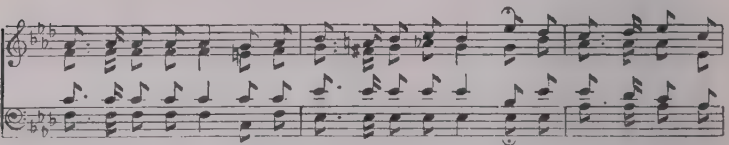
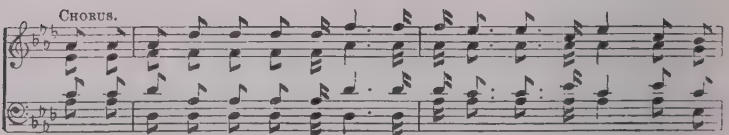
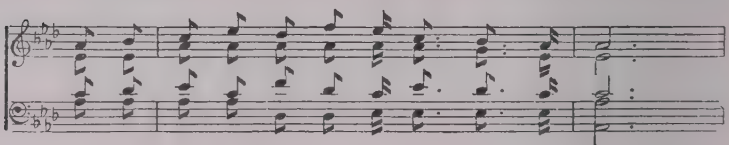
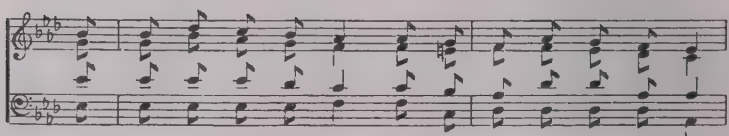
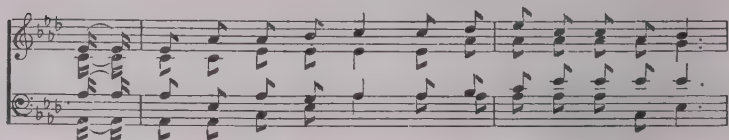
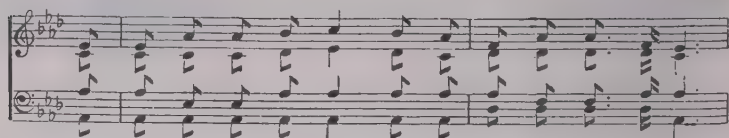
mid-night, in the morn . . . ing, Oh, be read - y,
comes, in the morning, Oh, be read - y, He

Oh, be read - y, comes, Oh, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes!
He comes, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes!

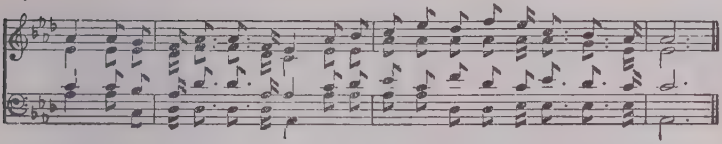
- 5 Let us watch and pray, for the moments fly,
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"
Ere the cord be loosed, and the pulses fail,
And the vessel breaks, and the cheek grows pale.
Let us now be ready for the mid-night cry:
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes!"

CHORUS—

Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes,
Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes,
At the noontide, in the evening,
At the midnight, in the morning,
Oh, be ready, oh, be ready,
Oh, be ready when the Bridegroom comes!



The Crowning Day—Continued.



1 OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned;
But soon he'll come in glory!
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming
By-and-by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendour;
But brighter far than they,
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array:
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

Oh, the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by-and-by!
When our Lord shall come in "power"
And "glory" from on high!
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

3 Let all that look for, "hasten"
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way:
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming
By-and-by.

532^A

Sailing Home.

ELSIE D. YALE.

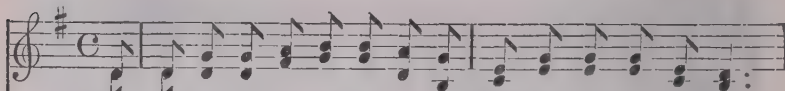
C. AUSTIN MILES.

Sail - ing home, Sail - ing home; Ov - er the o - cean.

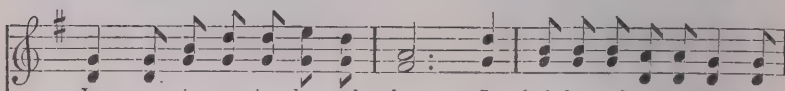
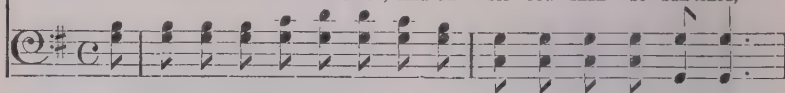
deep and wide and o'er the storm - y tide; We're sail - ing home.

sail - ing home, and Je - sus shall our pi - lot be while sail - ing home.

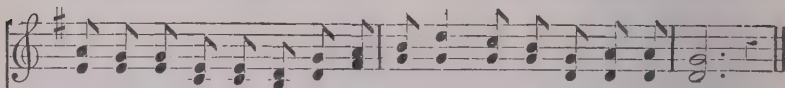
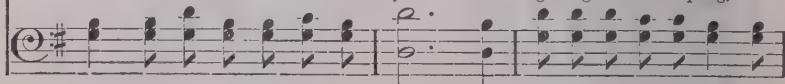
From "New Songs of the Gospel," by permission



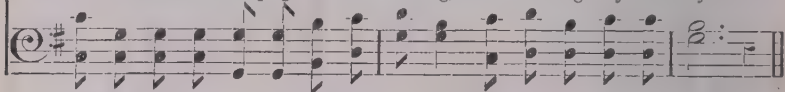
1. When all a-round is drea-ry There's a thought that keeps me cheer-y,
2. There will be no more sad-ness, It will all be turned to glad-ness,
3. All doubts shall then have vanished, And all sor-row shall be ban-ish-ed,



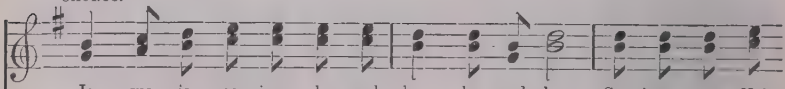
Je - sus is com-ing by - and - by; I look be-yond my sor-row, Un -
Nev - er a dark and cloud-y sky; No more on sick-beds ly-ing, No
Nev - er a tear will dim the eye. No sigh-ing and no weep-ing, No



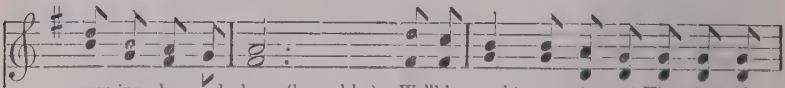
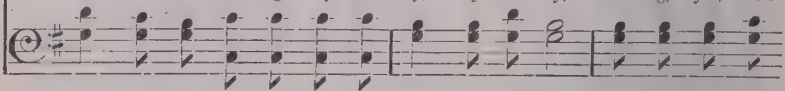
to the bright to-mor-row Of His com-ing, His com-ing by - and - by.
more the dread of dy-ing, At His com-ing, His com-ing by - and - by.
Jor-dan's riv - er sweep-ing At His com-ing, His com-ing by - and - by.



CHORUS.



Je - sus is com-ing by - and - by, by - and - by, Com-ing, yes, He's



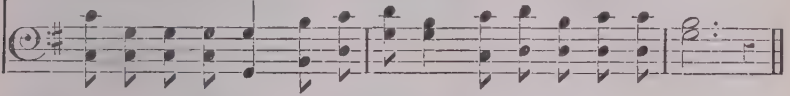
com-ing by - and - by (by-and-by), We'll be caught up to meet Him in the



Jesus is Coming By-and-by—Continued.



twink-ling of an eye, At His com-ing, His com-ing by - and - by.



534

Have Ye Heard the Song.

JENNIE JOHNSON.

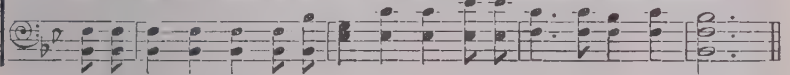
JNO. R. SWENEY.



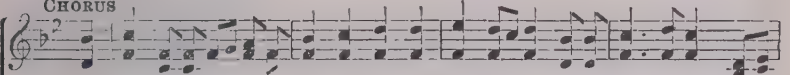
1. Have ye heard the song from the gold-en land? Have ye heard the glad new song?
2. They are look-ing down from the gold en land—Our be-lov'd are look-ing down;
3. Oh! the song rolls on from the gold-en land, And our hearts are strong to-day;
4. Oh! the song rolls on from the gold-en land, From its vales of joy and flow'rs;



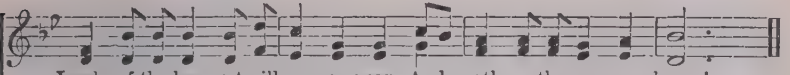
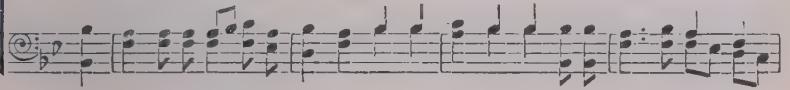
Let us bind our sheaves with a will-ing hand For the time will not be long.
They have done their work, they have borne their cross, And receiv'd their promis'd crown.
For it nerves our souls with its mu-sic sweet—As we toil in the noontide ray.
And we feel and know by a liv-ing faith That its tones will soon be ours!



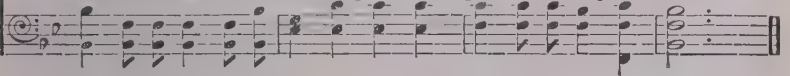
CHORUS



The Lord of the har-vest will soon ap-pear; His smile, His voice we shall see and hear! The

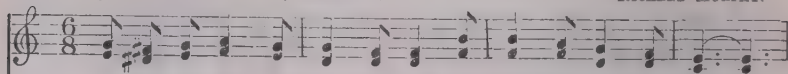


Lord of the har-vest will soon ap-pear, And gath-er the reap-ers home!



Words by the late ALEX. TAYLOR, Strathaven.

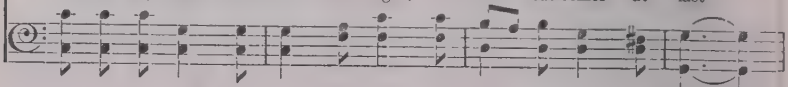
RICHARD MURPHY.



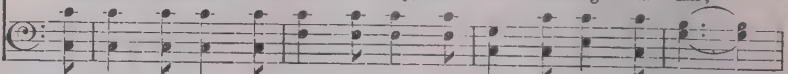
1. I have a let - ter from my Lord, He says He'll soon be here,
2. His gen - tle voice once spake on earth, And told out match - less love:
3. Henceforth, vain world, we part for aye, I court no more thy fame,
4. The night's far spent, the morn - ing breaks, My watch is al - most past;



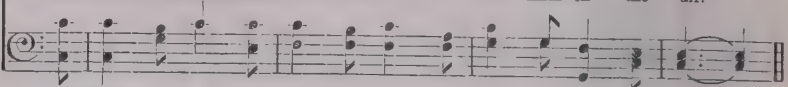
It stirs my heart to think of it, The bri - dal day's so near.
 How sweet to think it speaks the same From God's right hand a - bove.
 Ye cru - ci - fied my Lord long since, And still you do the same.
 I'll dry my tears, heave no more sighs, For Je - sus comes at last



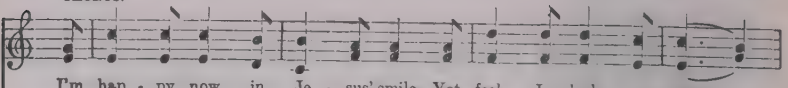
I gird my loins, and trim my lamps, And keep my dwell ing clean,
 I ne'er can see His like be - low, Till once He comes a - gain:
 If in the past I've fol - lowed thee, And cov - et - ed Thy smile,
 To take His stran - ger bride a - way, To man - sions bright and fair;



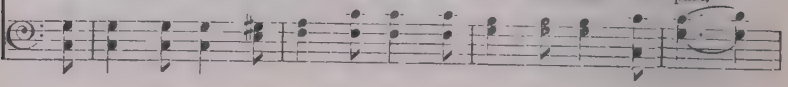
I would not have Him think of me That I have care - less been.
 And in the in - ter - val I'll live, To keep a - live His name.
 The Cross must now my glo - ry be, Throughout the lit - tle while.
 The trum - petsounds, and lo! I'm off To meet Him in the air.



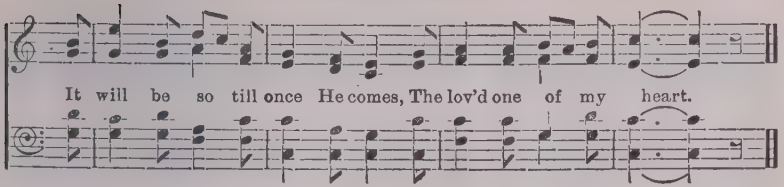
CHORUS.



I'm hap - py now in Je - sus' smile, Yet feel I lack a part.



The Song of the Bride—Continued.



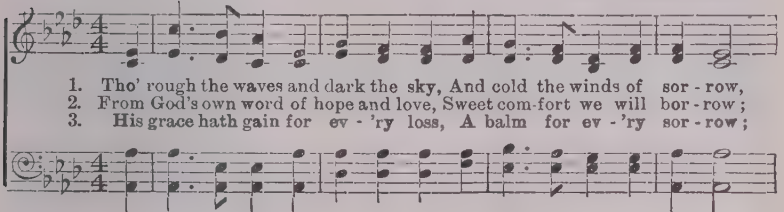
It will be so till once He comes, The lov'd one of my heart.

536

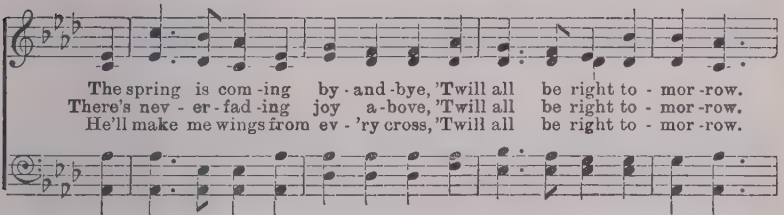
'Twill All Be Right To-morrow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

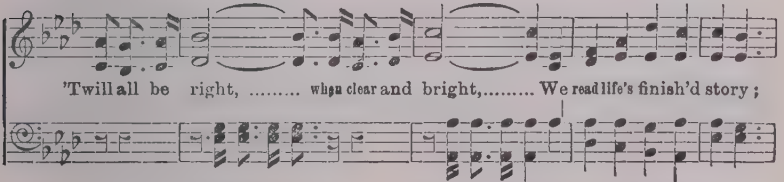


1. Tho' rough the waves and dark the sky, And cold the winds of sor-row,
2. From God's own word of hope and love, Sweet com-fort we will bor-row;
3. His grace hath gain for ev-'ry loss, A balm for ev-'ry sor-row;



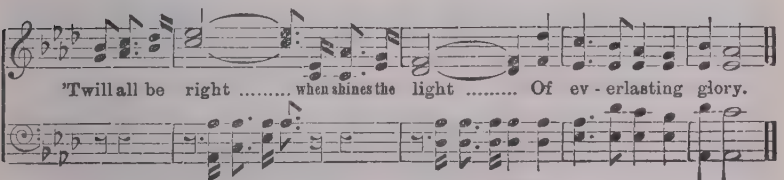
The spring is com-ing by-and-bye, 'Twill all be right to-mor-row.
 There's nev-er-fad-ing joy a-bove, 'Twill all be right to-mor-row.
 He'll make me wings from ev-'ry cross, 'Twill all be right to-mor-row.

CHORUS.



'Twill all be right, when clear and bright, We read life's finish'd story;

'Twill all be right, when clear and bright,

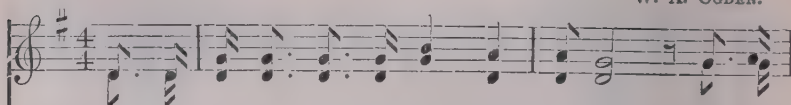


'Twill all be right when shines the light Of ev-er-lasting glory.

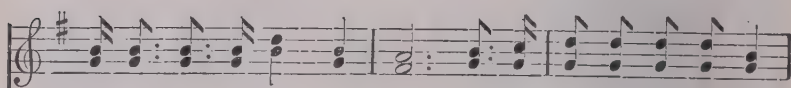

'Twill all be right when shines the light

W. A. O.

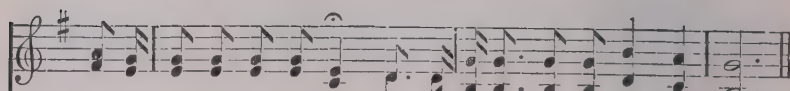
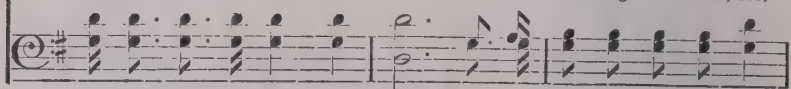
W. A. OGDEN.



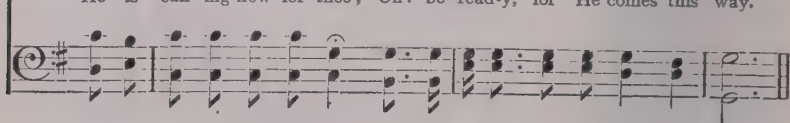
1. Are you read - y for the Bride - groom's com - ing? Are you
2. Are you read - y for the Bride - groom's com - ing? Has the
3. Are you read - y for the Bride - groom's com - ing? Are you




read - y now the feast to share? Is your lamp all trimmed and bright,
summons reached a list - 'ning ear? Are you watch - ing all the day,
go - ing forth to meet Him, say? He is com - ing, bro - ther, see,




Send - ing forth a radiant light? Do you still the wedding gar - ment wear?
For the Bridegroom on His way? Are you waiting till the Lord draws near?
He is call - ing now for thee; Oh! be read - y, for He comes this way.



CHORUS.

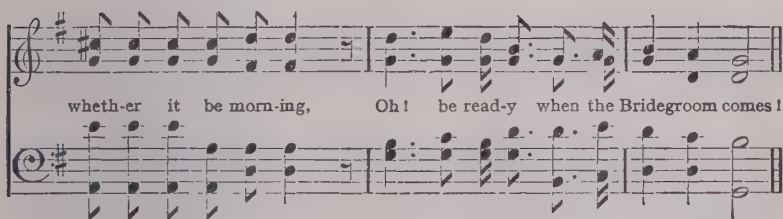
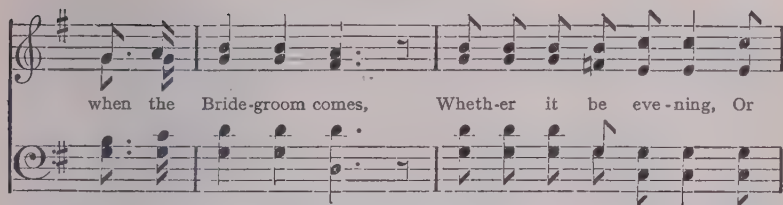


Oh! be read - y when the Bride - groom comes, Oh! be read - y



The Lord's Second Coming.

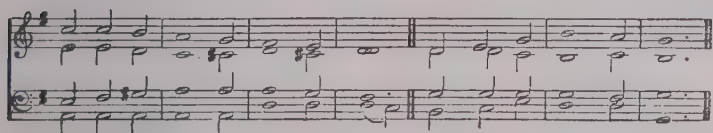
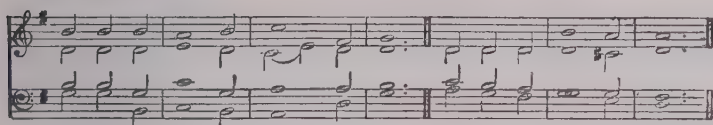
Oh! be Ready—*Continued.*



538 Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

"St. Agnes, Durham"

C.M.



1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can
Nor can the memory find (frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Saviour of mankind. (name,

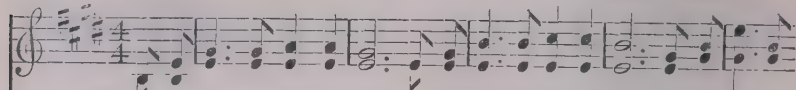
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

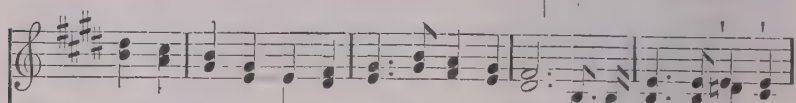
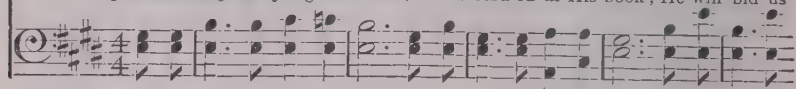
5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our crown wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

HARRIET E. JONES.

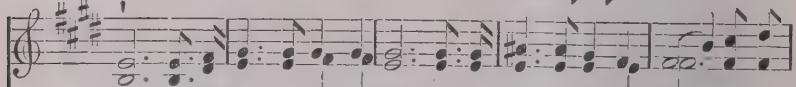
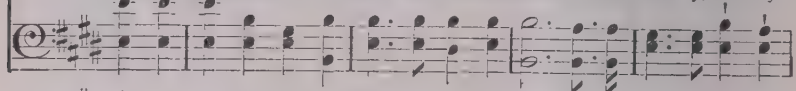
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



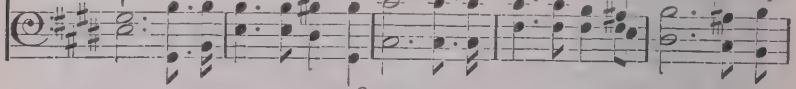
1. If our Lord should come to-night, With the bright an-gel-ic host, Would He find us
2. If our Lord should come to-night, Come as King and Judge of all, Are there an-y
3. Christ as King and Judge will come, 'Tis re-cord-ed in His book; He will bid us



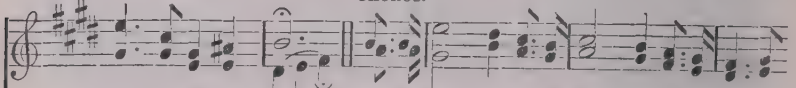
in His vineyard, Ev-'ry ser-vant at his post? Thro' the precious, cleansing
here as-sem-bled Who would tremble at His call? Is there one, oh! is there
stand be-fore Him, Not a soul will He o'er-look! Are we read-y, ev-'ry



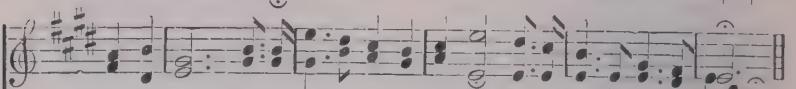
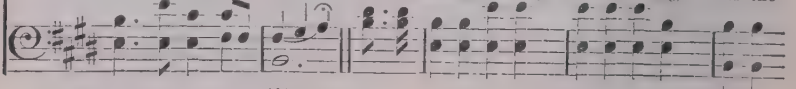
blood Are our garments clean and white? Are we dwelling in the light, Should our
one Far from Je-sus and the light, Un-re-pent-ant, lost, un-done, If the
one? Are we in the raiment white, If the Judge of all man-kind Should ap-



CHORUS.



Lord ap-pear to - night? } Are we watch-ing, are we wait-ing In the raiment
Judge should come to - night? }
pear this ver-y night? } watching, watching, waiting, waiting, In the



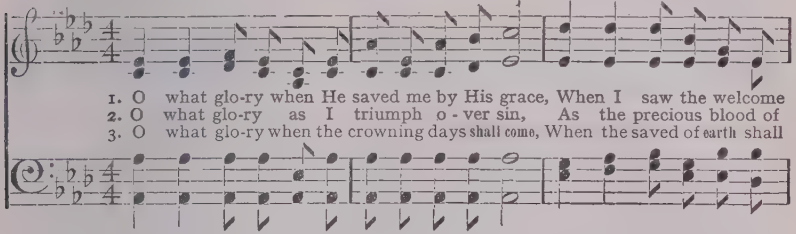
pure and white? Should we joy at His ap-pear-ing If our Lord should come to-night (to-night)?
raiment pure and white?



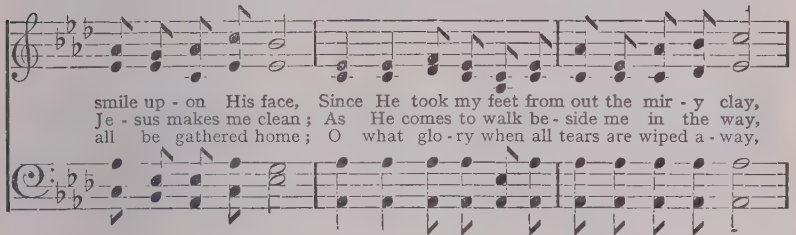
What Glory!

CIVILLA D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

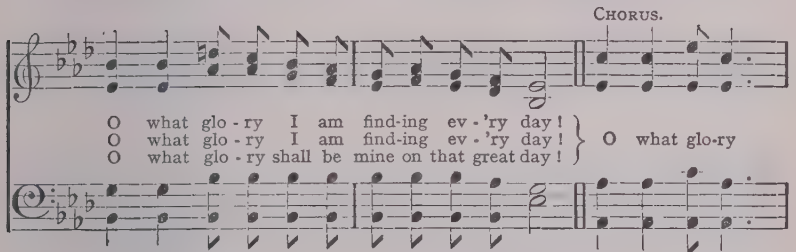


1. O what glo-ry when He saved me by His grace, When I saw the welcome
 2. O what glo-ry as I triumph o-ver sin, As the precious blood of
 3. O what glo-ry when the crowning days shall come, When the saved of earth shall

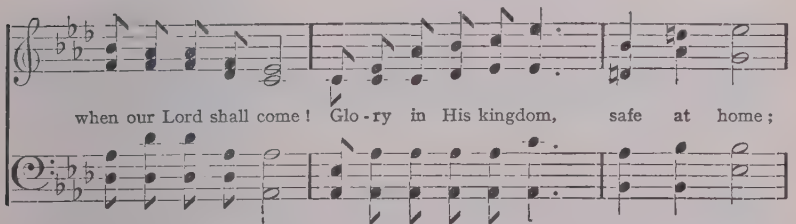


smile up - on His face, Since He took my feet from out the mir - y clay,
 Je - sus makes me clean; As He comes to walk be - side me in the way,
 all be gathered home; O what glo-ry when all tears are wiped a - way,

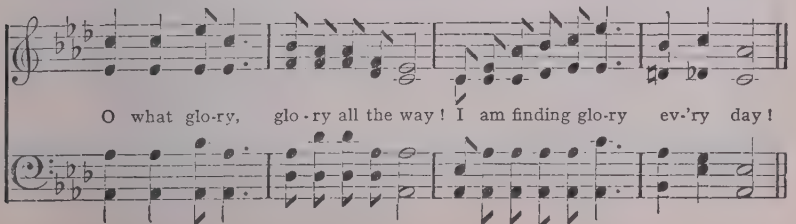
CHORUS.



O what glo-ry I am find-ing ev-'ry day! } O what glo-ry
 O what glo-ry I am find-ing ev-'ry day! }
 O what glo-ry shall be mine on that great day! }



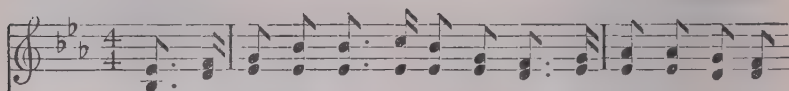
when our Lord shall come! Glo-ry in His kingdom, safe at home;



O what glo-ry, glo-ry all the way! I am finding glo-ry ev-'ry day!

J. SCOTT MONRO.

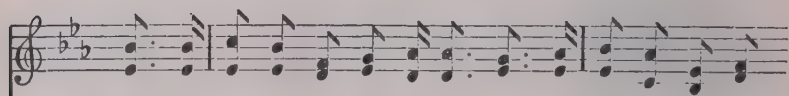
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



1. Dark - est mid - night is a - round us, and the world is wrapt in
 2. Oh, our spir - its may be hea - vy with the watch - ing and wit'
 3. Keep your eyes firm look - ing East - ward to tho bright land of the
 4. There's a bright crown for the faith - ful, and the "well done" of the



gloom, But the faith - ful all are called to watch and pray:
 pain, And our hearts be sad while journeying on our way;
 Sun, And you'll ear - ly catch the first rich gold - en ray
 King, Un - to those who bear the bur - den of the way:



Yea, to be a - wake and rea - dy, and to meet the Bridegroom
 But the cry of "Ho, the Bridegroom" shall a - rouse to life a -
 Of the bright long - looked for morrow, and whose race shall ne'er be
 So we'll watch and wait for Je - sus till with joy we'll glad - ly



dear, When He comes at the break - ing of the day.
 gain Those who wait for the break - ing of the day.
 run; Oh, the joy of the break - ing of the day.
 sing: Oh, re - joice! see the break - ing of the day.

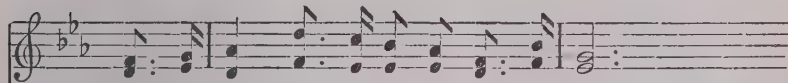


Behold the Bridegroom Cometh—continued.

CHORUS.



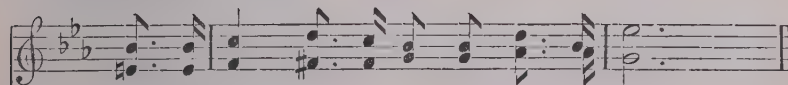
When He comes at the breaking of the day,
at the breaking of the day,



When He comes at the breaking of the day;
at the breaking of the day;



Through the storm clouds and the night, there will burst e - ter - nal light,

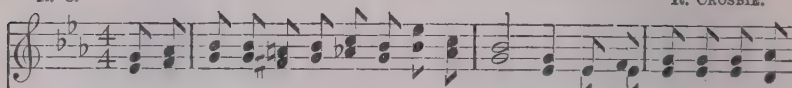


When He comes at the breaking of the day.

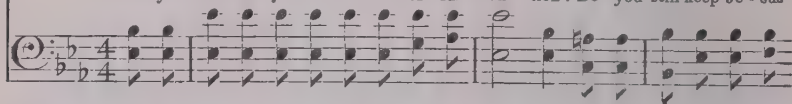
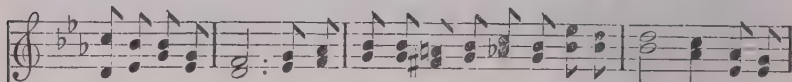


R. C.

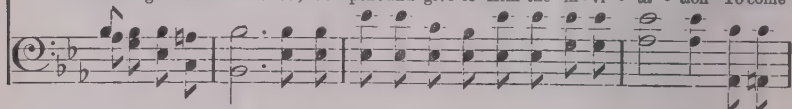
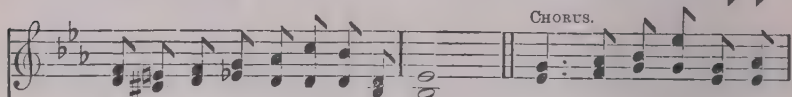
R. CROSBIE.



1. Are you rea-dy for the com-ing of the Mas-ter? For that glorious time is
 2. Does the thought of Je-sus com-ing bring you sor-row? Does it bring the burn-ing
 3. Do you still re-ject His of-fer of sal-va-tion? Do you still keep Je-sus

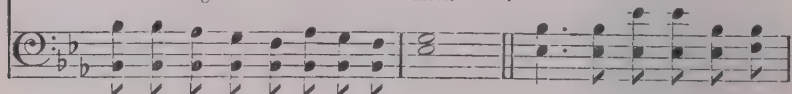

surely drawing near, Are you do-ing what you can to bring it fast-er? When the
 sweat drops to your brow? Will the day of judgment be a black to-mor-row? Will you
 standing at the door? Oh, re-pent and give to Him the in-vi-ta-tion To come

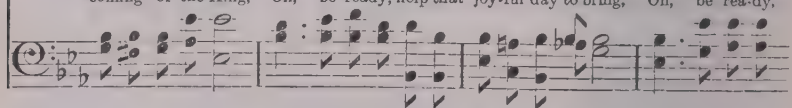
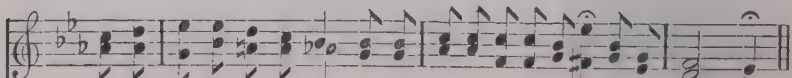
Lord in power and glo-ry shall ap-pear.
 not ac-cept His of-fered par-don now?
 in and reign as Lord for ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

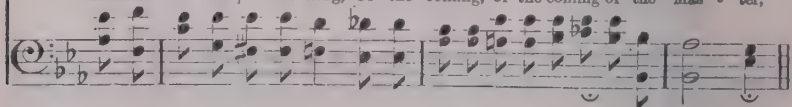
Oh, be rea-dy for the

coming of the King, Oh, be ready, help that joy-ful day to bring, Oh, be rea-dy.

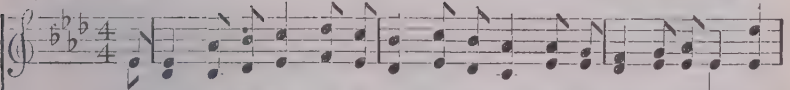
faithful to the promise cling, Of the coming, of the coming of the Mas-ter,



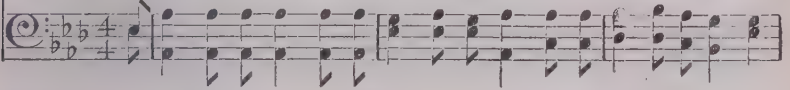
He is Coming, surely Coming.

JOHN CLIMIE.

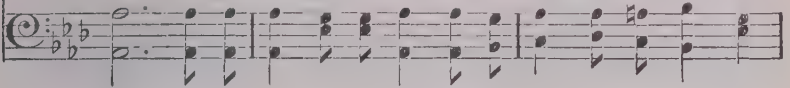
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



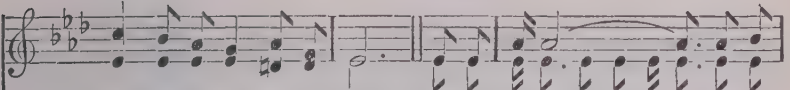
1. The Sa - viour we wait for is com - ing again, From His throne in the sky some
2. The life that He yield - ed on Cal - va - ry's tree, Was an of - fer - ing not in
3. His church has kept vig - il throughout the long years That have passed since He went a -
4. Ere He left here He promised to come back a - gain, And no pro - mise of His can



day, And He's com - ing to gath - er His ran - somed ones home That
vain; With His blood He has purchased the bride of His choice, For
way; And be - yond the hour fixed on for Him to re - turn Not
fail; We are watch - ing and wait - ing with hearts wide a - wake His



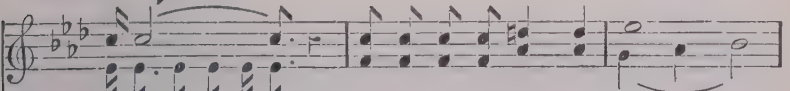
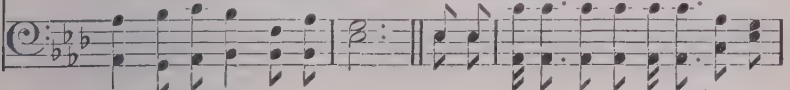
CHORUS.



with Him they ev - er may stay.
whom He is com - ing a - gain.
one mo - ment will He de - lay.
ad - vent with glad - ness to hail.

Yes, He's coming, sure - ly

Yes, He's coming, surely coming, Yes, He's



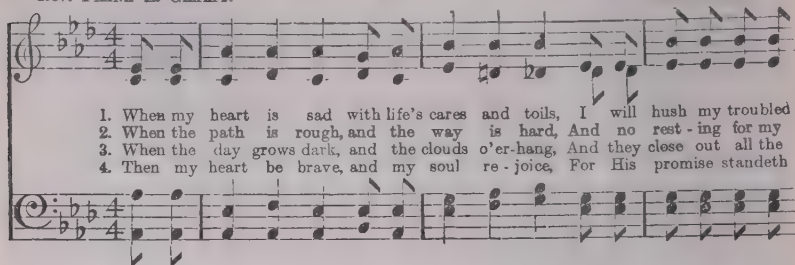
com - ing,
com - ing, surely coming,

Com - ing not as once He came,

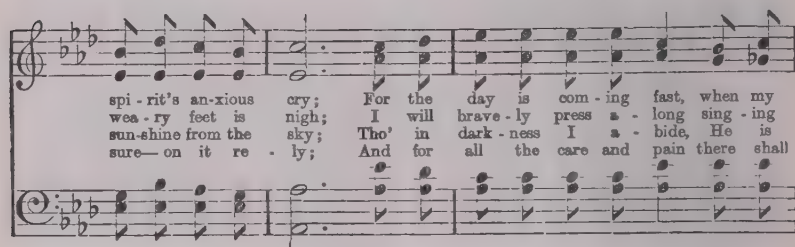


Coming clothed with power and glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name.

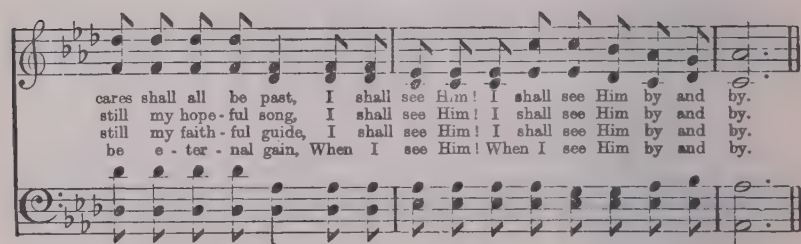




1. When my heart is sad with life's cares and toils, I will hush my troubled
 2. When the path is rough, and the way is hard, And no rest - ing for my
 3. When the day grows dark, and the clouds o'er-hang, And they close out all the
 4. Then my heart be brave, and my soul re - joice, For His promise standeth

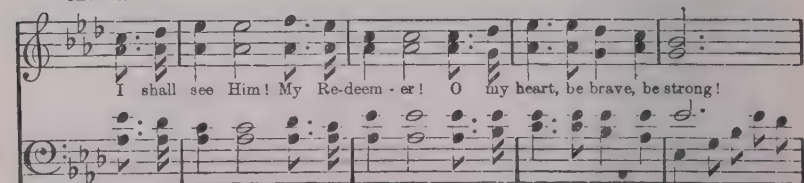


spi - rit's an - xious cry; For the day is com - ing fast, when my
 wea - ry feet is nigh; I will brave - ly press a - long sing - ing
 sun - shine from the sky; Tho' in dark - ness I a - bide, He is
 sure—on it re - ly; And for all the care and pain there shall



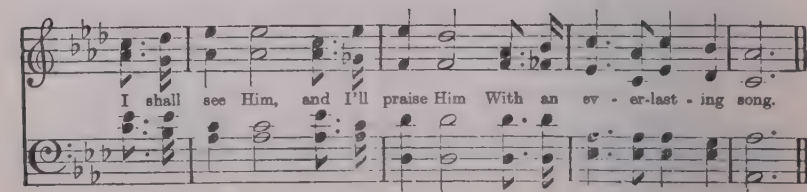
cares shall all be past, I shall see Him! I shall see Him by and by.
 still my hope - ful song, I shall see Him! I shall see Him by and by.
 still my faith - ful guide, I shall see Him! I shall see Him by and by.
 be e - ter - nal gain, When I see Him! When I see Him by and by.

CHORUS.



I shall see Him! My Re-deem - er! O my heart, be brave, be strong!

I shall see Him!



I shall see Him, and I'll praise Him With an ev - er - last - ing song.

547

When I Behold Him.

ELLA M. PARKS.

(AN EFFECTIVE SOLO.)

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Af-ter the earthly shadows have lifte-d, And o'er the hill - tops
2. Helpless He found me, lifted me to Him; Whisper'd of par - don a -
3. Now in His presence, daily I'm living, Walking by faith where mine

morning I see, Sweetest of prospects, I shall behold Him, Je-sus, the
bundant and free; Breath'd He His peace o'er my sin-stricken spirit; Pointed my
eyes cannot see; For He is guid - ing home to that cit - y, Built for His

Ritard..... CHORUS.

Saviour of sinners like me.
vis - ion to Cal - va - ry's tree. When I behold Him, Christ, in His beauty,
lov'd ones—sav'd sinners like me.

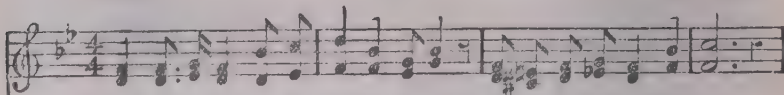
When with the ransom'd His face I shall see, O how my heart in

Ritard.....

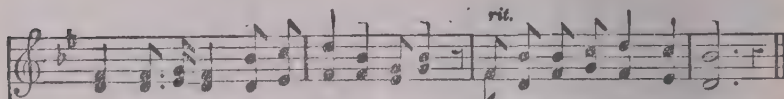
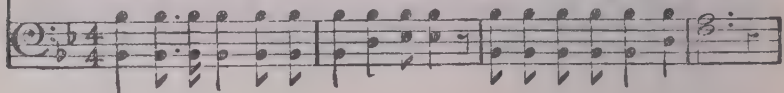
rapture will praise Him, Praise Him for sav - ing a sin - ner like me.

F. J. Crosby.

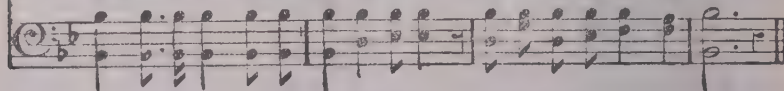
W. H. Doane.



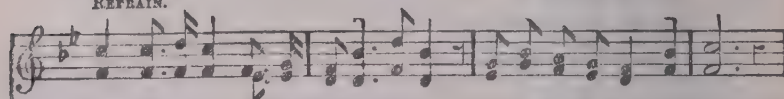
1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward His servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the ear-ly morning, He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Bless-ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo-ry they shall share;



1. Faithful to Him will He find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright.
2. When to the Lord we re-store our talents, Will He answer thee—"Well done!"
3. If in our hearts there is nought condemn us, We shall have a glorious rest.
4. If He should come at the dawn or midnight, Will He find us watching there?



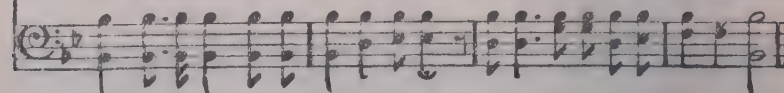
REFRAIN.



Oh, can we say we are ready, brother— Ready for the soul's bright home?



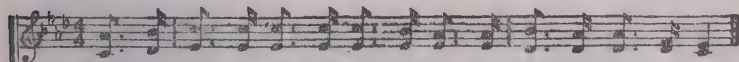
Say, will He find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting, when the Lord shall come.



549 When the Roll is called up Yonder.

J. M. B.

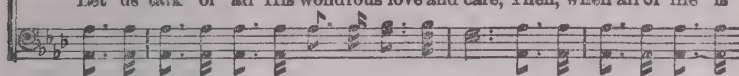
J. M. BLACK.



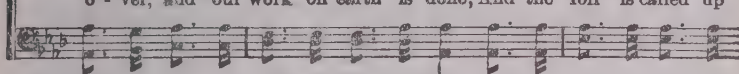
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



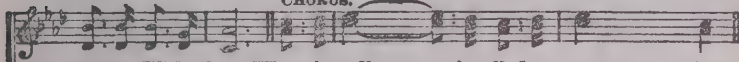
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is



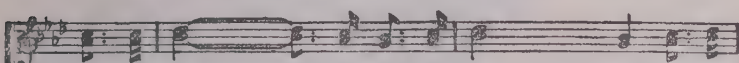
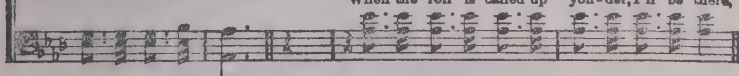
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



CHORUS.



yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der,
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

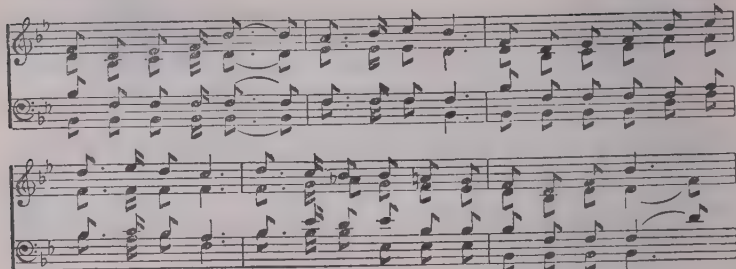


When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there.

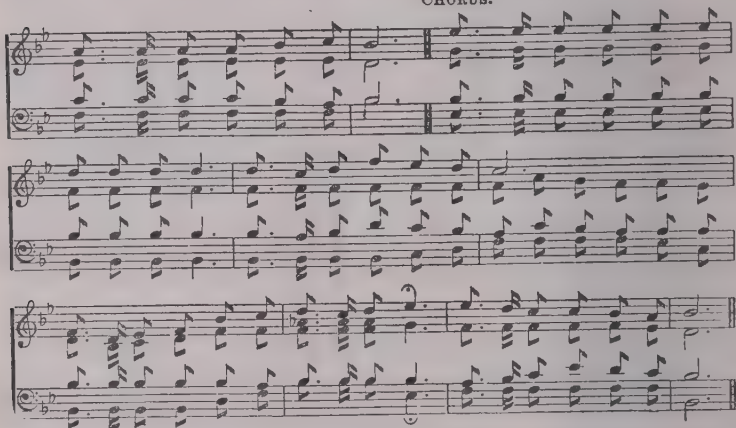


roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

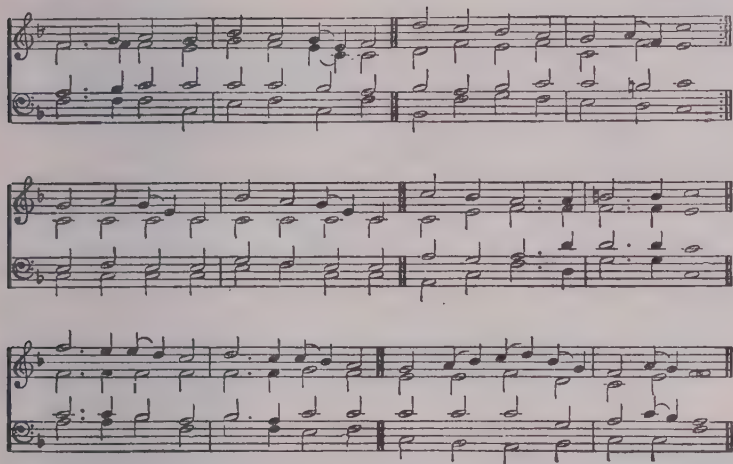




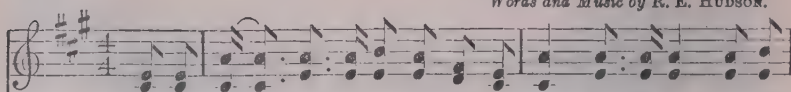
CHORUS.



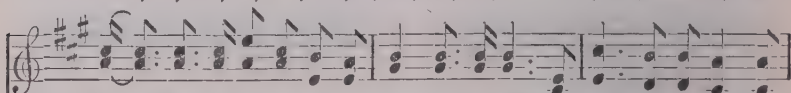
- 1 JESUS is coming! Sing the glad word!
Coming for those He redeemed by His blood!
Coming to reign as the glorified Lord!
Jesus is coming again!
Jesus is coming, is coming again!
Jesus is coming again! . . .
Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain!
Jesus is coming again.
- 2 Jesus is coming! The dead shall arise,
Loved ones shall meet in a joyful surprise,
Caught up together to Him in the skies.
Jesus is coming again!
- 3 Jesus is coming! His saints to release;
Coming to give to the warring earth peace:
Sinning and sighing and sorrow shall cease.
Jesus is coming again!
- 4 Jesus is coming! The promise is true:
Who are the chosen, the faithful, the few,
Waiting and watching, prepared for review?
Jesus is coming again!



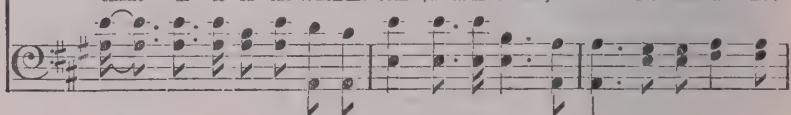
- 1 I AM waiting for the dawning
Of the bright and blessed day,
When the darksome night of sorrow
Shall have vanished far away.
When for ever with the Saviour,
Far beyond this vale of tears,
I shall swell the song of worship
Through the everlasting years.
- 2 I am looking at the brightness,
(See, it shineth from afar,)
Of the clear and joyous beaming,
Of the "Bright and Morning Star."
Through the dark-grey mist of morning
Do I see its glorious light;
Then away with every shadow
Of this sad and weary night.
- 3 I am waiting for the coming
Of the Lord who died for me;
Oh, His words have thrilled my spirit—
"I will come again for thee."
I can almost hear His footfall
On the threshold of the door,
And my heart, my heart is longing
To be with Him evermore.



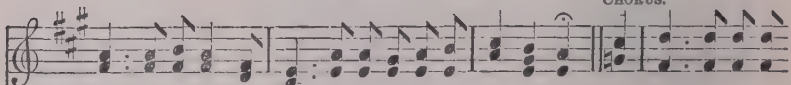
1. Are you rea - dy for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes ? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimmed and burn - ing When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; We will



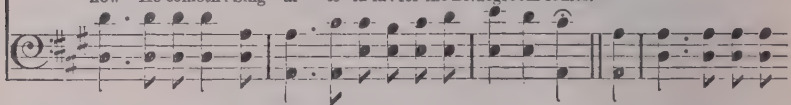
ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes ? Behold ! He com - eth ! Be -
lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; He quick - ly com - eth, He
all go out to meet Him, When He comes, when He comes; He sure - ly com - eth ! He
chant al - le - lu - ias When He comes, when He comes; Lo ! now He com - eth ! Lo !



CHORUS.



hold ! He cometh ! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes. } Behold the Bridegroom
quick - ly cometh, O soul ! be ready when the Bridegroom comes. }
sure - ly cometh ! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes. }
now He cometh ! Sing al - le - lu - ia ! for the Bridegroom comes. }



for He comes, for He comes ! Be - hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes ! Be -



hold ! He cometh ! be - hold ! He cometh ! Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.



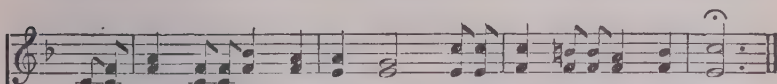
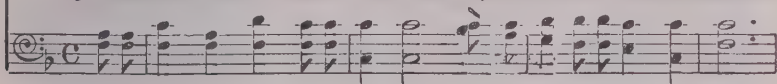
The King in His Beauty.

A. J. G.

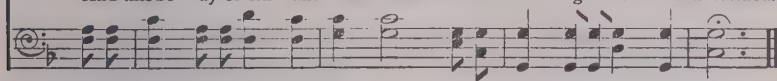
Dr A. J. GORDON.



1. I shall see the King in His beau-ty, In the land that is far a - way,
2. To be- hold the Chief of Ten Thousand, Ah ! my soul this were joy e - nough ;
3. Who can tell the rap - turous meet-ing, When the Lord shall bring home His own?
4. Oh ! to none will the King be a stranger Of the throngs who surround His seat ;
5. I shall see Him, I shall be like Him, By one glance of His face transform'd,



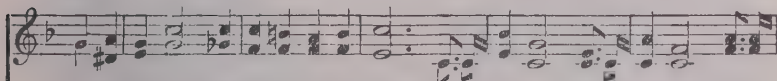
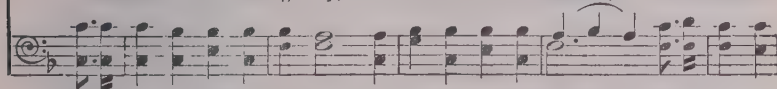
When the shadows at length have lifted, And the darkness has turn'd to - day.
'Twill suffice for the bliss of hea - ven, That the Lamb is the light thereof.
With one sight all His saints are ra - vish'd, The Lamb in the midst of the throne.
For the hearts of the sav'd will know Him, By the prints of the nails in His feet.
And this bo - dy of sin and dark-ness To the im - age of Christ con- formed.



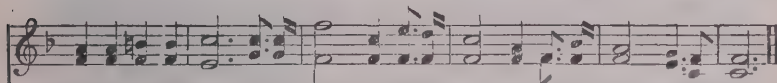
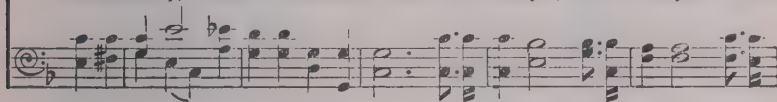
CHORUS.



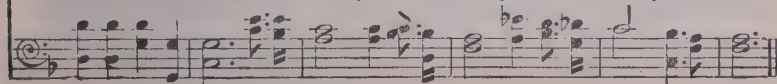
I shall see Him in the glo-ry, — The Lamb that once was slain ; How I'll then re-

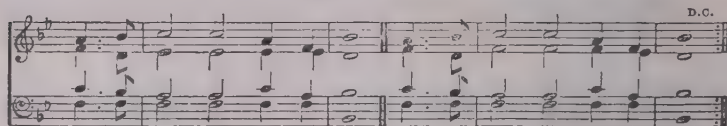


sound the story, With all the ransom'd train ! Halle-lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah ! To the



Lamb that once was slain ; Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah ! A - men.





1 "TILL He come!" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the "little while" between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is lose,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till He come!"

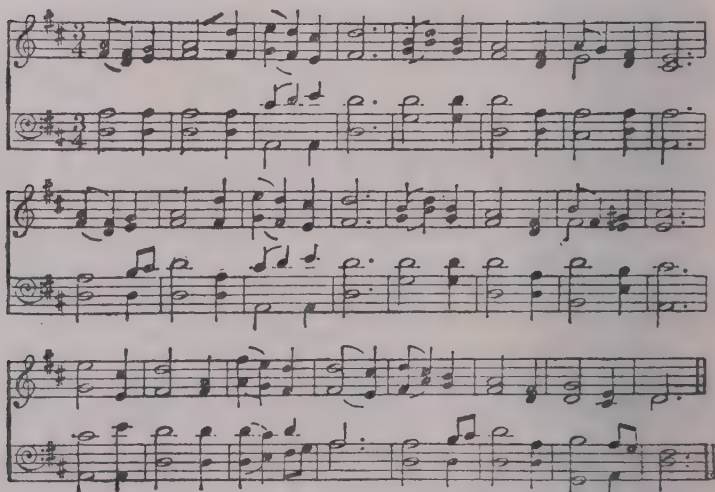
2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
When their words of love and cheer
Fall no longer on our ear,
Hush! be every murmur dumb,
It is only "Till He come!"

4 See, the feast of love divine,
Broken bread and outpoured wine.
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board,
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come!"

"Wells"

SECOND TUNE.

7.7.7.7.7.7.



Christ Returneth.

P.M.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves for the voices and one for the piano. The second system also has two staves for the voices and one for the piano. The third system has two staves for the voices and one for the piano. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal parts enter in the second measure of the first system and continue through the end of the piece.

CHORUS.

- 1 It may be at morn,
When the day is awaking,
When sunlight through darkness
And shadow is breaking,
That Jesus will come
In the fulness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."
O Lord Jesus how long?—
How long—ere we shout the glad song?—
Christ returneth! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!
- 2 It may be at midday,
It may be at twilight,
It may be, perchance,
That the blackness of midnight
Will burst into light

- In the blaze of His glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."
- 3 While hosts cry Hosanna,
From heaven descending,
With glorified saints
And the angels attending,
With grace on His brow,
Like a halo of glory,
Will Jesus receive "His own."
- 4 Oh, joy! oh, delight!
Should we go without dying!
No sickness, no sadness,
No dread, and no crying;
Caught up through the clouds
With our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

The Lord's Second Coming.

556

The Lord is Coming.

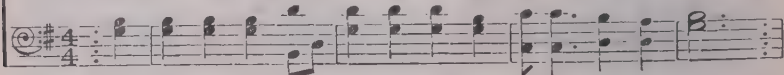
"Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him." (Matt. xxv. 6).

E. A. H.

REV. E. A. HOFFMANN.



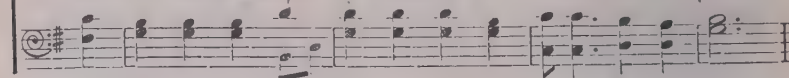
1. { The Lord is com - ing by and by, Be ready when He comes;
He comes from His fair home on high, Be ready when He comes;
2. { He soon will come to earth a - gain, Be ready when He comes;
Be - gin His u - ni - ver - sal reign, Be ready when He comes;
3. { Be - hold! He comes to one and all, Be ready when He comes;
He quick - ly comes with trumpet call, Be ready when He comes;



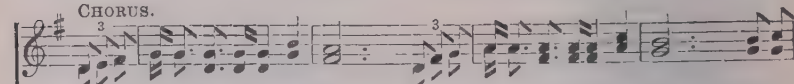
He is the Lord our right-eous-ness, And comes His cho - sen ones to bless,
With hal - le - lu - jah's heav'n will ring, When Je - sus does re - demption bring;
To judgment called at His command, Drawn thither by His might-y hand,



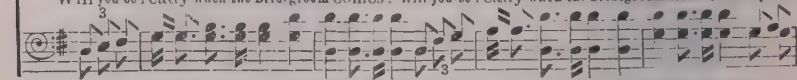
And at His Fa - ther's throne con-fess; Be ready when He comes.
O trim your lamps to meet your King! Be ready when He comes.
Be - fore His throne we all must stand; Be ready when He comes.



CHORUS.

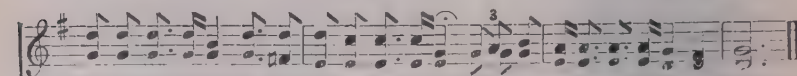


Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes? Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes? Will your

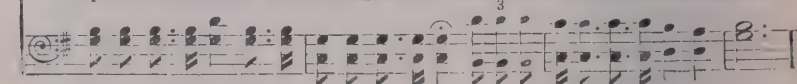


when He comes?

when He comes?



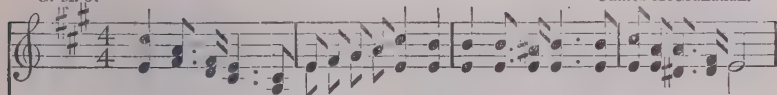
lamps be trimm'd and bright, Be it morning, noon or night? Will you be ready when the Bridegroom comes.



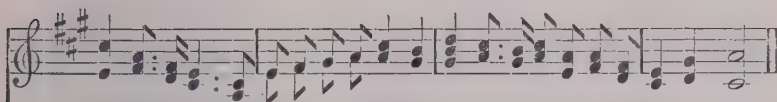
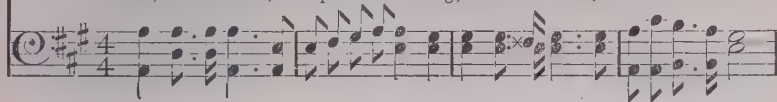
557 "Go Ye into all the World."

G. M. J.

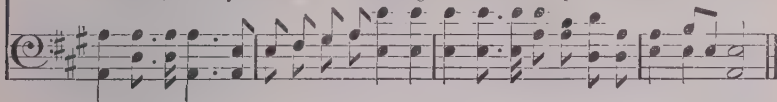
James McGranahan.



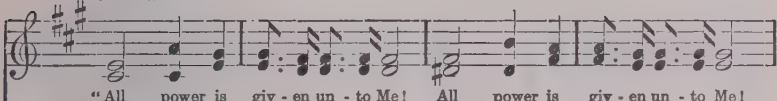
1. Far, far away in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for ever may be lost;
2. See, o'er the world, wide open doors inviting; Soldiers of Christ, a - rise and enter in!



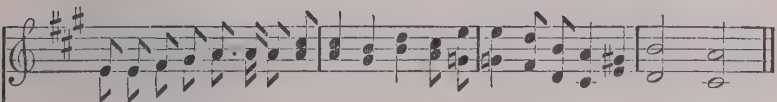
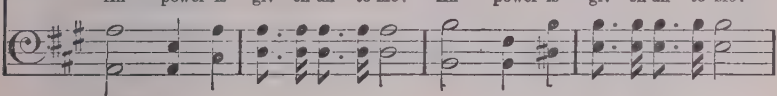
Who, who will go Sal - va - tion's story telling—Looking to Jesus, counting not the cost?
Christians, awake! your forces all u - ni - ting, Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin!



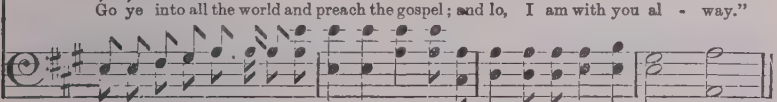
CHORUS.



"All power is giv - en un - to Me! All power is giv - en un - to Me!



Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel; and lo, I am with you al - way."



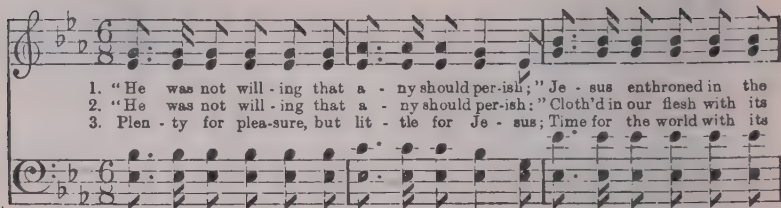
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is calling;
"Why will ye die?" re-echo in His Name;
Jesus hath died to save from death appalling;
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.
4. God speed the day when those of every nation,
"Glory to God" triumphantly shall sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout "Hallelujah, for the Lord is King!"

558

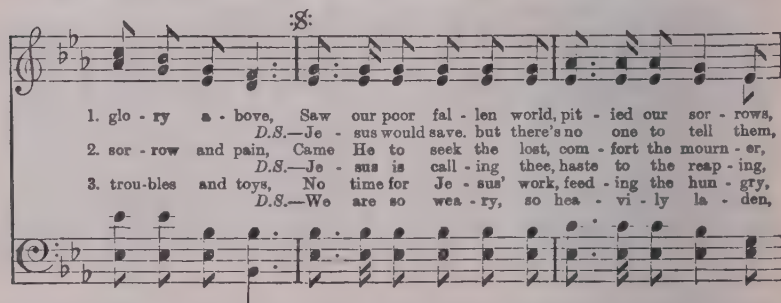
He was not Willing.

L. R. M.

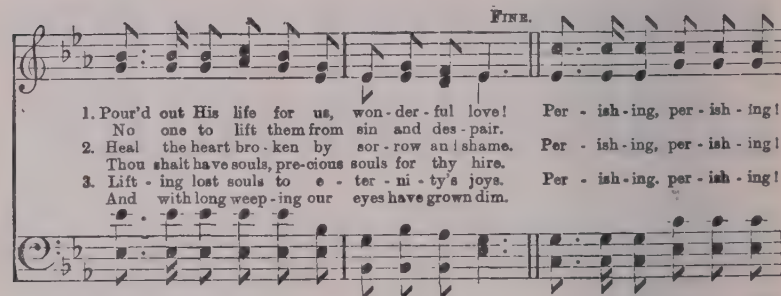
L. R. M.



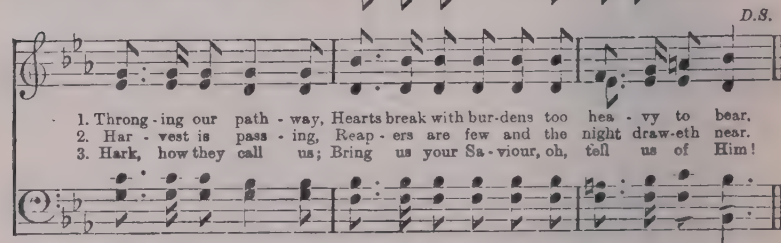
1. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Je - sus enthroned in the
 2. "He was not will-ing that a - ny should per-ish;" Cloth'd in our flesh with its
 3. Plen - ty for plea-sure, but lit - tle for Je - sus; Time for the world with its



1. glo - ry a - bove, Saw our poor fal - len world, pit - ied our sor - rows,
D.S.—Je - sus would save, but there's no one to tell them,
 2. sor - row and pain, Came He to seek the lost, com - fort the mourn - er,
D.S.—Je - sus is call - ing thee, haste to the reap - ing,
 3. trou-bles and toys, No time for Je - sus' work, feed - ing the hun - gry,
D.S.—We are so wea - ry, so hea - vi - ly la - den,



1. Pour'd out His life for us, won - der - ful love! Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
 No one to lift them from sin and des - pair.
 2. Heal the heart bro - ken by sor - row and shame. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
 Thou shalt have souls, pre-cious souls for thy hire.
 3. Lift - ing lost souls to e - ter - ni - ty's joys. Per - ish - ing, per - ish - ing!
 And with long weep - ing our eyes have grown dim.



1. Throng - ing our path - way, Hearts break with bur - dens too hea - vy to bear,
 2. Har - vest is pass - ing, Reap - ers are few and the night draw - eth near.
 3. Hark, how they call us; Bring us your Sa - viour, oh, tell us of Him!

4. "He was not willing that any should perish;"
 Am I His follower, and can I live
 Longer at ease with a soul going downward,
 Lost for the lack of the help I might give?

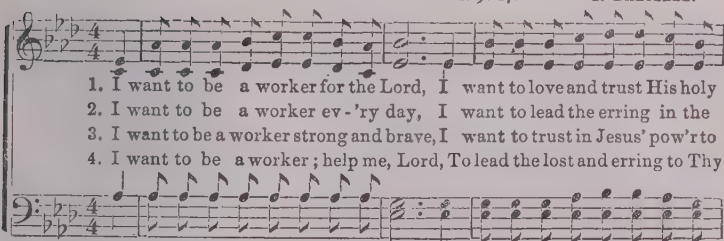
Perishing, perishing! Thou wast not willing;
 Master, forgive, and inspire us anew;
 Banish our worldliness, help us to ever
 Live with eternity's values in view.

I Want to be a Worker,

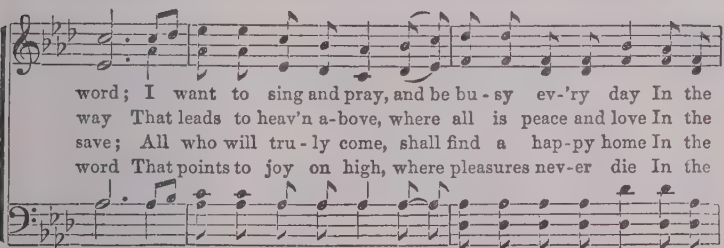
I. B

"The laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 27.

I. BALTZELL.

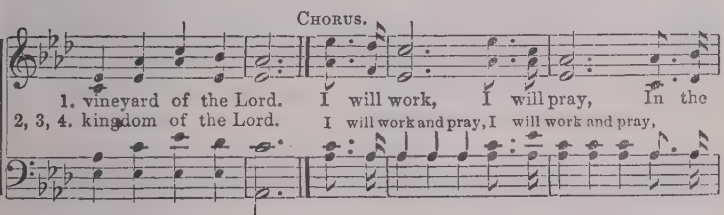


1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to Thy

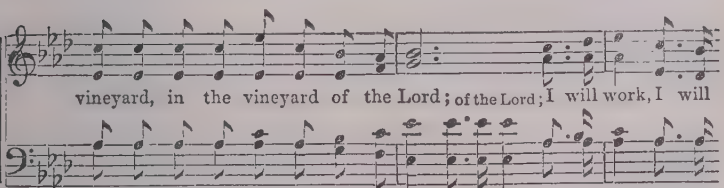


word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n a-bove, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures nev-er die In the

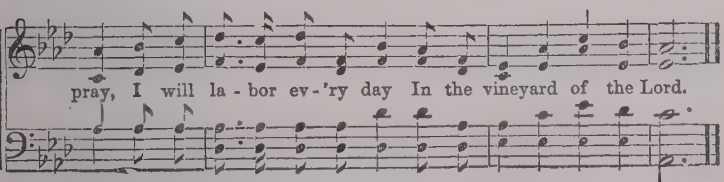
CHORUS.



1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will



pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

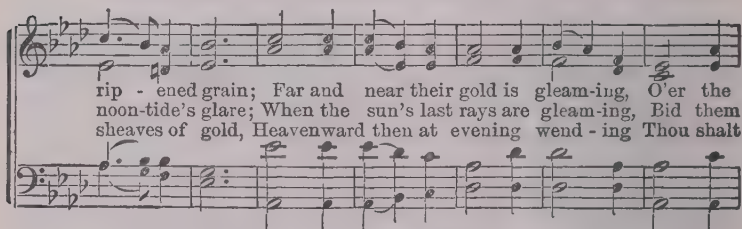
J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

Spirited.

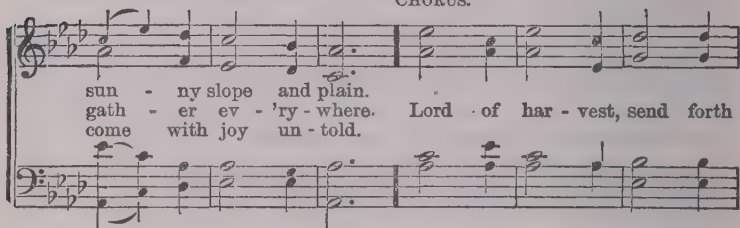


1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the

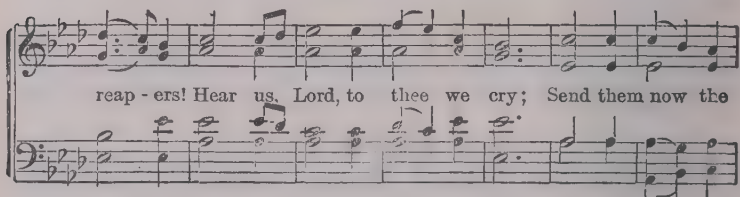


rip - ened grain; Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the
noon-tide's glare; When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them
sheaves of gold, Heavenward then at evening wend - ing Thou shalt

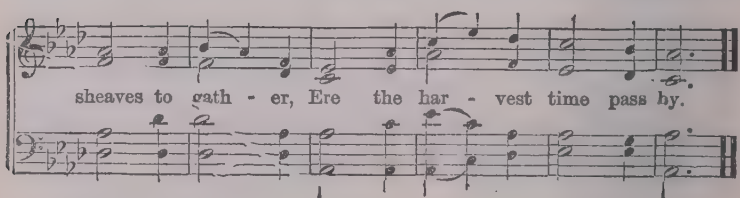
CHORUS.



sun - ny slope and plain.
gath - er ev - 'ry - where. Lord of har - vest, send forth
come with joy un - told.



reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry; Send them now the



sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

561

Jesus shall Reign.

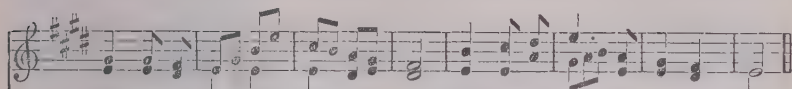
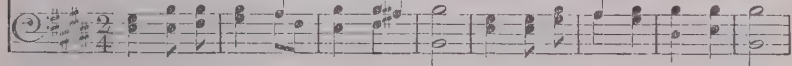
ISAAC WATTS.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

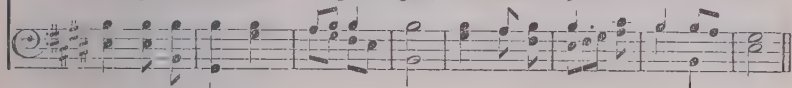
HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. Peo - ples and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
3. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And endless prais - es crown His head;
4. Then all the earth shall rise and bring Pe - cul - iar hon - ours to its King;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
 His name like sweet per - fumes shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men.



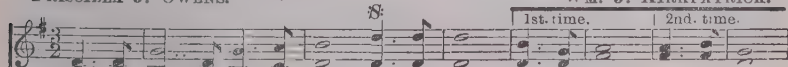
562

Jesus Saves.

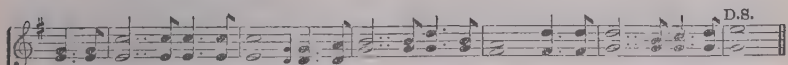
"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and Thou shalt be saved." ACTS xvi 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

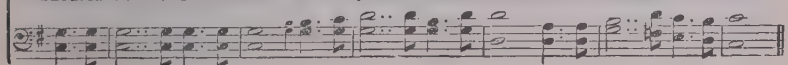
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. { We have heard the joy - ful sound,
Tell the mes - sage all a - round,
2. { Waft it on the roll - ing tide,
Say to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. { Give the winds a migh - ty voice,
Let the na - tions now re - joice,



Bear the news to ev - ry land, Climb the steep and cross the waves; Onward! 'tis our Lord's command:
 Sing ye Is - lands of the sea, Ec - ho back ye o - cean caves; Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee:
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free To ev - 'ry strand that ocean laves; This our song of vic - tor - y:



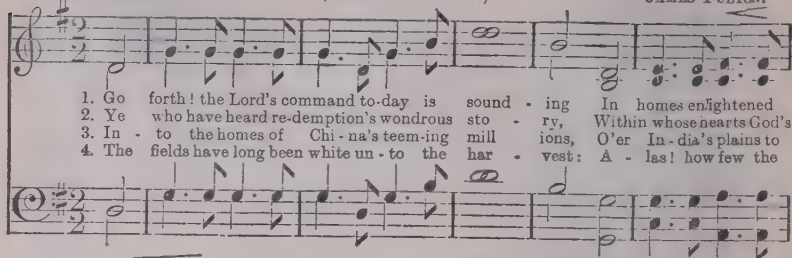
Who then Will Go?

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi. 15.

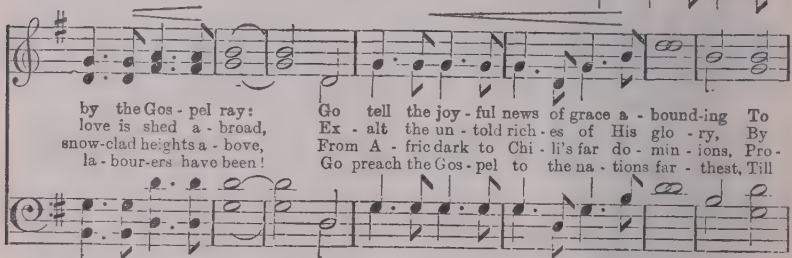
WM. S. ERSKINE.

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

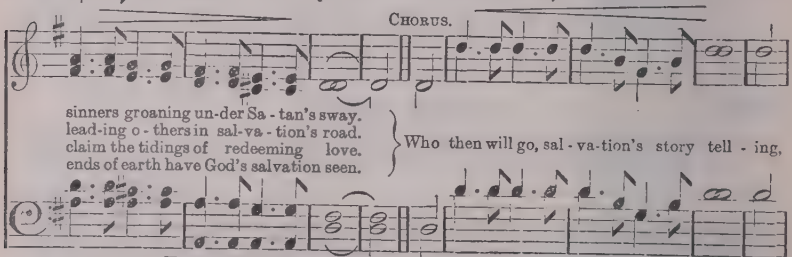
JAMES FULTON.



1. Go forth! the Lord's command to-day is sound - ing In homes enlightened
 2. Ye who have heard re-demption's wondrous sto - ry, Within whose hearts God's
 3. In - to the homes of Chi - na's teem-ing mill - ions, O'er In - dia's plains to
 4. The fields have long been white un - to the har - vest: A - las! how few the



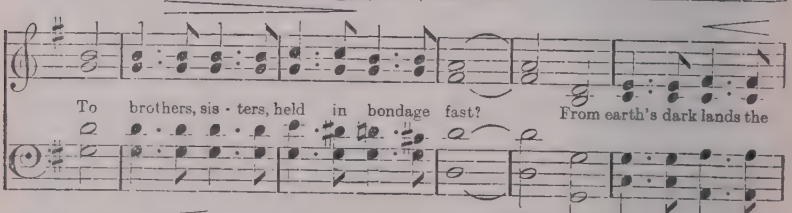
by the Gos - pel ray: Go tell the joy - ful news of grace a - bound-ing To
 love is shed a - broad, Ex - alt the un - told rich - es of His glo - ry, By
 snow-clad heights a - bove, From A - fric dark to Chi - li's far do - min - ions, Pro -
 la - bour-ers have been! Go preach the Gos - pel to the na - tions far - thest, Till



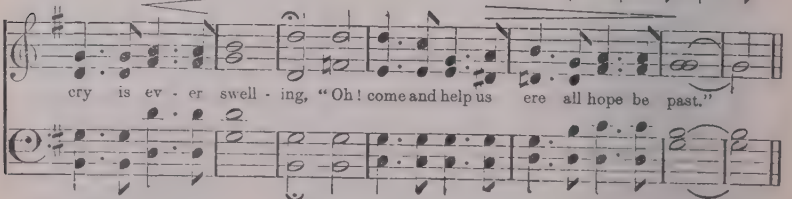
CHORUS.

sinners groaning un - der Sa - tan's sway,
 lead-ing o - thers in sal - va - tion's road.
 claim the tidings of redeeming love.
 ends of earth have God's salvation seen.

Who then will go, sal - va - tion's story tell - ing,



To brothers, sis - ters, held in bondage fast? From earth's dark lands the



cry is ev - er swell - ing, "Oh! come and help us ere all hope be past."

Where are the Reapers?

E. E. Rexford.

Moderato.

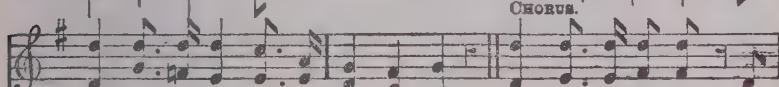
G. F. Root. By per.



1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good from the
2. Go out in the bye-ways and search them all: The wheat may be there, tho' the
3. The fields are all rip'n-ing, and far and wide The world is a-wait-ing the
4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And ga-ther to-ge-th-er the



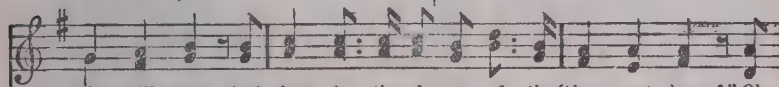
1. fields of sin? With sic-kles of truth must the work be done, And
2. weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by, But
3. har-vest tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great, And
4. gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come, Then



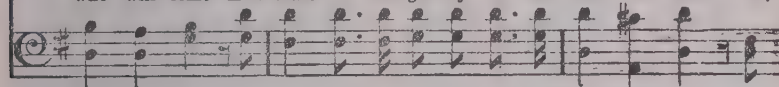
CHORUS.

1. no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
2. ga-ther from all for the home on high.
3. much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
4. share in the joy of the "har-vest home."

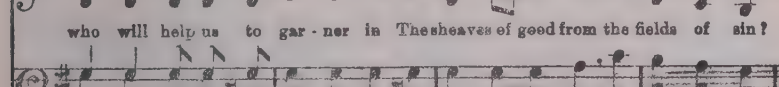
Where are the reap-ers? Oh,



who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,

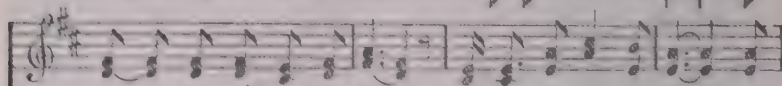
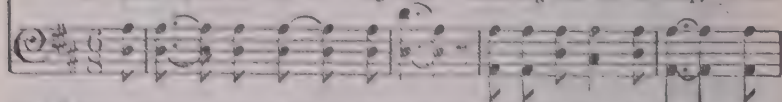


who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

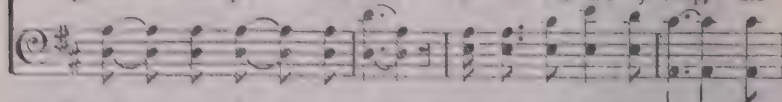




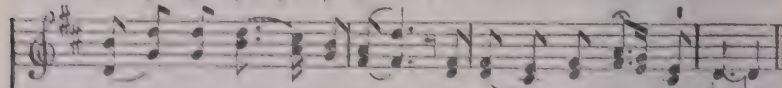
1. A cry comes o'er the deep, Wail-ing of dy-ing souls, 'Tis
2. Sweet hope went out with the day, Rudd-er and com-pass lost; De-
3. Quick I point to the sav-ing Rock Loom-ing from out the deep, Whose



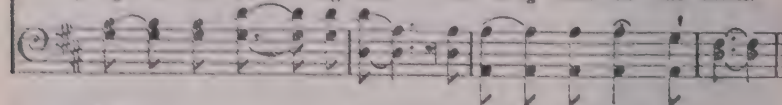
1. eek-oed in ev-'ry heart, "Broth-ers are on the shoals!" The
2. spair more dark than the night Crown-eth the tem-pest tossed; No
3. bea-con the per-iled souls Ev-er will safe-ly keep, No



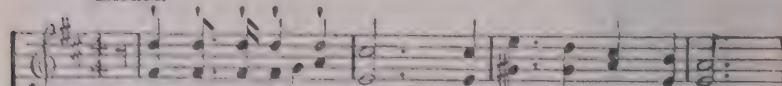
1. break-ers are dash-ing high, And death is in ev-'ry wave, And
2. help may come from the sea, No suc-cor from the land, Say,
3. mat-ter how fierce the storm, — How madly the bil-low rolls, The



1. wild-ly ring-eth the cry, "We per-ish with none to save."
2. must they per-ish and we Reach nev-er to them a hand?
3. light of the Guid-ing Star Will bring them off the shoals.



CHORUS.



Ring out the tide of song, While prayer its bur-den rolls,
of song,



On the Shoals.—Continued.

That He who rules the storm, . . . Will bring them off the shoals.

566

God is Love.

From "Believers' Hymn Book," No. 357.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. God is Love! His word pro-claims it, This is news of
 2. Not in yon-der bless-ed re-gions Where the Lord, with
 3. 'Tis on earth the Lord dis-clos-es All His love how
 4. 'Tis that "Man of Sor-rows" yon-der, Ob-ject of con-
 5. Not for those who ev-er loved Him, Did the Lord of
 6. 'Tis a truth, go forth and spread it, Spread the tid-ings

Heav'n-ly birth, Speed a-broad and wide-ly spread it,
 glo-ry crowned, Reigns a-mid an-gel-ic le-gions
 vast it is, Earth's the fa-voured spot He choos-es
 tempt be-neath, But in heav'n of high-est won-der,
 glo-ry die, Pi-ty to the wretch-ed moved Him,
 far and near, O may sin-ners give it cre-dit,

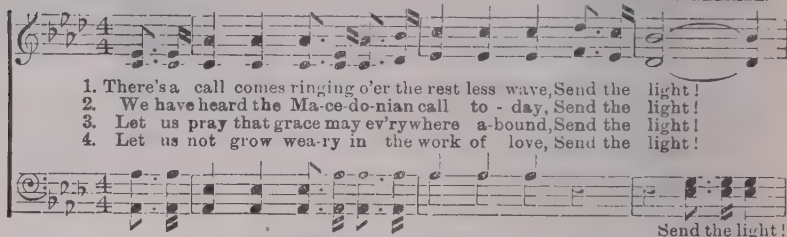
Make it known through all the earth, That God is Love.
 Will the bright-est proof be found, That God is Love.
 To dis-play the truth of this, That God is Love.
 Teach-es ful-ly by His death, That God is Love.
 Who that hears it will de-n-y That God is Love?
 And be joy-ful when they hear That God is Love.

Send the Light.

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth." (Psalm xliiii. 3.)

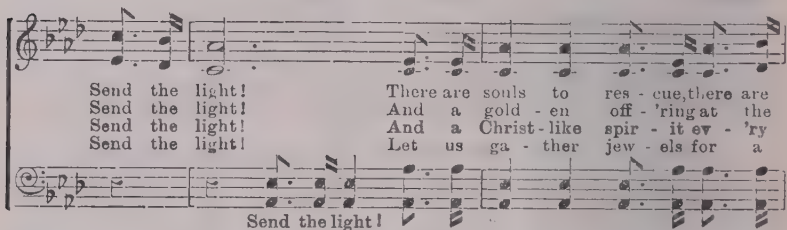
C. H. G.

C. H. GABRIEL.



1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the rest less wave, Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to-day, Send the light!
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'rywhere a-bound, Send the light!
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light!

Send the light!



Send the light! There are souls to res-cue, there are
 Send the light! And a gold-en off-'ring at the
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry
 Send the light! Let us ga-ther jew-els for a

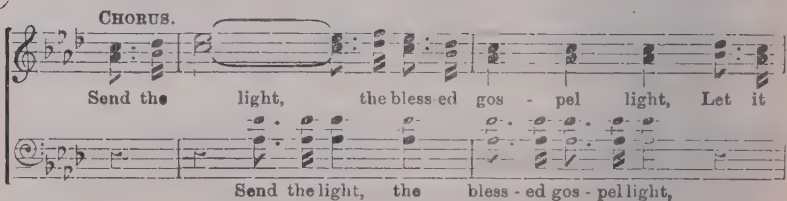
Send the light!



souls to save, } Send the light! Send the light!
 cross we lay, }
 where be found, }
 crown a-bove, }

Send the light! Send the light!

CHORUS.



Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light, Let it

Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,



shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and let its

Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and

Send the Light—continued.

forev - er - more.



ra - diant beams Light the world forev - er - more, forev er - more.

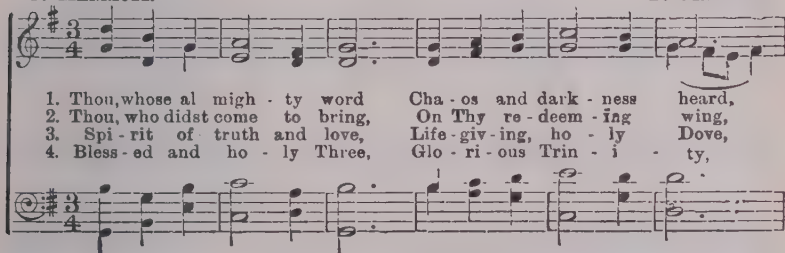
let its radiant beams Light the world

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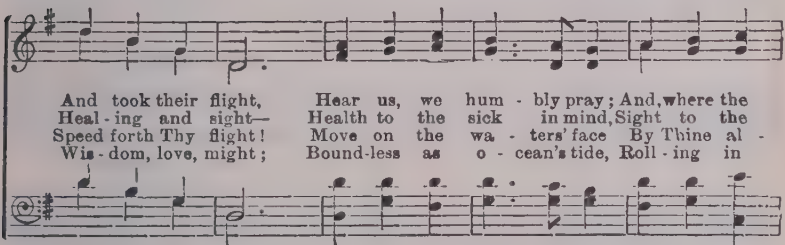
Let there be Light.

J. MARRIOTT.

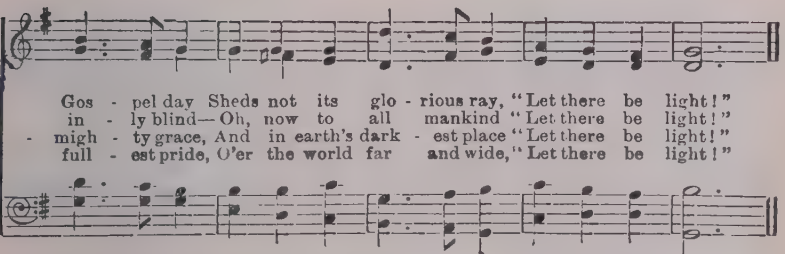
F. GIARDINI.



1. Thou, whose al might - ty word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
 2. Thou, who didst come to bring, On Thy re - deem - ing wing,
 3. Spi - rit of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove,
 4. Bless - ed and ho - ly Three, Glo - ri - ous Trin - i - ty,



And took their flight, Hear us, we hum - bly pray; And, where the
 Heal - ing and sight— Health to the sick in mind, Sight to the
 Speed forth Thy flight! Move on the wa - ters' face By Thine al -
 Wis - dom, love, might; Bound - less as o - cean's tide, Roll - ing in

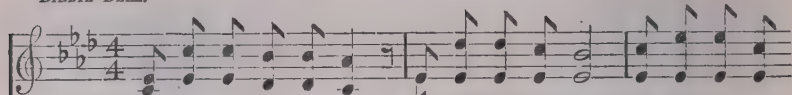


Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, "Let there be light!"
 in - ly blind— Oh, now to all mankind "Let there be light!"
 - migh - ty grace, And in earth's dark - est place "Let there be light!"
 full - est pride, O'er the world far and wide, "Let there be light!"

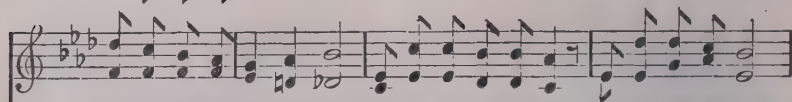
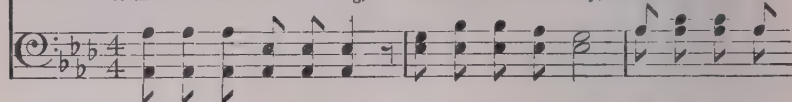
Harvest-fields are Waiting.

BIRDIE BELL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



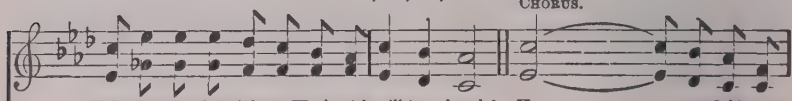
1. Har-vest-fields are wait-ing, White the wav-ing grain; Christ the Mas-ter
2. Har-vest-fields are wait-ing, Do not lin-ger long; Borne up-on the
3. Har-vest-fields are wait-ing, Who will come to-day, Join the band of



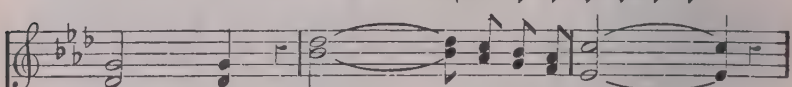
call-eth, Soon the day will wane. Hast-en at His bid-ding, Join the rea-per band;
breezes, Comes the rea-per's song. Pa-tient-ly, O toi-ler, Pluck the gold-en grain,
reapers, Bear the sheaves a-way? Soon the day of toil-ing Will be ev-er past;



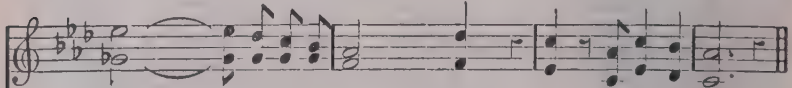
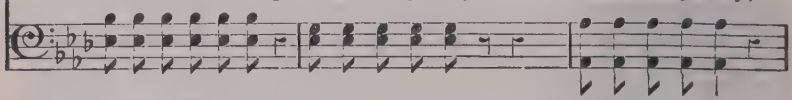
CHORUS.



Help them at their labour, Work with will-ing hand. } Har - vest fields are
Ere the shades of evening Fall o'er hill and plain. }
May the Master's greeting Be "Well done" at last! } Harvest-fields are waiting,



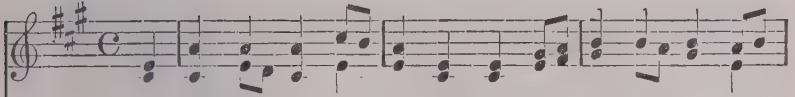
wait - ing, La - - - - - bour while you may:
Harvest-fields are waiting, Labour while you may, Labour while you may;



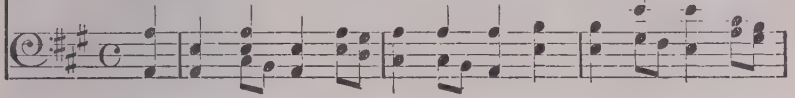
Time is swiftly fly - ing, Come and work to-day.
Time is swiftly fly-ing, Time is swiftly fly-ing,



Trim Your Lamps!



1. Re - joice, ye saints! the time draws near When Christ will in the
2. The trum - pet sounds, the thun - ders roll; The hea - vens pass - ing
3. Poor sin - ners then on earth will cry, While light - nings flash from
4. Come, breth - ren all, and let us try To warn poor sin - ners,



CHORUS.



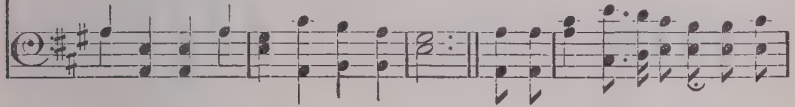
clouds ap - pear, And for His peo - ple call.

as a scroll, The earth will burn with fire.

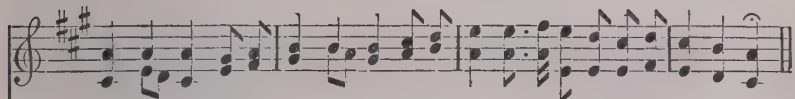
out the sky, "O mountains, on us fall!"

and to cry, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!"

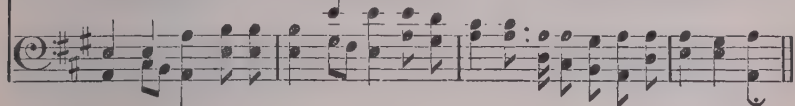
} Trim your lamps, and be ready, trim your



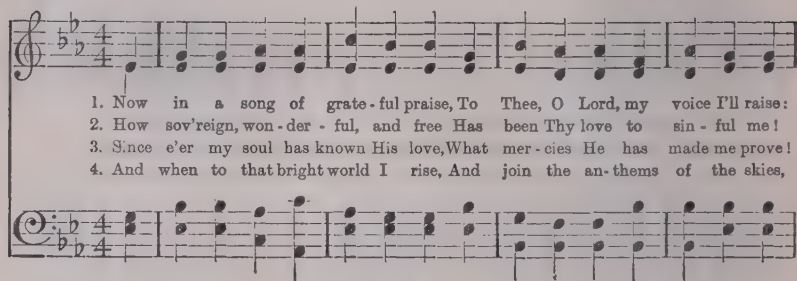
lamps, and be rea - dy, Trim your lamps, and be rea - dy For the midnight cry, For the



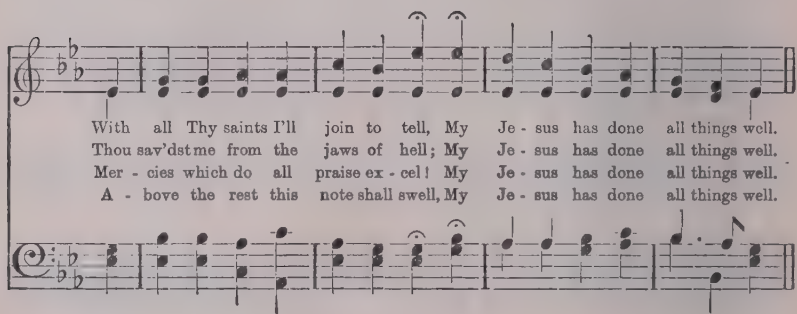
mid-night cry, For the mid-night cry, Trim your lamps, and be ready For the midnight cry.



573 My Jesus has Done all Things Well.

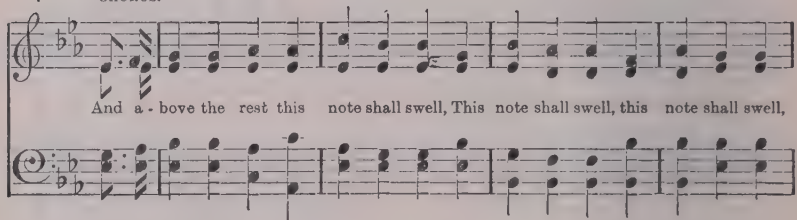


1. Now in a song of grate-ful praise, To Thee, O Lord, my voice I'll raise:
2. How sov'reign, won-der-ful, and free Has been Thy love to sin-ful me!
3. Since e'er my soul has known His love, What mer-cies He has made me prove!
4. And when to that bright world I rise, And join the an-thems of the skies,

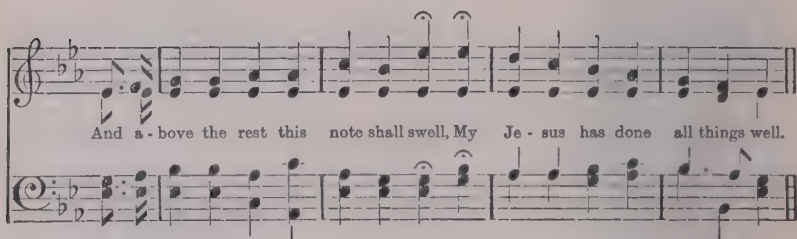


With all Thy saints I'll join to tell, My Je-sus has done all things well.
Thou sav'dst me from the jaws of hell; My Je-sus has done all things well.
Mer-cies which do all praise ex-cel! My Je-sus has done all things well.
A-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus has done all things well.

CHORUS.



And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell,

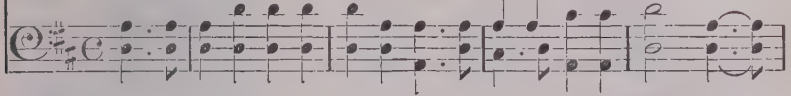


And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus has done all things well.

The Christian's Rest.



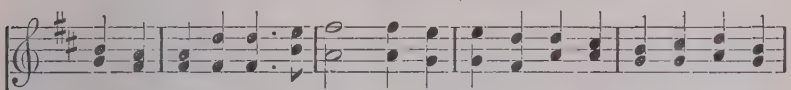
1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest, Where the
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand: My
3. Pain nor sickness e'er can en - ter; Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But in



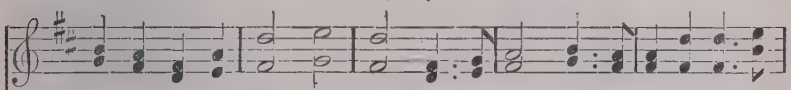
CHORUS.



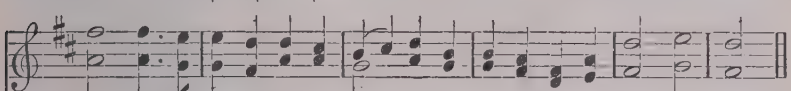
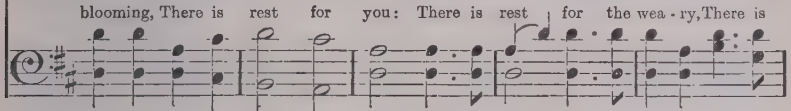
- Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
 stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land. } On the o - ther
 that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.



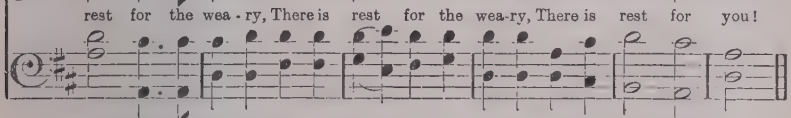
side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den, Where the Tree of Life is



blooming, There is rest for you: There is rest for the wea - ry, There is



rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you!

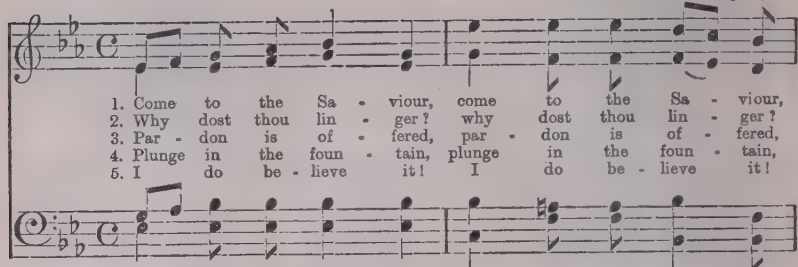


4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And its sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout with gladness, O ye ransomed!
 Hail with joy the happy morn!

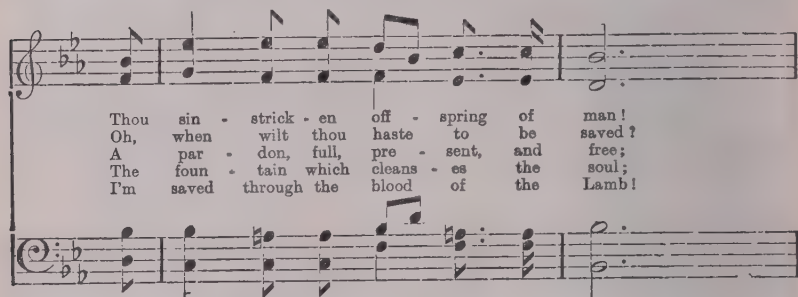
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!
 Shout your triumphs as you go!
 Zion's gates will open to you—
 You shall find an entrance through.

Come to the Saviour.

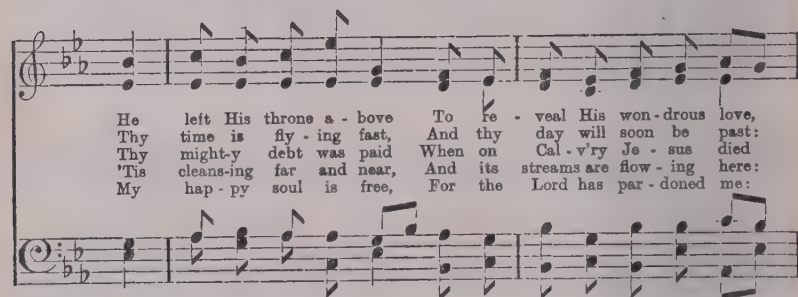
SCOTTISH MELODY (adapted).



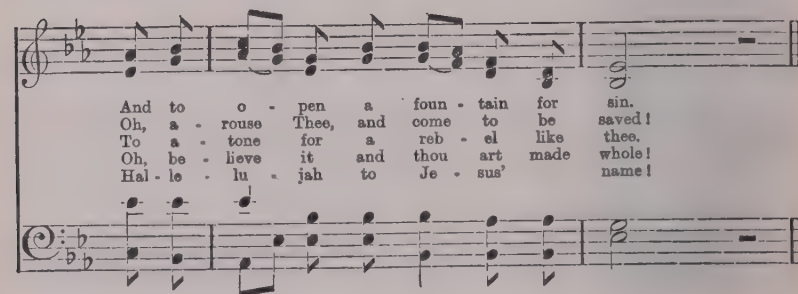
1. Come to the Sa - viour, come to the Sa - viour,
 2. Why dost thou lin - ger? why dost thou lin - ger?
 3. Par - don is of - fered, par - don is of - fered,
 4. Plunge in the foun - tain, plunge in the foun - tain,
 5. I do be - lieve it! I do be - lieve it!



Thou sin - strick - en off - spring of man!
 Oh, when wilt thou haste to be saved?
 A par - don, full, pre - sent, and free;
 The foun - tain which cleans - es the soul;
 I'm saved through the blood of the Lamb!



He left His throne a - bove To re - veal His won - drous love,
 Thy time is fly - ing fast, And thy day will soon be past:
 Thy mighty debt was paid, When on Cal - v'ry Je - sus died
 'Tis cleans - ing far and near, And its streams are flow - ing here:
 My hap - py soul is free, For the Lord has par - doned me:



And to o - pen a foun - tain for sin.
 Oh, a - rouse Thee, and come to be saved!
 To a - tone for a reb - el thee.
 Oh, be - lieve it and thou art like whole!
 Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus' name!

577 What's the News! What's the News!

(Arranged for this work.)

(SECOND TUNE).

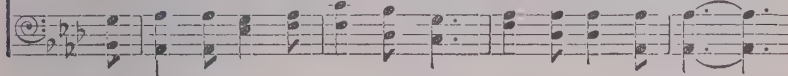
OLD SCOTCH MELODY.



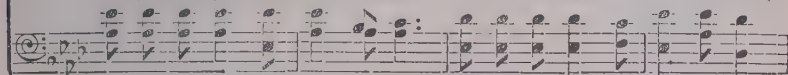
1. When-e'er we meet you al-ways say—"What's the news? What's the news?"
2. The Lamb was slain on Cal - va - ry— That's the news! That's the news!
3. And Je - sus Christ can save you too— That's the news! That's the news!
4. And then if an - y one should say—"What's the news? What's the news?"



Pray, what's the or - der of the day— What's the news, the news?
To set a world of sin - ners free— That's the news, the news!
Your sin - ful heart He can re - new— That's the news, the news;
Oh, tell them you've be - gun to pray— "That's the news, the news!"



Oh, I have got good news to tell; My Saviour hath done all things well,
For us He bowed His sa - cred head, For us His pre - cious blood was shed,
This moment, if for sin you grieve, This moment if you do be - lieve,
That you have joined the conquering band. And now at God's di - vine command,



And triumphed o - ver death and hell— That's the news, the news!
And now He's ris - en from the dead— That's the news, the news!
A full ac - quit - tal you'll re - ceive— That's the news, the news!
You're marching to the bet - ter land— That's the news, the news!



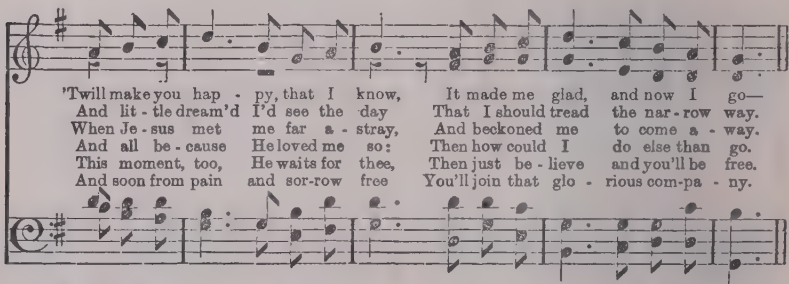
578 Oh, I have got Good News for You.

OLD REVIVAL HYMN.

Arr. by R. F. B.

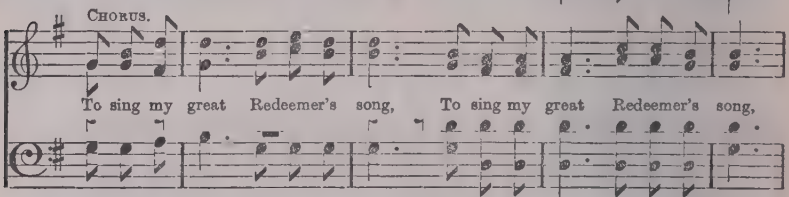


1. Oh, I have got good news for you, A sto-ry won-der-ful and true;
 2. I once was far a-way from God, On ru-in's dark and fa-tal road,
 3. O'er this wild waste I loved to roam, My back to God and heav'n and home,
 4. He said on Cal-v'ry's Cross He died, A sac-ri-fice for sin was made,
 5. Now ev-ry one that's standing by, Oh, 'twas for you the Christ did die;
 6. When'er the re-cord you be-lieve, You life e-ter-nal shall re-ceive,

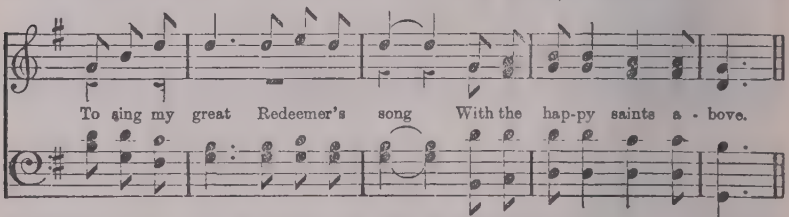


'Twill make you hap-py, that I know, It made me glad, and now I go—
 And lit-tle dream'd I'd see the day That I should tread the nar-row way.
 When Je-sus met me far a-stray, And beckoned me to come a-way.
 And all be-cause He loved me so: Then how could I do else than go.
 This moment, too, He waits for thee, Then just be-lieve and you'll be free.
 And soon from pain and sor-row free You'll join that glo-rious com-pa-ny.

CHORUS.



To sing my great Redeemer's song, To sing my great Redeemer's song,



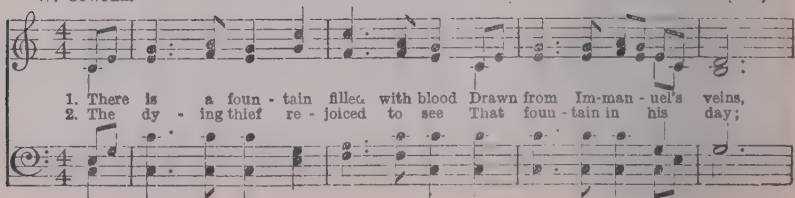
To sing my great Redeemer's song With the hap-py saints a-bove.

579

There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

OLD MELODY (arr.).



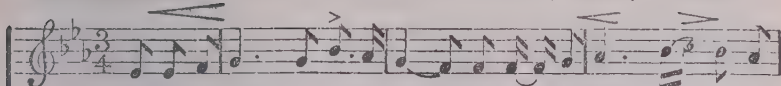
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-u-el's veins,
 2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;

He Wipes the Tear.

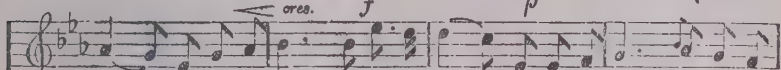
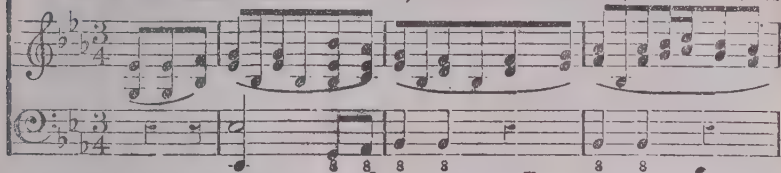
Mrs MACKINLEY.

Rev. xxi. 4. (3rd verse by R.F.B.)

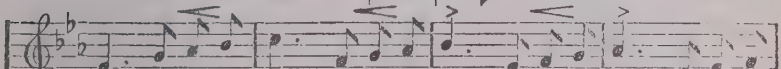
ALEX. LEE.



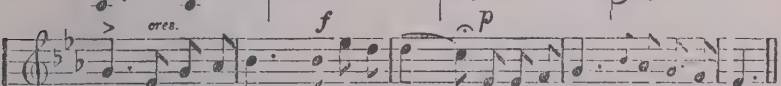
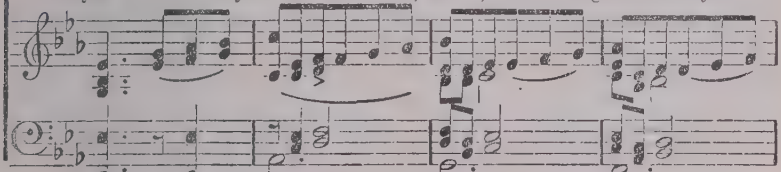
1. When sore afflictions crush the soul, And riven is ev'ry earthly
2. A few short years and all is o'er, Your sorrow, pain will soon pass
3. Be not afraid when shadows fall, When heart shall fail, and death draws



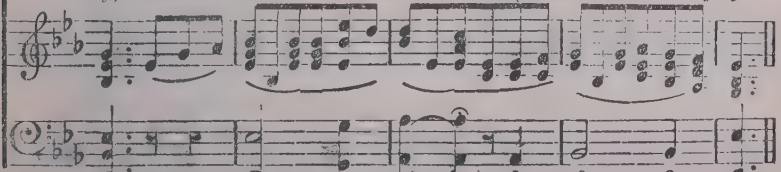
tie, The heart must cling to God a-lone, He wipes the tear from ev'ry
by; Then lean in faith on God's dear Son, He'll wipe the tear from ev'ry
nigh; Thy God will strength and comfort bring, He wipes the tear from ev'ry



eye. Thro' wakeful nights, when rack'd with pain, On bed of languishing you
eye. Oh, nev-er be your soul cast down, Nor let your heart desponding
eye. Look far beyond earth's fading scene, To that bright home beyond the



He, Remember still your God is near, To wipe the tear from ev'ry
sigh, Assur'd that God, whose name is love, Will wipe the tear from ev'ry
sky, Where all is rest, for God Himself Will wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.



583

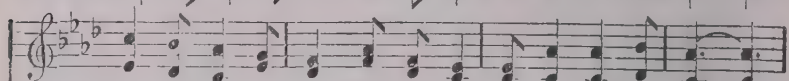
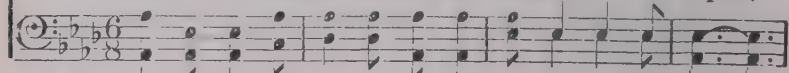
Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER.



1. Thousands stand to-day in sor-row, Waiting at the pool;
2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool;
3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool;
4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool;
5. Step in bold-ly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool;



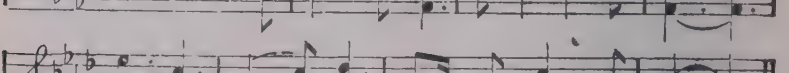
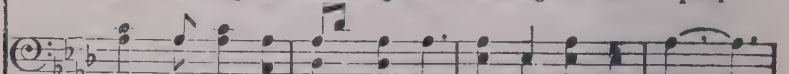
Say-ing they will wash to-mor-row, Waiting at the pool;
 Hearts, your heavy bur-den bear-ing, Waiting at the pool;
 Come their voices back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool;
 Calls to them a-cross the water, Waiting at the pool;
 Je-sus may no more in-vite you, Waiting at the pool;



Oth-ers step in left and right, Wash their stained gar-ments white,
 Can it be you never heard, Je-sus long a-go hath stirred
 Back from Canaan's hap-py shore, Sorrows past and la-bour o'er,
 You can nev-er more embrace Mother, or be-hold her face,
 Faith is near you, take her hand, Seek with her the bet-ter land,



Leav-ing you in sor-row's night, Waiting at the pool,
 The waters with His might-y word, Waiting at the pool,
 Where they stand in tears no more, Waiting at the pool,
 If you keep the sin-ner's place, Waiting at the pool,
 And no long-er doubt-ing stand, Waiting at the pool,



Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing at the pool.



An Everlasting Friend.

R. CROSBIE.

1. I have a Friend, an ev - er - last - ing Friend, He is so kind, He
2. This Friend of mine, O how He longs to give The help you need in
3. Thro' a - ges past He's proved a glo - rious Friend, None ev - er asked and

is so good to me, He bore my sins, He suf - er - ed to the end That
this dark world of sin, He bids you come, no long - er sin - ful live, And
were by Him de - nied, His blood was shed that you and I might spend E -

CHORUS,

I might win	a glo - rious vic - to - ry.	} Come to this Friend, He's waiting
thro' His name	a crown of glo - ry win.	
ter - ni - ty	at His, our Saviour's side.	

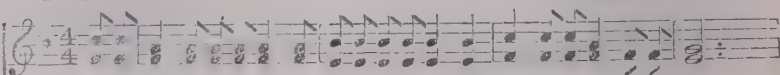
now for thee, He'll be so kind, so lov - ing, warm, and true, He'll break your

bands, from sin He'll set you free. He'll be an ev - er - last - ing Friend to you.

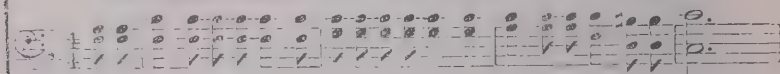
585 And a great many more that I can't tell.

ANON.

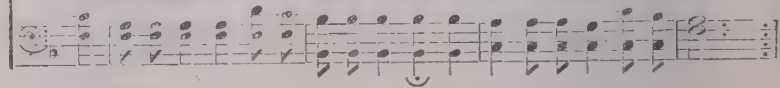
Arranged for this work.



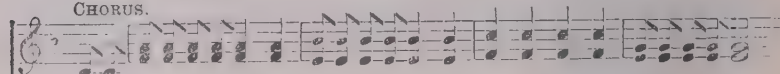
1. There was John the Apostle so loving and so kind, Who leaned on the Saviour's breast;
He was banished away in the Bible they say, And cast on the Isle of Pat-mos,



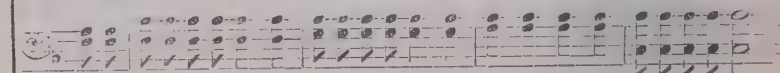
While living down here he was truly sincere Tho' oft he was put to the test.
Where God did him show many things he didn't know, And he went home to glory at last.



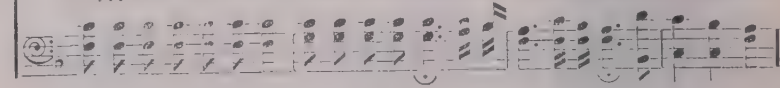
CHORUS.



To see A braham and No-ah, Enoch and E-li-jah, Mos-es, Dan-iel, Joshu-a as well,



Happy Paul and Barnabas, Stephen, Luke, and Mark, And a great many more that I can't tell.



2 There was Peter, I am told, who was always so bold
To declare glad tidings to men,

He got deeply baptised with the things he did prize,
And went right on to the end.

They caught him in Rome and told him his doom,
That crucified he would have to be,

But Peter he was willing for to give up his living,
Till he went home to glory to see—

CHORUS.

Miriam and Deborah, Sarah and Elizabeth,
Mary and Martha, and the woman at the well,
Presilla and Phoebe, and Philip's four daughters,
And a great many more that I can't tell.

3 There was Paul known as Saul, whom the Lord did call,

Saying, Why persecutest thou Me?

Then bade him arise, giving sight to his eyes,

And made him an apostle to be.

In journeyings oft he always bore aloft

The Man of Calvary's tree;

Counting all things but loss, gladly bearing his cross,

And if we bear it also we'll see—

CHORUS.

Abraham and Noah, Enoch and Elijah,

Moses, Daniel, Joshua as well,

Happy Paul and Barnabas, Stephen, Luke and

And a great many more that I can't tell,

Homeward Bound for Glory.

Verses by R. F. BEVERIDGE.

Arr. by R. F. B.

1. Trav'ling on the sea of life, we're homeward bound, Drifting wrecks and struggling souls are all a -
2. Je-sus guides our storm toss'd barque across the seas, He will bring us safe-ly, to the port of
3. Come on board the Gospel vessel, do not stay, And we'll help you as we journey on the

round; But we do not fear the voy-age, for we know That the
 peace; He's the Pi-lot; He is stand-ing at the helm, And no
 way; Soon to har-bour at our Fa-ther's blest a-bode, We will

CHORUS.

Sa-viour steers us as we on-ward go.
 an-gry winds or waves can ov-er-whelm.
 wor-ship in the ci-t-y of our God. } We're homeward bound for glo-ry,

Yes, we're

Homeward bound for glo-ry; There we'll meet with lov'd ones gone be-fore, . . . We're

glo-ry;

homeward bound for glo-ry, Homeward bound for glo-ry, All the storms of life will soon be o'er.

Yes, we're

glo-ry,

1. I had wander'd far a-way In the land of might-y foes, And my
2. But I found it writ - ten down, Who-so - ev - er will believe, In the
3. When we stand be - fore the throne, And the books are opened wide, And we re
4. Oh, my sin - ner friend, beware, A re - veal-ing day is near That will

1. soul had felt the	bit - ter - ness	of sin ;	I was marching with	the hosts
2. Son of God is saved from ev -	'ry sin ;		And I bless His ho -	ly name,
3. judged by all the deeds contained	therein ;		When that u - ni - ver -	sal host,
4. show the secrets of thy heart	within ;		Have it cleans'd by grace	di - vine.

D.S.—What a ju - bi - lee of joy

1. That the truth of God oppose, And a - mong the saved I was not
2. That the prom - ise I receive, — In that "who - so - ev - er" I am
3. Shall to right and left divide, Will our names among the good be
4. And when Je - sus shall appear, He will then among His jew - els

In the heav - ens then is heard, When a soul among the saved is

1. counted in.
2. counted in.
3. counted in.
4. count you in.

Counted in,

Counted in.

Counted in.

Counted in.

counted in.

Who - so - ev - er will be - lieve is count - ed in.

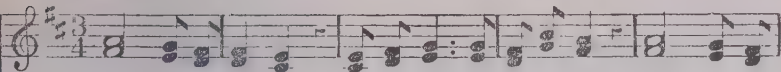
counted in.

538

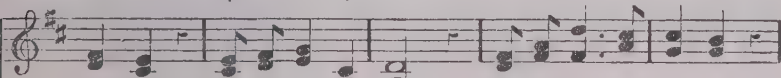
Blessed Redeemer.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

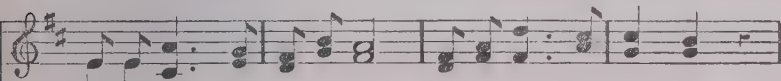
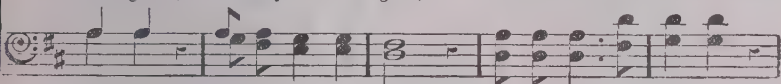
Spanish.



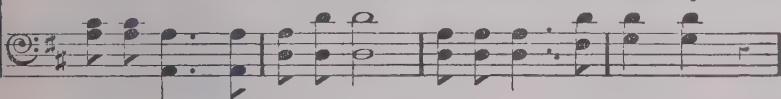
- | | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Bless - ed Re-deem - er, | Thou art all in all to me, | Ev - er be - |
| 2. There in the gar - den, | from Thy ra - diant home a - bove, | Je - sus my |
| 3. On thro' life's jour - ney | Thou wilt guide my wand'ring feet, | Till, as the |



- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. side me, | till Thy face I see; | When a - far I wander'd |
| 2. sure - ty, | I be - hold Thy love; | On the Cross up - lift - ed, |
| 3. Bride-groom, | Thou Thy bride wilt greet, | And should death's dark wa - ters |



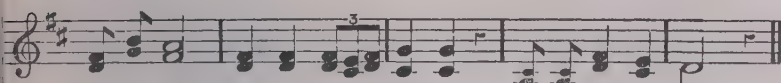
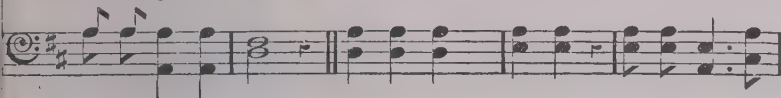
- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 1. from the Fa - ther's kind em - brace, | In Thy won - drous pi - ty, |
| 2. 'midst the dark - 'ning of the sky, | Wond'ring an - gels watch'd Thee |
| 3. round a - bout me dash and roar, | Thou wilt bear me safe - ly |



REFRAIN.

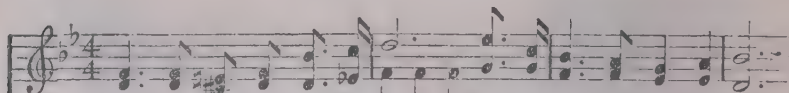


- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 1. Thou didst take my place. | } Blessed Re - deem - er, Thou art all in |
| 2. bow the head and die. | |
| 3. to the gold - en shore. | |

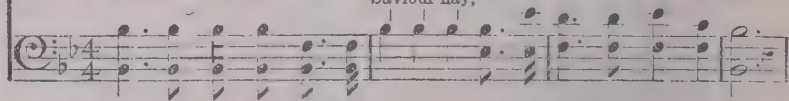


all to me: Ev - er be - side me, till Thy face I see.

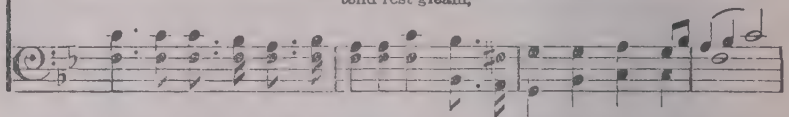




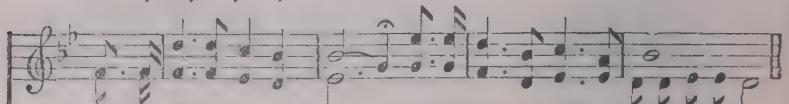
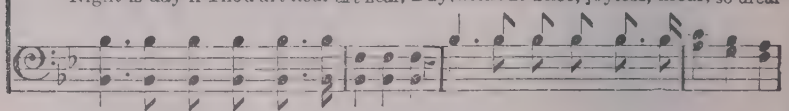
1. Nay, I will not let Thee go, Tho' the midnight glideth slow,
2. Nay, I will not let Thee go, Tho' the morn's enkindling glow
3. Nay, I will not let Thee go, Tho' the days no shadows know;
4. Let Thee go? my Saviour, Nay, ^{let Thee go,} Thou my night's unfailing day,
Saviour nay,



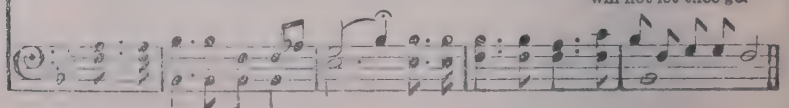
Tho' the darkness deep and long ^{and long} dim the eye and hush the song;
Flame along the mountain height, Flooding all the hills with light.
Tho' the sky's serene to dim, ^{mountain height,} Come no storm-clouds dark and grim.
Thou my dawning's tend'rest gleam, ^{to dim,} Thou my noonday's richest beam;
tend'rest gleam,



On Thy tender, faithful breast thy breast, Find I still my perfect rest, sweet rest
What can morning bring to me to me, Tender Shepherd, wanting Thee just thee
Whom have in heav'n but Thee? but thee, What besides hath earth for me? for me,
Night is day if Thou art near art hear, Day, without Thee, joyless, drear, so drear



Soothing sweet for keenest woe, And I will not let Thee go.
What her songs but sobs of woe? Nay, I will not let Thee go.
Thou the on-ly trust I know, Nay, I will not let Thee go.
Wanting Thee—all bliss were woe, Nay, I will not let Thee go.
will not let thee go.



The Bird with a Broken Wing.

From the CHRISTIAN CHOR, Revised and Enlarged.

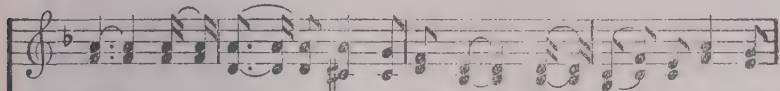
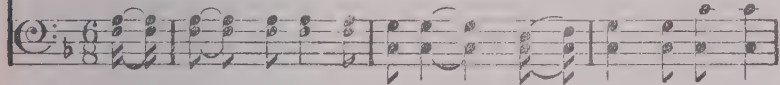
H. BUTTERWORTH and P.B.

Arr. by F. M. LAMB.



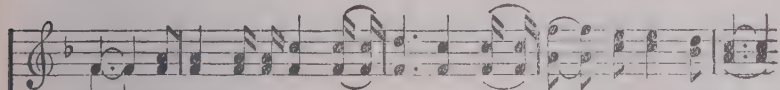
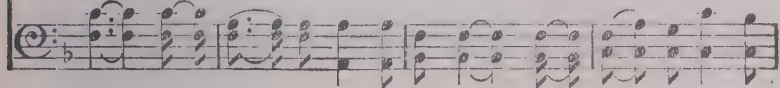
1. I walk'd thro' the wood-land mead-ows,
2. I found a young life bro - ken
3. But the bird with the bro - ken pin - ion
4. But the soul that comes to Je - sus

Where sweet the thrush-es
By sin's se - duc - tive
Kept a - noth - er from the
Is saved from ev - 'ry

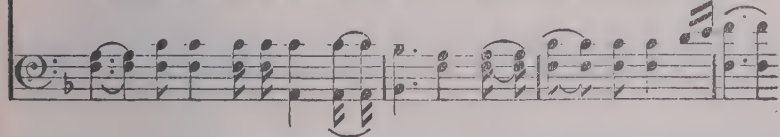


1. sing, And found on a bed of moss - es
2. art, And touch'd with a ten - der pi - ty
3. snare, And the life that sin had strick - en
4. sin, And the heart that ful - ly trusts Him

A bird with a bro ken
I took him to my
Raised a-noth-er from des-
Shall a crown of glo - ry



1. wing. I bound up its wound, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain ;
2. heart. He lived with a no - ble pur - pose, And strug - gled not in vain ;
3. pair. Each loss has its com - pen - sa - tion, There is heal - ing for ev - 'ry pain ;
4. win : Then come to the dear Re - deem - er, He'll cleanse you from ev - 'ry stain ;

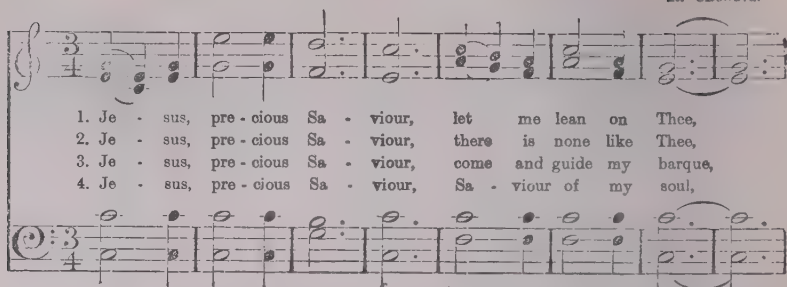


1. But the bird with a brok - en pin - ion Nev - er soar'd as high a - gain.
2. But the life that sin had strick - en Nev - er soar'd as high a - gain.
3. But the bird with the brok - en pin - ion Nev - er soars as high a - gain.
4. By the grace which He free - ly giv - eth, You shall HIGH - ER soar a - gain.

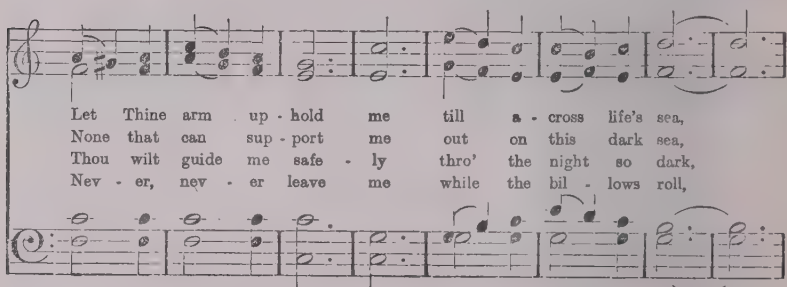


R. C.

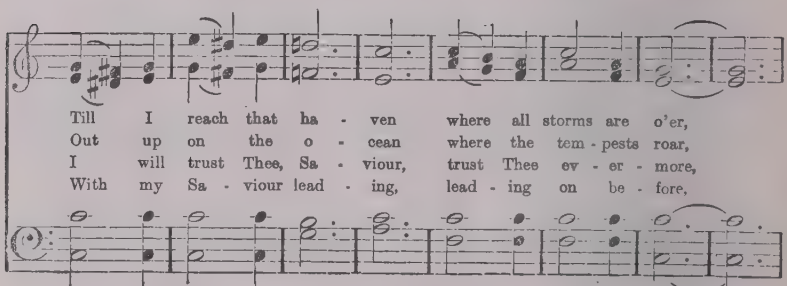
R. CROSBIE.



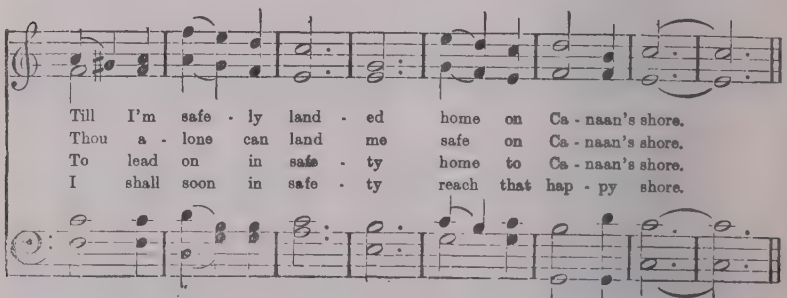
1. Je - sus, pre - cious Sa - viour, let me lean on Thee,
 2. Je - sus, pre - cious Sa - viour, there is none like Thee,
 3. Je - sus, pre - cious Sa - viour, come and guide my barque,
 4. Je - sus, pre - cious Sa - viour, Sa - viour of my soul,



Let Thine arm up - hold me till a - cross life's sea,
 None that can sup - port me out on this dark sea,
 Thou wilt guide me safe - ly thro' the night so dark,
 Nev - er, nev - er leave me while the bil - lows roll,



Till I reach that ha - ven where all storms are o'er,
 Out up on the o - cean where the tem - pests roar,
 I will trust Thee, Sa - viour, trust Thee ev - er - more,
 With my Sa - viour lead - ing, lead - ing on be - fore,



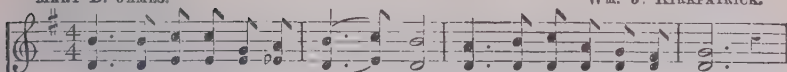
Till I'm safe - ly land - ed home on Ca - naan's shore.
 Thou a - lone can land me safe on Ca - naan's shore.
 To lead on in safe - ty home to Ca - naan's shore.
 I shall soon in safe - ty reach that hap - py shore.

592

Arc You Drifting?

MARY D. JAMES.

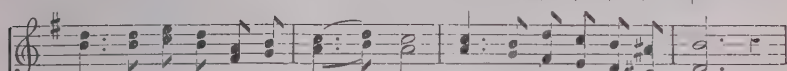
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



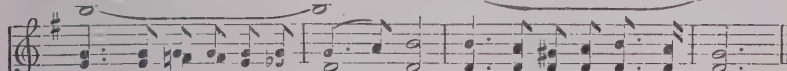
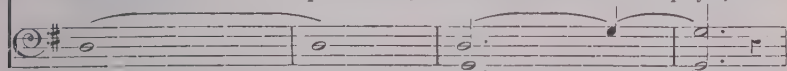
1. Are you drift-ing down life's cur - rent, Drift - ing on a dang'rous tide?
2. Down the stream of worldly plea - sure Drift - ing, drift ing, ev - er - more
3. Heed, oh, heed the kind mon - i - tion! Give your aim-less wand'rings o'er;



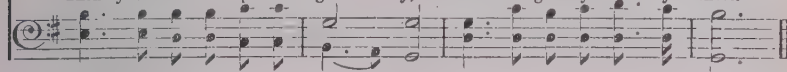
Near the ra-pids' fear-ful per - il All un - conscious do ye glide!
T'ward the great un-fa-thomed o - cean, Bound for yon e - ter-nal shore?
Cease to seek in earth your plea - sure, Head your barque for heav'n's bright shore,



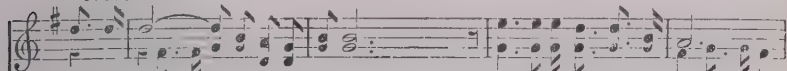
Down the stream of sin and fol - ly, — Heed-ing not the dan-ger near,
Drift - ing, drift-ing, — go-ing, — whi - ther? Aim-less, pur-pose-less; — how vain!
Take on board the skill-ful pi - lot, Use the oars of faith and prayer;



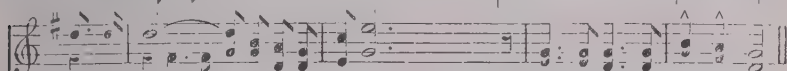
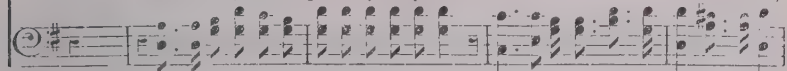
Drift - ing on in self-com - pla - cence, Feel - ing no re-morse or fear?
To the dark and dread for - ev - er! What, oh, what have ye to gain?
Then you'll make the port of glo - ry, God will guide you safe - ly there.



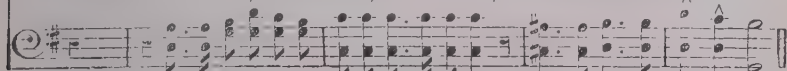
CHORUS.



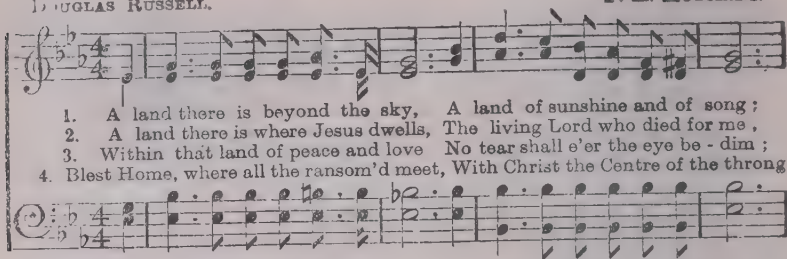
Hark the voice of yonder pi - lot: Cease your drifting, seize the oar;
Hark the voice, the warning voice of yonder pi-lot: seize the oar.



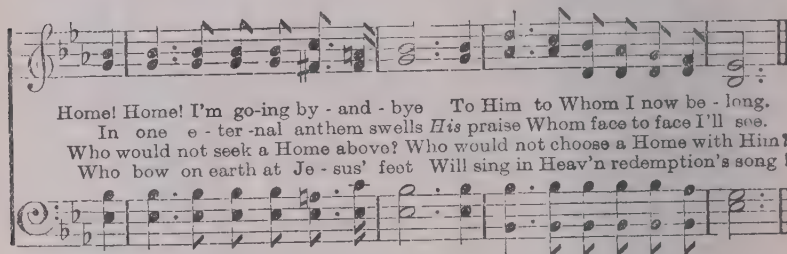
Make the blest ce-lestial har-bour, Steer your barque for Canaan's shore.
Make the blest, ce-lestial harbour, make the har-bour,



DOUGLAS RUSSELL.



1. A land there is beyond the sky, A land of sunshine and of song;
 2. A land there is where Jesus dwells, The living Lord who died for me,
 3. Within that land of peace and love No tear shall e'er the eye be - dim;
 4. Blest Home, where all the ransom'd meet, With Christ the Centre of the throng

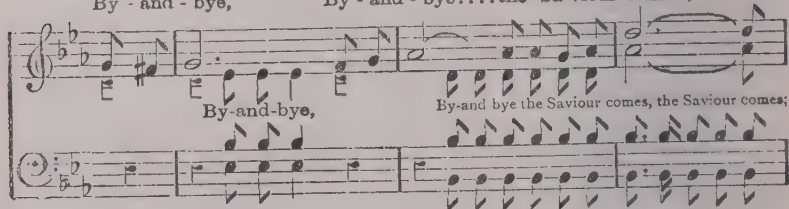


Home! Home! I'm go-ing by - and - bye To Him to Whom I now be - long.
 In one e - ter - nal anthem swells His praise Whom face to face I'll see.
 Who would not seek a Home above? Who would not choose a Home with Him?
 Who bow on earth at Je - sus' feet Will sing in Heav'n redemption's song!

REFRAIN.

By - and - bye,

By - and - bye....the Sa-viour comes; . . .

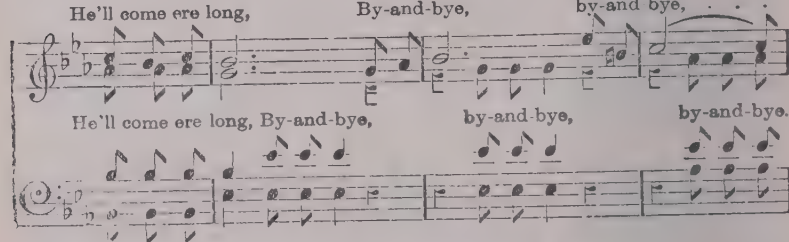


By-and-bye, By-and-bye the Saviour comes, the Saviour comes;

He'll come ere long,

By-and-bye,

by-and-bye, . . .



He'll come ere long, By-and-bye, by-and-bye, by-and-bye.

To bring us to the land of song.



To bring us to the land of song, the land of song, the land of song.

594

He's Everything to Me.

FRANK H. MASHAW.

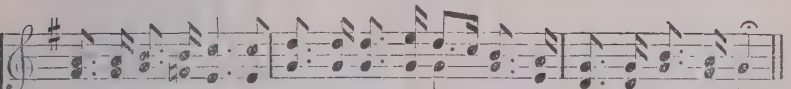
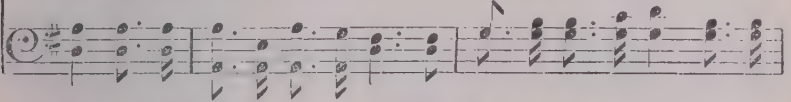
C. AUSTIN MILES.



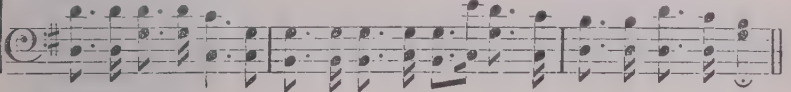
1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un - til my Sa - viour
2. I left the bar - ren des - ert and sought His lov - ing face, De - pend - ing on His
3. He gives me joy - ous sing - ing, and makes the sun to shine, And oft He smiles up -
4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly midnight hour, He comes my soul to



told me that I was still His own, He bade me leave my fol - ly and
mer - cy and on His sav - ing grace; He smiled up - on me gent - ly; from
on me, and then I know He's mine, He car - ries all my bur - dens and
res - cue and shows His might - y pow'r. And when the light of glo - ry comes



from the dan - ger flee, And since I found the Sa - viour He's ev - 'rything to me.
sin He set me free, And since I found the Sa - viour He's ev - 'rything to me.
keeps me on life's sea, For since I found the Sa - viour He's ev - 'rything to me.
shining o'er death's sea, O! then I'll sing in tri - umph: "He's ev - 'rything to me."



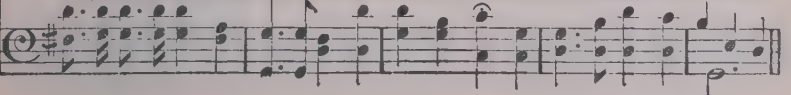
CHORUS.



He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev - 'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes,
He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev - 'rything, He's ev - 'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev - 'rything, He's



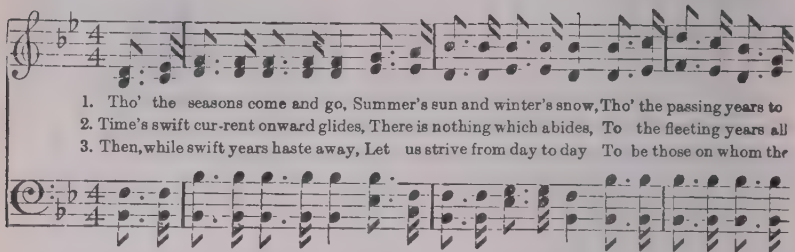
ev - 'rything to me, Through night and day, Where'er I stray, He's ev - 'rything to me. to me.



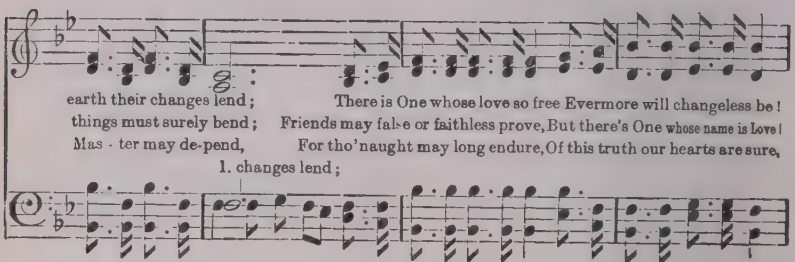
595 Jesus Ever is the Same True Friend.

A. J. C.

C. AUSTIN MILLS.

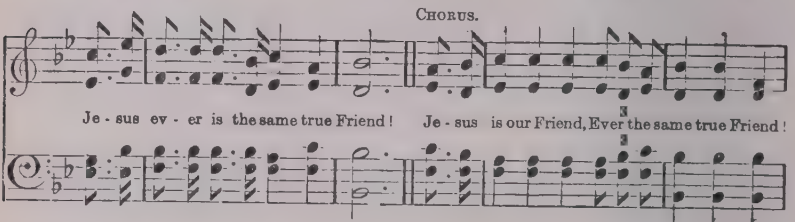


1. Tho' the seasons come and go, Summer's sun and winter's snow, Tho' the passing years to
 2. Time's swift cur-rent onward glides, There is nothing which abides, To the fleeting years all
 3. Then, while swift years haste away, Let us strive from day to day To be those on whom the

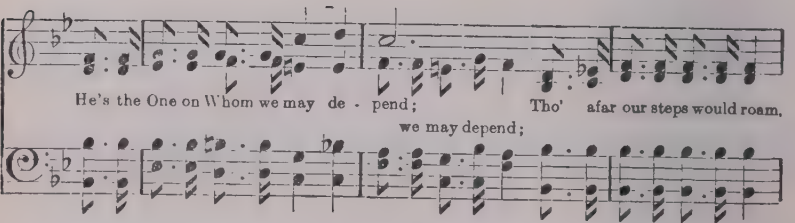


earth their changes lend; There is One whose love so free Evermore will changeless be!
 things must surely bend; Friends may false or faithless prove, But there's One whose name is Love!
 Mas-ter may de-pend, For tho' naught may long endure, Of this truth our hearts are sure,
 1. changes lend;

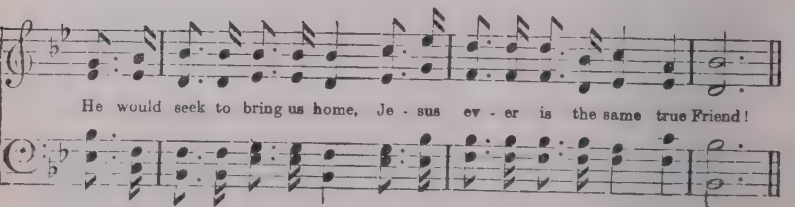
CHORUS.



Je - sus ev - er is the same true Friend! Je - sus is our Friend, Ever the same true Friend!



He's the One on Whom we may de - pend; Tho' afar our steps would roam,
 we may depend;



He would seek to bring us home, Je - sus ev - er is the same true Friend!

596

I know Who pilots me.

JAMES ROWE.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. When an - gry waves a - bout me roll, And hide my path a - cross life's sea,
 2. Day af - ter day, tho' tossed a - bout, And of - ten dang - 'rous rocks I see,
 3. Tho' each new day brings tri - als sore, Tho' rougher still the o - cean be,
 4. My Sa - viour's love still guides me on, My on - ly chart and compass He;

No fear a - larms my trust - ing soul, For well I know who pi - lots me.
 There comes to me no fear nor doubt, For well I know who pi - lots me.
 I know that I shall reach the shore, For well I know who pi - lots me.
 I'll trust Him till the journey's done, For well I know who pi - lots me.

CHORUS.

Yes, well I know . . . who pi - lots me . . . A - cross life's
 Yes, well I know who pi - lots me

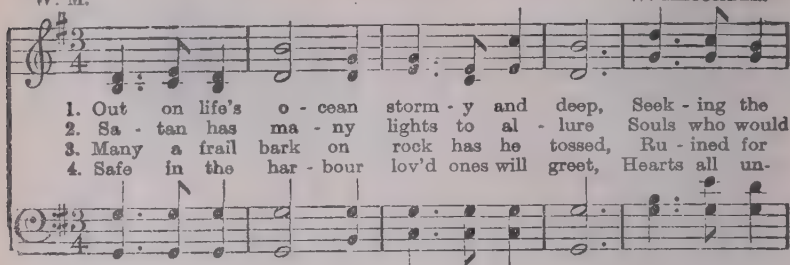
ev - er troub - led sea; . . . The winds may rave . . . and waves may
 Across life's ev - er - troubled, ev - er troubled sea; The winds may rave

swell, . . . While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well, . . .
 and waves may swell, While Je - sus pi - lots, all is well, yes, all is well.

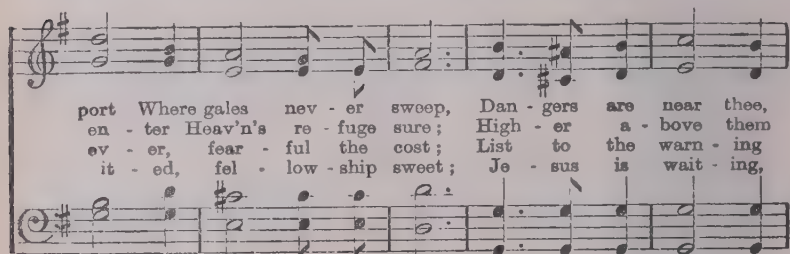
597 Don't you Miss the Light, Brother.

W. M.

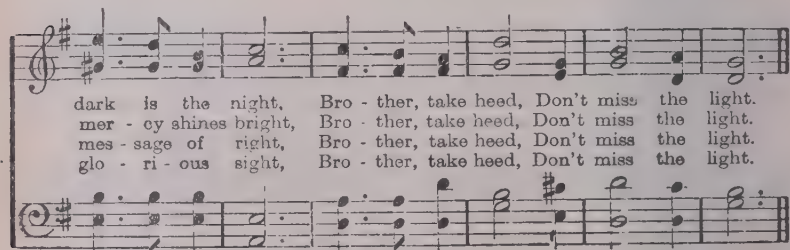
W. MACOMBER.



1. Out on life's o - cean storm - y and deep, Seek - ing the
 2. Sa - tan has ma - ny lights to al - lure Souls who would
 3. Many a frail bark on rock has he tossed, Ru - ined for
 4. Safe in the har - bour lov'd ones will greet, Hearts all un-

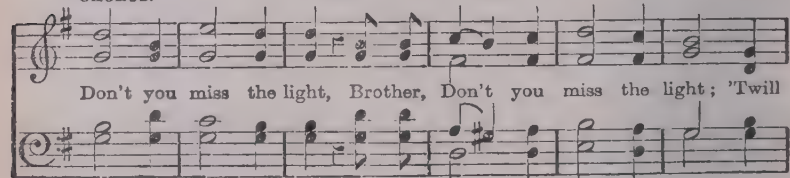


port Where gales nev - er sweep, Dan - gers are near thee,
 en - ter Heav'n's re - fuge sure; High - er a - bove them
 ev - er, fear - ful the cost; List to the warn - ing
 it - ed, fel - low - ship sweet; Je - sus is wait - ing,

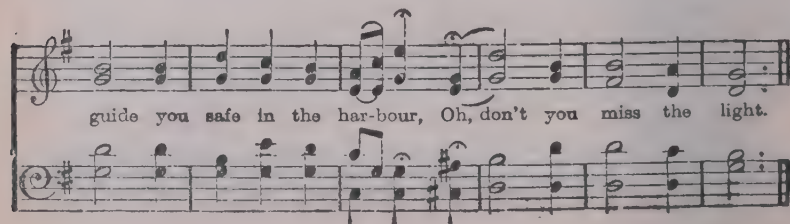


dark is the night, Bro - ther, take heed, Don't miss the light.
 mer - cy shines bright, Bro - ther, take heed, Don't miss the light.
 mes - sage of right, Bro - ther, take heed, Don't miss the light.
 glo - ri - ous sight, Bro - ther, take heed, Don't miss the light.

CHORUS.



Don't you miss the light, Brother, Don't you miss the light; 'Twill



guide you safe in the har - bour, Oh, don't you miss the light.

The Hameland.

(The Song of the Emigrant).

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. I'm far frae th' hameland, Ma ain native hameland, Where, lang, lang syne I
 2. I see thro' th' gloam-in', The wild torrents foam-in'; It minds me o' th'
 3. Th' road oft is drea - ry, And whiles I am wear - y; I'm langin' for th'
 4. Th' years fast are flee - in', Th' lang nicht is dee - in', And weel I ken ma

paired frae th' anes I love sae dear; But He's gi'en me glad - ness And
 days gaen by—th' days o' auld lang syne; I hear noo th' sing - in' Th'
 Hameland far a - wa' a - yont the tide; But thro' shine and show - er, I'm
 Saviour will be com-in' ver-a sune; Ma he'rt noo is yearn-in' For

ban - ish'd ma sad - ness: For Je - sus took th' wand'r'er in, and
 auld hoose is ring - in' Wi' prais - es tae th' Ane a - bune, wha
 kept ev - 'ry ho - ur: Oh, I can ne - ver lonesome be, wi'
 that glad-some morn - in', When He will come and tak' me tae th'

CHORUS.

dried th' fall-in' tear.
 noo I ken as mine.
 Je - sus by ma side.
 Hameland far a - bune.

Th' Hameland! th' Hameland! That simmer land sae

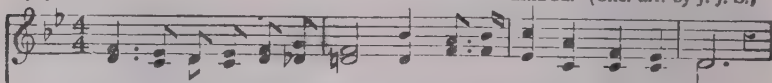
fair; Ma he'rt's in th' Hameland—I'm lang-in' tae be there.

599 In the Land beyond the Storm-Clouds.

J. J. SIMS.

"Thine eyes shall see the King."

R. F. BEVERIDGE. (Cho. arr. by J. J. S.)



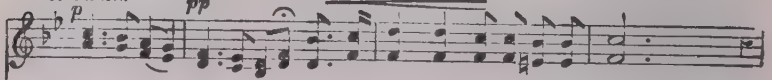
1. In the land be-yond the storm-clouds, In our Fa-ther's home a - bove,
2. In the land be-yond the storm-clouds, In that death-less land of day,
3. In the land be-yond the storm-clouds, On the Sa-viour's lov-ing breast,
4. In the land be-yond the storm-clouds, Past our dreams and hopes and fears,



1. Gold-en rays of light are stream-ing From the glo-rious Sun of Love.
2. "There the sor-row and the sigh-ing Shall for ev-er flee a-way."
3. "There the wick-ed cease from trou-bling, And the wea-ry are at rest."
4. We shall sing for joy and glad-ness Thro' the end-less year of years.

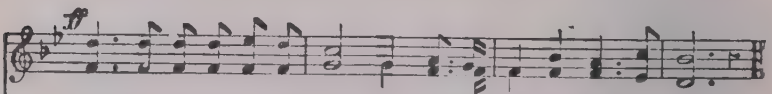


REFRAIN.

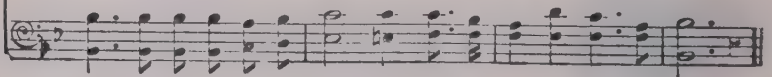


Far a-way, far a-way! Where the storms shall nev-er, nev-er COME ;.....

nev-er nev-er COME



There the King in all His beau-ty Wel-comes all His loved ones home!



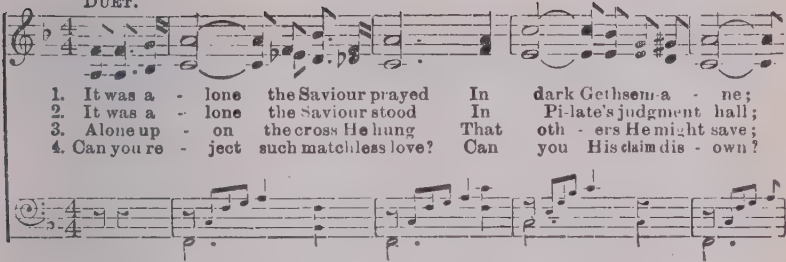
600

Alone.

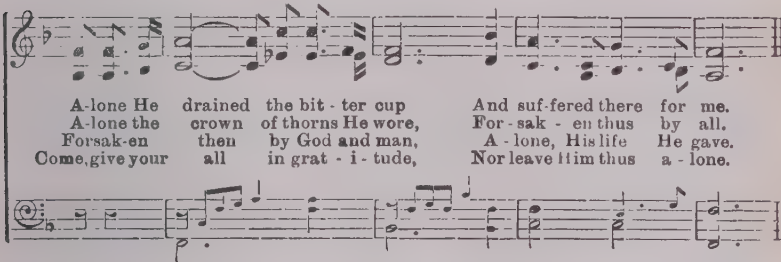
B. H. P.

BEN H. PRICE.

DUET.

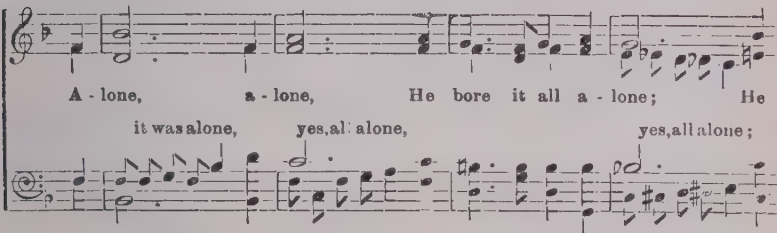


1. It was a - lone the Saviour prayed In dark Gethse - ne;
 2. It was a - lone the Saviour stood In Pilate's judgment hall;
 3. Alone up - on the cross He hung That oth - ers He might save;
 4. Can you re - ject such matchless love? Can you His claim dis - own?

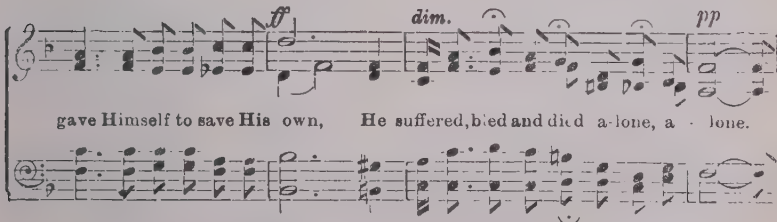


A-lone He drained the bit - ter cup And suf - fered there for me.
 A-lone the crown of thorns He wore, For - sak - en thus by all.
 Forsak - en then by God and man, A - lone, His life He gave.
 Come, give your all in grat - i - tude, Nor leave Him thus a - lone.

REFRAIN—QUARTET.



A - lone, a - lone, He bore it all a - lone; He
 it was alone, yes, all alone, yes, all alone;

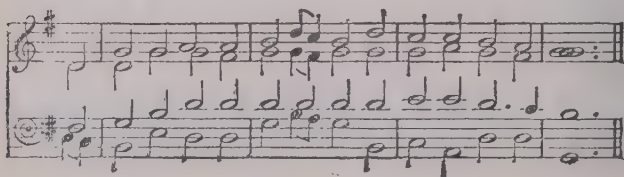
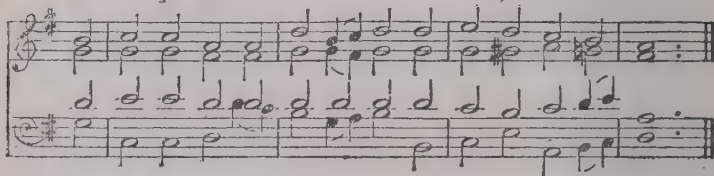
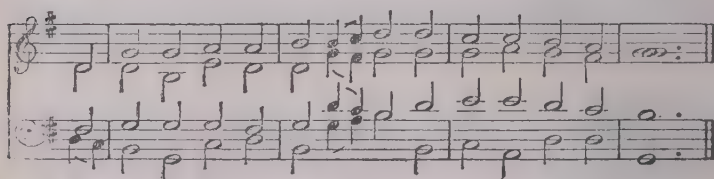
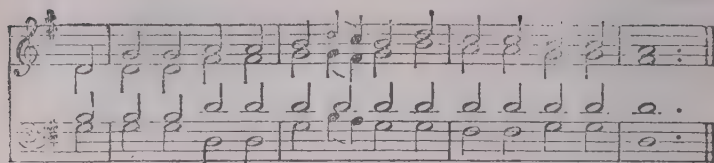


gave Himself to save His own, He suffered, bled and died a - lone, a - lone.

3 I heard the Voice.

Tune—ST. ASAPH.

C.M. D



1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast:'
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'Behold, I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink and live:'
 I came to Jesus and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul
 revived,
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 'I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright:'
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

The Voice of Jesus

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

F. H. HUTCHINS.

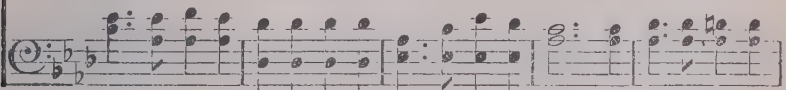
(An Effective Solo.)



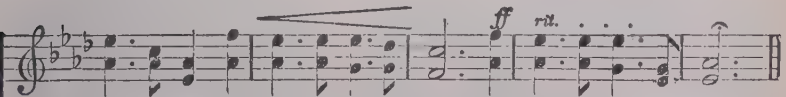
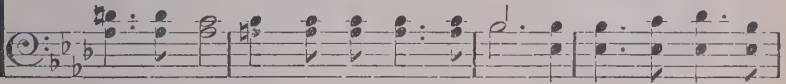
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold I free - ly give The
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look

*cres.*

down, thou weary one, lay down, Thy head upon my breast." I came to Jesus
liv - ing water, thirsty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I came to Jesus
un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I look'd to Jesus

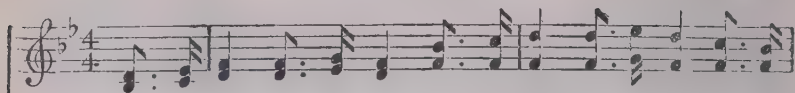


as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a
and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quench'd, my
and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And in that light of

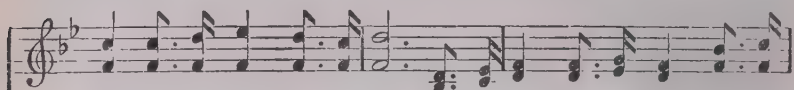
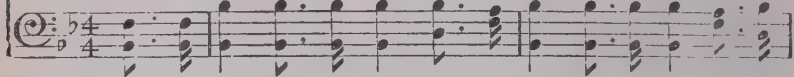


rest-ing place, And He has made me glad, And He has made me glad.
soul reviv'd, And now I live in Him, And now I live in Him.
life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done, Till trav'ling days are done.

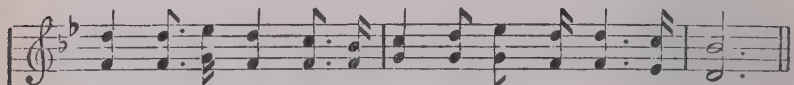
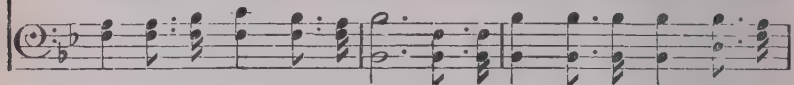




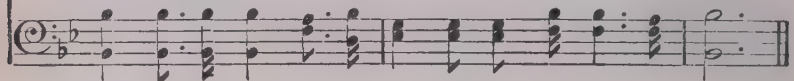
1. There's a prom - ise re - cord - ed in God's ho - ly word, It is
2. In this world we have sor - rows and troubles and cares, But we'll
3. There all sick - ness and sor - row and death are unknown ; There the



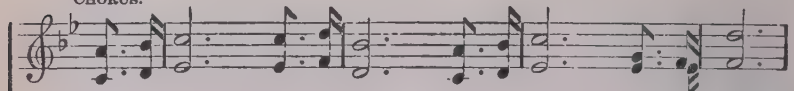
bless - ed in beau - ty un - told ; That we nev - er shall hunger, or
en - ter with Je - sus the fold ; He will lead us a - long thro' the
glo - ries on glo - ries un - fold ; There the Lamb is the light in the



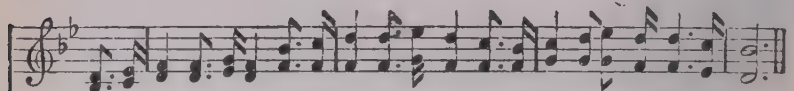
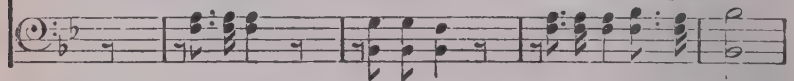
thirst an - y more, In that won - der - ful cit - y of gold.
pas - tures so green, In that won - der - ful cit - y of gold.
midst of the throne, In that won - der - ful cit - y of gold.



CHORUS.



There we'll dwell ev - er - more, And we'll nev - - er grow old ;
There we'll dwell ev - er - more, And we'll nev - er grow old ;



There the righteous forever Shall shine like the stars, In that wonderful city of gold.

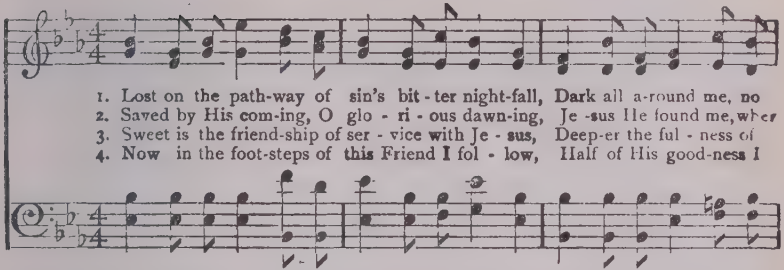


604

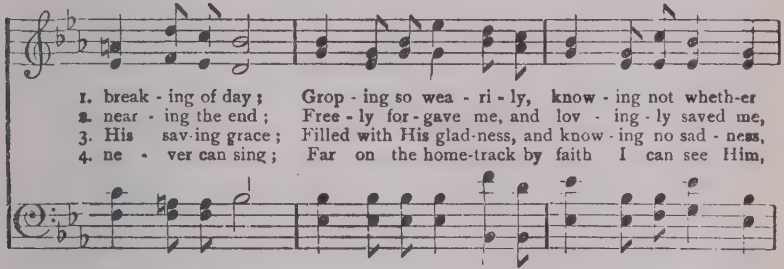
Ne'er Such a Friend.

J. G.

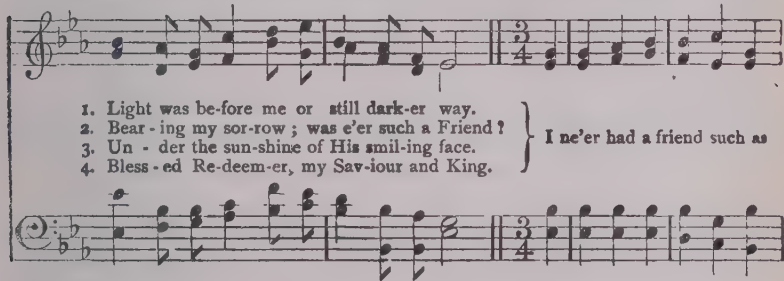
JAMES GILLESPIE.



1. Lost on the path-way of sin's bit-ter night-fall, Dark all a-round me, no
2. Saved by His com-ing, O glo - ri - ous dawn-ing, Je - sus He found me, wher
3. Sweet is the friend-ship of ser - vice with Je - sus, Deep-er the ful - ness of
4. Now in the foot-steps of this Friend I fol - low, Half of His good-ness I

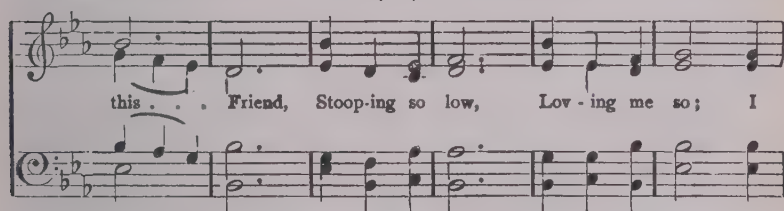


1. break - ing of day ; Grop - ing so wea - ri - ly, know - ing not wheth-er
2. near - ing the end ; Free - ly for-gave me, and lov - ing - ly saved me,
3. His sav-ing grace ; Filled with His glad-ness, and know - ing no sad - ness,
4. ne - ver can sing ; Far on the home-track by faith I can see Him,

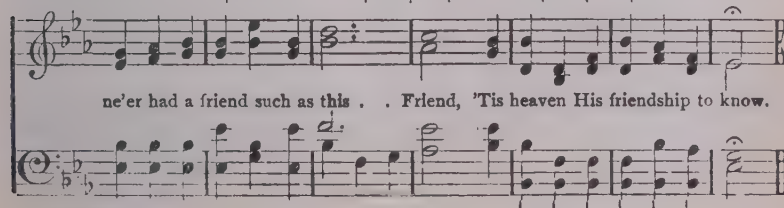


1. Light was be-fore me or still dark-er way.
2. Bear-ing my sor-row ; was e'er such a Friend ?
3. Un - der the sun-shine of His smil-ing face.
4. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour and King.

} I ne'er had a friend such as



this . . . Friend, Stoop-ing so low, Lov - ing me so ; I

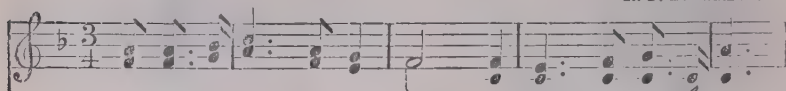


ne'er had a friend such as this . . . Friend, 'Tis heaven His friendship to know.

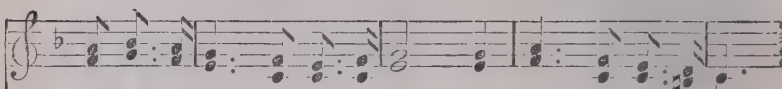
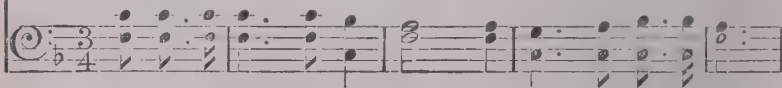
605 3 Cannot Sing My Old Songs.

"Old things are passed away; all things are become new."—2 Cor. v. 17.

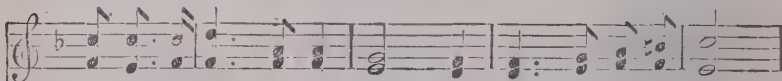
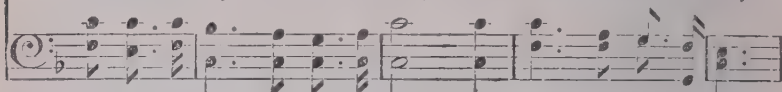
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



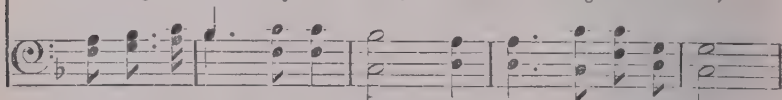
1. I can - not sing my old songs, my heart is not my own,
2. I nev - er sing my old songs, that day for me has gone,
3. Yes, I can sing that old song for I am named there'n;
4. I dare not sing my old songs for I'm re-deemed by blood,



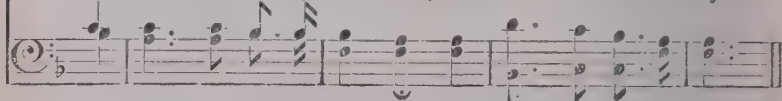
Once bound by law and guilt - y chains, now bound by love a - lone;
 They're on - ly for the sons of earth, and I am Christ's a - lone;
 The pur-chase of His dy - ing love, Who died my - self to win;
 Re-deemed thereby from all of earth, re - deemed as sons of God;



I do not sing my old songs, they are not sweet to me,
 But now I sing a new song, 'tis new in - deed to me,
 Yes, that's a song I must sing, He's ev - 'ry-thing to me,
 I'll sing but of my new home, that's wait - ing now for me,



They tell me not of Je - sus, the Lamb of Cal - va - ry.
 Though 'tis the old - est love song, the song of Cal - va - ry.
 I'll sing a - lone of Je - sus, my Lord of Cal - va - ry.
 For there I'll see my Sa - viour, the Man of Cal - va - ry.



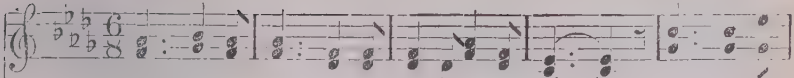
606

Over and Over.

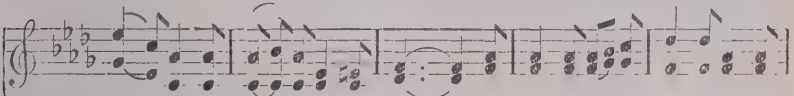
B. B.

Allegretto.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.



1. O - ver and o - ver I stood up-on the shore, . . . O - ver and
2. O - ver and o - ver I've heard my Sa-viour's voice, . . . O - ver and
3. O - ver and o - ver I'll sing this glo-rious song, . . . O - ver and



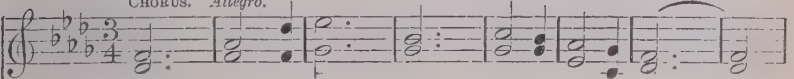
o - ver I said I would doubt no more; But as the sea came roll-ing in, In
o - ver He said, "Make Me your choice; Now face the waves and tread the sea, Look
o - ver Be - fore the gath'ring throng; How o'er my heart the sea prevailed, And



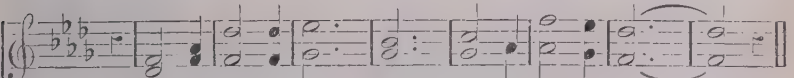
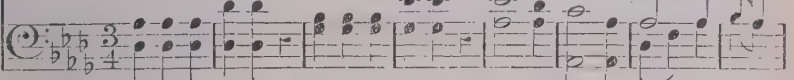
bound-less waves that cleanse from sin, I doubt-ed their sav - ing pow'r.
up in faith and fol - low Me; "I answered, "I'll prove their pow'r."
how His love has nev - er failed, For ev - er I'll trust His pow'r.



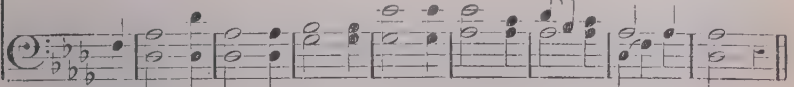
CHORUS. *Allegro.*



O - ver and o - ver, Like a might-y sea,
O-ver and o-ver, o-ver and o-ver, Like a might-y, might-y sea,



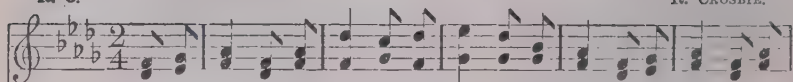
Comes the love of Je - sus Roll-ing o - ver me.
There comes the love, the love of Je - sus Roll-ing, roll-ing o - ver me.



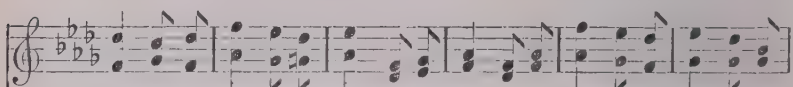
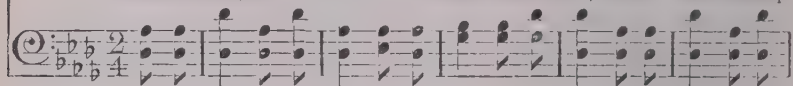
Beautiful Land Beyond.

R. C.

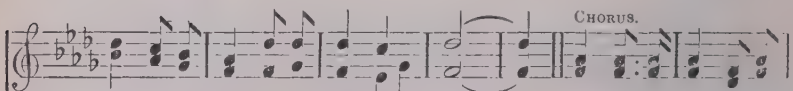
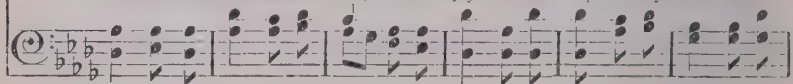
R. CROSBIE.



1. In that beau-ti-ful land where the Sa-viour's a-dored, Where the saints and the
2. In that beau-ti-ful land where the streets are of gold, Where the Sa-viour is
3. In that beau-ti-ful land there is per-fect-ed love, Where in peace and in
4. When 'tis o'er, all the strife of this vale here be-low, And I cross the deep



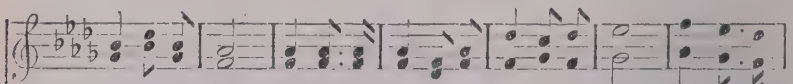
an-gels in sweet-est ac-cord, Sing the prais-es of Je-sus, their King and their
Shepherd to all in the fold, There is nought known of sor-row, nor hun-ger, nor
joy all in un-i-son move, O the rap-ture so blest! when I'm called up a-
stream where the dark waters flow, O the joy! O the rap-ture! my Sa-viour I'll



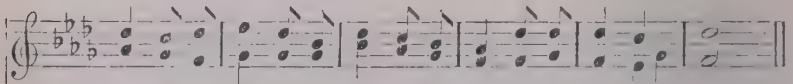
CHORUS.

Lord, In that beau-ti-ful land be-yond.
cold, In that beau-ti-ful land be-yond.
bove To that beau-ti-ful land be-yond.
know In that beau-ti-ful land be-yond.

} There is a wel-come, a



welcome for me, There my dear Saviour and King I shall see. O let me



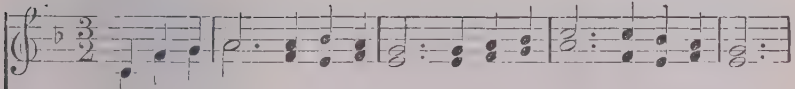
haste, let me haste on my way To that beau-ti-ful land be-yond.



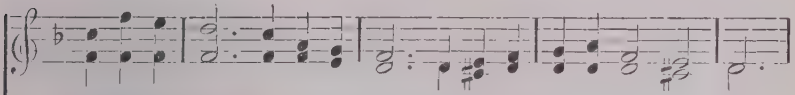
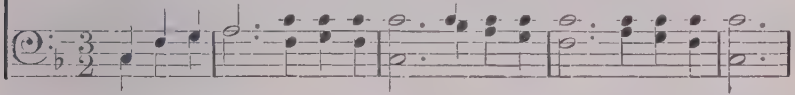
My Friend and Yours.

C. A. TYDEMAN.

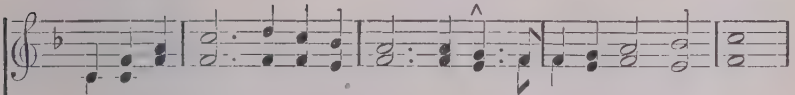
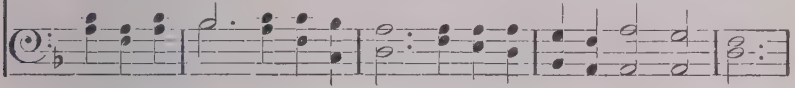
ANON.



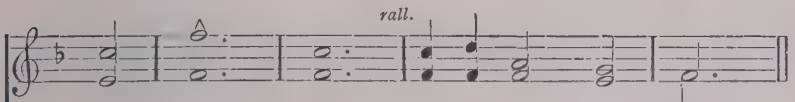
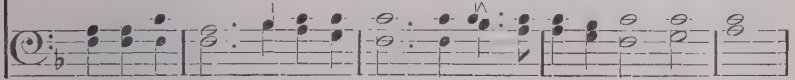
1. I have a Friend whose faithful love Is more than all the world to me,
 2. He held the high - est place a - bove, A - dored by all the sons of flame,
 3. It was a lone - ly path He trod, From every hu - man soul a - part,



'Tis higher than the heights a - bove, And deeper than the soundless sea:
 Yet, such His self - de - ny - ing love, He laid a - side His crown and came
 Known only to Himself and God Was all the grief that filled His heart:



So old, so new, So strong, so true; Before the earth received its frame,
 To seek the lost, And, at the cost Of heav'nly rank and earth - ly fame,
 Yet, from the track He turned not back 'Till where I lay in want and shame



He loved me— Bless-ed be His name!
 He sought me— Bless-ed be His name!
 He found me— Bless-ed be His name!



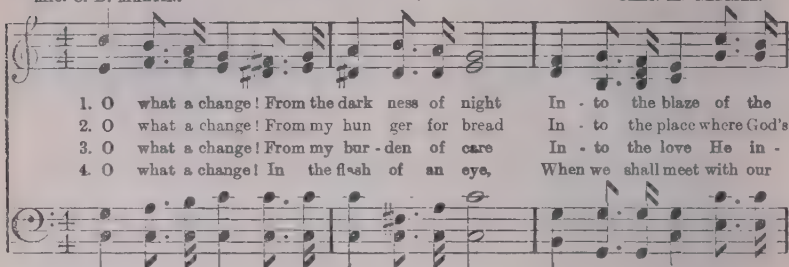
4. Then dawned at last that day of dread
 When, desolate yet undismayed,
 With wearied frame and thorn-crowned head
 He, now forsaken and betrayed,
 Went up for me
 To Calvary,
 And, dying there in grief and shame,
 He saved me—Blessed be His name!

5. Long as I live my song shall tell
 The wonders of His matchless love:
 And, when at last I rise to dwell
 In the bright home prepared above,
 My joy shall be
 His face to see,
 And, bowing then with loud acclaim,
 I'll praise Him—Blessed be His name!

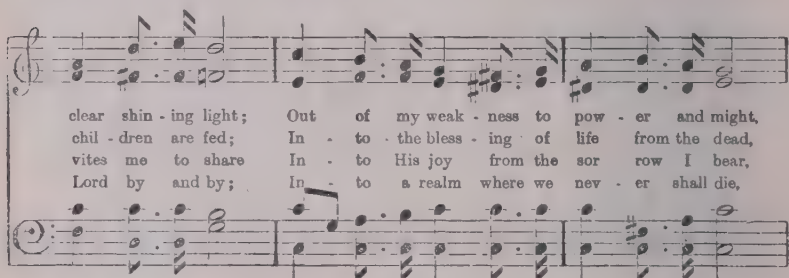
What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

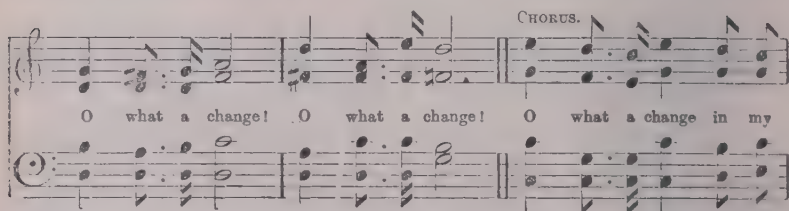


1. O what a change! From the dark ness of night In - to the blaze of the
 2. O what a change! From my hun ger for bread In - to the place where God's
 3. O what a change! From my bur - den of care In - to the love He in -
 4. O what a change! In the flesh of an eye, When we shall meet with our

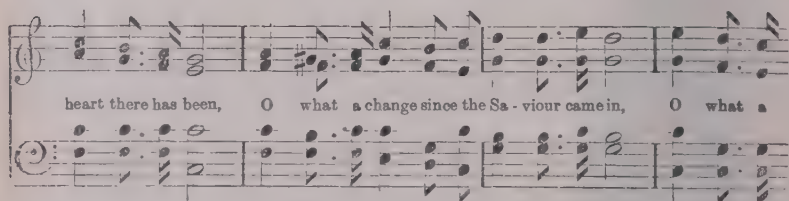


clear shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to pow - er and might,
 chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
 vites me to share In - to His joy from the sor row I bear,
 Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,

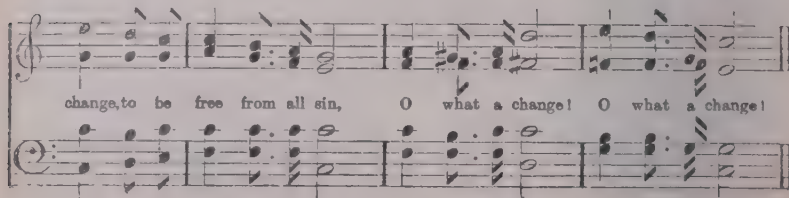
CHORUS.



O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my



heart there has been, O what a change since the Sa - viour came in, O what a



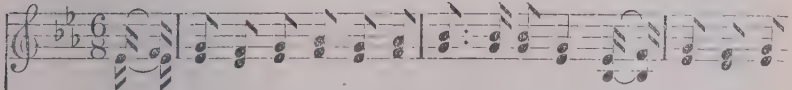
change, to be free from all sin, O what a change! O what a change!

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I want to go there.

H. L.

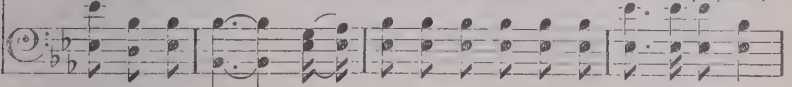
HARRY LOPER.



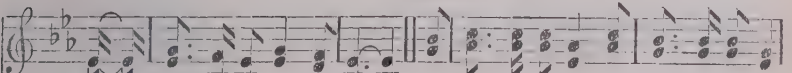
1. We are told of a home in that cit - y a - bove, When with life and its
2. Since here God has called me, I'll stand at my post, And do what He
3. Soon this brief life is end - ed, our work here is done, For the days are so
4. There none but the pure shall that cit - y be - hold; 'Tis the home of the



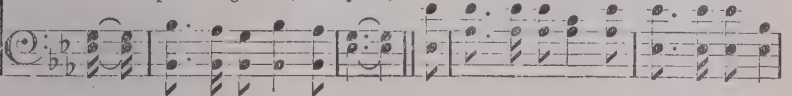
cares we are thro', Where the walls are of jas - per, the streets are of gold;—
gives me to do, For the thought is re - fresh - ing as home - ward I look;—
fleet - ing and few, Where loved ones have gathered no death ev - er comes;—
faith - ful and true. Where the Sa - viour a mansion for me has prepared;—



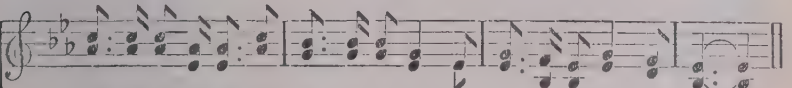
CHORUS.



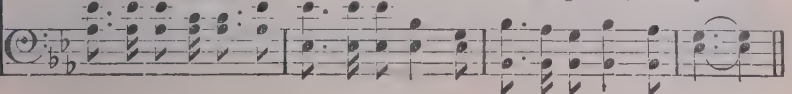
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I want to go there, don't you?
I ex - pect to go there, don't you? } I want to go there, I want to go there,



Where loved ones are wait - ing in that home - land so fair, Where there's



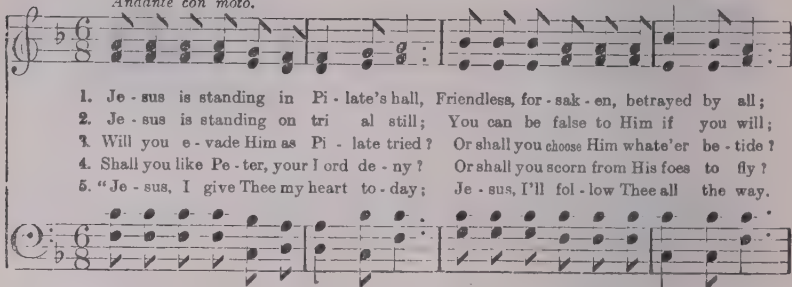
nev - er a tri - al, a sor - row or care, I want to go there, don't you?



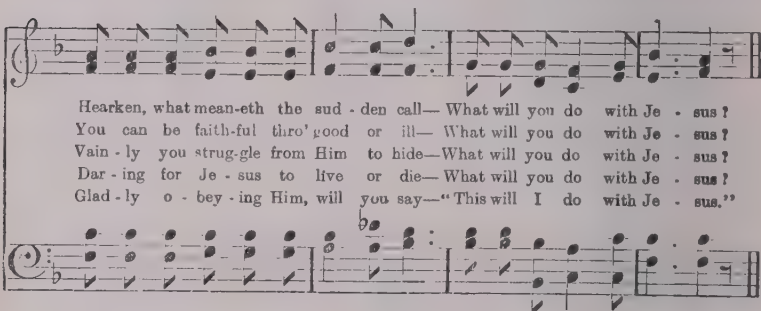
A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

Andante con moto.



1. Je - sus is standing in Pi - late's hall, Friendless, for - sak - en, betrayed by all;
 2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still; You can be false to Him if you will;
 3. Will you e - vade Him as Pi - late tried? Or shall you choose Him whate'er be - tide?
 4. Shall you like Pe - ter, your Lord de - ny? Or shall you scorn from His foes to fly?
 5. "Je - sus, I give Thee my heart to - day; Je - sus, I'll fol - low Thee all the way."

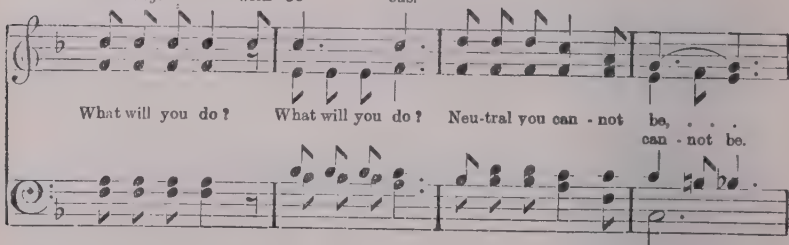


Hearken, what mean-eth the sud - den call—What will you do with Je - sus?
 You can be faith-ful thro' good or ill—What will you do with Je - sus?
 Vain - ly you strug-ple from Him to hide—What will you do with Je - sus?
 Dar - ing for Je - sus to live or die—What will you do with Je - sus?
 Glad - ly o - bey - ing Him, will you say—"This will I do with Je - sus."

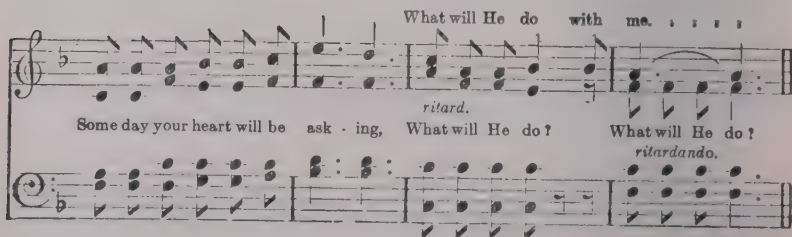
CHORUS.

Earnestly.

with Je - sus.



What will you do? What will you do? Neu-tral you can - not be, . . .
 can - not be.



What will He do with me. . . .
ritard.
 Some day your heart will be ask - ing, What will He do? What will He do?
ritardando.

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Where are you bound for?

THOS. MORE.

(SOLO.)

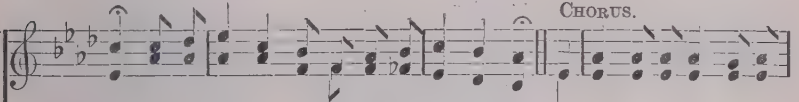
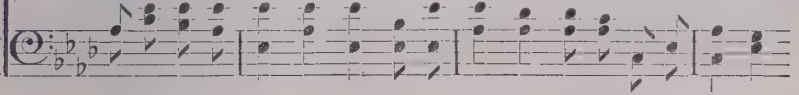
JAS. MORE.



1. Out up - on life's ocean, driv - en far from shore, Where the wind is
2. Drifting o'er the billows on the storm-y sea, Cry while you are
3. See the waves are dashing, rocks lie round a - bout, If Thou, Lord, art

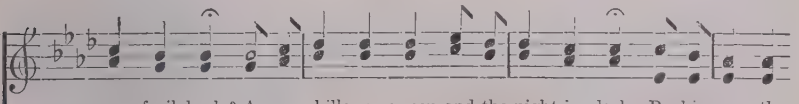


sweeping and the billows roar; Night is clos - ing o'er us, darkness gathers
drifting: "Saviour, pi - lot me; I have none to guide me, and know not the
with me, I need nev - er doubt; Oh, be Thou my Pi - lot, Thou who knowest

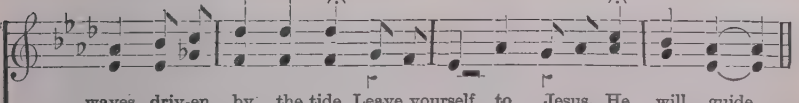
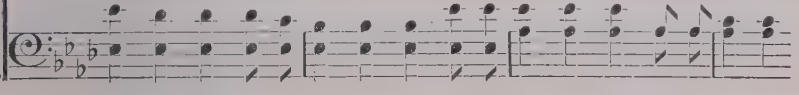


CHORUS.

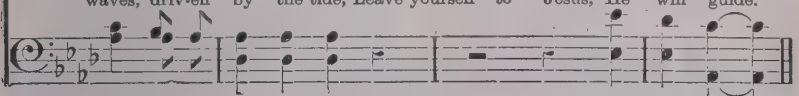
round, Out up - on life's o - cean, whither are you bound?
way, Saviour be Thou with me, guide me all the day." } O where are you bound for in
best, Steer me to the haven of e - ter - nal rest.

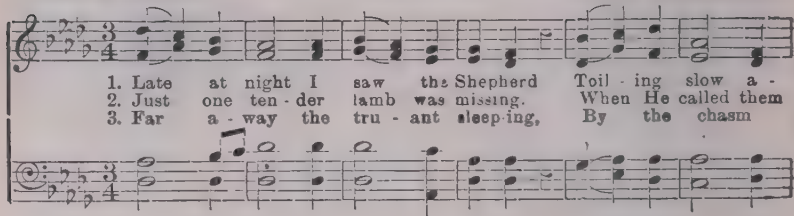


your frail bark? Angry billows sweep and the night is dark; Rocking on the

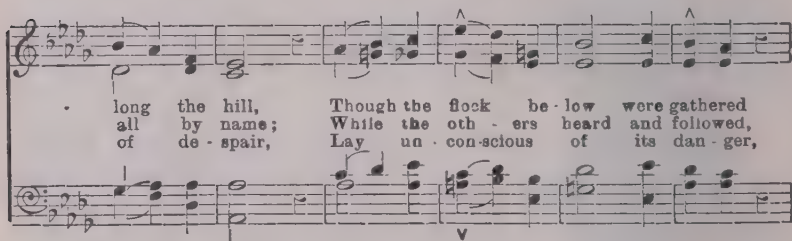


waves, driv - en by the tide, Leave yourself to Jesus, He will guide.



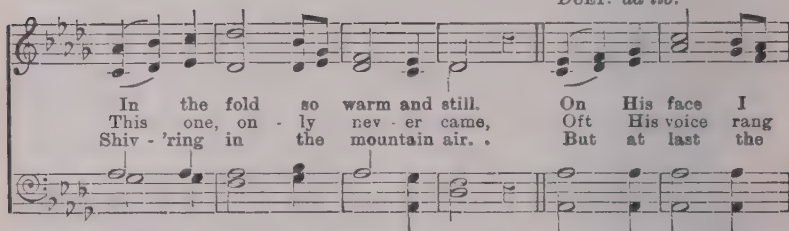


1. Late at night I saw the Shepherd Toil - ing slow a -
 2. Just one ten - der lamb was missing. When He called them
 3. Far a - way the tru - ant sleep - ing, By the chasm

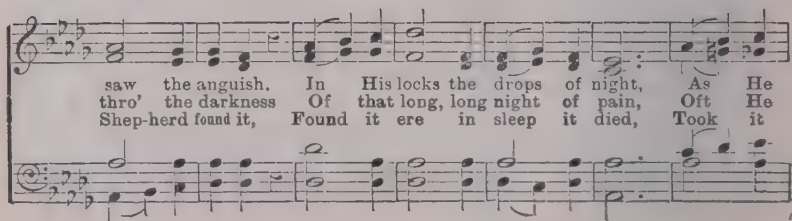


long the hill, Though the flock be - low were gathered
 all by name; While the oth - ers heard and followed,
 of de - spair, Lay un - con - scious of its dan - ger,

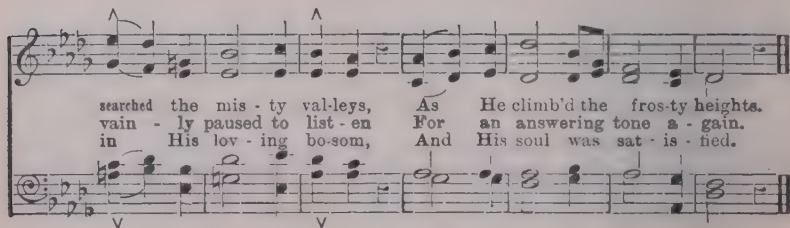
DUET. *ad lib.*



In the fold so warm and still. On His face I
 This one, on - ly nev - er came, Oft His voice rang
 Shiv - 'ring in the mountain air. . But at last the



saw the anguish. In His locks the drops of night, As He
 thro' the darkness Of that long, long night of pain, Oft He
 Shep - herd found it, Found it ere in sleep it died, Took it

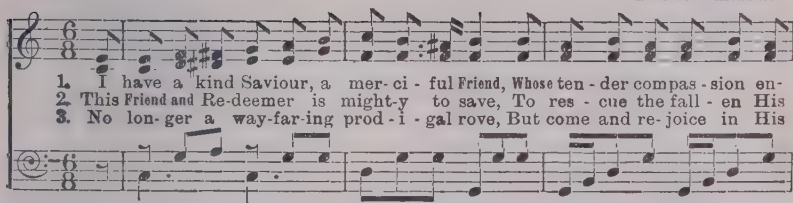


searched the mis - ty val - leys, As He climb'd the fros - ty heights.
 vain - ly paused to list - en For an answering tone a - gain.
 in His lov - ing bo - som, And His soul was sat - is - fied.

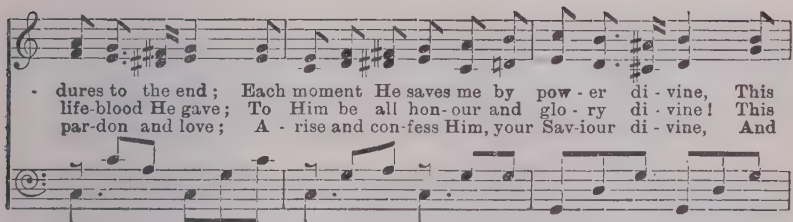
Is He Thine?

T. H.

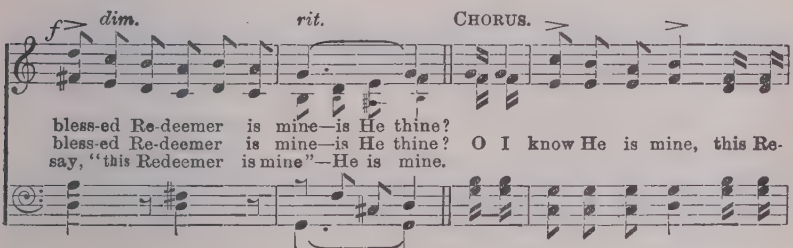
THORO HARRIS.



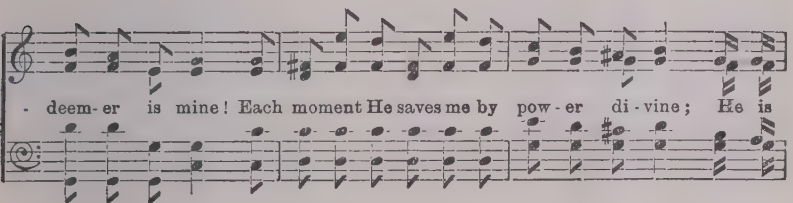
1. I have a kind Saviour, a mer-ci - ful Friend, Whose ten - der compas - sion en -
 2. This Friend and Re-deemer is might-y to save, To res - cue the fall - en His
 3. No lon-ger a way-far-ing prod-i - gal rove, But come and re-joice in His



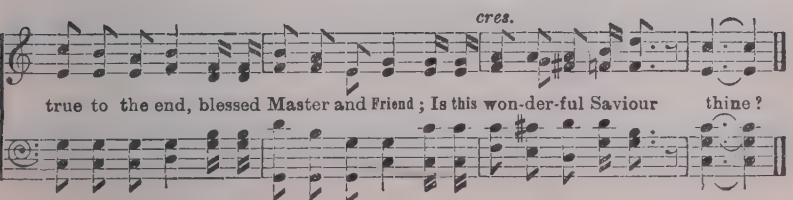
- dures to the end; Each moment He saves me by pow - er di - vine, This
 life-blood He gave; To Him be all hon-our and glo - ry di - vine! This
 par-don and love; A - rise and con-fess Him, your Sav-iour di - vine, And



f *dim.* *rit.* CHORUS. *cres.*
 bless-ed Re-deemer is mine—is He thine?
 bless-ed Re-deemer is mine—is He thine? O I know He is mine, this Re-
 say, "this Redeemer is mine"—He is mine.



- deem-er is mine! Each moment He saves me by pow - er di - vine; He is



cres.
 true to the end, blessed Master and Friend; Is this won-der-ful Saviour thine?

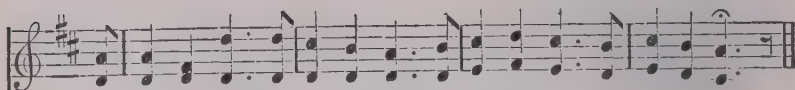
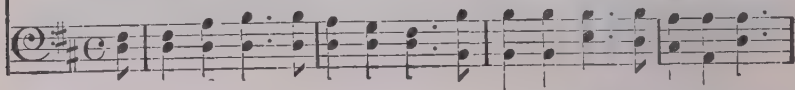
Jesus, the Rock of Ages.

F. J. C.

W. F. STEWARD.



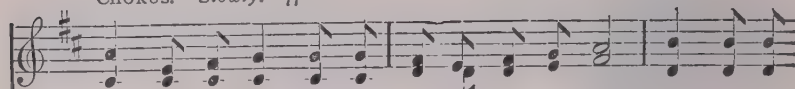
1. There stands a Rock on shores of time, That rears to heav'n its head sublime;
2. That Rock's a cross, its arms outspread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
3. That Rock's a tower whose loft-y height, Illumed with heav'n's un-clouded light,



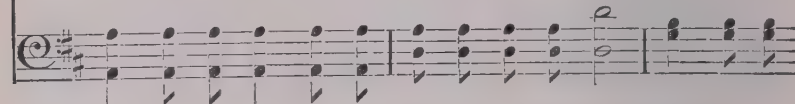
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest Who find with-in this cleft a rest.
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of A - ges cling.
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome, Where saints find rest with Christ at home.



CHORUS. *Slowly. pp*

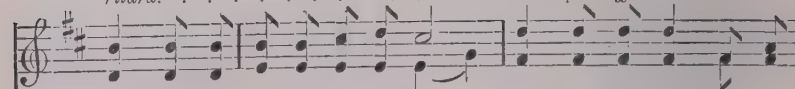


Some build their hopes on the ev - er - drift - ing sand, Some on their

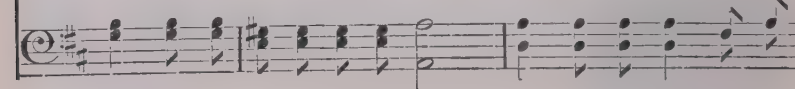


ritard.

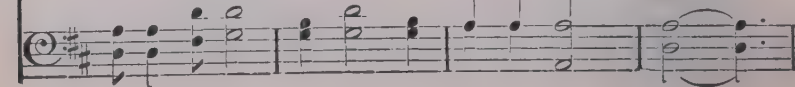
a tempo. ff



fame, or their trea - sure, or their land; Mine's on a Rock that for



ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the Rock of A - ges! . . .

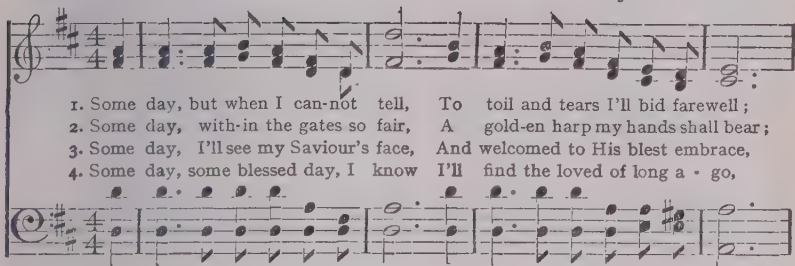


616

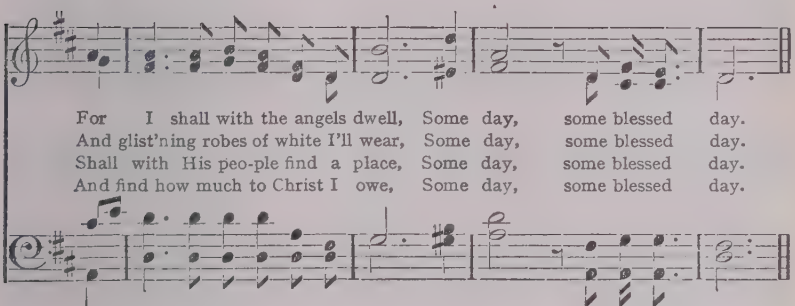
Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. Some day, but when I can-not tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell ;
 2. Some day, with-in the gates so fair, A gold-en harp my hands shall bear ;
 3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And welcomed to His blest embrace,
 4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long a - go,

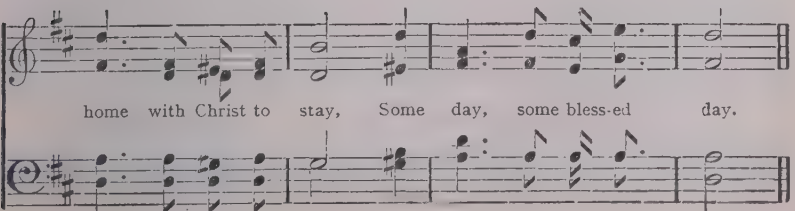


For I shall with the angels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.
 And glist'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
 Shall with His peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
 And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.

CHORUS.



Some day, Some day, I'll be at
 Some bless-ed day, some bless-ed day,



home with Christ to stay, Some day, some bless-ed day.

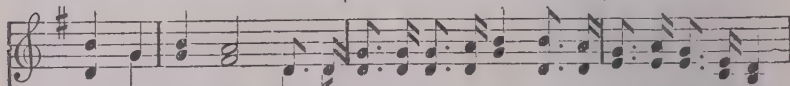
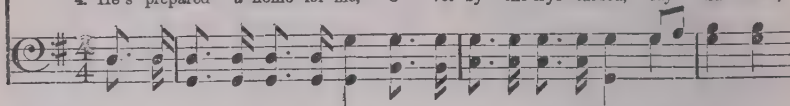
617 I have Found a Friend Indeed.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

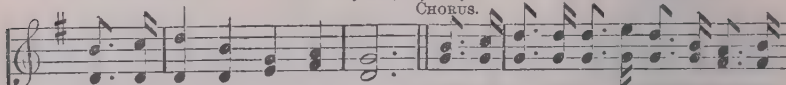
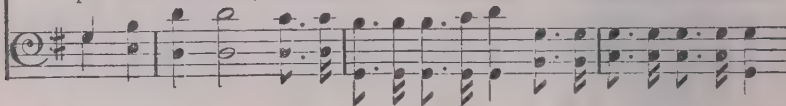
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. I have found a friend in-deed, Who supplies my ev-'ry need, My Sa-viour,
2. He has wash'd me from all sin, He has made me pure with-in, My Sa-viour,
3. When I have a hea-vy trial, He be-stows on me a smile, My Sa-viour,
4. He's prepared a home for me, O-ver by the crys-talsea, My Sa-viour,

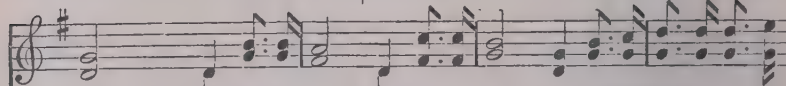
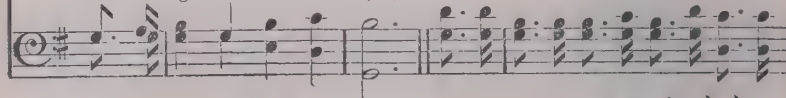


pre-cious Sa-viour; With the eye of faith sublime I can see Him all the time,
 pre-cious Sa-viour; He hath made my spi-rit whole, Spo-ken peace to my poor soul,
 pre-cious Sa-viour; And I find no oth-er rest Like the ha-ven of His breast,
 pre-cious Sa-viour; When life's fit-ful dream is o'er, I will dwell up-on that shore,

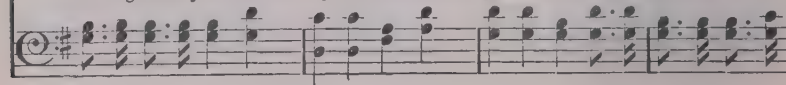


CHORUS.

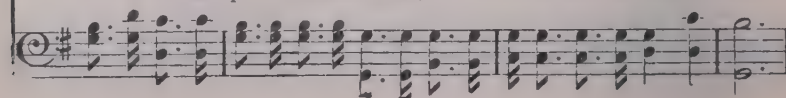
And He's with me all the way. } Hal-le-lu-jah! I am walk-ing with my
 And He bless-es me each day. }
 For a pres-ent help is He. }
 Thro' a bright e-ter-ni-ty. } I, am



Sa-viour, My dear Sa-viour, pre-cious Sa-viour, And He keeps me in His
 walking with my Sa-viour, My dear Sa-viour. pre-cious Sa-viour, He



per-fect love and fa-vour, And I nev-er have to walk a-lone.
 His perfect love and fa-vour,

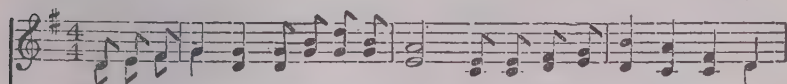


The Grand Old Bible.

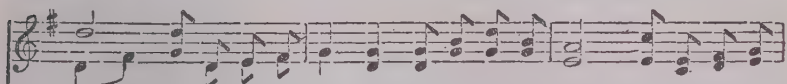
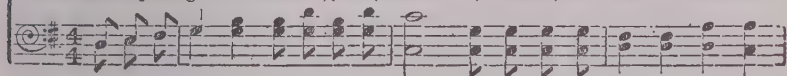
With his permission, this song is gratefully inscribed to Dr. R. A. TORREY, in appreciation of his steadfast loyalty to the grand old book—the BIBLE.

C, H. G.

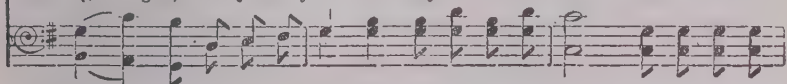
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



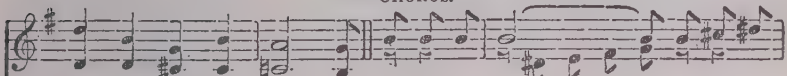
1. Hold up the grand old Bible to the peo - ple! De - ny it or neg - lect it
2. Hold up the grand old Bible and proclaim it The word of God by prophets
3. Hold up the grand old Bible of our fa - thers, And send it on - to ev - 'ry
4. Hold up the grand old Bible, proudly own it, Believe, and search its sa - cred



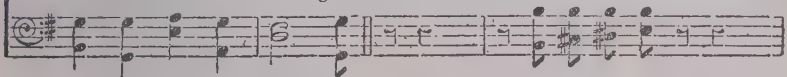
nev - er! Unfail - ing it has stood the test of a - ges, And it shall
spo - ken; His seal imprint - ed glows up - on its pa - ges, And not a
na - tion; It is the cloud - by day, the fire in dark - ness, That lights the
pa - ges; There you may find the way of life e - ter - nal Im - mor - tal



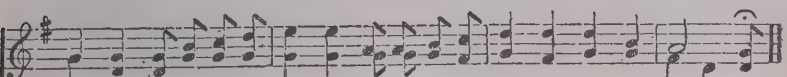
CHORUS.



stand unchanged for ev - er!
pre - cept can be bro - ken. } O blessed book, the on - ly
way un - to sal - va - tion. } O blessed book,
life thro' end - less a - ges.



book, The pow'rs of earth can change it never! The test of
the on - ly book.



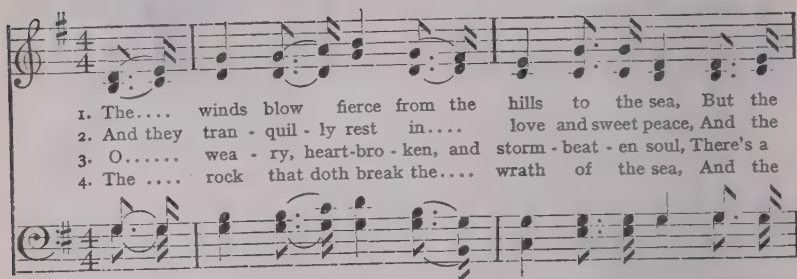
fire and flood thro' ages it hath stood, And it shall stand unchanged for ev - er.



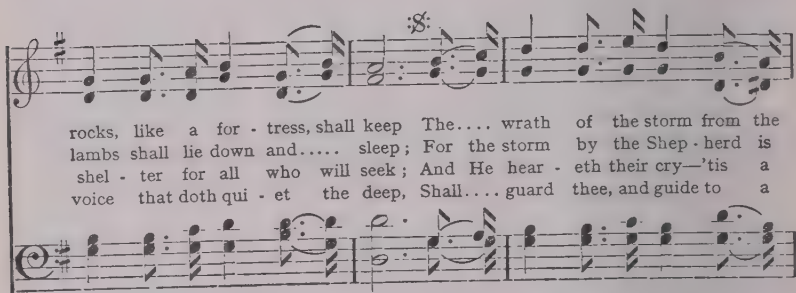
He Loveth His Sheep.

(GOOD AS A SOLO.)

WILLIAM M. RAMSEY.



1. The... winds blow fierce from the hills to the sea, But the
 2. And they tran - quil - ly rest in.... love and sweet peace, And the
 3. O..... wea - ry, heart-bro - ken, and storm - beat - en soul, There's a
 4. The rock that doth break the.... wrath of the sea, And the



rocks, like a for - tress, shall keep The.... wrath of the storm from the
 lambs shall lie down and.... sleep; For the storm by the Shep - herd is
 shel - ter for all who will seek; And He hear - eth their cry—'tis a
 voice that doth qui - et the deep, Shall.... guard thee, and guide to a

D.S.—And He hear - eth their cry, And He'll

FINE.

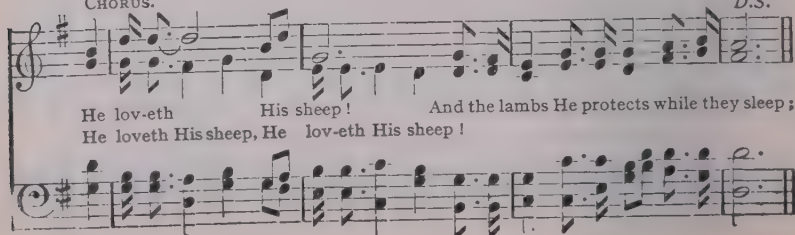


flock on the shore, For the Mas - ter, He lov-eth His sheep.
 tem - pered for them, For the Mas - ter, He lov-eth His sheep.
 hope un - ex - pressed, Oh! the Mas - ter, He lov-eth His sheep.
 ha - ven of rest, Ah! the Mas - ter, He lov-eth His sheep.

ne'er pass them by, For the Mas - ter, He lov-eth His sheep.

CHORUS.

D.S.



He lov-eth His sheep! And the lambs He protects while they sleep;
 He loveth His sheep, He lov-eth His sheep!

620

Jesus Stood on the Shore.

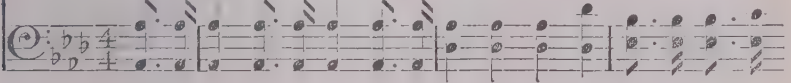
H. L. G.

(John xxi. 4.)

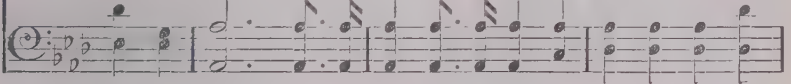
H. L. GILMOUR.



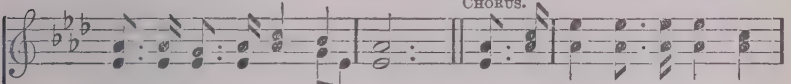
1. Je - sus stood on the shore, when the morn - ing came, Ap - pear - ing to His
2. Je - sus stood by the way, when the beg - gar blind, For mer - cy cried thro'
3. Je - sus stood by the grave of the friend He lov'd, And show'd His res - ur -
4. Je - sus stand-eth to - day at the mer - cy seat, Our Ad - vo - cate with



friends once more, The be - lov - ed dis - ci - ple knew the Lord, Who
na - ture's night, As he cast down his gar - ments at His feet, By
rec - tion pow'r; Quick - ly gave the command, "Come forth, come forth," Un -
God a - bove; Shows His nail - pierc - ed hands, and plead - ing stands, Un -

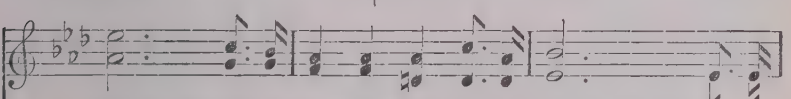
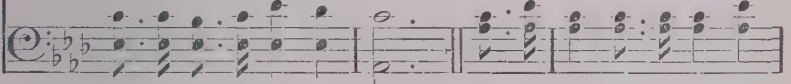


CHORUS.

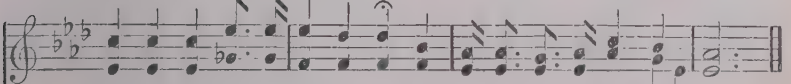


lov'd Him as in days of yore.
faith he there re - ceiv'd His sight.
loose, and let him go this hour.
chang - ing in His won - drous love.

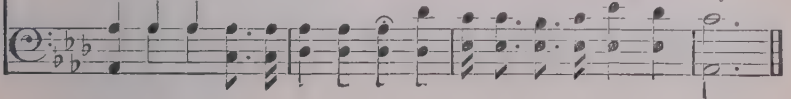
} Je - sus stands on the shore to -

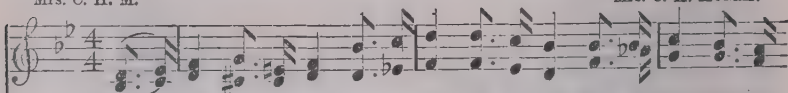


day (to - day), Help - ing strug - gling souls by the way (by the way), On the

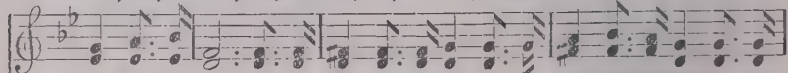


land, or wave. Je - sus waits to save, He nev - er turns a soul a - way.

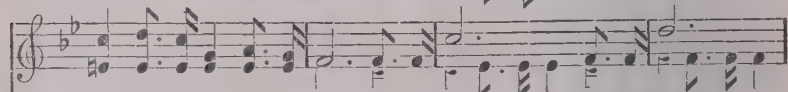
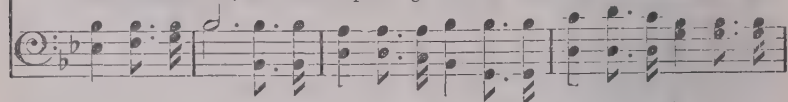




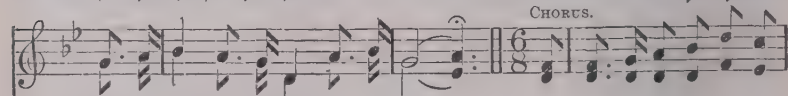
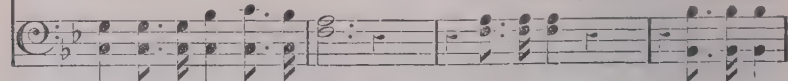
1. O where, where to-day are the sheep of the fold, Those for whom the dear
- 2 And where are the lambs to His great heart so dear? Are they out on the
3. O ye who are out on the moun-tains of sin, Heed the voice of the
4. Tho' the nine - ty and nine may be safe in the fold, While there's one lost in



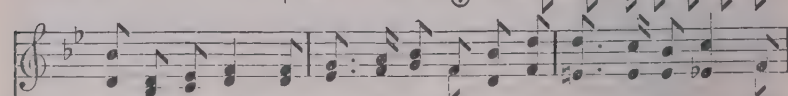
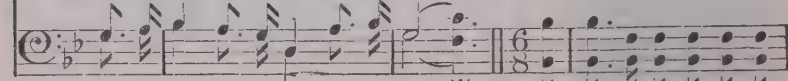
Shep-herd has died, Those for whom He has sought thro' the night bleak and cold, O - ver
mountains a - stray? Are they far, far a - way from His kind, lov - ing care? Tell me
Shep-herd so true, Ev - er - more He is seek - ing the lost ones to win, And His
sin and un - done, Will the Shep-herd go forth and His dear voice be heard, As He



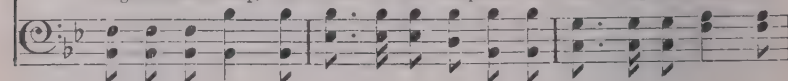
tor - rent and steep mountain side? Tell me where, tell me where,
where are the young lambs to-day? Tell me where, tell me where,
mer - cy includes me and you, E - ven me, e - ven you,
calls for His wan - der - ing one, As He calls, sweet - ly calls,
Tell me where, tell me where,



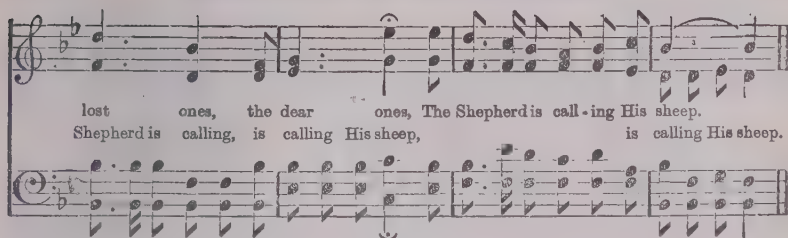
Tell me where are the lost sheep to - day?
Tell me where are the young lambs to-day?
And His mer - cy includes me and you.
As He calls for His wan - der - ing one? } Still ech - o - ing down from the



rough mountain steep, The voice of the Shepherd is call - ing His sheep, The



Where are the Sheep?—continued.

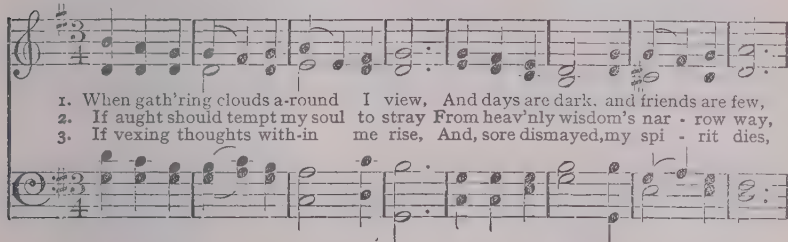


lost ones, the dear ones, The Shepherd is call-ing His sheep.
Shepherd is calling, is calling His sheep, is calling His sheep.

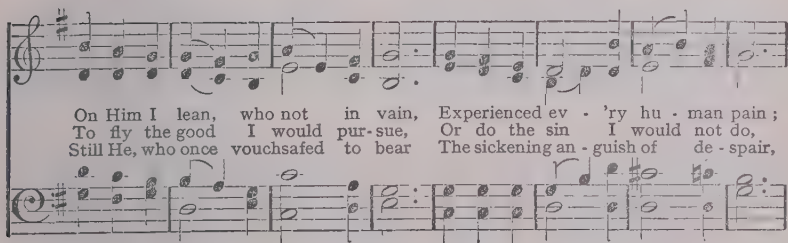
622 When Gathering Clouds Around 3 View.

R. GRANT.

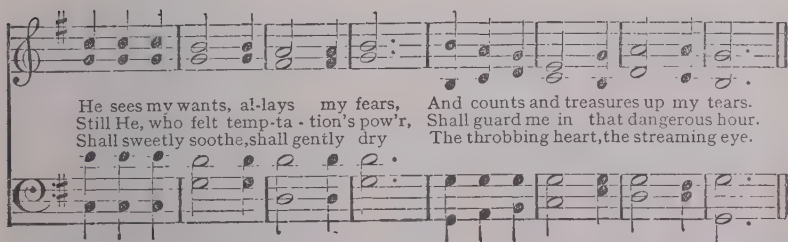
Arr. fr. F. MENDELSSOHN.



1. When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heav'nly wisdom's nar - row way,
3. If vexing thoughts with-in me rise, And, sore dismayed, my spi - rit dies,



On Him I lean, who not in vain, Experienced ev - 'ry hu - man pain;
To fly the good I would pur-sue, Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening an - guish of de - spair,



He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.
Still He, who felt temp-ta - tion's pow'r, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

Calling Thee Away.

MARGARET MOODY.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Be-yond the cares of life, and bitter pain, Be-yond the thought of
 2. Be-yond the fad-ing van-i-ties of life, Be-yond the realm of
 3. Be-yond is life and ev-er-last-ing joy, Be-yond, where naught of

wealth and earthly gain, A voice is call-ing, call-ing thee to-day
 pas-sion and of strife, That voice is call-ing, call-ing thee to-day
 e-vil can an-noy, The Lord now calls thee in His bless-ed word;

CHORUS.

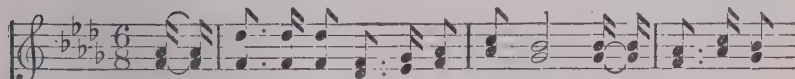
From sin and death to quickly flee a-way.
 From all un-righteous-ness to turn a-way.
 Oh! seek Him while His loving voice is heard. } Call-ing, call-ing thee a-

way, a-way, Call-ing, call-ing thee a way, a-way,

From all earthly pain and sor-row, Sweet-ly calling thee a-way.

When I Get to the End.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



- | | | | |
|------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------|---------------------|
| 1. The | sands have been washed in the | foot-prints | Of the stran-ger on |
| 2. There are | so man-y hills to climb up-ward, | I | oft en am |
| 3. He | loves me too well to for-sake me, | Or | give me one |
| 4. When the last | fee-ble step has been tak-en, | And the | gates of that |



D.C.—And the toils of the road will seem no-thing, When I get to the
Last time.—Then the toils of the road will seem no-thing, When I get to the

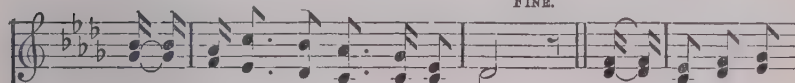


Gal-i-lee's shore,	And the voice that sub-dued the rough	bil-lows
long-ing for rest,	But He who ap-oints me my	path-way
tri-al too much,	All His peo-ple have been dear-ly	pur-chased,
cit-y ap-pear,	And the beau-ti-ful songs of the	an-gels



end of the way,	And the toils of the road will seem	no-thing,
end of the way,	Then the toils of the road will seem	no-thing,

FINE.



Will be heard in	Ju-de-a no more.	But the path of that
Knows just what	is need-ful and best.	I know in His
And Sa-tan	can nev-er claim such.	By and by I shall
Float out on	my list-en-ing ear;	When all that now



When I get to the end of the way.



D.C.

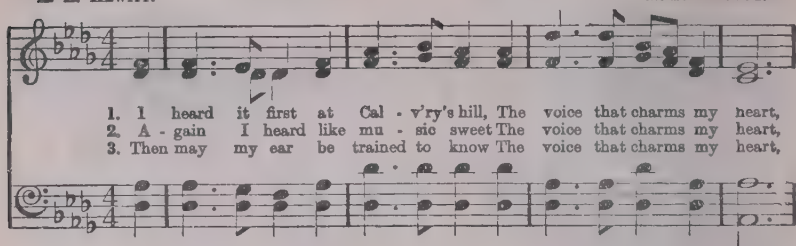
lone Gal-i-le-an,	With joy I will fol-low to-day;
word He hath promised	That my strength, "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him,	in the cit-y of un-end-ing day;
seems so mys-te-rious,	Will be bright and as clear as the day;



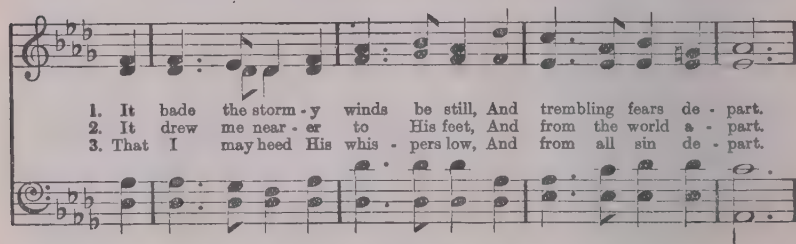
625 The Voice that Charms my Heart.

R. E. HEWITT.

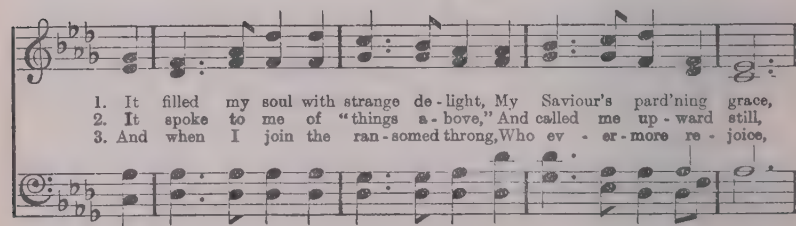
H. L. GILMORE.



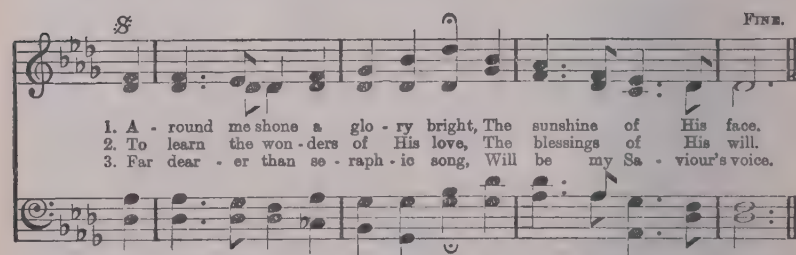
1. I heard it first at Cal - v'ry's hill, The voice that charms my heart,
 2. A - gain I heard like mu - sic sweet The voice that charms my heart,
 3. Then may my ear be trained to know The voice that charms my heart,



1. It bade the storm - y winds be still, And trembling fears de - part.
 2. It drew me near - er to His feet, And from the world a - part.
 3. That I may heed His whis - pers low, And from all sin de - part.



1. It filled my soul with strange de - light, My Saviour's pard'ning grace,
 2. It spoke to me of "things a - bove," And called me up - ward still,
 3. And when I join the ran - somed throng, Who ev - er - more re - joice,



1. A - round me shone a glo - ry bright, The sunshine of His face.
 2. To learn the won - ders of His love, The blessings of His will.
 3. Far dear - er than so - raph - ic song, Will be my Sa - viour's voice.

D.S.—Come, wan - d'r'er, hear, wher - e'er thou art, The voice that charms my heart.

CHORUS.

D.S.

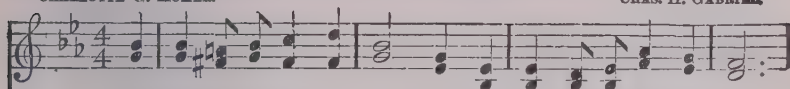


O pre - cious voice, that spoke to me, Sweet words of peace from Cal - va - ry,

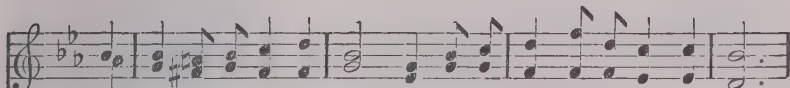
626 Love that Marks the Sparrow's Fall.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

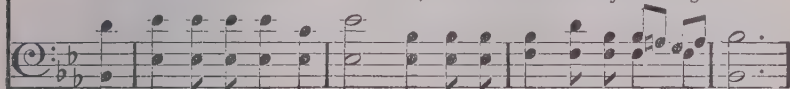
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. What grace Thou dost show to - ward us, What mer - cy, — a boundless sea;
2. Like sheep from the shep - herd stray - ing; Like wrecks on a storm - y sea,
3. Lord, when I have reach'd the riv - er Whose wa - ters so dark - ly roll,



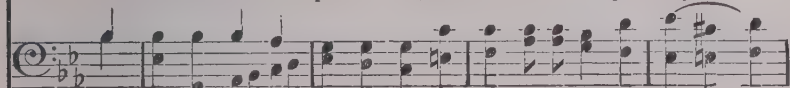
What blessings Thou dost af - ford us, And how cold is our love to Thee!
The will of the flesh o - bey - ing, We have wandered a - way from Thee!
Do Thou in that hour de - liv - er, And be near to my faint - ing soul.



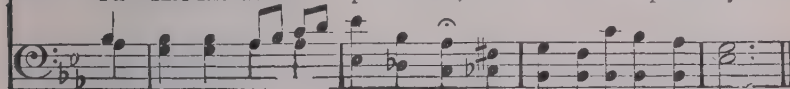
Yet still Thou dost hear when for help we call, And art rea - dy to make re - ply,
And yet, Lord, Thy mer - cy is o - ver all, And re - pent - ant to Thee we fly,
Tho' sha - dows be deep, they shall not ap - pal, If Thou wilt un - to me draw nigh,



For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall, And hear - est the or - phan's cry; . . .



For Thou dost mark the spar - row's fall, And hear - est the or - phan's cry.



They never Die up Yonder.

LIZZIE DRABMOND.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the ev - er - last - ing morn - ing on this wear - y earth shall dawn, And we
 2. By the an - gel bands at - tend - ed, up a - long the star - ry way, They have
 3. We shall know them by the love - light that still lin - gers in their eyes, Tho' their

hear the trumpet sounding loud and clear; When the an - gels from the battlements of
 journey'd where the surges swell no more; They have left their earthly tem - ple for a
 faces bright with heaven's glo - ry shine; Those who vanished from earth's portals and were

hea - ven shout for joy, We will greet the friends we loved and cherished here.
 house not made with hands; They are liv - ing on the peaceful E - den shore.
 lost a lit - tle while In the sum - mer - land of Par - a - dise div - ine.

CHORUS.

For they nev - er die up yon - - - der, There with joy they stand ar -
 For they nev - er, nev - er die up yonder There with joy they

rayed; No, they nev - er die up yon - der, Je - sus all the debt has paid.
 stand, they stand arrayed; No they never die up yon - der,

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Saved from the Wreck.

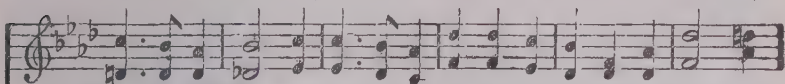
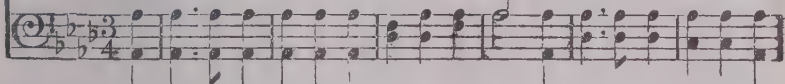
E. E. HEWITT.

(EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.)

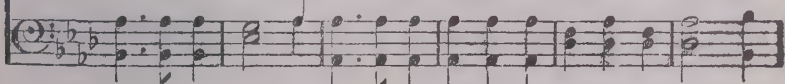
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. A-drift on the waters, so dark and so cold, A-far from the beauti-ful
2. O, I was the sinner a-lone on thesea, But love's blessed signals were
3. I stepped in the life-boat, provided for me, And Jes-us, my Pi-lot, my
4. Life's turbulent surges are kissed into peace, The beacons are shining and



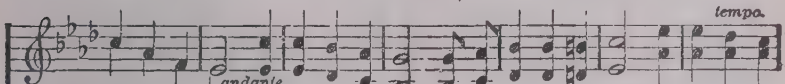
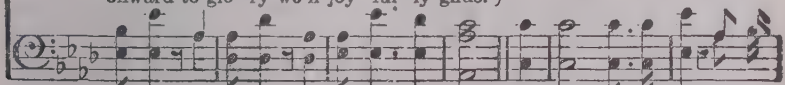
cit - y of gold, A ves-sel is sinking for heav-y the gale, The
float-ing for me; Tho' thunders were rolling, and billows at strife, Lo,
Captain will be; His bos-om my re-fuge, my "haven of rest," I'm
songs never cease; Fair moonbeams, bright sunshine, illumine the tide, While



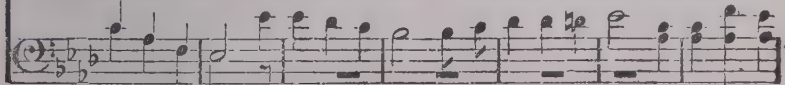
CHORUS.



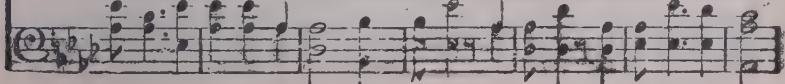
ca-ble is broken, and tattered each sail. *con anima.*
Jesus was calling, "escape for thy life." } Poor child of the wreck, see the
rescued from shipwreck, so happy and blest. }
onward to glo-ry we'll joy-ful-ly glide. }



life-boat is near, A sweet voice is heard, for the Master is here; He walks ev'ry



billow, controls ev'ry wave, 'Tis Jesus, King Jesus, "the mighty to save."

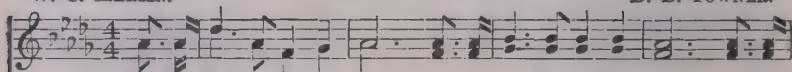


629

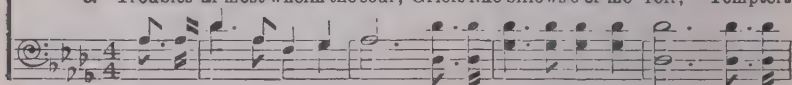
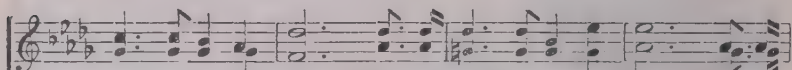
My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN.

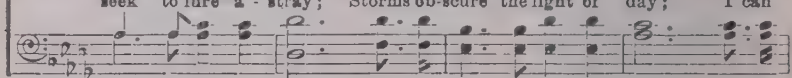
D. B. TOWNER.



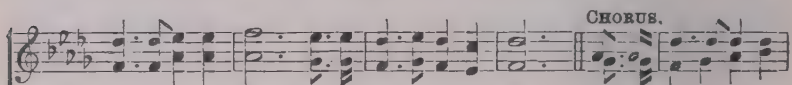
1. Tho' the an-gry sur-ges roll On my tem-pest driv-en soul, I am
2. Might-y tides a-bout me sweep, Per-ils lurk within the deep; Angry
3. Troubles al-most whelm the soul; Griefs like billows o'er me roll; Tempters

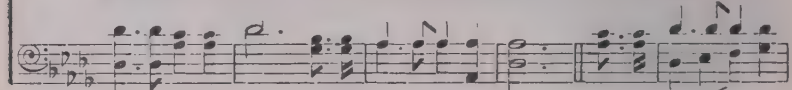
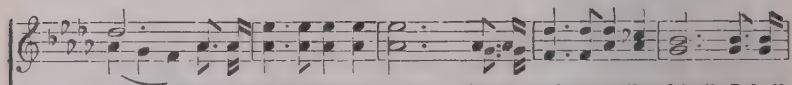
peace-ful, for I know, Wild-ly tho' the winds may blow, I've an
clouds o'er shade the sky, And the tem-pest ris-es high; Still I
seek to lure a-stray; Storms ob-scure the light of day; I can



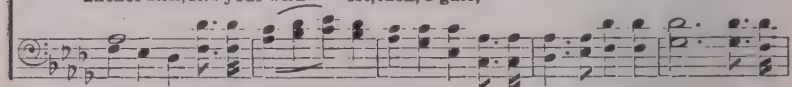
CHORUS.



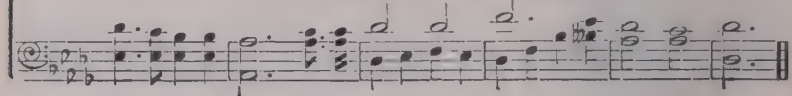
an-chor safe and sure, That can ev-er more en-dure.
stand the tem-pest's shock, For my an-chor grips the rock. } And it holds, my anchor
face them and be bold, I've an an-chor that shall hold. } And it holds, my

holds; Blow your wildest, then, O gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall
anchor holds; Blow your wild-est, then, O gale,



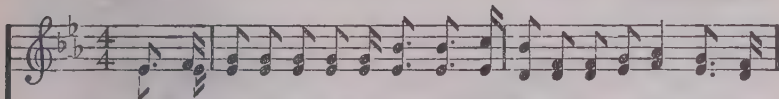

nev-er, nev-er fail, For my an-chor holds, my an-chor holds.
For my anchor holds, it firmly holds,



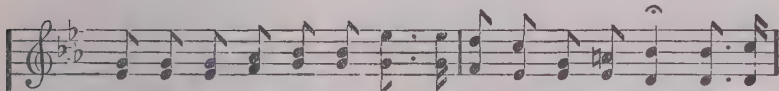
We have done it unto Me.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

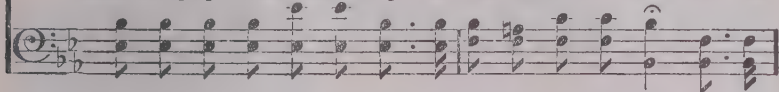
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



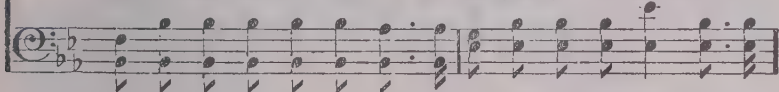
1. Have you car-ried cups of wa-ter, From the fresh and liv-ing spring, To the
2. Have you tried to cheer the stranger? Spoken com-fort to the sad? Have you
3. Have you brightened lonely pathways, With the gentle light of love, And to



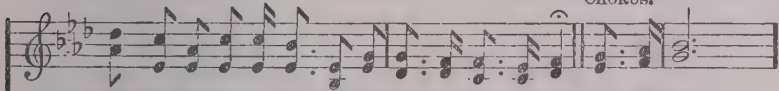
thirs-ty, faint and wea-ry, For the love of Christ our King? Then, when
helped the poor and need-y? Made the lit-tle child-ren glad? Then, be-
those who grope in darkness Brought the sunshine from a - bove? When the



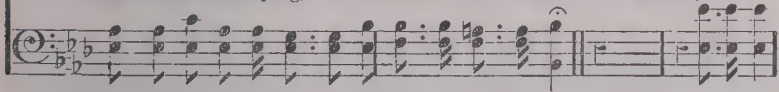
all the journey's end-ed, Sweet the wel-come home will be, When you
yond the walls of jas-per, By the shin-ing crys-tal sea, You will
trumpet has re-sound-ed, For the last great ju-bi-lee, You will



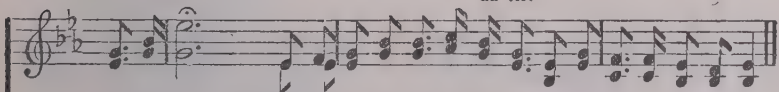
CHORUS.



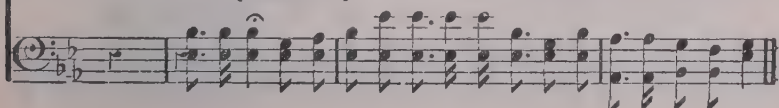
hear the Mas-ter saying, "Ye have done it un-to Me." Un-to Me,



ad lib.



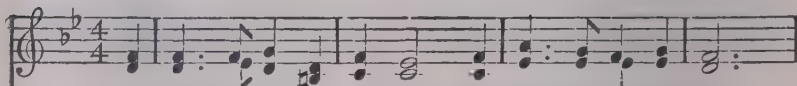
Un - to Me, { When you } hear the Master saying,
 { You will } "Ye have done it unto Me."



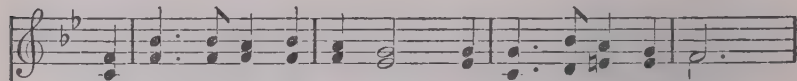
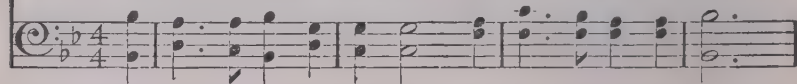
631 Heart Bereaved and Lonely.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

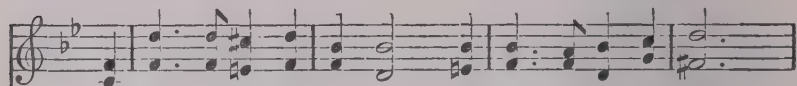
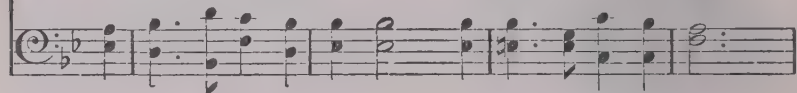
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



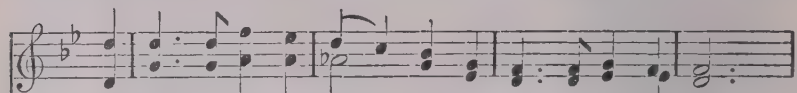
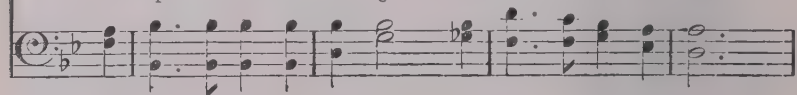
1. O heart bereaved and lone-ly, Whose bright-est dreams have fled,
2. O cling to thy Re-deem-er, Thy Sa-viour, Bro-ther, Friend;
3. Look up! the clouds are breaking, The storm will soon be o'er,



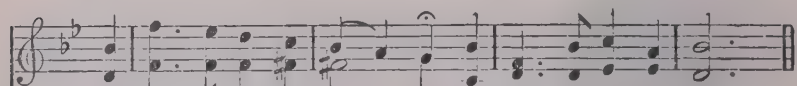
Whose hopes like Sum-mer ros-es, Are with-ered, crushed and dead;
Be-lieve and trust His prom-ise, To keep thee to the end,
And thou shalt reach the ha-ven Where sor-rows come no more,



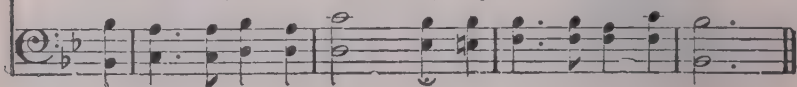
Tho' link by link is bro-ken, And tears un-seen may fall,
O watch and wait with pa-tience, But ques-tion not His will,
Look up! be not dis-cour-aged, Trust on what-e'er be-fall,



Look up a-mid thy sor-row, To Him who knows it all,
His arms of love and mer-cy, Are round a-bout thee still,
Re-mem-ber, oh, re-mem-ber, Thy Sa-viour knows it all,



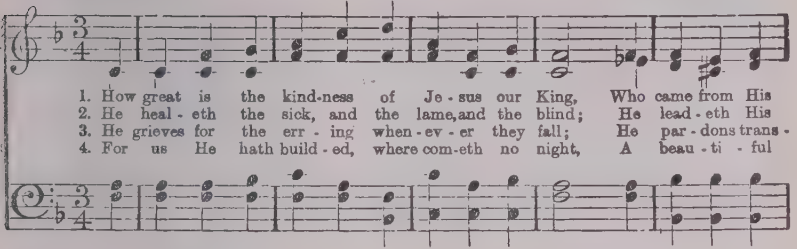
Look up a-mid thy sor-row, To Him who knows it all,
His arms of love and mer-cy, Are round a-bout thee still,
Re-mem-ber, oh, re-mem-ber, Thy Sa-viour knows it all.



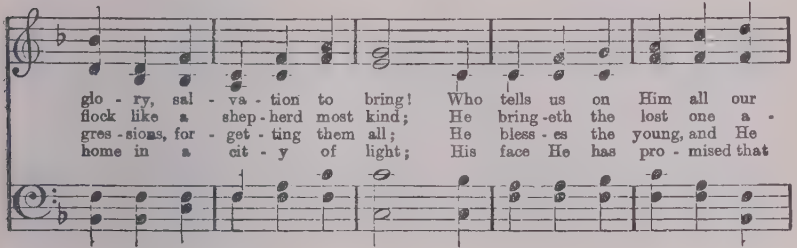
It Cannot be Told.

Mrs. FRANK A. BROOK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. How great is the kind-ness of Je-sus our King, Who came from His
 2. He heal-eth the sick, and the lame, and the blind; He lead-eth His
 3. He grieves for the err-ing when-ev-er they fall; He par-dons trans-
 4. For us He hath build-ed, where com-eth no night, A beau-ti-ful

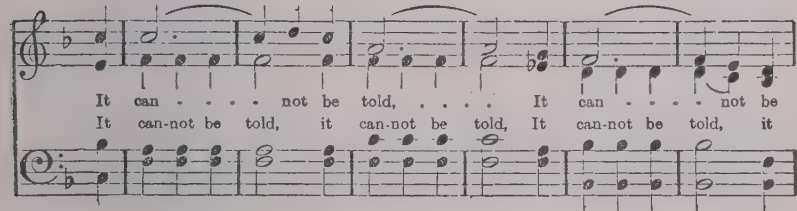


glo-ry, sal-va-tion to bring! Who tells us on Him all our
 flock like a shep-herd most kind; He bring-eth the lost one a-
 gres-sions, for get-ting them all; He bless-es the young, and He
 home in a cit-y of light; His face He has pro-mised that

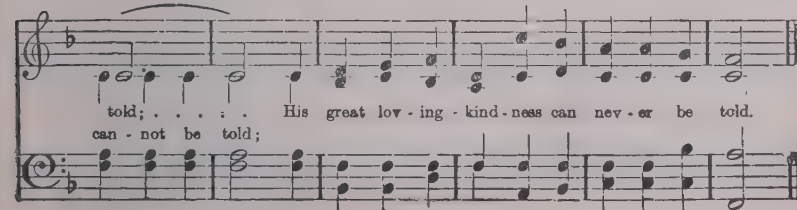


sins may be rolled,— His great lov-ing-kind-ness can nev-er be told.
 gain to His fold. His great lov-ing-kind-ness can nev-er be told.
 com-forts the old, His great lov-ing-kind-ness can nev-er be told.
 we shall be-hold, His great lov-ing-kind-ness can nev-er be told.

CHORUS.



It can . . . not be told, . . . It can . . . not be
 It can-not be told, it can-not be told, It can-not be told, it

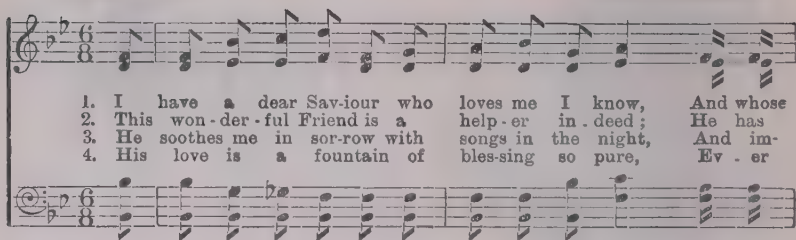


told; . . . His great lov-ing-kind-ness can nev-er be told.
 can-not be told;

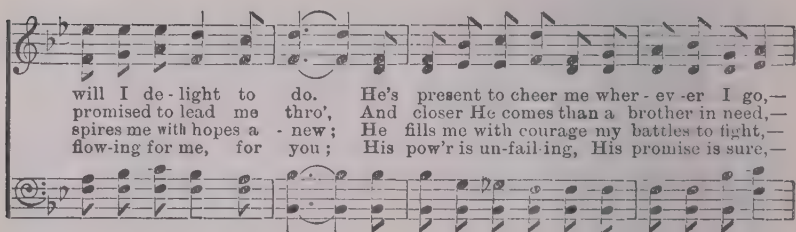
Was There Ever a Friend so True?

HARRIET FITHIAN.

IRA B. WILSON.

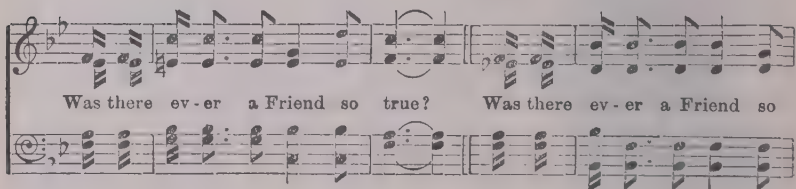


1. I have a dear Sav-iour who loves me I know, And whose
 2. This won-der-ful Friend is a help-er in-deed; He has
 3. He soothes me in sor-row with songs in the night, And im-
 4. His love is a fountain of bles-sing so pure, Ev-er



will I de-light to do. He's present to cheer me wher-ev-er I go,—
 promised to lead me thro', And closer He comes than a brother in need,—
 spires me with hopes a-new; He fills me with courage my battles to fight,—
 flow-ing for me, for you; His pow'r is un-fail-ing, His promise is sure,—

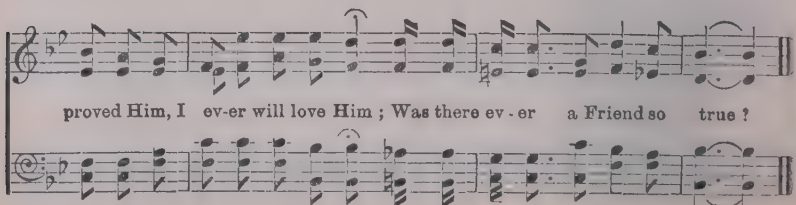
CHORUS.



Was there ev-er a Friend so true? Was there ev-er a Friend so



true? . Was there ev-er a Friend so true? I oft-en have
 so true? so true?

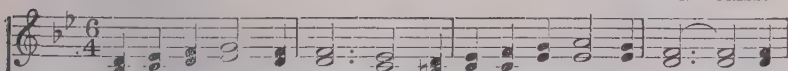


proved Him, I ev-er will love Him; Was there ev-er a Friend so true?

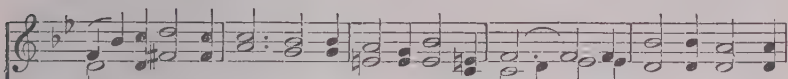
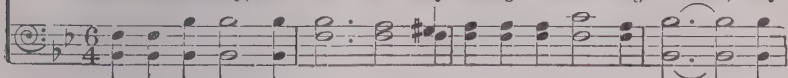
Show Me the Way, Dear Saviour.

ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.

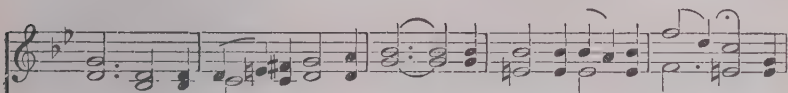
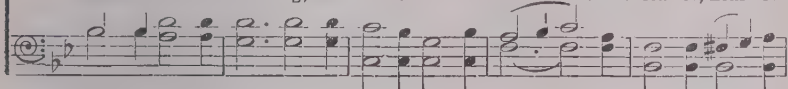
ALLIE TOLAND CRISS.



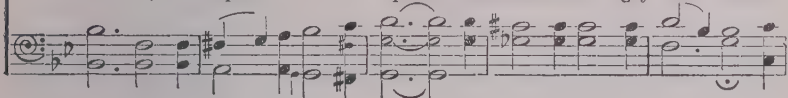
1. Show me the way, dear Sav - iour! The shadows are fall - ing fast, And
2. Show me the way, dear Sav - iour! The night is so wild and dark; I
3. Show me the way, dear Sav - iour! My cour - age is fail - ing fast; My



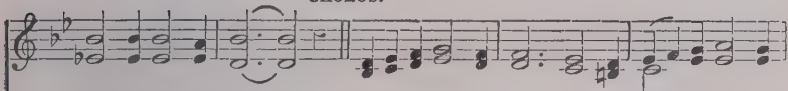
thro' the clonds a - bove me No ray of light is cast;..... The storm is wild - ly
can-not stem the cur - rent Unless Thou guide my bark;..... Oh, fierc - er grows the
storm-toss'd bark is sink - ing, But I'll be saved at last?..... Come near - er, near - er



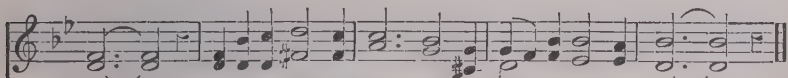
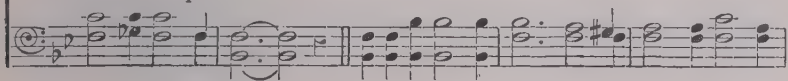
rag - ing, The thun - ders loudly roar, The restless waves are dash - ing A -
tem - pest, And wild - er rolls the sea, Help! help me, O my Sav - iour, I
to me, And speak the word of peace That stills the an - gry wa - ters And



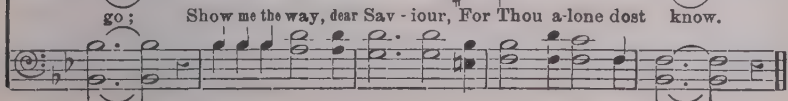
CHORUS.



- gainst the wreck - strewn shore.
trust a - lone in Thee. Show me the way, dear Sav - iour, That Thou wouldst have me
bids the tempest cease.



go; Show me the way, dear Sav - iour, For Thou a - lone dost know.



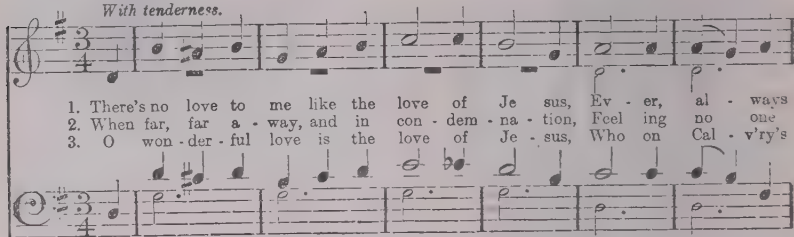
635 There's no Love like this for me.

SOLO OR DUET.

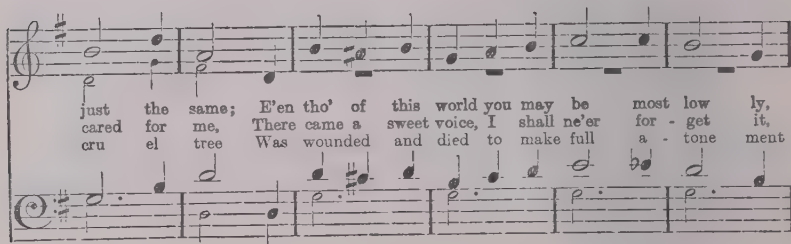
JOHN L. NEWKIRK.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

With tenderness.

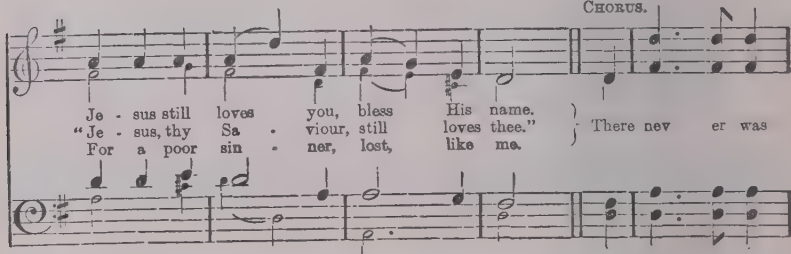


1. There's no love to me like the love of Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways
 2. When far, far a - way, and in con - dem - na - tion, Feel ing no one
 3. O won - der - ful love is the love of Je - sus, Who on Cal - v'ry's

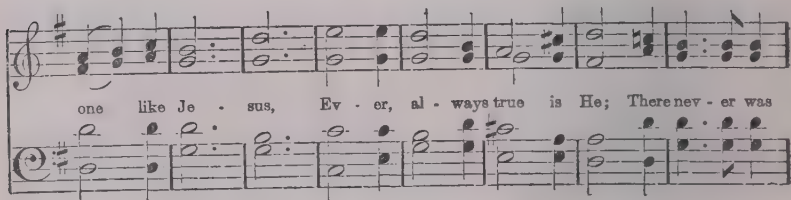


just the same; E'en tho' of this world you may be most low ly,
 cared for me, There came a sweet voice, I shall ne'er for - get it,
 cru el tree Was wounded and died to make full a - tone ment

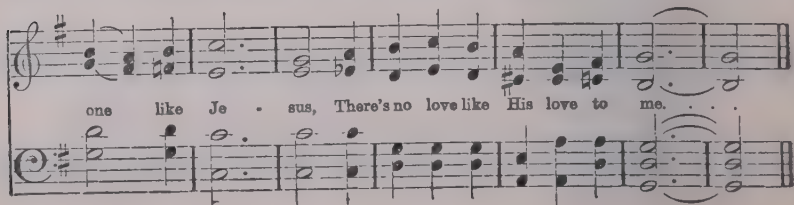
CHORUS.



Je - sus still loves you, bless His name.
 "Je - sus, thy Sa - viour, still loves thee."
 For a poor sin - ner, lost, like me. } There nev er was



one like Je - sus, Ev - er, al - ways true is He; There nev - er was



one like Je - sus, There's no love like His love to me.

636

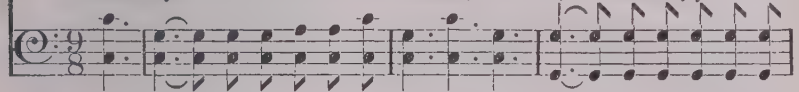
Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. How sweet is the love of my Sa - viour! 'Tis bound - less and deep as the
 2. I know He is ev - er be - side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will
 3. He leads, and I will - ing - ly fol - low Thro' sor - row or sha - dow or
 4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will



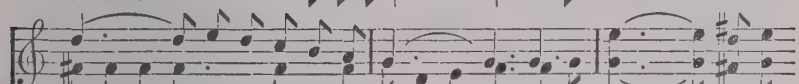
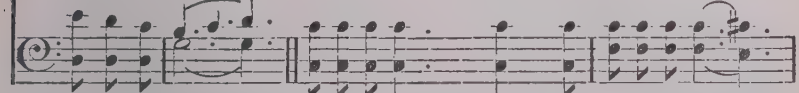
sea; And, best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow - ing sweet - er and
 prove The width and the depths of His mer - cy, And the truth of His
 sun; For be it thro' pit - i - less darkness, I can say, "Lord, Thy
 be To know that His love, now so precious, Will for - ev - er grow



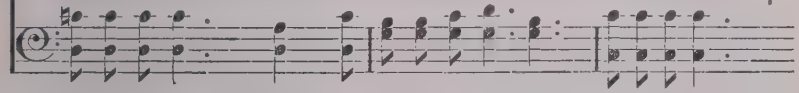
CHORUS.



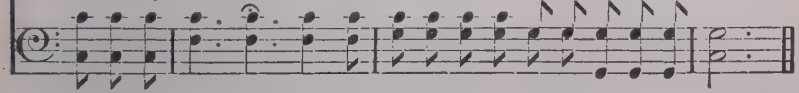
sweeter to me.
 in - fin - ite love.
 will shall be done."
 sweeter to me. } Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, . . .
 Sweeter to me, grow - ing sweeter to me,



Dear - - er and dear - er each day, Oh, won - - der - ful
 Dearer each day, grow - ing dear - er each day; Oh, won - der - ful love,



love of my Sa - viour, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way.
 love of my Sa - viour, Grow - ing dearer and dearer each step of my way.



637

The Battlefield of Life.

R. C.

ROBERT CROSBIE.

1. In the bat-tle-field of life there is long and bit-ter strife, And there's failure in the
 2. In the fight that's fierce and long, there are many foes and strong, And there's failure in the
 3. In the fight with death and sin there's a glory-crown to win, And there's failure in the
 4. In the bat-tle field the foes there will deal us man-y blows, Let us fix our eyes on

end for you (for you), If you have not God's strong arm, safe to
 end for me (for me), If I trust not in His power, safe to
 end for none (for none), Who will keep their ar-mour bright, and will
 Christ, our King (our King); We will con-quer by His grace, we shall

keep you from all harm, There is fail-ure in the end for you. . . .
 keep me ev-'ry hour, There is fail-ure in the end for me. . . .
 fight for God and right, There is fail-ure in the end for none. . . .
 ev-'ry foe dis-place, And the vic-t'ry up in heav'n we'll sing. . . .

CHORUS.

Then en-list in the ar-m-y of the Lord (of the Lord), Put your breastplate on of

ar-mour, gird your sword (gird your sword), In the blood-stained battle-field, Brave-ly

The Battlefield of Life—continued.

fight and nev-er yield, For we're marching to a glor-ious vic-to-ry. . . .

638

Evening Hymn.

H. G. JACKSON, D.D.

F. S. ROCKWELL.

1. Ev-'ning shades are softly blend-ing With the daylight's parting ray,
2. Tho' the day seem long and drear-y, Work and care at twi-light cease,
3. Thus when life's brief day is end-ed, And the deep'ning shades ap-pear,

And the dreamy twi-light, bend-ing O'er the couch of dy-ing day,
And the toil-ers, worn and wea-ry, Find from la-bour sweet re-lease;
By thy rod and staff de-fend-ed, E'en in death I'll feel no fear,

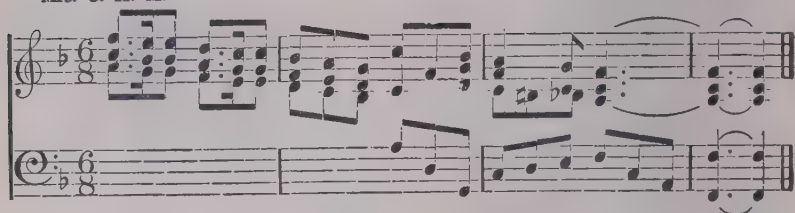
Gen-tly whispers, gen-tly whis-pers, "Truth and Love pass not a-way;"
Anx-ious toil-ers, anx-ious toil-ers, Find in slum-ber rest and peace;
Bless-ed Saviour, bless-ed Sa-viour, Death is life when Thou art near;

ad lib.
Gen-tly whis-pers, gen-tly whis-pers, "Truth and Love pass not a-way."
Anx-ious toil-ers, anx-ious toil-ers, Find in slum-ber rest and peace.
Bless-ed Sa-viour, bless-ed Sa-viour, Death is life when Thou art near.

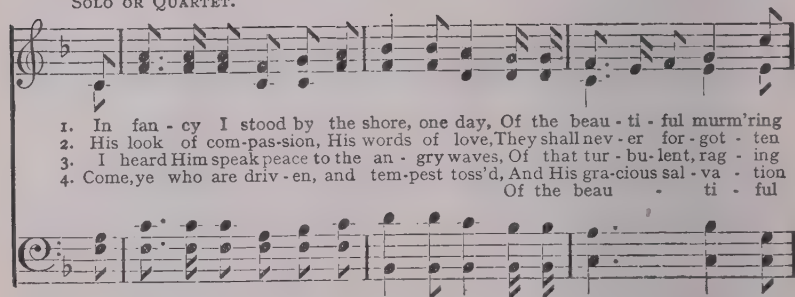
The Stranger of Galilee.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

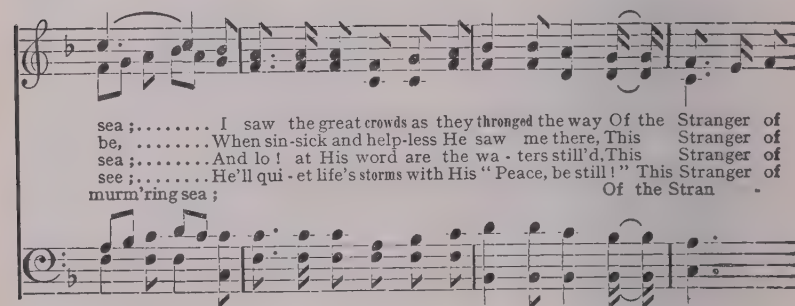


SOLO OR QUARTET.

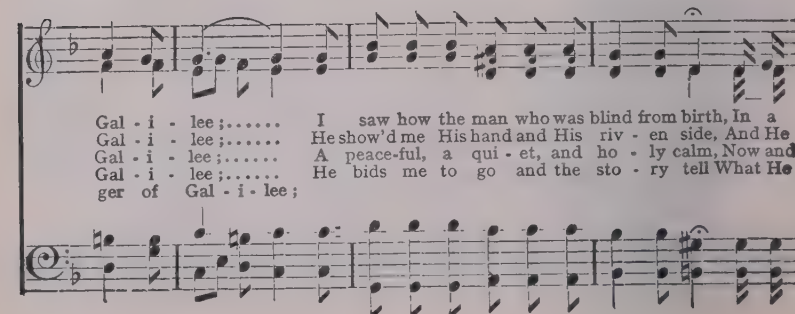


1. In fan - cy I stood by the shore, one day, Of the beau - ti - ful murm'ring
2. His look of com - pas - sion, His words of love, They shall nev - er for - got - ten
3. I heard Him speak peace to the an - gry waves, Of that tur - bu - lent, rag - ing
4. Come, ye who are driv - en, and tem - pest toss'd, And His gra - cious sal - va - tion

Of the beau - ti - ful

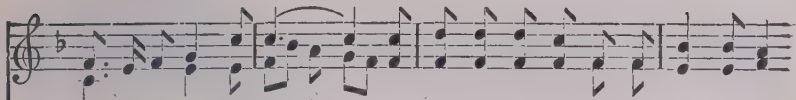


sea ; I saw the great crowds as they thronged the way Of the Stranger of
be, When sin - sick and help - less He saw me there, This Stranger of
sea ; And lo ! at His word are the wa - ters still'd, This Stranger of
see ; He'll qui - et life's storms with His " Peace, be still ! " This Stranger of
murm'ring sea ; Of the Stran -

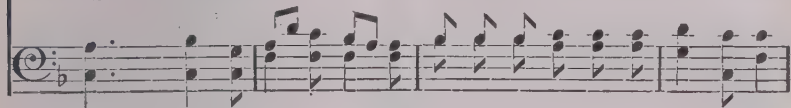


Gal - i - lee ; I saw how the man who was blind from birth, In a
Gal - i - lee ; He show'd me His hand and His riv - en side, And He
Gal - i - lee ; A peace - ful, a qui - et, and ho - ly calm, Now and
Gal - i - lee ; He bids me to go and the sto - ry tell What He
ger of Gal - i - lee ;

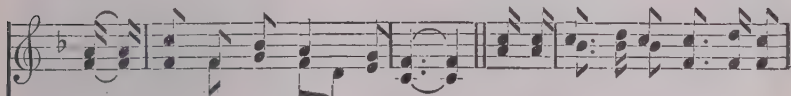
The Stranger of Galilee—Continued.



moment was made to see;..... The lame was made whole by the matchless skill
whispered, "It was for thee!"..... My bur-den fell off at the pierc-ed feet
ev - er a-bides with me; He hold-eth my life in His might-y hands,
ev - er to you will be, If on - ly you let Him with you a-bide,
mo - ment was made to see;

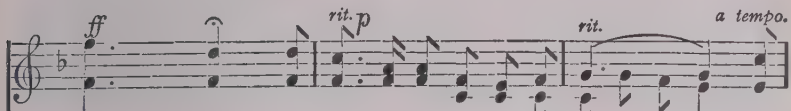


CHORUS.

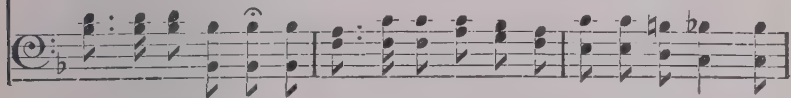


Of the Stran-ger	of Gal - i - lee.	} And I felt I could love Him for-
Of the Stran-ger	of Gal - i - lee.	
This Stran-ger	of Gal - i - lee.	
This Stran-ger	of Gal - i - lee.	

4th verse.
Oh, my friend won't you love Him for-



ev - er,	So gra - cious and ten - der was	He !.....	I
ev - er,	So gra - cious and ten - der is	He !.....	Ac -
ev er and ev - er,	so	ten - der is He !	



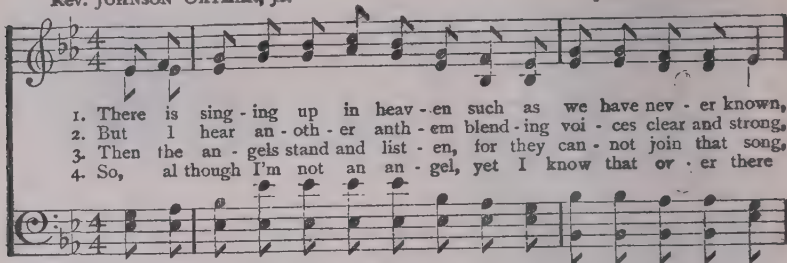
claim'd Him that day as my Sa - viour, This Stranger of Gal - i - lee.
cept Him to - day as your Sa - viour, This Stranger of Gal - i - lee.
Lord and my Saviour,



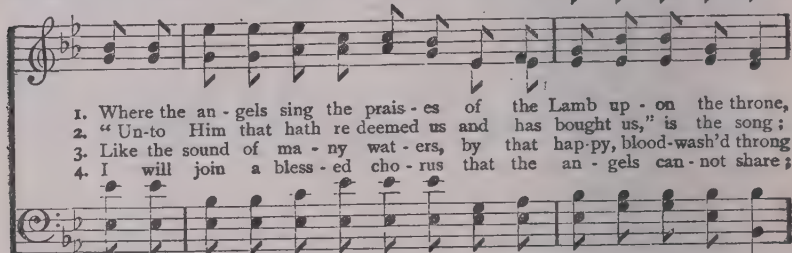
640 Make the Courts of Heaven Ring.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

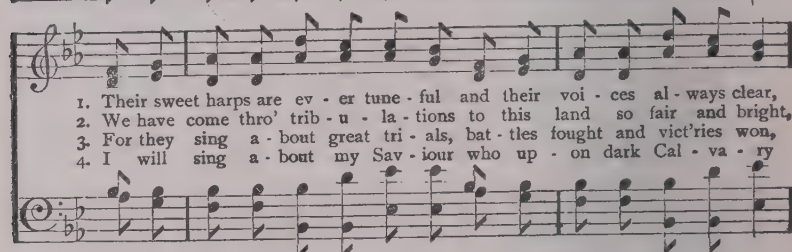
JMO. R. SWENET.



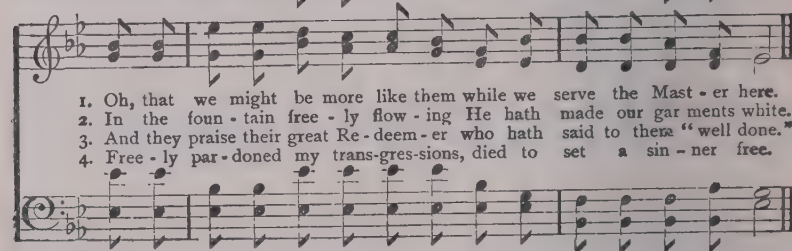
1. There is sing - ing up in heav - en such as we have nev - er known,
 2. But I hear an - oth - er anth - em blend - ing voi - ces clear and strong,
 3. Then the an - gels stand and list - en, for they can - not join that song,
 4. So, al though I'm not an an - gel, yet I know that ov - er there



1. Where the an - gels sing the prais - es of the Lamb up - on the throne,
 2. "Un - to Him that hath re deem - ed us and has bought us," is the song;
 3. Like the sound of ma - ny wat - ers, by that hap - py, blood - wash'd throng
 4. I will join a bless - ed cho - rus that the an - gels can - not share;

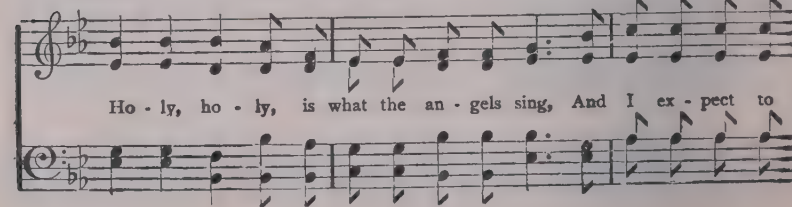


1. Their sweet harps are ev - er tune - ful and their voi - ces al - ways clear,
 2. We have come thro' trib - u - la - tions to this land so fair and bright,
 3. For they sing a - bout great tri - als, bat - tles fought and vic'tries won,
 4. I will sing a - bout my Sav - iour who up - on dark Cal - va - ry



1. Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Mast - er here.
 2. In the foun - tain free - ly flow - ing He hath made our gar ments white.
 3. And they praise their great Re - deem - er who hath said to them "well done."
 4. Free - ly par - doned my trans - ges - sions, died to set a sin - ner free.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, is what the an - gels sing, And I ex - pect to

Make the Courts of Heaven Ring—Continued.

help them make the courts of hea - ven ring ; But when I sing re-demp-tion's story

they will fold their wings, For an-gels nev-er felt the joys that our sal-va-tion brings.

641

My Mother's Face.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

With great expression.

1. On mem'ries wall en-grav-en stands My mother's precious face ;
2. The clouds from sorrow's drear-y night Oft o'er her face would drift ;
3. I saw her face in death grow cold, I saw it laid a-way ;
4. When in the haunts of sin I strayed, Lo ! mother's face was there ;
5. Some day with-in yon gates of gold, Thro' grace my feet shall stand ;

Fine.

Time's rude and ev-er bus-y hands, Naught from it can e-rase.
 But faith, which shone so clear and bright, Those sa-ble clouds would lift.
 But yet methinks I still be-hold That same sweet face to-day.
 That look made gild-ed pleasures fade, I sought the house of pray'r.
 There mother's face I will be-hold, A-mid the blood-washed band.

D.S.—Time's hand some pictures may e-rase, Her face no'er fades a-way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

My mother's face, her precious face, In mem'-ry lives to-day ;

Steer for Home.

JAMES FRASER.

WM. FRASER.

1. See God's mer - cy brightly beaming From His lighthouse on the shore;
2. Lis - ten to the wild winds sighing, See the bil - lows capped with foam.

Steer to yon - der light that's streaming, Sail life's storm - y seas no more.
O'er the sky dark clouds are fly - ing, Steer your bark for heaven and home.

CHORUS.

Steer for home! Oh, hear God call - ing, Far above the tempest's roar:

Oh, poor sail - or! how ap - pal - ling To be lost in sight of shore.

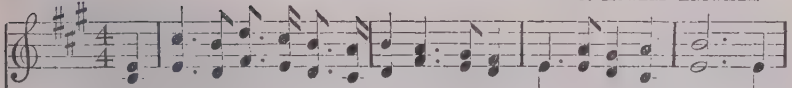
3. Shadows dark are slowly creeping,
Angry billows madly leap;
Stormy winds are wildly sweeping
O'er the tossing, heaving deep.

4. Soon the winds will cease their sighing,
Soon the waves be hushed to sleep;
Your frail bark a wreck be lying,
Shattered, lost beneath the deep.

645

The Harbour-home.

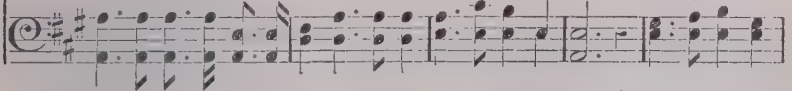
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. You're sail-ing t'ward the fearful rap-ids, brother, Face the har-bour-home! You're
2. Be-ware of hid-den rock and sand, my brother, Face the har-bour-home! Oh,
3. Be-fore you there is aw-ful dan-ger, brother, Face the har-bour-home! Just



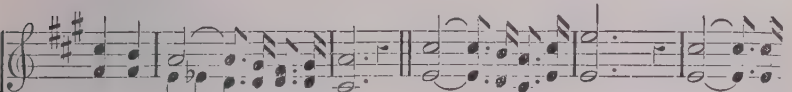
drift-ing far ther from the bea-con, brother, Face the harbour-home! See the clouds of
turn to-ward the shin-ing bea-con, brother, Face the harbour-home! Shining stars their
turn a-bout and there is safe-ty, brother, Face the harbour-home! Brightly now the



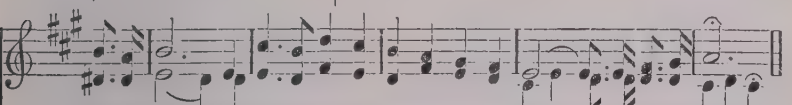
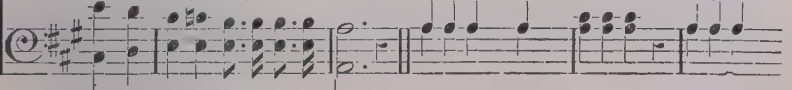
dark-ness o'er you, See the ma-n-y wrecks be-fore you, Turn this moment, we im-
watch are keep-ing, An-gry waves are round you sweep-ing, Guar-dian an-gels must be
light is burn-ing, Wise are they the light dis-cern-ing, Oh! at once your back be



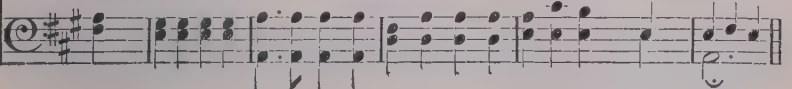
CHORUS.



plore you, Face the harbour-home! } Face the harbour-home! Face the
 weep-ing Face the harbour-home! } Face the harbour-home! Face the
 turn-ing Face the harbour-home! } Face the harbour-home! Face the
 Face, O face, Face, O face the harbour home! Face, O face



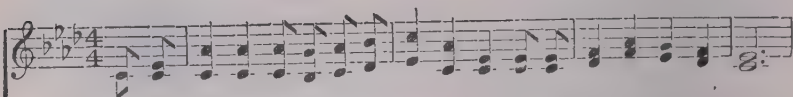
harbour-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn, And face the harbour-home!
the harbour-home! quickly face the harbour-home!



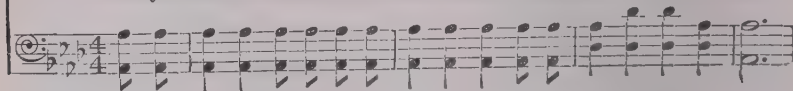
face the har - bour home!

A. A. PAYN.

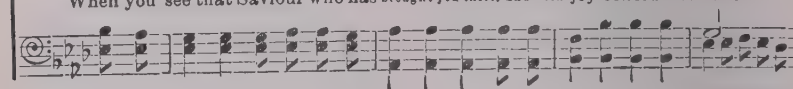
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. When you get to heaven as you surely will, If the Saviour's name you own,
2. When you roam with friends across the heav'nly fields, Ev-er finding treasures new ;
3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne Songs of praise un-to the Lamb ;
4. When you kneel in worship to the King of Kings, Who has saved you by His grace ;

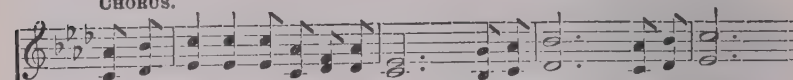


After you have greeted those you love the best, who are standing round the throne—
When you stand in rapture on some star-ry height, Gazing on some glorious view—
When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glo-ry to His name!"
When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy behold His face—

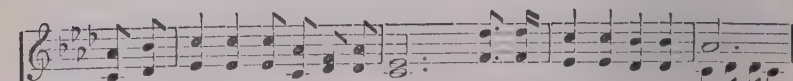
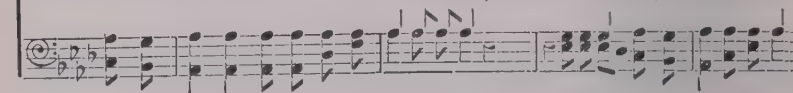


Hallelujah.

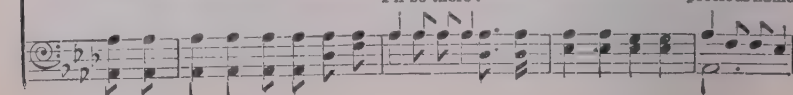
CHORUS.



You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!



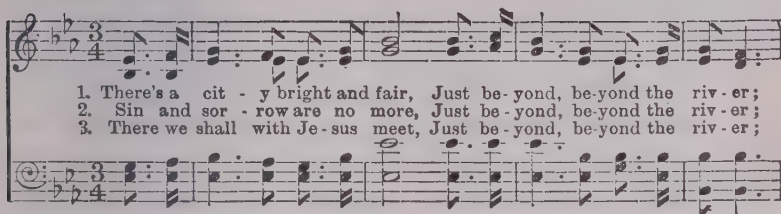
You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to His precious name!
I'll be there! precious name!



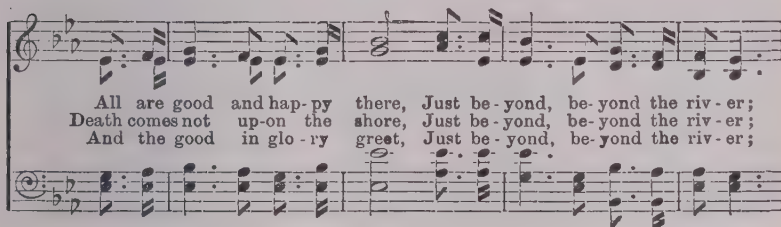
Just Beyond the River.

FRED. WOODROW.

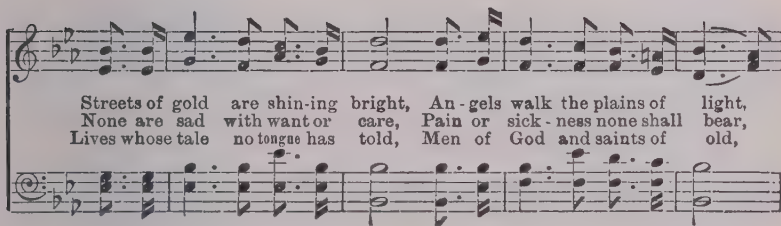
T. C. O'KANE.



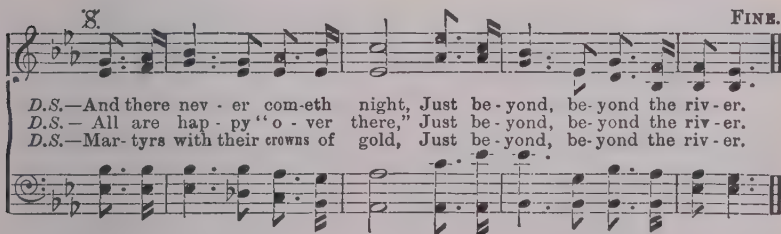
1. There's a cit - y bright and fair, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er;
 2. Sin and sor - row are no more, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er;
 3. There we shall with Je - sus meet, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er;



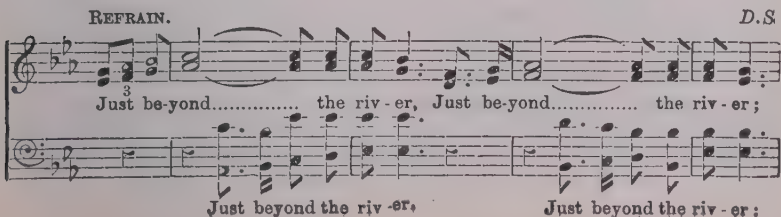
All are good and hap - py there, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er;
 Death comes not up - on the shore, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er;
 And the good in glo - ry greet, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er;



Streets of gold are shin - ing bright, An - gels walk the plains of light,
 None are sad with want or care, Pain or sick - ness none shall bear,
 Lives whose tale no tongue has told, Men of God and saints of old,



8. *FINE.*
D.S.—And there nev - er com - eth night, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.
D.S.—All are hap - py "o - ver there," Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.
D.S.—Mar - tyrs with their crowns of gold, Just be - yond, be - yond the riv - er.



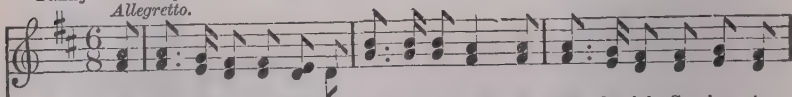
REFRAIN. *D.S.*
 Just be - yond..... the riv - er, Just be - yond..... the riv - er;
 Just beyond the riv - er. Just beyond the riv - er;

648 The Hideth My Soul.

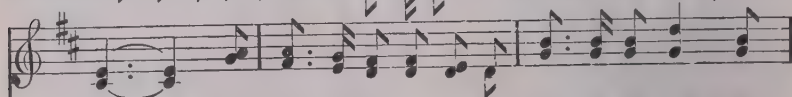
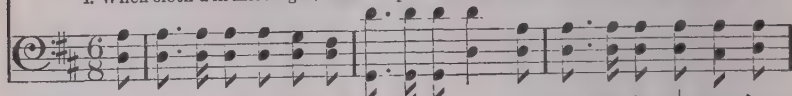
Fanny J. Crosby.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

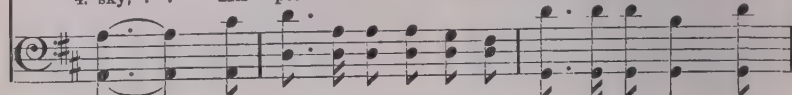
Allegretto.



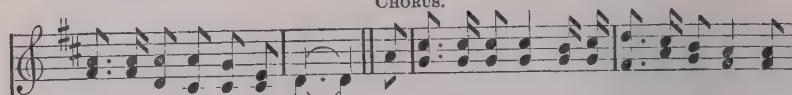
1. A won-der-ful Sa-viour is Je - sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful Sa-viour to
2. A won-der-ful Sa-viour is Je - sus, my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a -
3. With num-berless blessings each moment He crowns, And fill'd with His fulness di -
4. When cloth'd in His brightness transported I rise To meet Him in clouds of the



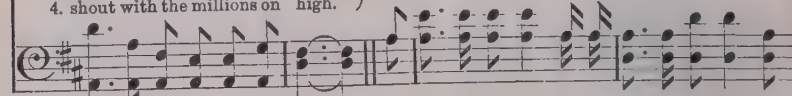
1. me, . . . He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
2. way, . . . He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be mov'd, He
3. vine, . . . I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
4. sky, . . . His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll



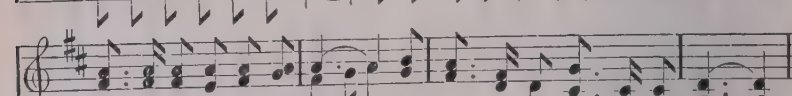
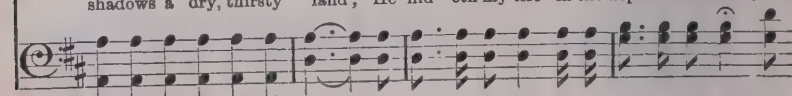
CHORUS.



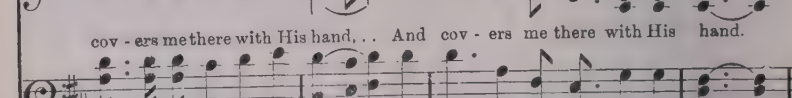
1. ri - vers of pleasure I see . . .
 2. giv - eth me strength as my day . . .
 3. such a Re-deem-er as mine!
 4. shout with the millions on high.
- He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That



shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love, And



cov - ers me there with His hand, . . . And cov - ers me there with His hand.



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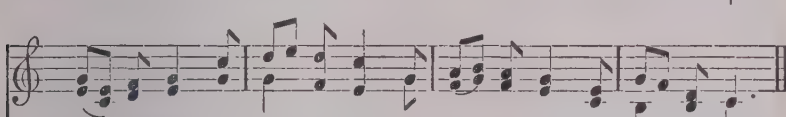
Jesus is the Guide for Me.

R. C.

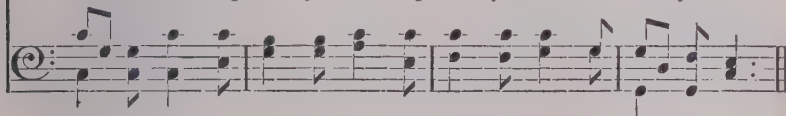
ROBERT CROSBIE.



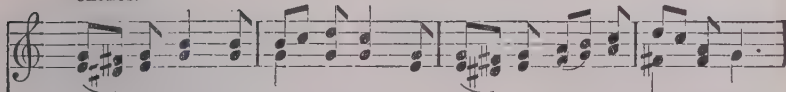
1. On life's oft - en storm - y o - cean, Je - sus is my trust - ed Guide,
2. Tho' ad - verse winds long may hin - der, And the way be long and drear,
3. Thou, too, friend, must cross this o - cean, Is your Pi - lot safe on board?
4. O how ma - ny souls are shipwrecked, And are lost for ev - er - more;
5. Heed the warn - ing, bro - ther, sis - ter, Let the Sa - viour guide you now;



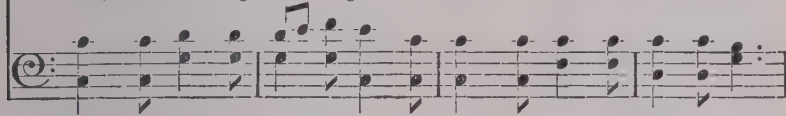
In my craft He holds the till - er, Steer - ing on 'gainst wind and tide.
Yet at last I'll reach the home - land, If I let the Pi - lot steer.
He will come if you but ask Him, And will guide you hea - ven - ward.
Who have trust - ed their own ef - forts Try - ing hard to reach the shore.
He is wait - ing, read - y, will - ing, If your heart to Him you bow.



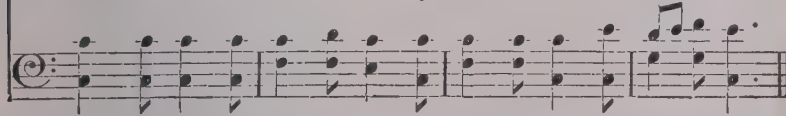
CHORUS.



Yes, I'm trust - ing Him to guide me Safe a - cross life's trou - bled sea,



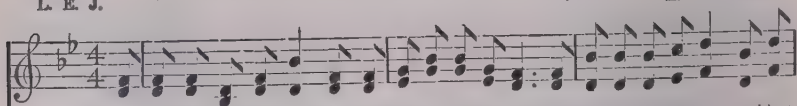
Till I reach the land of safe - ty Je - sus is the Guide for me.



I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J.

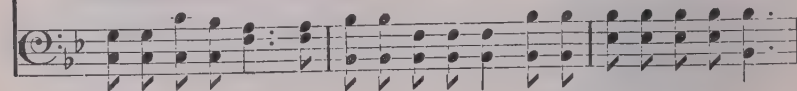
L. E. JONES.



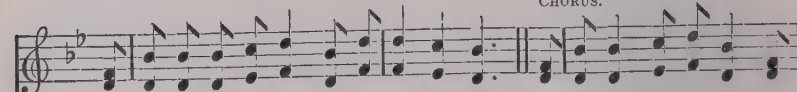
1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath still'd the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in Him my anchor's cast, He drives away my sor - rows and



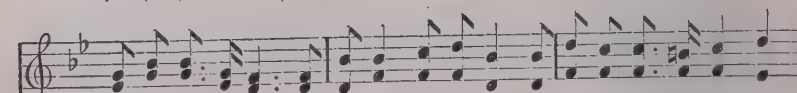
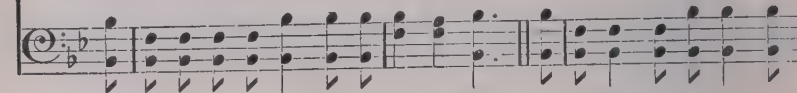
an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath'ring o'er,
bid their tu - mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to Him I all con - fide,
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea,



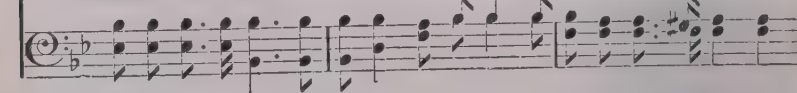
CHORUS.



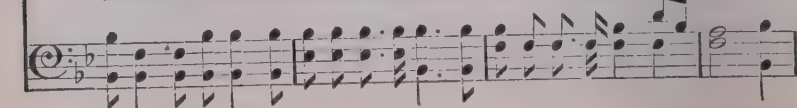
I rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more.
For al - ways when I need Him, He's at my side. } I've anchored in Je - sus, The
There I be - hold a ha - ven prepared for me. }



storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've



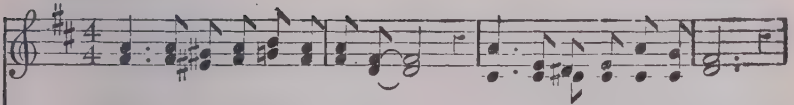
anchored in Je - sus, For He hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - ges.



Anchored.

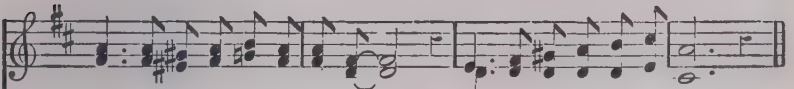
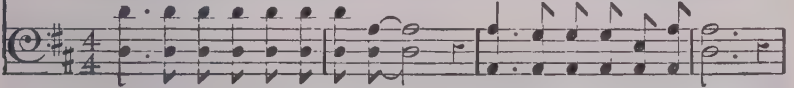
JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Geo. A. Huggs.



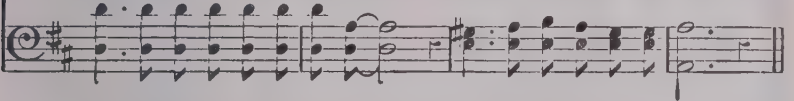
1. Once up-on the tide I drift-ed,
2. Let the storms sweep o'er life's o - cean,
3. Here my peace flows like a ri - ver,
4. When this life be-low is end-ed,

With no guide to yon-der shore;
They can do me no more harm;
Here my soul o'erflows with song;
I shall an-chor on that shore;

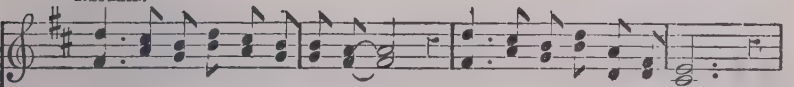


But I've found a side once rift-ed,
An-chor'd far from their com-mo-tion,
Prayer and praises to the Giv-er,
Where my praises will be blend-ed,

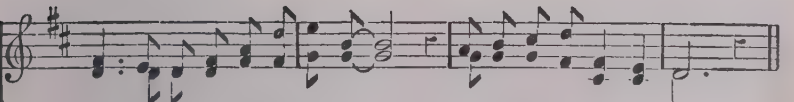
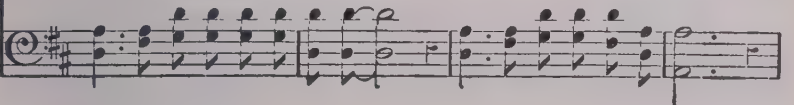
Where I'm safe for - ev - er - more.
I am rest-ing 'neath His arm.
Fill my glad heart all day long.
With ten thousand thousand more.



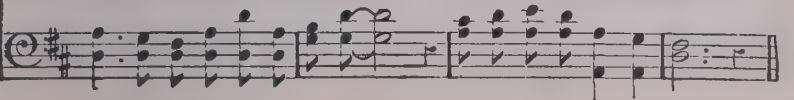
REFRAIN.



I am anchored, safely an-chor'd, Anchored, nev-er-more to roam,

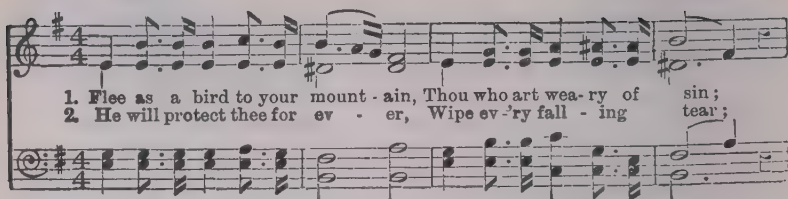


An-chor'd by the side of Je - sus, Anchored in the soul's bright home.

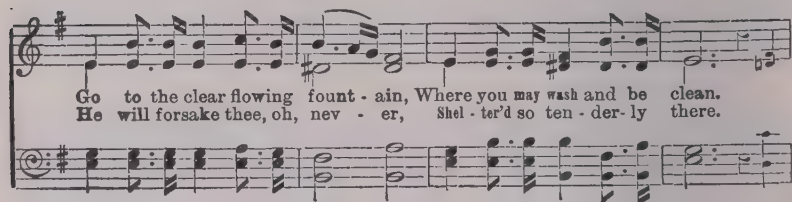


MARY S. B. DANA.

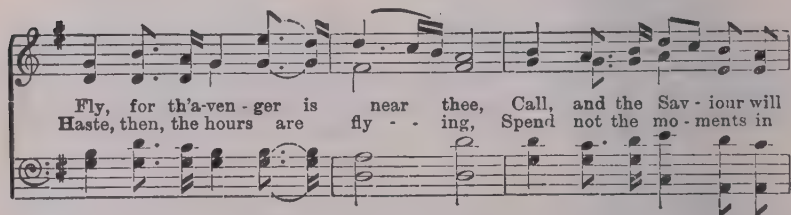
Spanish.



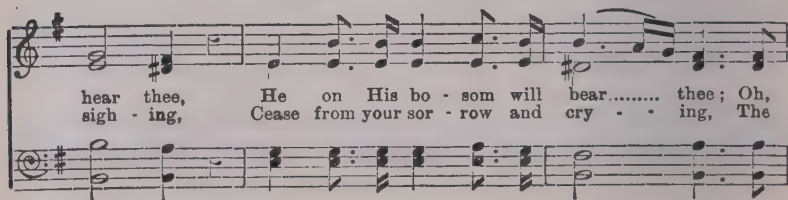
1. Flee as a bird to your mount - ain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
2. He will protect thee for ev - er, Wipe ev - ry fall - ing tear;



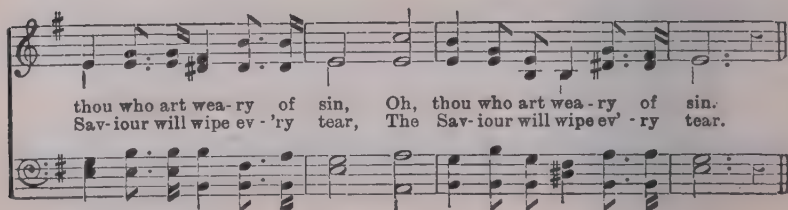
Go to the clear flowing fount - ain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will forsake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel - ter'd so ten - der - ly there.



Fly, for th'a - ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in



hear thee, He on His bo - som will bear..... thee; Oh,
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

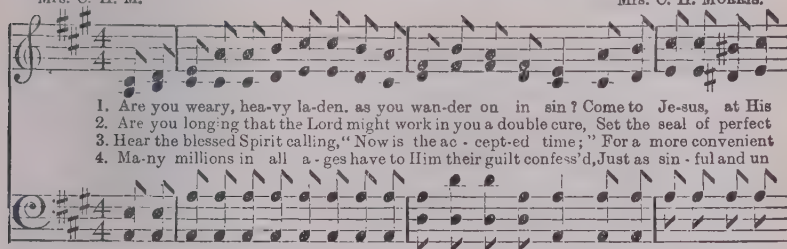


thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - ry tear.

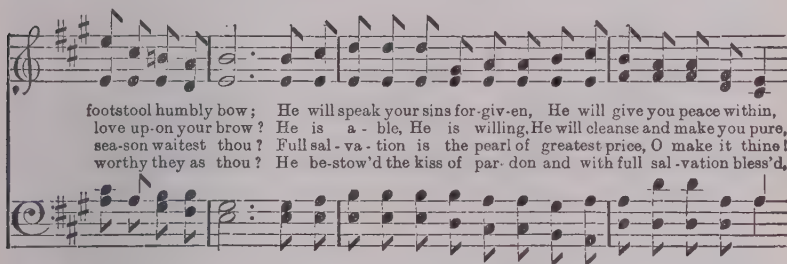
653 You May Have the Blessing Now.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

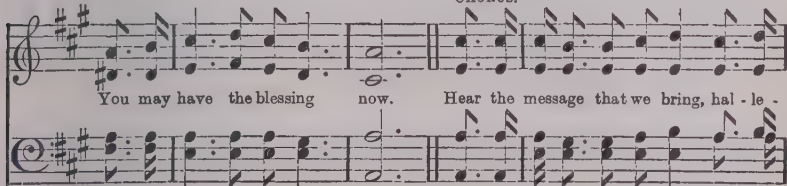


1. Are you weary, hea-vy la-den, as you wan-der on in sin? Come to Je-sus, at His
 2. Are you long-ing that the Lord might work in you a double cure, Set the seal of perfect
 3. Hear the blessed Spirit calling, "Now is the ac-cept-ed time;" For a more convenient
 4. Ma-ny millions in all a-ges have to Him their guilt confess'd, Just as sin-ful and un



footstool humbly bow; He will speak your sins for-giv-en, He will give you peace within,
 love up-on your brow? He is a-ble, He is willing, He will cleanse and make you pure,
 sea-son waitest thou? Full sal-va-tion is the pearl of greatest price, O make it thine!
 worthy they as thou? He be-stow'd the kiss of par-don and with full sal-va-tion bless'd,

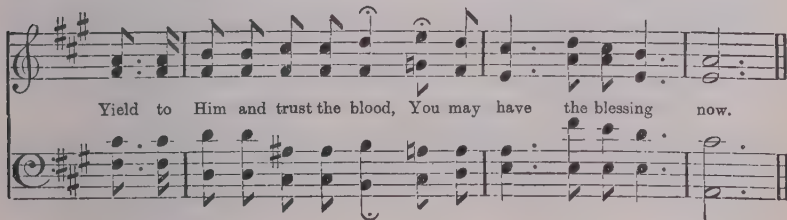
CHORUS.



You may have the blessing now. Hear the message that we bring, hal-le-



lu-jah! You may have the blessing now; O re-pent and turn to God,
 praise the Lord!



Yield to Him and trust the blood, You may have the blessing now.

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - toss'd, When you are discouraged,
 2. Are you ev - er burden'd with a load of care? Does the cross seem heavy
 3. When you look at others with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has promis'd
 4. So a mid the conflict, whether great or small, Do not be discouraged,

1. thinking all is lost, Count your many blessings, name them one by one,
 2. you are called to bear? Count your many blessings, ev - ry doubt will fly,
 3. you His wealth un - told, Count your many blessings, mo - ney can - not buy
 4. God is o - ver all, Count your many blessings, an - gels will at - tend,

CHORUS.

1. And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done. } Count your blessings, name them
 2. And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. }
 3. Your re - ward in hea - ven, nor your home on high. } Count your many blessings,
 4. Help and com - fort give you to your journey's end.

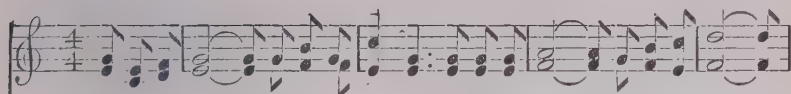
one by one, Count your blessings, see what God hath done; Count your
 name them one by one, Count your many blessings, see what God hath done; Count your many

blessings, name them one by one, And it will sur - prise you what the Lord hath done.

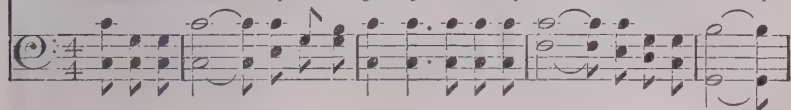
A Sinner Saved by Grace.

A. B. S.

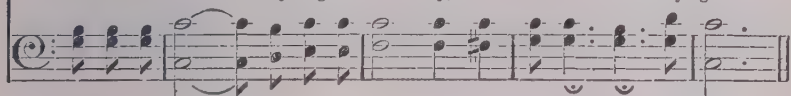
A. B. SIMPSON.



1. When I shall reach my home in glo - ry, And see my Sa - viour face to face,
2. I'll tell how by His blood He bought me With all our lost and ransomed race;
3. I'll tell them how His Spir - it sealed me And cleansed me from each sinful trace;
4. I'll sing how lov - ing - ly He led me At last to yon - der heav'nly place;
5. Yes, when I reach my home in glo - ry And see my Sa - viour face to face;



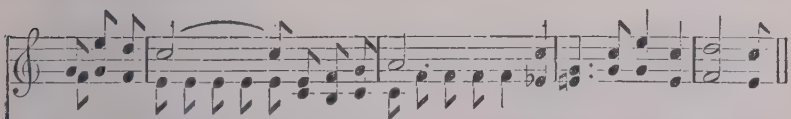
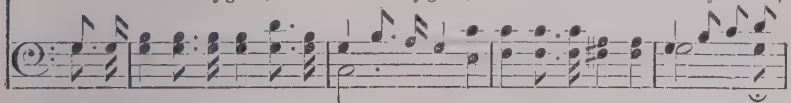
This shall be all my song and sto - ry, A sin - ner saved by grace.
 And how, so ten - der - ly He sought me And saved me by His grace.
 And how when sick and worn He healed me And saved me by His grace.
 And how He shep - herd - ed and fed me And kept me by His grace.
 This shall be all my song and sto - ry, A sin - ner saved by grace.



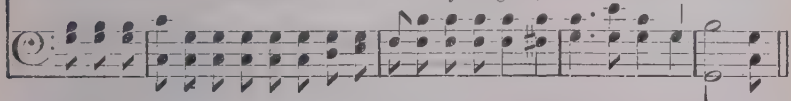
CHORUS.



Saved by grace, saved by grace, For ev - er I'll tell the sto - ry,
 Saved by grace, saved by grace, sto - ry of love,



How Jesus saved . . . me by His grace, And brought me to His glo - ry.
 How Jesus sav'd me by His grace,



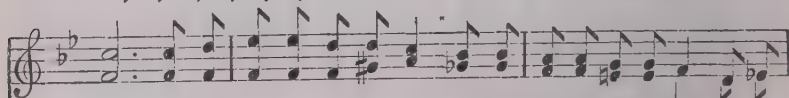
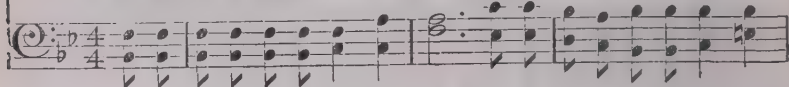
Follow All the Way.

E. A. H.

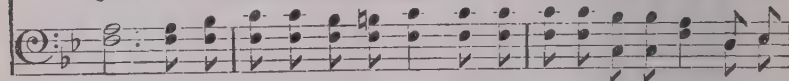
ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



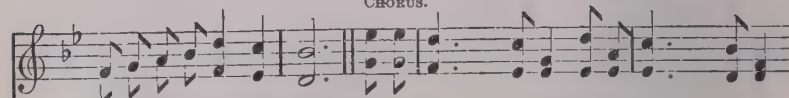
1. Sing a song and go your pil - grim way, Full of gladness all the shin - ing
2. It is best to fol - low Christ our guide, It is best to nev - er leave His
3. It is well to fol - low Christ al - way, Lest, for - get - ting Him, our feet should
4. He may lead us forth the fields to sow, To the reap - ing where the har - vests



day; Give no place to anxious fears, Let His love dry all your tears, On - ly
side; Let us seek to know His will, And His ev - 'ry word ful - fil, And each
stray; They who fol - low, He will lead Where there is the deep - est need, Where they
grow; Lit - tle care we for the place, So we see His lov - ing face, And with -

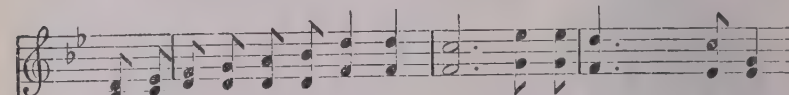
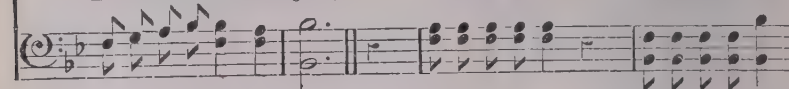


CHORUS.

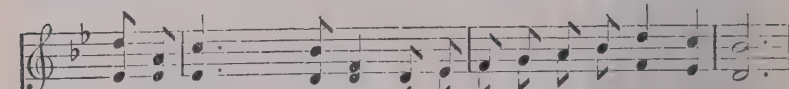
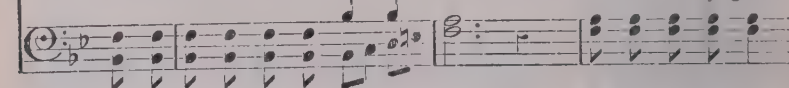


follow Him, and trust and pray, } Follow all the way, Follow ev - 'ry day,
moment in His love a - bide.
best can serve Him day by day. }
in our hearts His love doth glow. }

Follow all the way, Follow ev - 'ry day,



And His grace and good - ness thou shalt see; He will safe - ly guide,
He will safe - ly guide,



For thy needs pro - vide; Trust the hand of love that guid - eth thee.
For thy needs pro - vide;

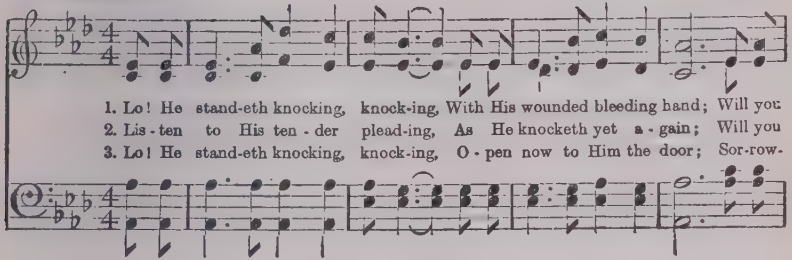


659

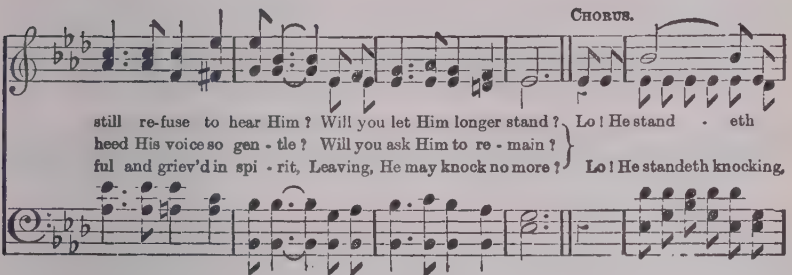
Lo! He Standeth Knocking.

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. S. FEARIS.

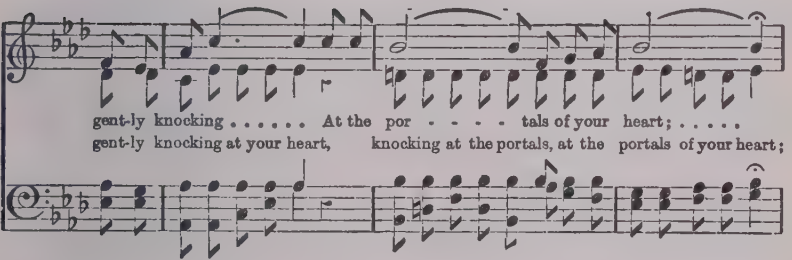


1. Lo! He stand-eth knocking, knock-ing, With His wounded bleeding hand; Will you
 2. Lis - ten to His ten - der plead-ing, As He knocketh yet a - gain; Will you
 3. Lo! He stand-eth knocking, knock-ing, O - pen now to Him the door; Sor-row.



CHORUS.

still re - fuse to hear Him? Will you let Him longer stand? Lo! He stand - eth
 heed His voice so gen - tle? Will you ask Him to re - main? }
 ful and griev'd in spi - rit, Leaving, He may knock no more? Lo! He standeth knocking,



gent-ly knocking At the por - - - - - tals of your heart;
 gent-ly knocking at your heart, knocking at the portals, at the portals of your heart;



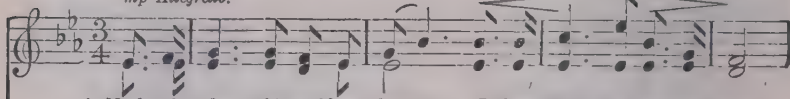
Give to Him a roy-al welcome, Say not to your Lord, "depart."
 Give to Him a welcome, give to Him a welcome, Say not to your Lord "depart."

Shining as the Stars.

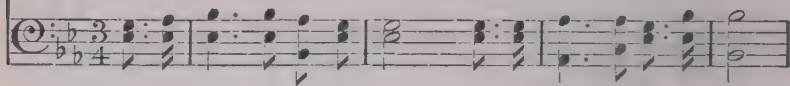
H. H. B.

mp Allegretto.

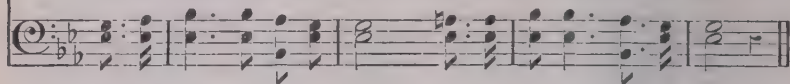
H. H. BOOTH.



1. Much of what this world can boast, I have liv'd to count as dross;
2. Sounds of rap - ture, earth - ly glee, Thunder's roll and o - cean's wave,
3. Charms and joys once felt and known, Backward through my life I trace;



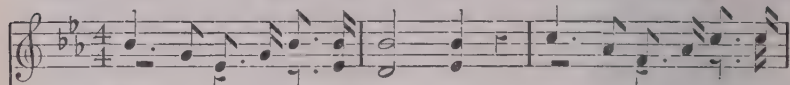
And the sight that charms me most, Is a sin - ner at the Cross.
These I've heard—but give to me Sin - ners ask - ing Christ to save.
But this joy stands out a - lone— Sin - ners found and saved by grace.



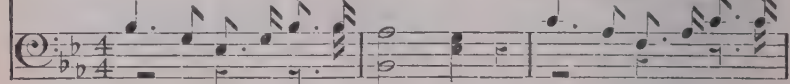
CHORUS. *Maestoso.*



They that turn man - y to righteousness, Shall shine forth as the stars for ev - er;



Shin - ing as the stars for - ev - er; Shin - ing as the stars for -



- er, A - way to live with Je - sus, Shin - ing as the stars.



663

In that Sunny Land.

JAMES FRASER.

JOHN FRASER and R. F. B.

1. In that sun-ny land, that land beyond the riv-er, In that land of fade-less
 2. In that sun-ny land, that land beyond the riv-er, In that land of end-less
 3. In that sun-ny land, that land beyond the riv-er, In that land of glo-ry

day, From sor-row ev-er free, Our loved ones we shall see, In that
 praise, There songs for ev-er sing Of Christ our Sa-viour King, In that
 bright, Be-yond earth's sin and care, Our Sa-viour's glo-ry share, In that

CHORUS.

sun-ny land, that land of endless day.
 sun-ny land, that land of end-less praise.
 sun-ny land, that land of glory bright. } Then we'll meet to part, no, nev-er, In that

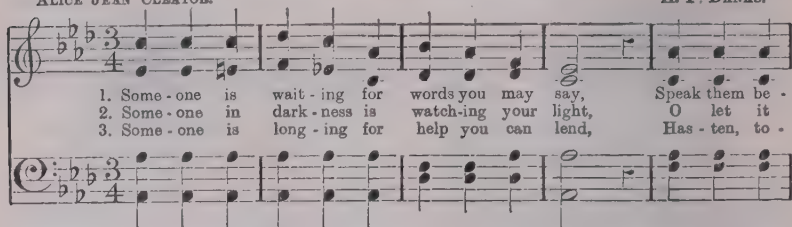
land be-yond the riv-er, With our loved de-part-ed bright and fair, In that

home of brightest glo-ry, We will sing the grand old sto-ry When our pre-cious Sa-viour we see.

Someone is Waiting.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

H. P. DANKS.

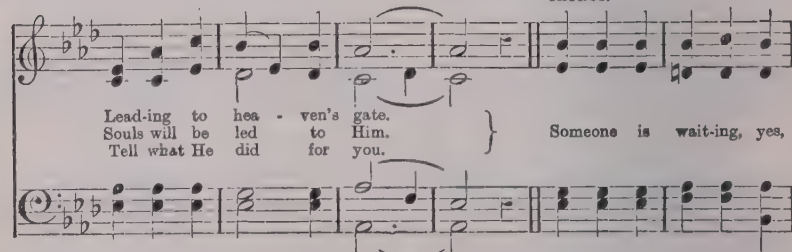


1. Some - one is wait - ing for words you may say, Speak them be -
 2. Some - one in dark - ness is watch - ing your light, O let it
 3. Some - one is long - ing for help you can lend, Has - ten, to -

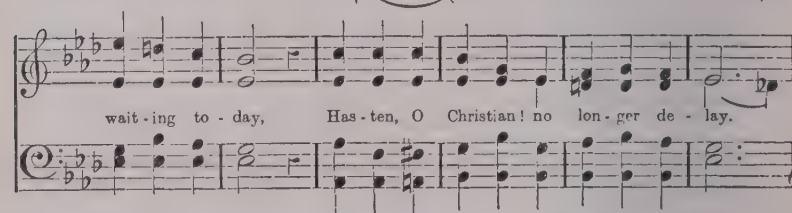


fore too late: Someone is looking to find the true way:
 ne'er grow dim! Shine for the Mas - ter with ra - di - ance bright,
 day, be true; Tell of the Sa - viour, He is a true friend,

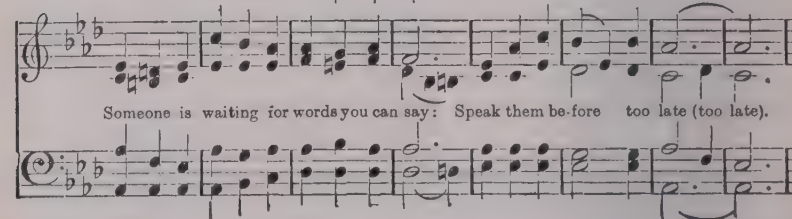
CHORUS.



Lead - ing to hea - ven's gate.
 Souls will be led to Him. } Someone is wait - ing, yes,
 Tell what He did for you.



wait - ing to - day, Has - ten, O Christian! no lon - ger de - lay.



Someone is waiting for words you can say: Speak them be - fore too late (too late).

Be a Hero.

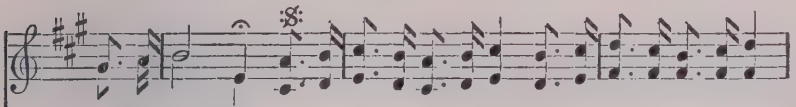
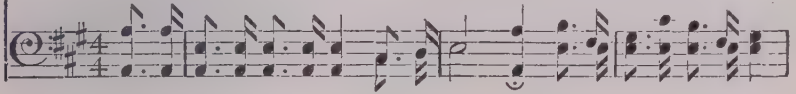
Copyright, 1897, by E. O. Excell.

ADAM CRAIG.

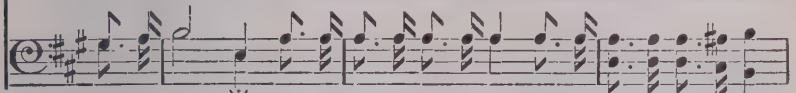
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



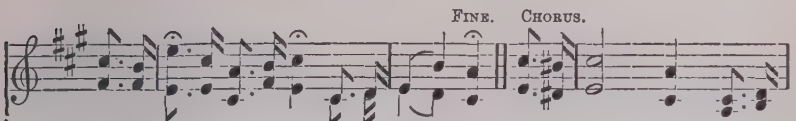
1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a bro-ther fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a helping hand to all,



Be a he-ro! Show your colours in the fight, And, with sword and armour bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

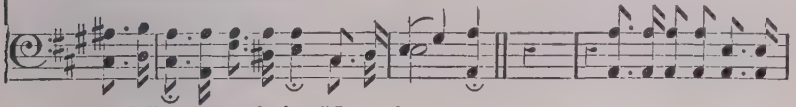


D.S.—On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Commander say,



FINE. CHORUS.

Strike out bravely for the right; Be a he-ro!
Stay the tempter in his might; Be a he-ro!
Do what good you can while here; Be a he-ro!

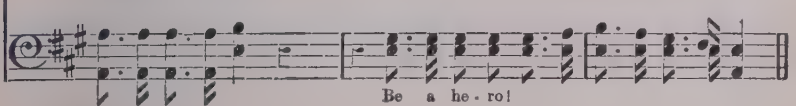


"We shall surely gain the day!" Be a he-ro!



D.S.

God and nev-er fear! Be a he-ro! He will help you, He is near;



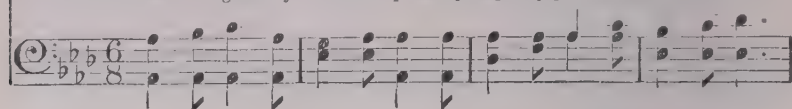
Be a he-ro!

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

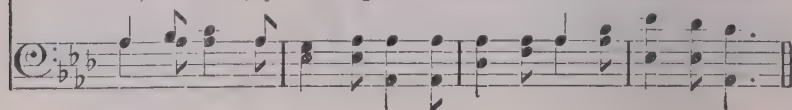
J. E. HALL.



1. Once I wan - dered far from Je - sus, Far from joy and far from home;
2. But I heed - ed not His call - ing, Would not hear the voice so sweet;
3. But the way grew dark and drear - y, When His face I could not see;
4. Then a - gain my dark - en'd path - way Bright - ly glow'd with Je - sus' smile;



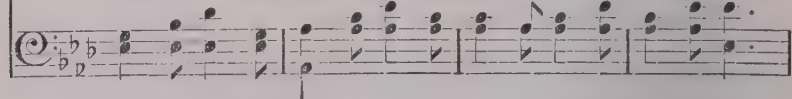
But the lov - ing Sa - viour missed me, And He gen - tly called me home.
So I wan - der'd on un - heed - ing, Tho' the thorns did wound my feet.
And I called in bit - ter an - guish, "O my Sa - viour, come to me."
For, un - known, my lov - ing Sa - viour, Stood be - side me all the while.



CHORUS.



Soft - ly comes the still, small whis - per, "Come, my child, no lon - ger roam;



Come to me, while I am call - ing, Child of love, come home, come home!"



667

"Jesus is Near."

Words and Music by NEIL MCINTYRE.

Arranged by W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Adagio.

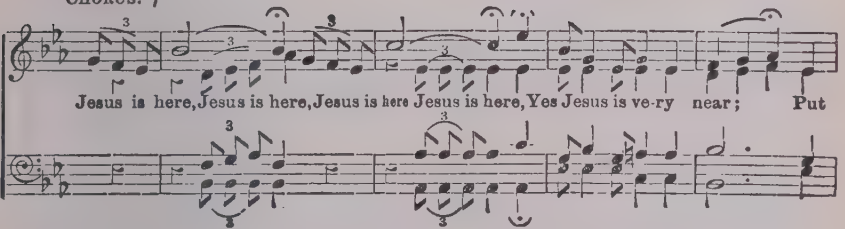


1. Tho' rough the way we have to tread, Je-sus is ve-ry near; "I
 2. Tho' war doth rage, and foes as-sail, Je-sus is ve-ry near; "My
 3. Tho' friends forsake and loved ones die, Je-sus is ve-ry near; "My
 4. Tho' you have wandered far a-way, Je-sus is ve-ry near; O



will not leave you," He hath said, Je-sus is ve-ry near.
 arm is strong," it can-not fail, Je-sus is ve-ry near.
 home is just be-yond the sky," Je-sus is ve-ry near.
 come to Him make no de-lay, Je-sus is ve-ry near.

CHORUS. *p*



Jesus is here, Jesus is here, Jesus is here Jesus is here, Yes Jesus is ve-ry near; Put

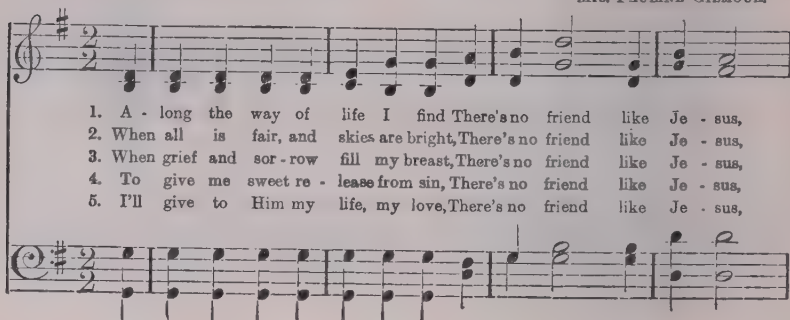


out your hand, your hand of faith, For Je-sus is ve-ry near.

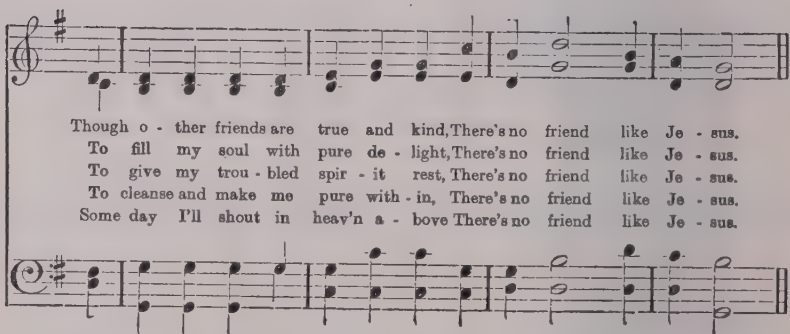
668 There's no Friend like Jesus.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JUN.

Mrs. PAULINE GILMOUR.

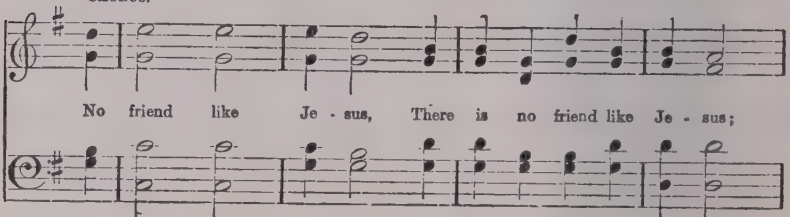


1. A - long the way of life I find There's no friend like Je - sus,
 2. When all is fair, and skies are bright, There's no friend like Je - sus,
 3. When grief and sor - row fill my breast, There's no friend like Je - sus,
 4. To give me sweet re - lease from sin, There's no friend like Je - sus,
 5. I'll give to Him my life, my love, There's no friend like Je - sus,

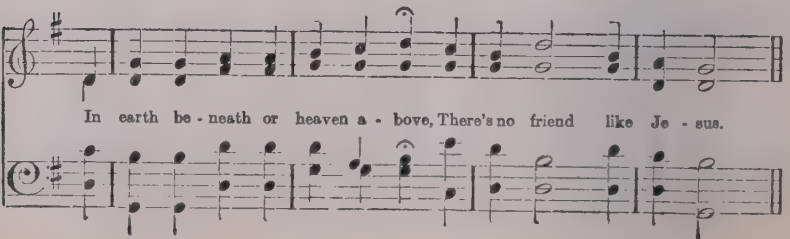


Though o - ther friends are true and kind, There's no friend like Je - sus.
 To fill my soul with pure de - light, There's no friend like Je - sus.
 To give my trou - bled spir - it rest, There's no friend like Je - sus.
 To cleanse and make me pure with - in, There's no friend like Je - sus.
 Some day I'll shout in heav'n a - bove There's no friend like Je - sus.

CHORUS.



No friend like Je - sus, There is no friend like Je - sus;



In earth be - neath or heaven a - bove, There's no friend like Je - sus.

Jesus Holds Me Fast.

Psalm xviii. 35.

R. F. B.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. When my steps are slow and wear - y,
 2. Oft when storms and clouds sur - round me,
 3. When my faint heart dreads the mor - row,
 4. When the sum - mons, "Come up high - er,"

Shad - ows o'er me cast, And the way seems
 He has held me fast, With His strong right
 He will hold me fast; When my spir - it
 Reach - es me at last, Face to face I'll

long and drear - y, Je - sus holds me fast.
 arm a - round me, Je - sus holds me fast.
 bows in sor - row, Je - sus holds me fast.
 see my Sav - iour: He has held me fast.

CHORUS.

He will hold me fast Till my jour - ney's past;

Ran - somed by His pre - cious blood, Je - sus holds me fast.

A. R. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I'm rest - ing on the fin - ished work of Je - sus ; No
 2. I'm rest - ing in the sim - ple word of Je - sus ; His
 3. I'm rest - ing on the keep - ing pow'r of Je - sus, And
 4. I'm rest - ing in the prom - ise of His com - ing To

arm can e'er o'er - throw it ; His blood and righteousness have bought my
 prom - ise fail - eth nev - er ; His oath and cov - e - nant are pledg'd to
 noth - ing need a - larm me ; His Spi - rit fills, His prov - i - dence sus -
 end earth's brok - en sto - ry ; He will not fail to call me up to

CHORUS.

par - don, And I am sav'd, and know it.
 keep me, And I am safe for - ev - er.
 tains me, And naught can ev - er harm me.
 meet Him And bring me to His glo - ry. } I'm rest - ing on the

Rock of A - ges, No arm can e'er o'er - throw it ; I'm

rest - ing on the Rock of A - ges ; And I am sav'd, and know it.

Blessed Home.

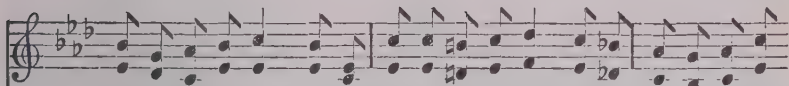
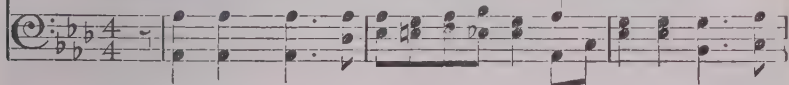
DUET—SOPRANO AND ALTO.

JAMES FRASER.

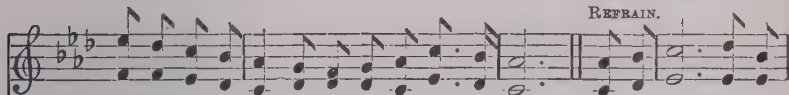
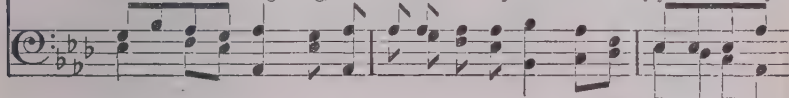
H. P. BYERS and R. F. BEVERIDGE



1. A sweet peace to calm the soul that fears the mor-row, A joy - ful song the
 2. The heart may be sad, the feet be oft-times wea - ry, The way be long, the
 3. Each morn-ing that dawns is ev - er near-er bringing, The tears may fall, and

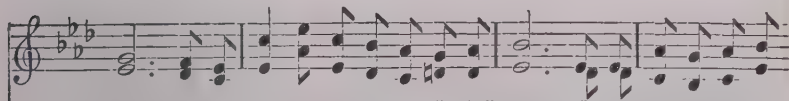
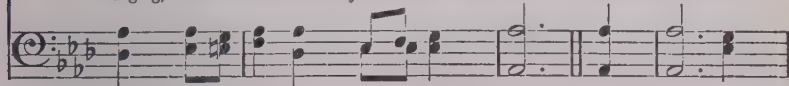


world can nev - er bor - row; The thought of that bright home brings me joy in care and
 path be lone and drea - ry: But yet my hope is sure and it makes the dark day
 still the heart be sing - ing, The homeland of my soul sets the joy - bells sweetly

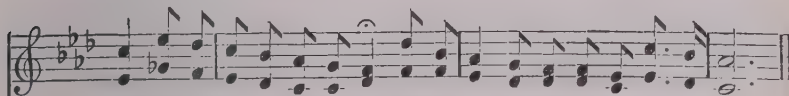


REFRAIN.

sorrow, Blessed home where my Saviour I shall see.
 cheery, Blessed home where my Saviour I shall see.
 ringing, Blessed home where my Saviour I shall see. } Blessed home, blessed



home, blessed home where my Saviour I shall see, In His likeness there com -



plete, O what joy so pure and sweet, Blessed home where my Saviour I shall see.

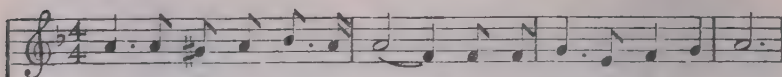


Where Wilt Thou Land?

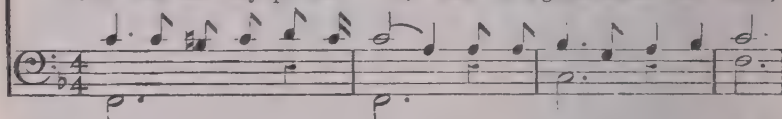
REV. WM. H. BANCROFT.

DUET.

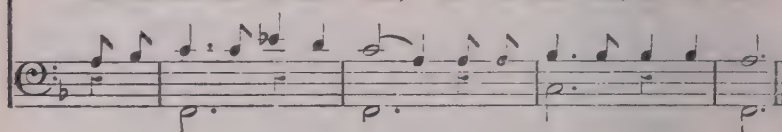
JNO. R. SWENEY.



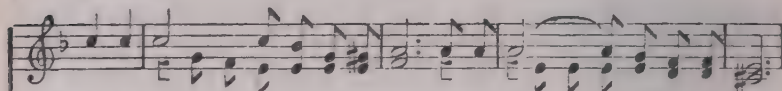
1. Sailing down the stream of time, Bound for death's expanded sea,
2. Soon will heave that sea in sight, Then the landing will ap-pear;
3. Wouldst thou, sinner, at thy death, Have ce-lestial vi-sions bright,
4. Je-sus let thy pi-lot be, Safe He'll guide across the wave;



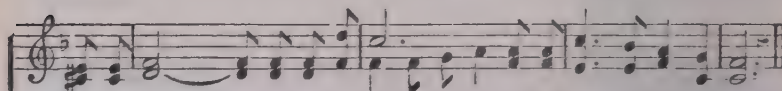
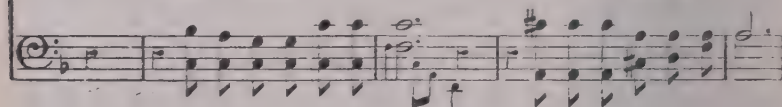
Sinner, will a bet-ter clime Scenes of grandeur bring to thee?
 Will it be a port of light, Or a wast-ed place and drear?
 And breathe out thy parting breath With a dy-ing saint's de-light?
 He's the Mas-ter of the sea, He will land thee, He will save.



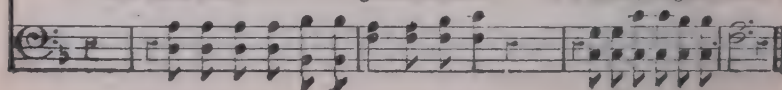
CHORUS.



Where, O sin - - - ner wilt thou land When life's voy - - age all is o'er?
 Where, O sinner, When life's voyage



Wilt thou reach... the golden strand Of a fair-er brighter shore?
 Wilt thou reach golden strand Of a fairer, brighter shore?

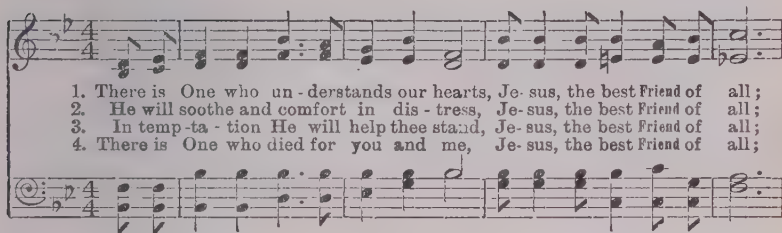


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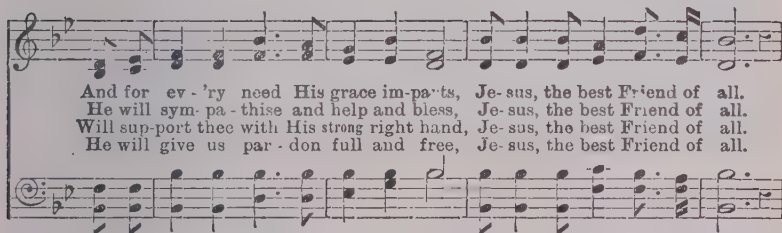
Jesus, the Best Friend of All.

H. G. S.

H. G. SMYTH.

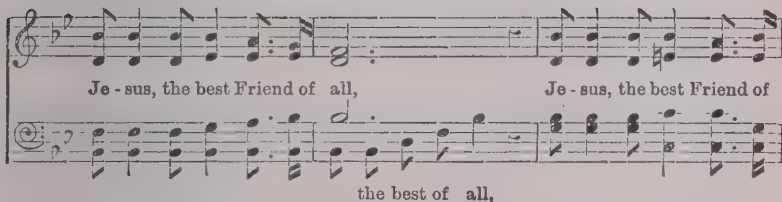


1. There is One who un - der - stands our hearts, Je - sus, the best Friend of all ;
 2. He will soothe and comfort in dis - tress, Je - sus, the best Friend of all ;
 3. In temp - ta - tion He will help thee stand, Je - sus, the best Friend of all ;
 4. There is One who died for you and me, Je - sus, the best Friend of all ;

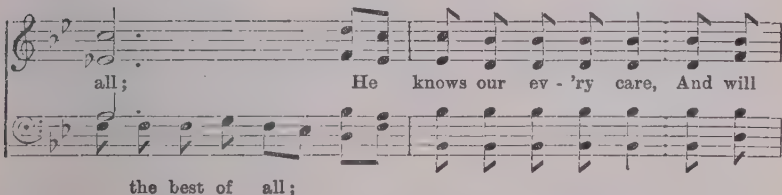


And for ev - 'ry need His grace im - parts, Je - sus, the best Friend of all.
 He will sym - pa - thise and help and bless, Je - sus, the best Friend of all.
 Will sup - port thee with His strong right hand, Je - sus, the best Friend of all.
 He will give us par - don full and free, Je - sus, the best Friend of all.

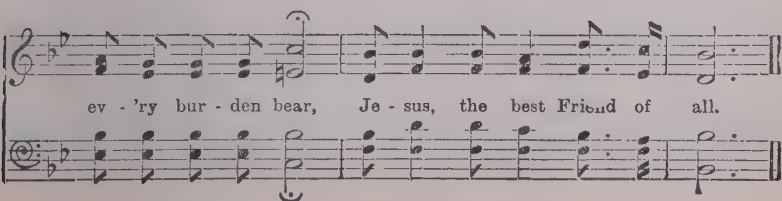
CHORUS.



Je - sus, the best Friend of all, Je - sus, the best Friend of
 the best of all,



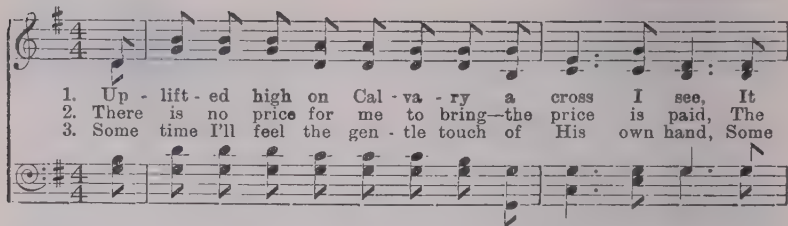
all ; He knows our ev - 'ry care, And will
 the best of all ;



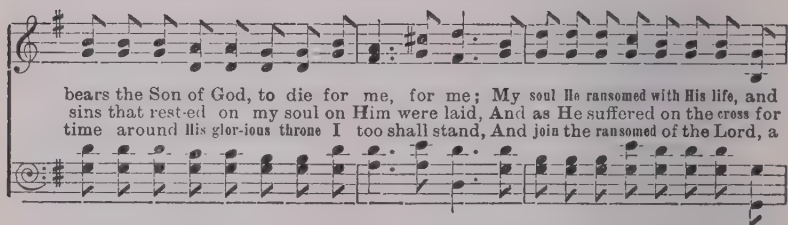
ev - 'ry bur - den bear, Je - sus, the best Friend of all.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

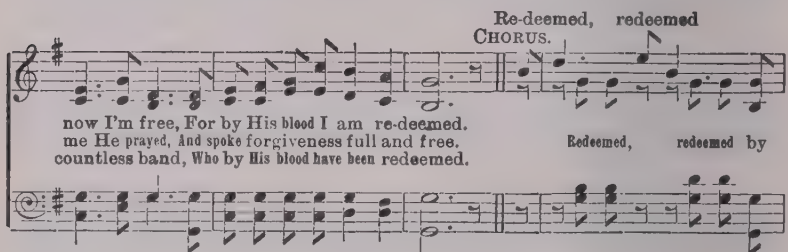


1. Up - lift - ed high on Cal - va - ry a cross I see, It
 2. There is no price for me to bring - the price is paid, The
 3. Some time I'll feel the gen - tle touch of His own hand, Some



bears the Son of God, to die for me, for me; My soul He ransomed with His life, and
 sins that rested on my soul on Him were laid, And as He suffered on the cross for
 time around His glor - ious throne I too shall stand, And join the ransomed of the Lord, a

Re-deemed, redeemed
 CHORUS.



now I'm free, For by His blood I am re-deemed.
 me He prayed, And spoke forgiveness full and free,
 countless band, Who by His blood have been redeemed.

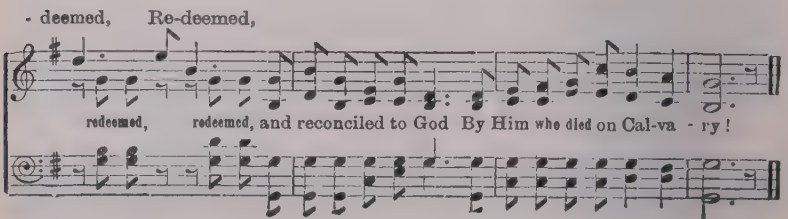
Redeemed, redeemed by

Redeemed, redeemed, Re -



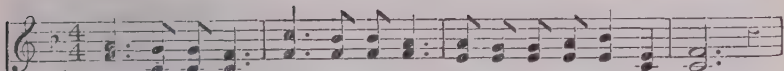
Je - sus' pre - cious blood ! Redeemed, redeemed, from sin set free !

- deemed, Re-deemed,
 redeemed, redeemed, and reconciled to God By Him who died on Cal - va - ry !




MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

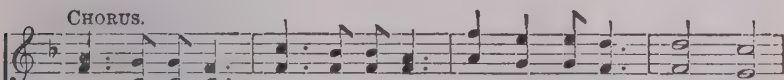


1. God is speaking! will you lis-ten, Lis-ten to His lov-ing cry?
 2. God is speaking! will you lis-ten? "Peace and pardon wait for thee;
 3. God is speaking! will you lis-ten? He is tell-ing you His love;

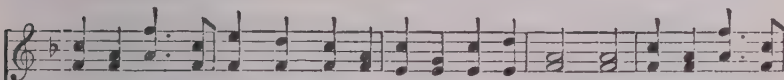


"Come to Me, ye hun-gry, thirst-y, With-out mon-ey, come and buy!"
 Take My yoke up-on you free-ly, Come, O come, and learn of Me."
 He in-vites you to His kingdom And His end-less joys a-bove.

CHORUS.




God is speaking! lis-ten! lis-ten! God is speaking, hear Him!



"Come to Me, all ye that la-bour and are heavy lad-en." Sweeter words were

Listen, *ad lib.* listen,



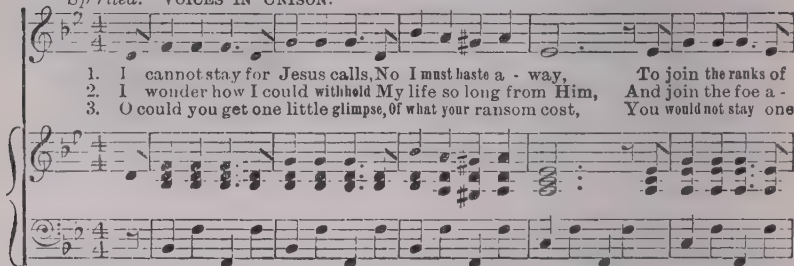
nev-er spok-en, Listen, listen, listen, listen, hear Him!

MRS. R. A. JARVIE.

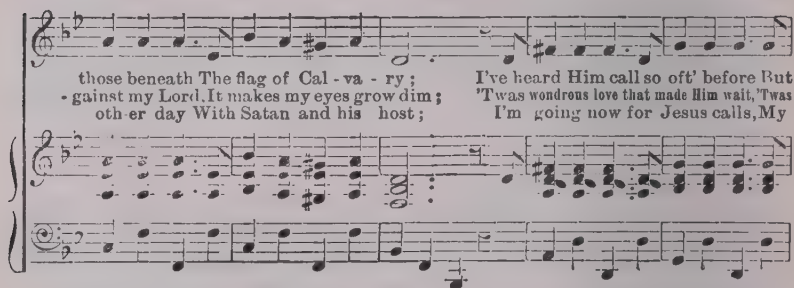
WILL GARDNER-HUNTER.

".....A Good Soldier of Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. ii. 3.

Spirited. VOICES IN UNISON.

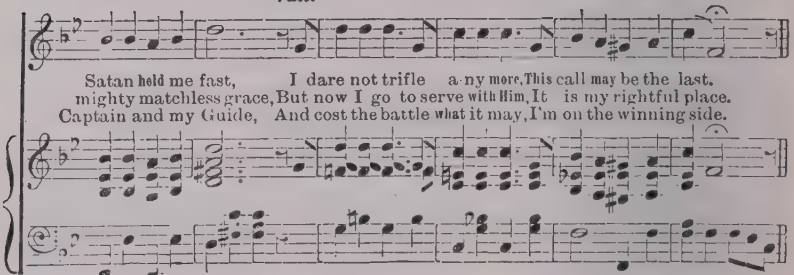


1. I cannot stay for Jesus calls, No I must haste a - way, To join the ranks of
 2. I wonder how I could withhold My life so long from Him, And join the foe a -
 3. O could you get one little glimpse, Of what your ransom cost, You would not stay one



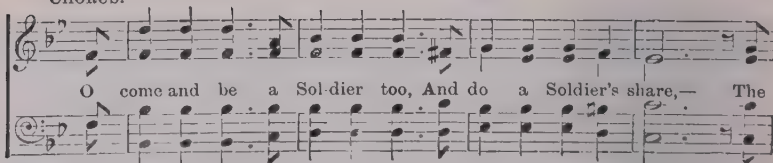
those beneath The flag of Cal - va - ry ; I've heard Him call so oft' before But
 - gainst my Lord. It makes my eyes grow dim ; 'Twas wondrous love that made Him wait, 'Twas
 oth - er day With Satan and his host ; I'm going now for Jesus calls, My

rall.



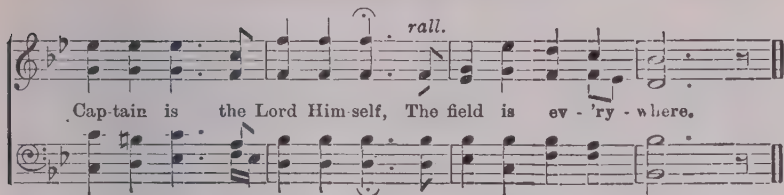
Satan held me fast, I dare not trifle a ny more, This call may be the last.
 mighty matchless grace, But now I go to serve with Him, It is my rightful place.
 Captain and my Guide, And cost the battle what it may, I'm on the winning side.

CHORUS.



O come and be a Sol - dier too, And do a Soldier's share, - The

The Personal Call.—Continued.



rall.
Cap-tain is the Lord Him-self, The field is ev - 'ry - where.

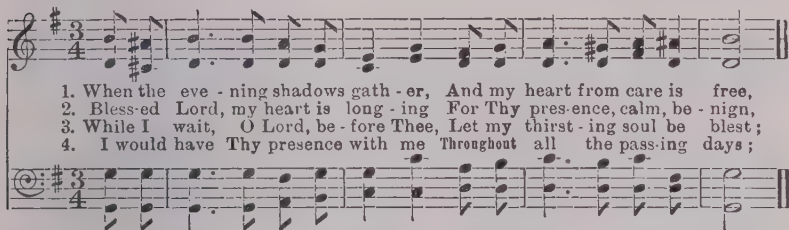
677

The Twilight Message.

"Evening and morning and at noon will I pray, . . . and He shall hear my voice.—David.

J. E. P.

JULIETTE E. PERRY.

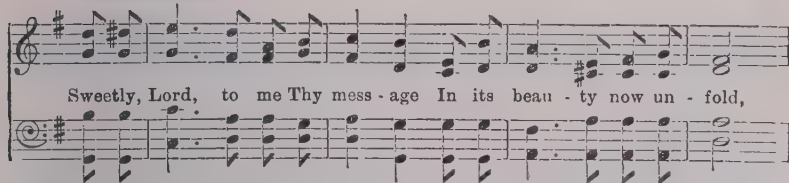


1. When the eve - ning shadows gath - er, And my heart from care is free,
2. Bless-ed Lord, my heart is long - ing For Thy pres-ence, calm, be - nign,
3. While I wait, O Lord, be - fore Thee, Let my thirst - ing soul be blest;
4. I would have Thy presence with me Throughout all the pass-ing days;

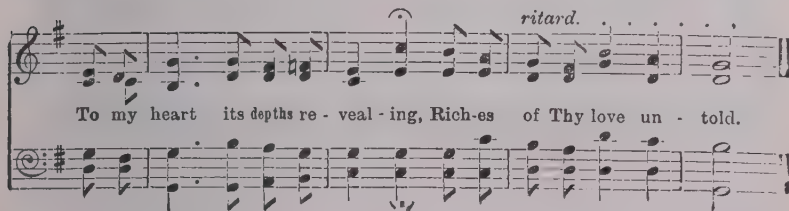


At the peace - ful hour of twi-ght, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
That shall soothe the troubled spir - it, And in - spire with peace di - vine.
Draw me clos - er, clos - er to Thee, Till I find a - bid - ing rest.
O a - bid - e with me for ev - er, Fill my heart with love and praise!

CHORUS.



Sweetly, Lord, to me Thy mess - age In its beau - ty now un - fold,

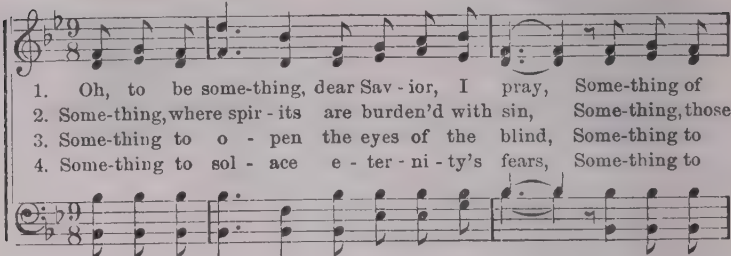


ritard.
To my heart its depths re - veal - ing, Rich-es of Thy love un - told.

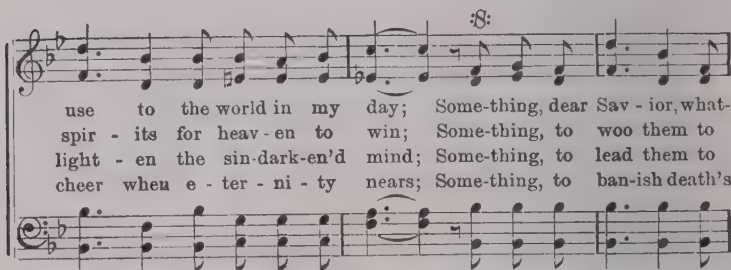
Oh, to be Something.

REV. GEO. W. CROFTS.

ARTHUR J. SMITH.

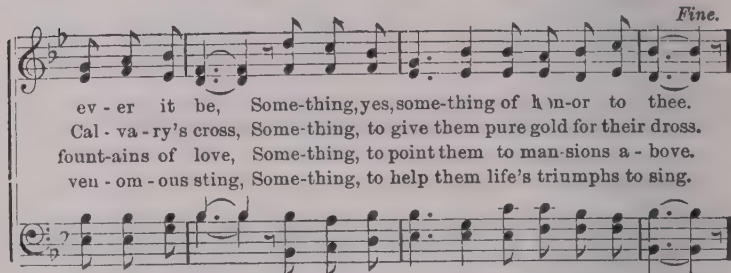


1. Oh, to be some-thing, dear Sav - ior, I pray, Some-thing of
 2. Some-thing, where spir - its are burden'd with sin, Some-thing, those
 3. Some-thing to o - pen the eyes of the blind, Some-thing to
 4. Some-thing to sol - ace e - ter - ni - ty's fears, Some-thing to



use to the world in my day; Some-thing, dear Sav - ior, what-
 spir - its for heav - en to win; Some-thing, to woo them to
 light - en the sin-dark-en'd mind; Some-thing, to lead them to
 cheer when e - ter - ni - ty nears; Some-thing, to ban-ish death's

D. S.—Some-thing, dear Sav - ior, what-

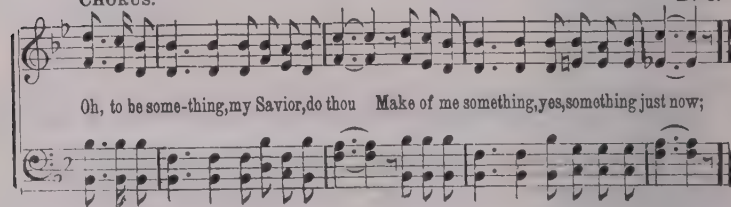


Fine.
 ev - er it be, Some-thing, yes, some-thing of hon-or to thee.
 Cal - va - ry's cross, Some-thing, to give them pure gold for their dross.
 fount-ains of love, Some-thing, to point them to man-sions a - bove.
 ven - om - ous sting, Some-thing, to help them life's triumphs to sing.

ev - er it be, Some-thing, yes, some - thing of hon-or to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Oh, to be some-thing, my Savior, do thou Make of me something, yes, something just now;

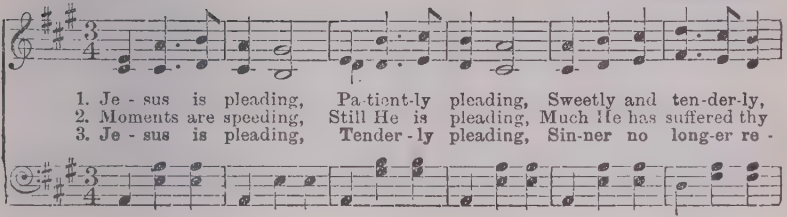
679

Patiently Pleading.

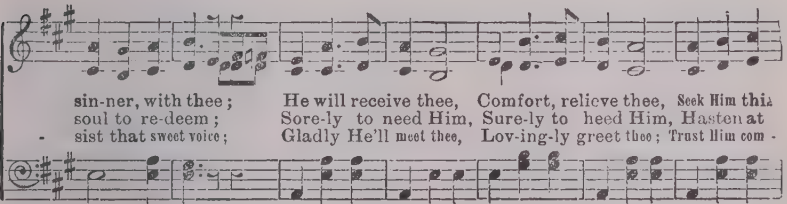
DUET.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

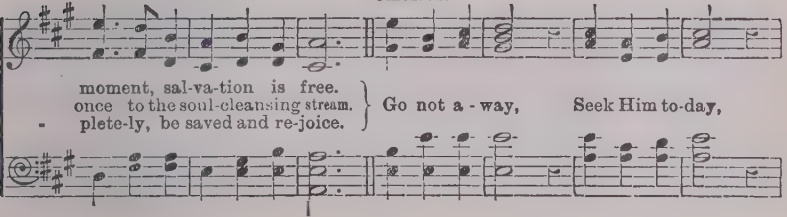


1. Je - sus is pleading, Pa - tient - ly pleading, Sweetly and ten - der - ly,
 2. Moments are speeding, Still He is pleading, Much life has suffered thy
 3. Je - sus is pleading, Tender - ly pleading, Sin - ner no long - er re -

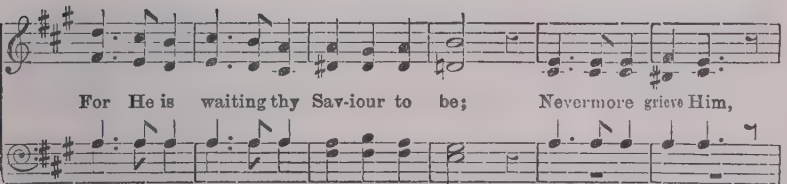


sin - ner, with thee; He will receive thee, Comfort, relieve thee, Seek Him this
 - soul to re - deem; Sore - ly to need Him, Sure - ly to heed Him, Hasten at
 - sist that sweet voice; Gladly He'll meet thee, Lov - ing - ly greet thee; Trust Him com -

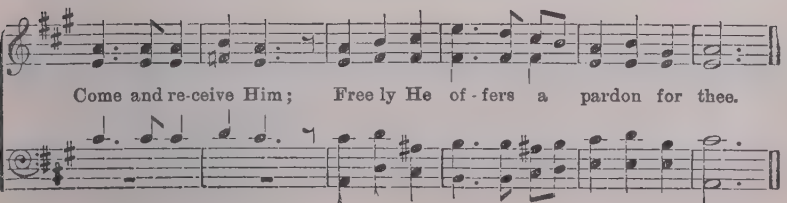
CHORUS.



moment, sal - va - tion is free. }
 once to the soul - cleansing stream. } Go not a - way, Seek Him to - day,
 - plete - ly, be saved and re - joice. }



For He is waiting thy Sav - iour to be; Nevermore grieve Him,

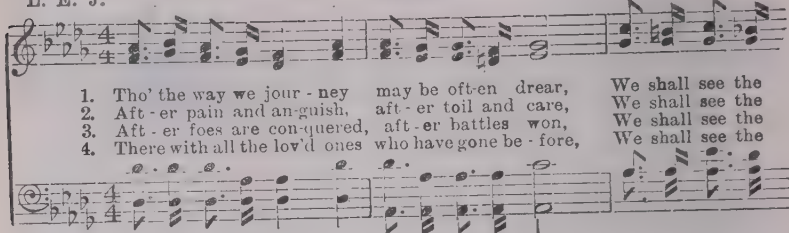


Come and re - ceive Him; Free ly He of - fers a pardon for thee.

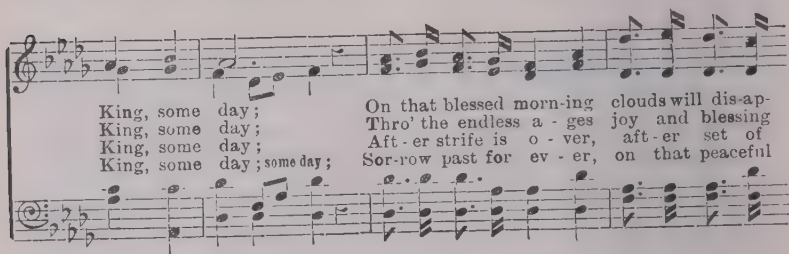
680 We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

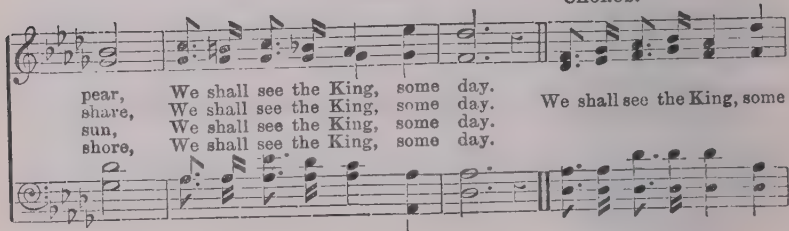


1. Tho' the way we jour - ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
 2. Aft - er pain and an - guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
 3. Aft - er foes are con - quered, aft - er battles won, We shall see the
 4. There with all the lov'd ones who have gone be - fore, We shall see the

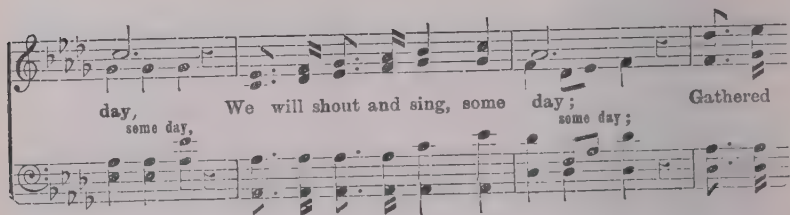


King, some day; On that blessed morn - ing clouds will dis - ap -
 King, some day; Thro' the endless a - ges joy and blessing
 King, some day; Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of
 King, some day; Sor - row past for ev - er, on that peaceful

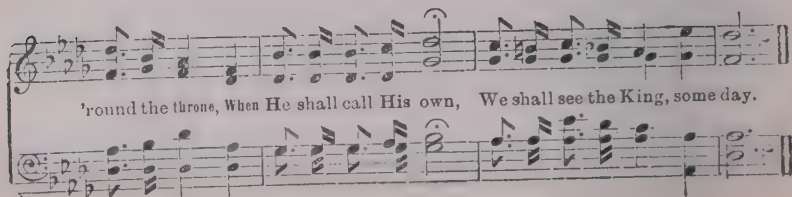
CHORUS.



pear, We shall see the King, some day. We shall see the King, some
 share, We shall see the King, some day.
 sun, We shall see the King, some day.
 shore, We shall see the King, some day.



day, We will shout and sing, some day; Gathered
 some day, some day;



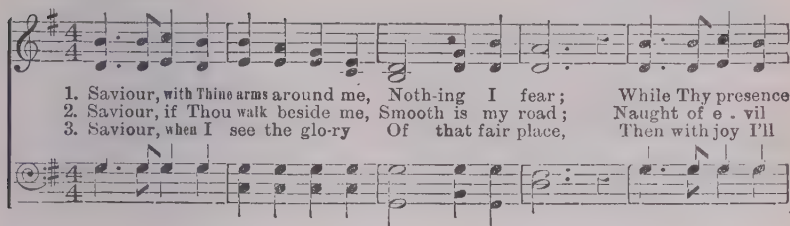
'round the throne, When He shall call His own, We shall see the King, some day.

681

Safe Home at Last.

JULIA E. BURNARD.

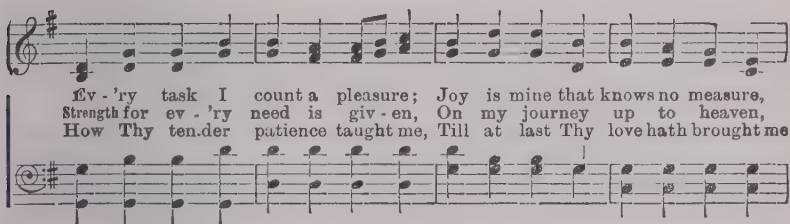
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Saviour, with Thine arms around me, Noth-ing I fear; While Thy presence
 2. Saviour, if Thou walk beside me, Smooth is my road; Naught of e - vil
 3. Saviour, when I see the glo-ry Of that fair place, Then with joy I'll

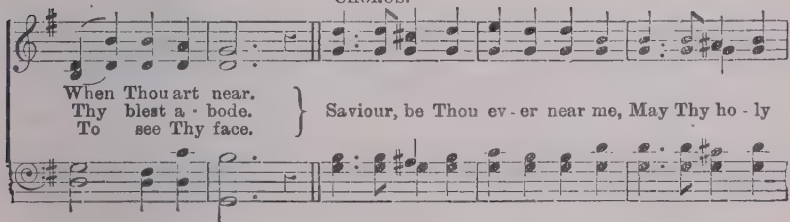


doth surround me, Thy voice I hear; Ev - 'ry day brings some new treasure,
 can be-tide me, Light is my load, Ev - 'ry foe is backward driv-en,
 sing the sto-ry Of love and grace, Tell-ing how Thy mer-cy sought me

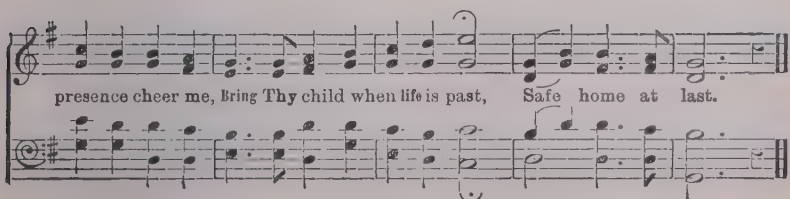


Ev - 'ry task I count a pleasure; Joy is mine that knows no measure,
 Strength for ev - 'ry need is giv-en, On my journey up to heaven,
 How Thy tender patience taught me, Till at last Thy love hath brought me

CHORUS.



When Thou art near.
 Thy blest a - bode. } Saviour, be Thou ev - er near me, May Thy ho - ly
 To see Thy face.

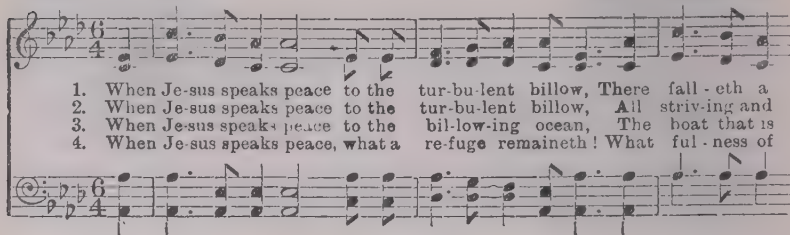


presence cheer me, Bring Thy child when life is past, Safe home at last.

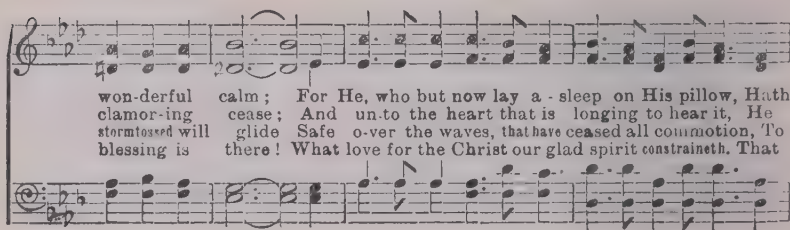
When Jesus Speaks Peace.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

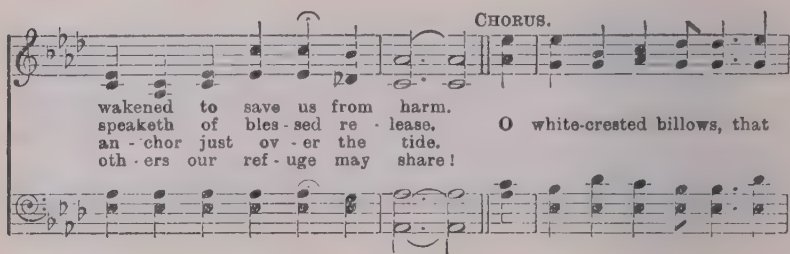
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. When Je-sus speaks peace to the tur-bu-lent billow, There fall-eth a
2. When Je-sus speaks peace to the tur-bu-lent billow, All striv-ing and
3. When Je-sus speak-peace to the bil-low-ing ocean, The boat that is
4. When Je-sus speaks peace, what a re-fuge remaineth! What ful-ness of

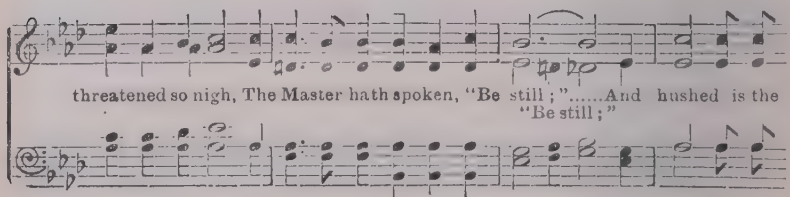


won-derful calm; For He, who but now lay a - sleep on His pillow, Hath
clamor-ing cease; And un-to the heart that is long-ing to hear it, He
storm-tossed will glide Safe o-ver the waves, that have ceased all commotion, To
blessing is there! What love for the Christ our glad spirit constraineth. That

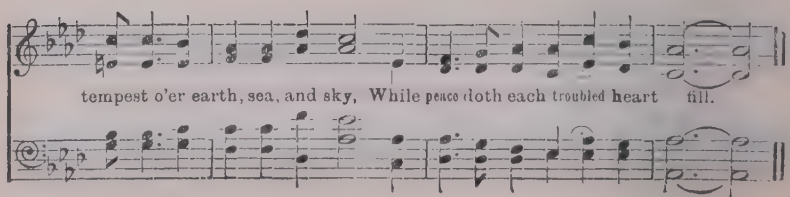


CHORUS.

wakened to save us from harm.
speaketh of bles-sed re-lease. O white-crested billows, that
an-chor just ov-er the tide.
oth-ers our ref-uge may share!



threatened so nigh, The Master hath spoken, "Be still;" And hushed is the
"Be still;"



tempest o'er earth, sea, and sky, While peace doth each troubled heart fill.

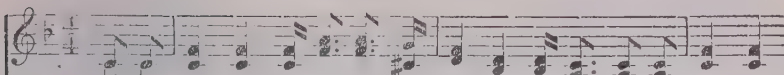
683

No Room for Thee.

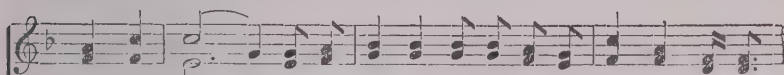
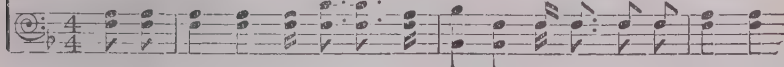
C. H. G.

SOLO.

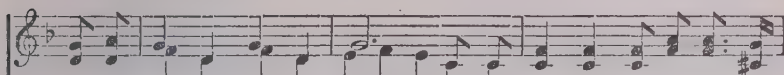
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



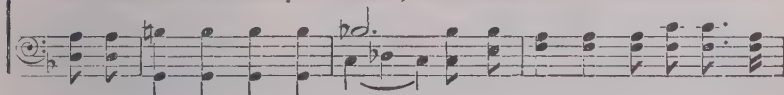
1. When the books are opened on the judgment morning, And the an - gel
2. On that day the sun shall fade a - way for ev - er, Moon and stars grow



loud-ly cries; When the seas sur-ren-der their im - mor-tal treasures,
pale and cold; Dis-tant worlds, dis-solv-ing, with the earth shall crumble,



And the countless dead a - rise; What a glad a - wak'ning, or a
As the heav'n's are backward rolled; From the wrath of God there will be



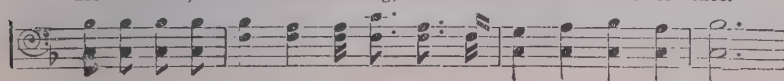
time of sor-row To the mil-lions that will be, As the Judge e -
no de-liv'r-ance, No ap - peal from His de - cree; If you have de -



rit. ad lib.



ter-nal cri-eth: "Come, ye blessed," Or: "There is no room for thee."
nied Him here, be sure that morning, There will be no room for thee.



One I would See.

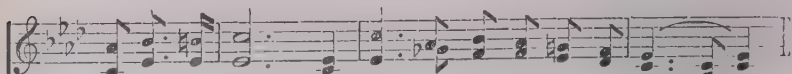
SOLO OR QUARTET.

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER.

EDNA G. YOUNG.



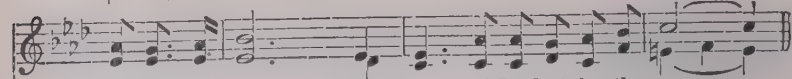
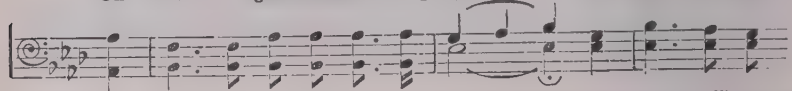
1. When I shall reach the Gold-en Strand That bor-ders on
2. I long to see that realm of light, My glo-rious home
3. And ov-er on the oth-er shore, Are lov'd ones who
4. Of all the treasures here or there, Of wealth or friend-



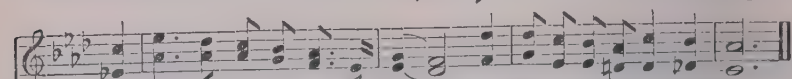
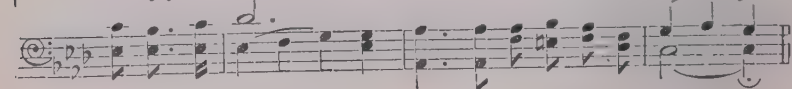
the Bet-ter Land, I fain would drink from fountains bright,
that knows no night, And walk its beauteous streets of gold,
have gone be-fore; What hap-pi-ness 'will be to meet
none can com-pare To Him, who ful-ly sat-is-fies,



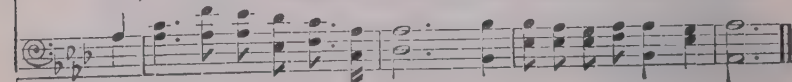
And bathe in ri-vers of de-light; But O what joy!
And all the won-ders there be-hold; But more than all,
With them, and hold com-mun-ion sweet; Yet more than all,
On whom I'll gaze with wond'ring eyes; And then, O then



What bliss to see The bless-ed Lord, who loveth me.....
I want to see The One who made that home for me.....
I long to see The One who lived for love of me.....
What joy to see The One who died for love of me.....



Then, O what joy! What bliss to see The blessed Lord who lov-eth me.



Lord, I Believe.

H. H. B.

Commandant HERBERT BOOTH.

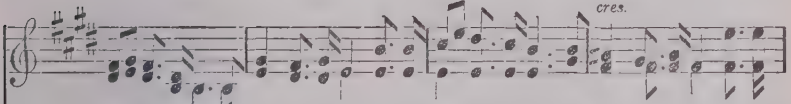
Allegro.



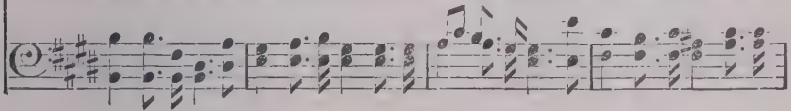
1. When sor - rows and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is whisp'ring, " You'd
2. How ea - sy when sail - ing the sea at a calm, To trust in the strength of Je -



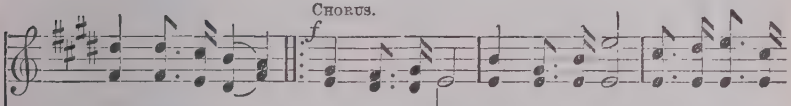
cres.



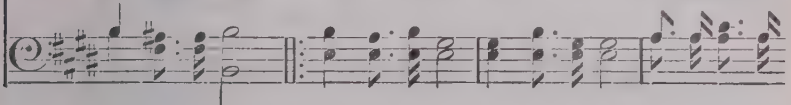
better go back," Oh, then I have prov'd it, tho' dark be the way, A lit - tle believing drives
hovah's great arm, But somehow I find when the waves swamp the boat, It takes some believing to



CHORUS.

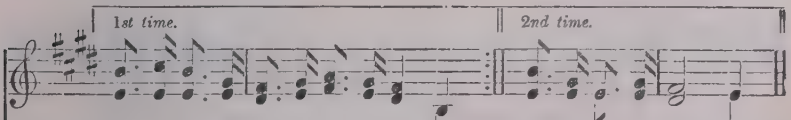


clouds right a - way. Lord, I be - lieve! Lord, I be - lieve! Saviour, raise my
keep things a - float. Lord, I be - lieve! Lord, I be - lieve! All my doubts I'll



1st time.

2nd time.



faith in Thee till it can move a mountain.

bu - ry in the Foun - tain.



The Better Land.

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—*Heb. xi. 16.*

Arranged by GURDON ROBINS.

DANIEL B. TOWNER.

1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vi-sions of en-raptur'd thought,
 2. A land up-on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no sha-dow, falls no stain;
 3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light!
 4. There sweeps no des-o-la-ting wind A-cross the calm, se-re-ne a-bode;

1. So bright that all which spreads between Is with its ra-diant glo-ries fraught.
 2. There those who meet shall part no more, And those long part-ed meet a-gain.
 3. It hath no need of suns to rise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
 4. The wand'rer there a home may find With-in the par-a-dise of God.

CHORUS.

Oh, land of love, . . . Oh, land of love, of joy and light, . . . Thy glo-ries
 of joy and light,

gild . . . earth's darkest night; . . . Thy tranquil shore, . . .
 Thy glories gild earth's darkest night (earth's darkest night); Thy tranquil shore

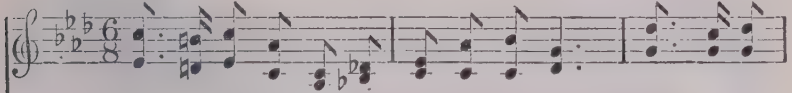
we, too, shall see, . . . When day shall break . . . and shadows flee.
 (we, too, shall see). When day shall break

All for Me.

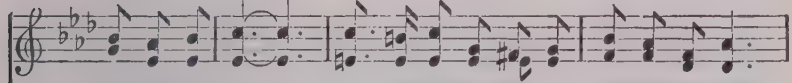
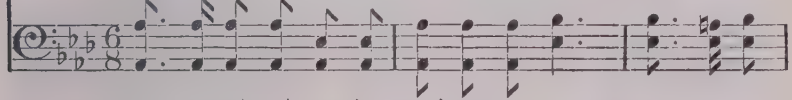
"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i. 15.

C. A. M. SOLO.

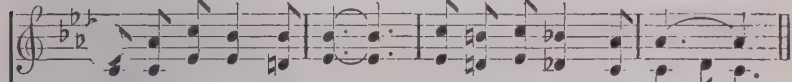
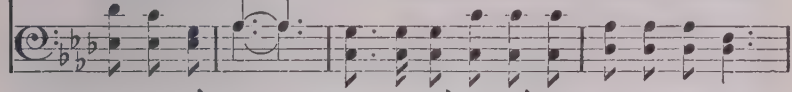
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Wea - ry and wand'ring and sunk - en in sin, Vile as a
2. Foot-sore and wea - ry He toil'd all the way, E ven to
3. Still I re - ject - ed your Sa - viour and mine, Till I be -



sin - ner could be, Je - sus beheld and to Beth-le-hem came,
Gethsem - an - e; Oft I have met Him and heard His sweet voice,
held on the tree, Suf - fer - ing, dy - ing, my Sa - viour and yours,



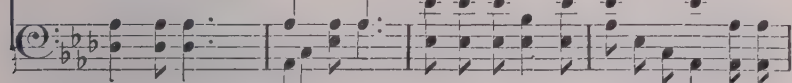
Left His bright throne for me, Left His bright throne for me.
Pray - ing for me, for me, Pray - ing for me, for me.
Dy - ing for you and me, Dy - ing for you and me. for me.



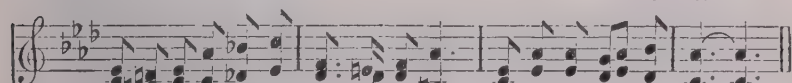
CHORUS.



All for me, was it All for me? Lord, was it all for me? From the



all for me?



throne to the manger, From there to the cross, Yes, it was all for me!

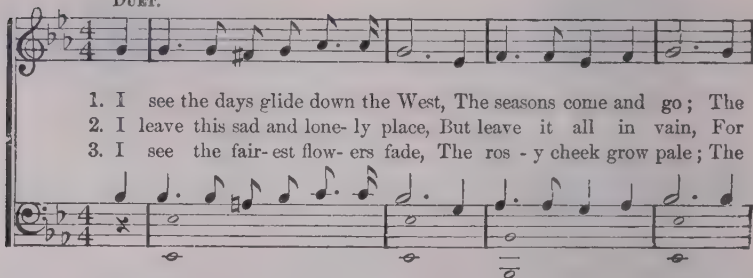


Eternity is Near.

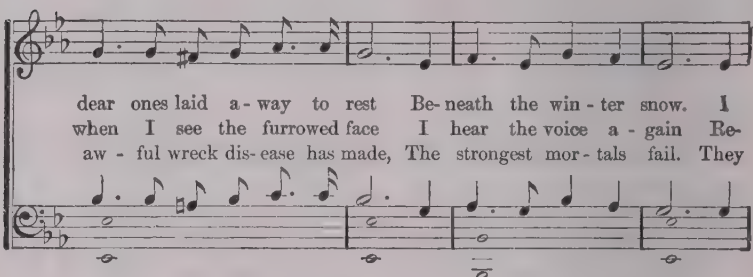
J. W. VANDEVENTER,

W. S. WEEDEN.

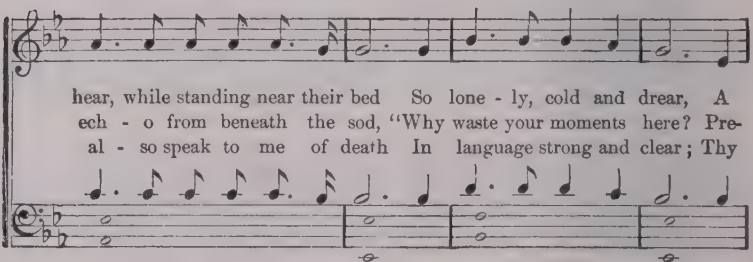
DUET.



1. I see the days glide down the West, The seasons come and go; The
 2. I leave this sad and lone-ly place, But leave it all in vain, For
 3. I see the fair-est flow-ers fade, The ros-y cheek grow pale; The

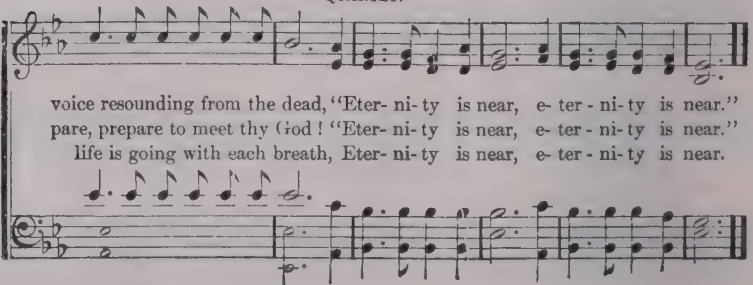


dear ones laid a-way to rest Be-neath the win-ter snow. I
 when I see the furrowed face I hear the voice a-gain Re-
 aw-ful wreck dis-ease has made, The strongest mor-tals fail. They



hear, while standing near their bed So lone-ly, cold and drear, A
 ech-o from beneath the sod, "Why waste your moments here? Pre-
 al-so speak to me of death In language strong and clear; Thy

QUARTET.

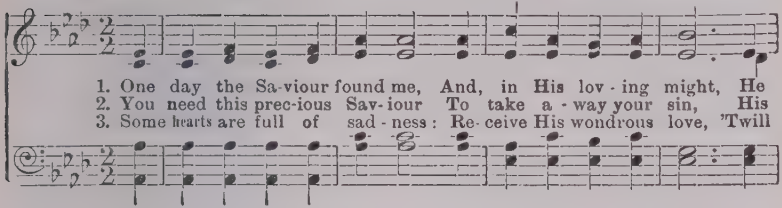


voice resounding from the dead, "Eter-ni-ty is near, e-ter-ni-ty is near."
 pare, prepare to meet thy God! "Eter-ni-ty is near, e-ter-ni-ty is near."
 life is going with each breath, Eter-ni-ty is near, e-ter-ni-ty is near.

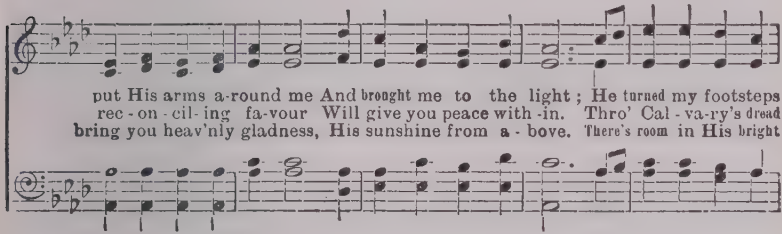
Everybody There.

E. E. HEWITT.

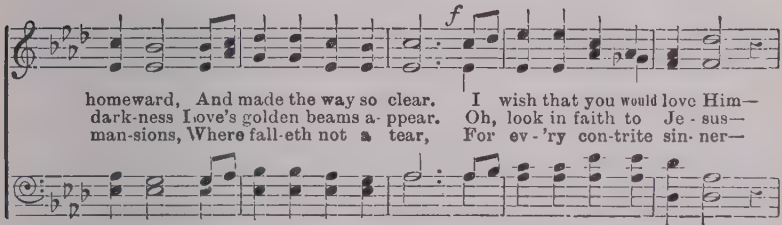
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. One day the Sa-viour found me, And, in His lov-ing might, He
 2. You need this prec-ious Sav-iour To take a-way your sin, His
 3. Some hearts are full of sad-ness: Re-ceive His wondrous love, 'Twill

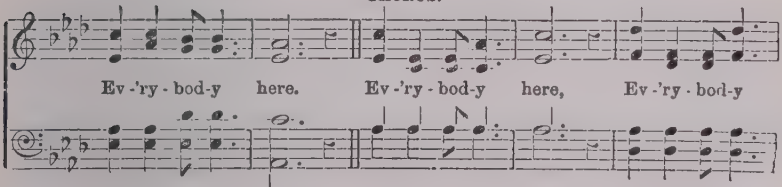


put His arms a-round me And brought me to the light; He turned my footsteps
 rec-on-cil-ing fa-vour Will give you peace with-in. Thro' Cal-va-ry's dread
 bring you heav'nly gladness, His sunshine from a-bove. There's room in His bright

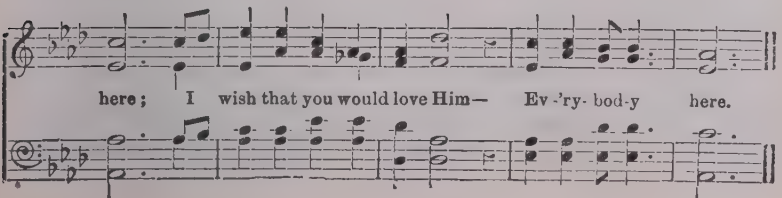


homeward, And made the way so clear. I wish that you would love Him—
 dark-ness Love's golden beams a-pppear. Oh, look in faith to Je-sus—
 man-sions, Where fall-eth not a tear, For ev-'ry con-trite sin-ner—

CHORUS.



Ev-'ry-bod-y here. Ev-'ry-bod-y here, Ev-'ry-bod-y



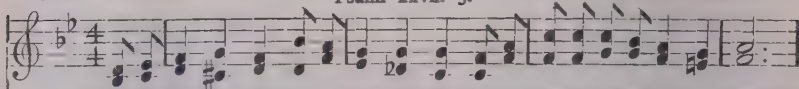
here; I wish that you would love Him— Ev-'ry-bod-y here.

A Rock in the Bottom.

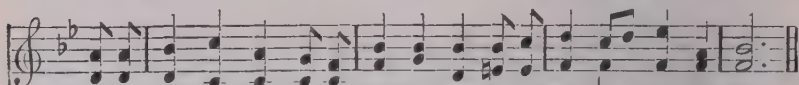
C. M. DOCHERTY.

Psalm xxvii. 5.

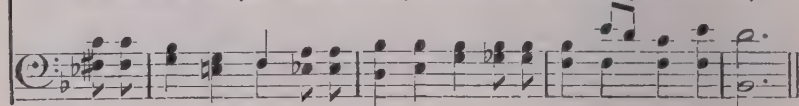
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. 'Tis so sweet to know, tho' the waves may roll, And the foam-ing billows surge and beat,
2. In His powerful hand He will hold me up, And I ne'er can fall when by His side ;
3. Many struggles here He has brought me through, And I praise Him for His matchless love ;
4. Sinner, put your trust in the Liv-ing Rock—Turn to Christ at once, make Him your stay ;



That be-neath the flood for the trou-bled soul, Is a Rock to rest the feet.
He who once for me drained Death's bitter cup, Will let nothing me be-tide.
But I know in death He will help me too—Bring me safe to realms a-bove.
Lest too soon for you the Death An-gel knock—Come and steal your soul a-way.



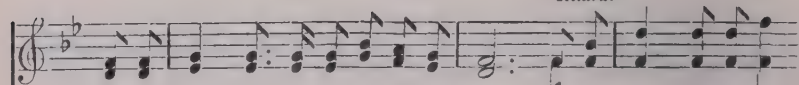
CHORUS.



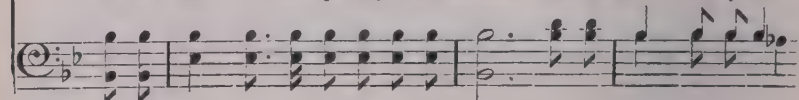
There's a Rock in the bot-tom, I am safe, Yes, I am safe.



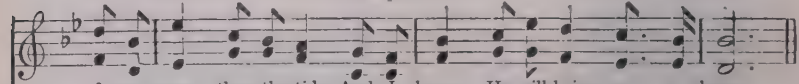
Ritard.



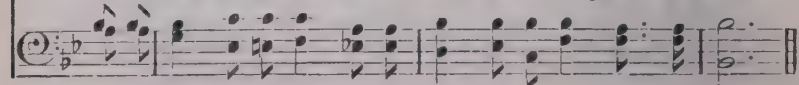
In that Rock I have put my trust be-fore, With the Lord on my side,



tempo.



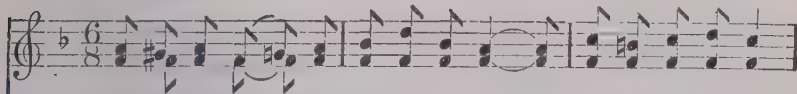
I am more than the tide, And I know He will bring me a-shore.



Sowing the Tares.

Words by a CONVICT.

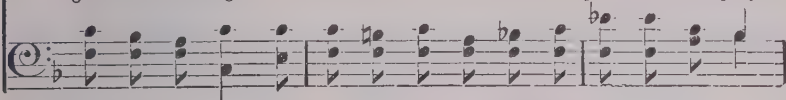
MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



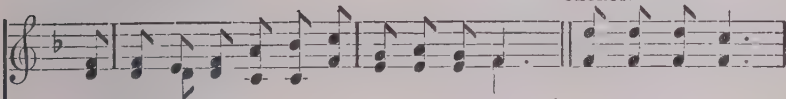
1. Sow - ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sow-ing of mal-ice,
2. Sow - ing the tares, O how dark the black sin ! Mingling a curse with
3. Sow - ing the tares that bring sor-row down, Robs of its jew-els
4. Sow - ing the tares un-der cov - er of night, Which might have been wheat all



spite and de - ceit ; We might have sown ros - es a - mid life's sad cares,
 life's sweet-est hymn, And heed - ing no an-guish, no pit - e - ous pray'rs,
 life's fair - est crown ; And turn - ing to sil - ver the once gold - en hairs,
 gold - en and bright ; O heart, turn to God with re - pent - ance and pray'rs,

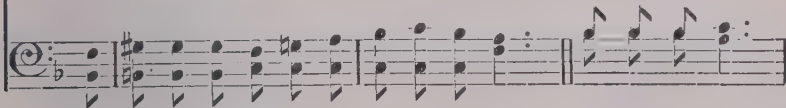


CHORUS.

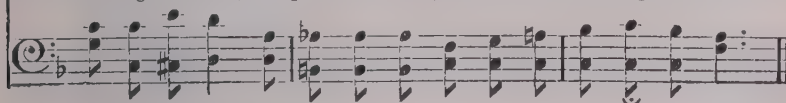


While we were so cru - el - ly sow-ing the tares.
 While we were so cru - el - ly sow-ing the tares.
 Grown whit-er and whit - er while we sowed the tares.
 And plead for for-give - ness for sow - ing the tares.

Sow-ing the tares,



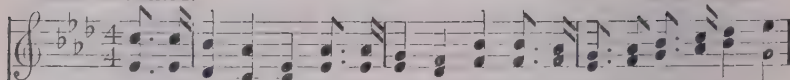
sow-ing the tares ; We plead for for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.



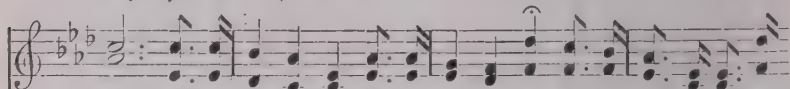
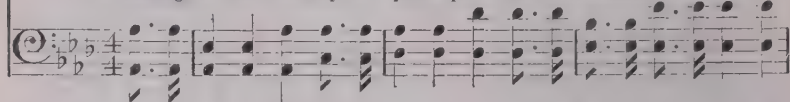
Resting in His Love.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

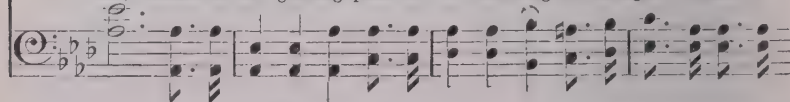
E. S. LORENE.



1. Rest-ing in His love at His bless-ed feet, All my heart goes forth in joy-ous
2. Rest-ing in His love by the wa-ters still, Sweet communion with my Lord I
3. Rest-ing in His love, kept in perfect peace, Till the home of homes with joy I



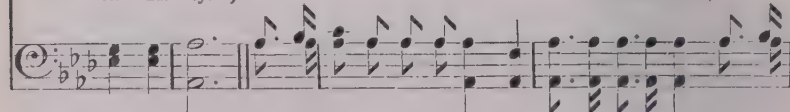
sing; Trust-ing Him for pow'r, ev'-ry day and hour, By His grace di-vine He hold; E'en the dark-est way bright-er grows each day, As new vis-ions of His see; Where the an-gels sing prais-es to their King, In the light of God e-



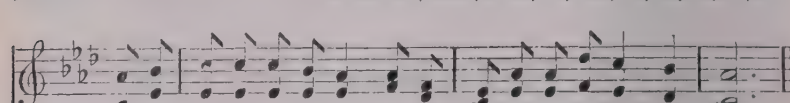
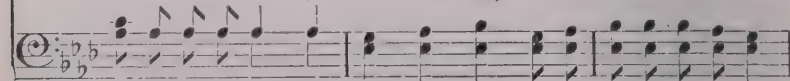
CHORUS.



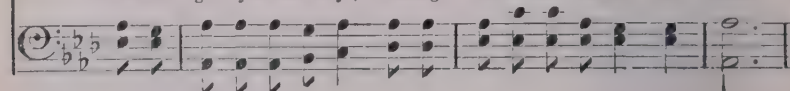
makes me strong, } Rest-ing in His love that ran-som'd me, Trusting
might un-fold, } ter-nal-ly. } thatransom'd me,



in His grace so full and free, I shall see my Lord some day
so full and free,



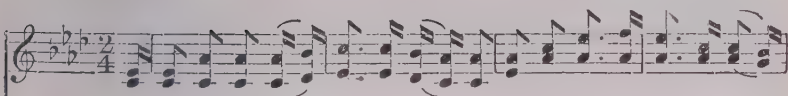
Where His glo-ry shines for aye, Resting in His love for-ev-er-more!



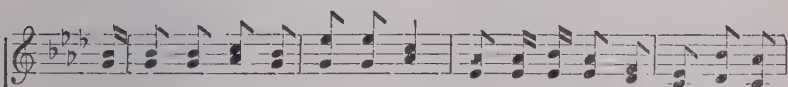
The Blood is All My Plea.

F. C. BAKER.

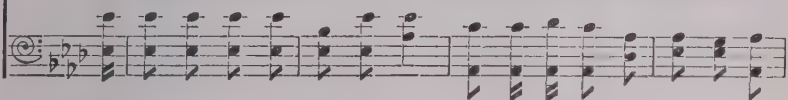
E. F. MILLER.



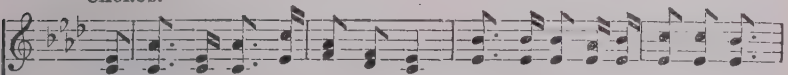
1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The power of sin can all be broken,
2. With anguish wrung, I cried, "My Lord, Is there not power in Je - sus' blood
3. "Oh, yes, My love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin,
4. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al-might-y keep-ing power,



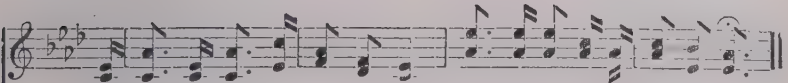
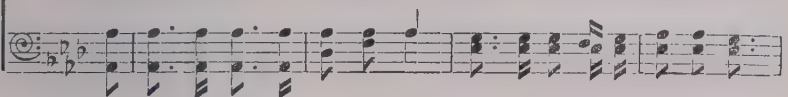
The heart held cap-tive yet be free, Lord, is this blessing not for me?
To make in me a per-fect cure, To cleanse my heart and make it pure?"
Will wash a - way your guil-ty stains, And cleanse, till not one spot re-mains."
Temp-ta-tions come, the blood's my plea, The precious blood now cleans es me.



CHORUS.



The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah ! it cleanseth me ;



The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah ! it cleanseth me.



That Beautiful City.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

G. W. ELDERKIN.

f

1. I know that a - far in God's bound - less realm, Per - haps 'mid the star - ry
2. That beau - ti - ful ci - ty with jas - per walls, Ne'er clos - es its pearl - y
3. The longings of life shall be sat - is - fied, The fet - ters of earth be

p

spa - ces, Lies the prom - ised home of the saints re - deemed, Re -
por - tals, And the heal - ing pow'r of its ho - ly Light Sweeps
bro - ken, And the words im - pris - on'd with - in the soul, With

plete with ce - les - tial gra - ces; In dreams I have walked on the
o - ver the blest im - mor - tals; There sor - row and tears shall be
rap - ture shall then be spo - ken; The mu - sic that sor - row hath

That Beautiful City—Continued.

streets of gold, As I sought for my own fair dwell - ing, And
wiped a - way, In the dawn of an end - less morn - ing, Our
hushed a - while, And the si - lence of life's sad sto - ry, Shall

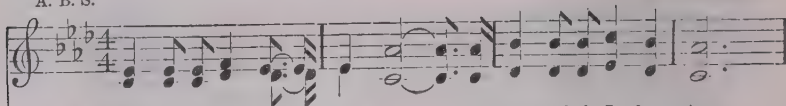
cres. *f rit.*

voi - ces I knew and loved of old, I've heard in the mu - sic swell - ing.
triumphs of faith like stars shall shine Bright crowns for the soul's a - dorn - ing.
leap in - to songs of per - fect joy, At - tuned to e - ter - nal glo - ry.

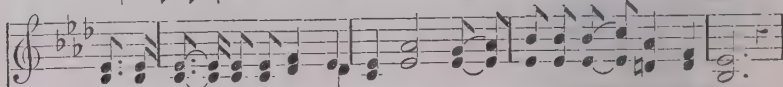
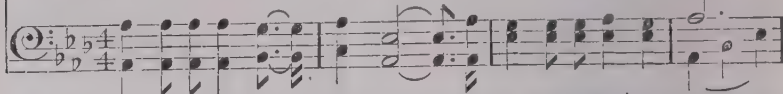
f CHORUS.

That beau - ti - ful cit - y is home to me, Each day it is grow - ing dear - er; And

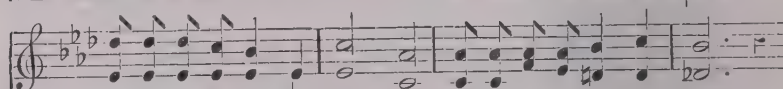
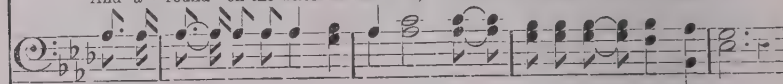
voices that call from be - yond the sea Are drawing me near - er and near - er.



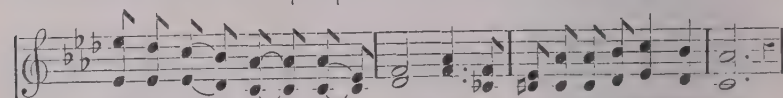
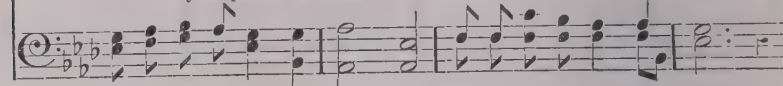
1. Down by the house of the Pot - ter I went with the Lord one day,
2. But as I watched his work - ing, He turned with a look of pain,
3. Then as I watched and won - dered, He took up the clay once more,



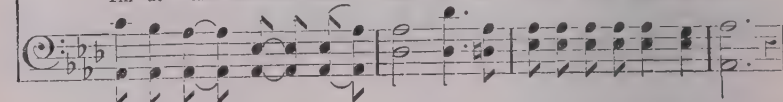
And I watched while he slowly fashioned A vessel from the plas - tic clay.
For the ves - sel in his hand was fractured, And his work, alas, seem'd all in vain.
And a - round on the wheel he turned it, And fashioned it o'er and o'er.



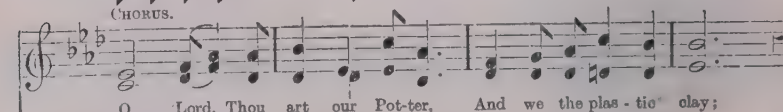
Slow - ly on the wheel he turned it, Shaping it with pa - tient skill;
Something in the clay had marred it, Somewhere there had been a strain;
Pa - tient - ly he pressed and shaped it, With a bright and smiling face;



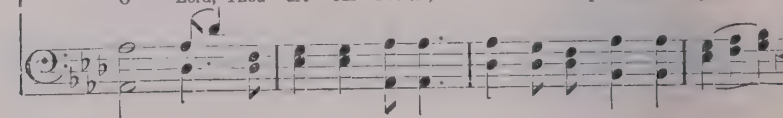
Till the plastic clay was mould - ed, Ac - cording to the Potter's will.
And the work must be sus - pend - ed, The Potter must begin a - gain.
Till at last from the wheel he took it, A vessel of sur - pass - ing grace.



CHORUS.



O Lord, Thou art our Pot - ter, And we the plas - tic clay;



The Potter and the Clay—Continued.

O mould us to Thy per-fect will, And lead us in Thy way.

696

Light of the World.

MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

W. F. STEWART.

1. Light of the world, faint were our weary feet With wand'ring far; But Thou didst
 2. In days long past we missed our homeward way; We could not see; Blind were our
 3. Now hal-le-lu-jahs rise up on the road Our glad feet tread; Thy love hath
 4. Where is death's sting, where, grave thy victory, Where all the pain, Now that thy

come our lone-ly hearts to greet, O Morning Star; And Thou didst bid us
 eyes, our feet were bound to stray: How blind to Thee! But Thou didst pi-ty,
 shared our sorrow's heavy load; There's light o'erhead: Glo-ry to Thee whose
 King the veil that hung o'er Thee Hath rent in twain? Light of the world, we

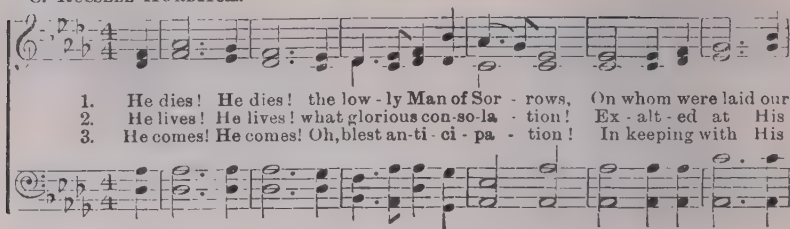
lift our gaze on high, To see the glo-ry of the glowing sky.
 Lord, our gloomy plight; And Thou didst touch our eyes, and give them sight.
 love hath led us on, Glo-ry for all the great things Thou hast done.
 hear Thee bid us come To light and love in Thine e-ter-nal home.

697

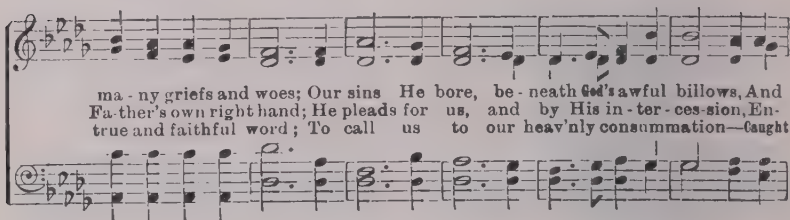
I am He that Liveth.

C. RUSSELL HURDITCH.

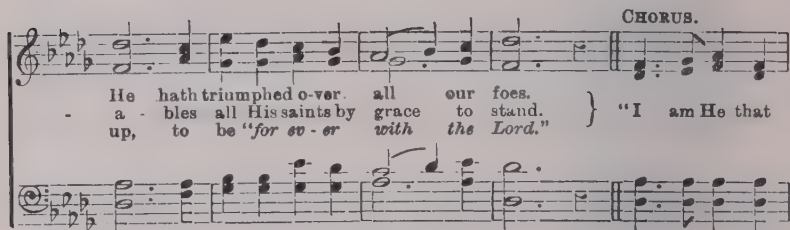
J. H. BURKE.



1. He dies! He dies! the low-ly Man of Sor - rows, On whom were laid our
 2. He lives! He lives! what glorious con-so-la - tion! Ex - alt - ed at His
 3. He comes! He comes! Oh, blest an - ti - ci - pa - tion! In keeping with His

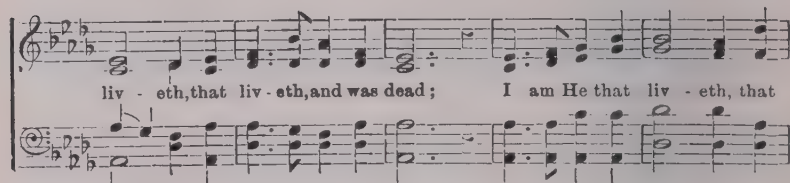


ma - ny griefs and woes; Our sins He bore, be - neath God's awful billows, And
 Father's own right hand; He pleads for us, and by His in - ter - ces - sion, En -
 true and faithful word; To call us to our heav'nly consummation—caught

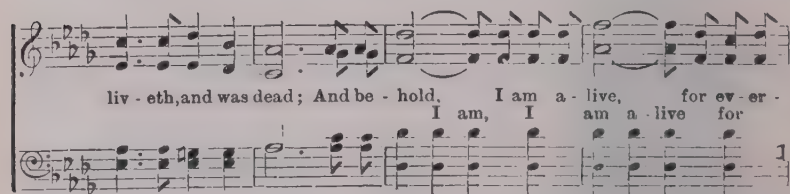


CHORUS.

He hath triumphed o-ver all our foes.
 a - bles all His saints by grace to stand. } "I am He that
 up, to be "for ev - er with the Lord."



liv - eth, that liv - eth, and was dead; I am He that liv - eth, that



liv - eth, and was dead; And be - hold, I am a - live, for ev - er -
 I am, I am a live for

3 am He that Liveth.---continued.

more, Be - hold, I am a - live for ev er -
ev - er - more; I am, I am a - live for

more I am He that liv - eth, that liv - eth, and was
ev - er - more.

dead : And be - hold, I am a - live for ev - er - more."

697 A

The Loves Me.

CHORUS.

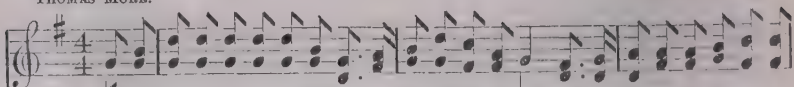
O He loves me, Yes He loves me, No matter where I be, My Saviour still loves me ; O He

loves me, yes He loves me, And He died on the Cross for me.

The Wondrous Glory-Land.

THOMAS MORE.

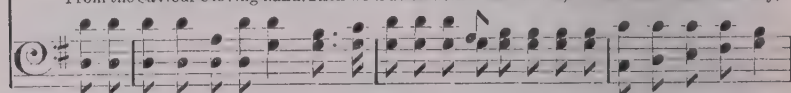
JAMES B. MORE.



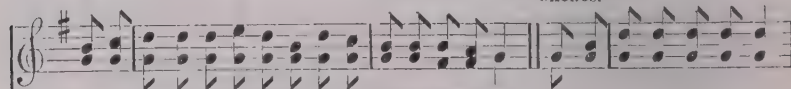
1. We are on our homeward journey To the wondrous glory-land, Where the ransomed now are singing,
2. There our friends are now awaiting In that wondrous glory-land, And they swell the praise of Je - sus,
3. Soon we'll reach the shining portals Of that wondrous glory-land, Soon re - ceive our crowns of glo - ry



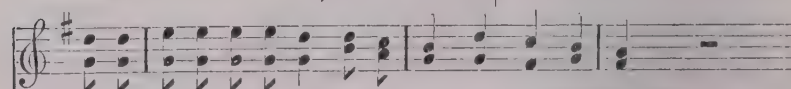
As before their Lord they stand. They have passed thro' tribulation, And their working days are o'er,
There a happy, blood-wash'd band. They have trusted Christ for cleansing. And their robes are pure and bright,
From the Saviour's loving hand. Then we'll dwell with Him for ever, In that land of end-less day,



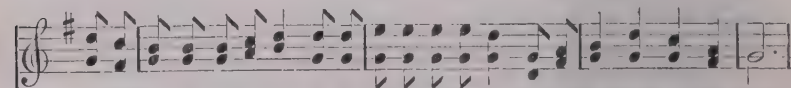
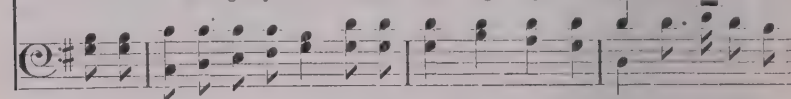
CHORUS.



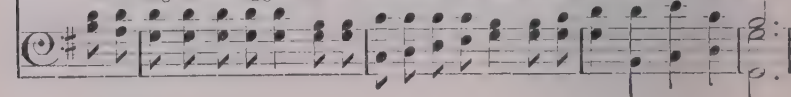
They are resting from their labours, On the ever-shining shore.
In the fountain freely flowing They have washed their garments white. } Oh, we'll soon with Je - sus stand.
We'll go no more out for ever, Throughout all e - ter - ni - ty.



In that wondrous glo - ry - land, In the com - ing by - and - bye. (Hal - le - lu - jah!)



We will sing of saving grace, As we then behold His face, In that wondrous glo - ry - land.



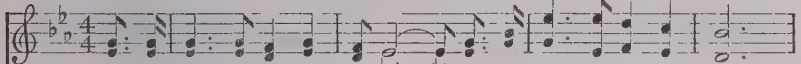
699

I have Christ!


M. J. W.

WHAT WANT I MORE?

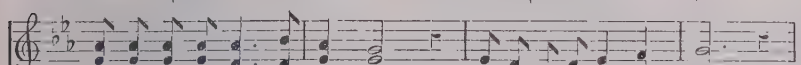
R. F. BEVERIDGE.




1. In the heart of Lon-don ci - ty, 'Mid the dwell - ings of the poor,
2. Oh, her words will live for ev - er, I re - peat them o'er and o'er,



These bright gold - en words were ut - tered: I have Christ! what want I more?
God de - lights to hear me say - ing: I have Christ! what want I more?

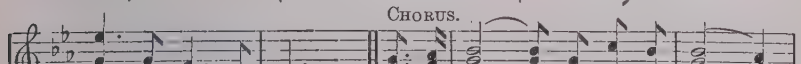


Spo - ken by a lone - ly wo - man, Dy - ing on a gar - ret floor,
Oh, my dear, my fel - low - sin - ners, High and low, and rich and poor,

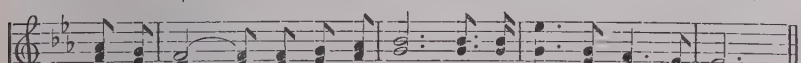


Hav - ing not one earth - ly com - fort: I have Christ! I have Christ! I have
Can you say with deep thanks - giv - ing: I have Christ! I have Christ! I have

CHORUS.



Christ! what want I more? } I have Christ! what want I more?
Christ! what want I more? }



I have Christ! what want I more? I have Christ! what want I more?

3 heard the Voice of Jesus say.

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls." MATT. xl. 29.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR.

Adapted by R. F. BEVERIDGE.

Composed by M. W. BALFE.

Arranged by W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Andante con espressione.

PRELUDE & INTERLUDE. *p* *cres.* *rall.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Behold I free - ly
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's

a tempo.

rest: Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my
give, The liv - ing wa - ter, thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and
light; Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be

breast." I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -
live." I came to Je - sus and I drank Of
bright." I looked to Je - sus and I found In

I heard the Voice of Jesus say.—continued.

p *cres.*

ry and worn and sad,— I found in Him a rest-ing place, And
that life giv-ing stream, My thirst was quench'd my soul re-viv'd, And
Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk. Till

p *cres.*

f *rit.*

He has made me glad, A resting place, And He has made me glad.
now I live in Him, My soul revived, And now I live in Him.
trav'ling days are done, In Him I'll walk, Till trav'ling days are done.

f *rit.*

Arrangement Internationally Copyright by R. F. Beveridge.

701

A Hymn of Thanksgiving.

REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

Psalm lxxix. 30.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

1. For all the past, With stars o'er-cast, Thy name, O God, I praise;
2. For all I've gained, By grace obtained, Thy name, O God, I praise;
3. For all I've lost, What-e'er the cost, Thy name, O God, I praise;
4. Because all grief Shall find re-lief, Through Thy a-bounding love,—

1. For all the past, With stars o'er-cast,

For promised joy. Without al-loy, Thro' all these hopeful days.
For pleasant hours, 'Mid blooming flow'rs, Thro' all these happy days.
For sorrow's night, Stars out of sight, Thro' all these gloomy days.
And ev'-ry cross That comes with loss, Pre-dicts a crown a-bove.

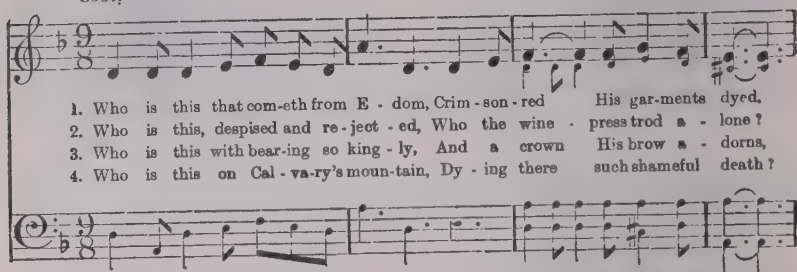
For promised joy, With - out al-loy,

Who is this Man of Sorrows?

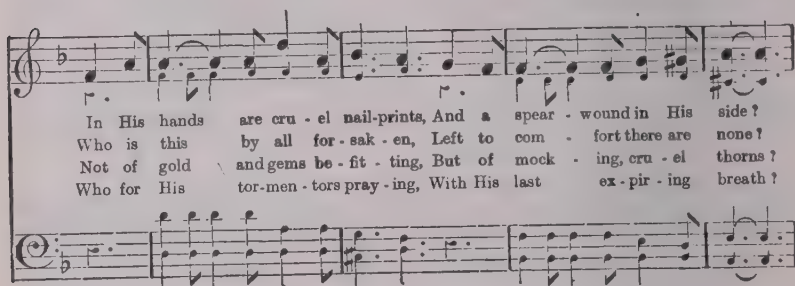
Mrs. C. H. M.

Solo,

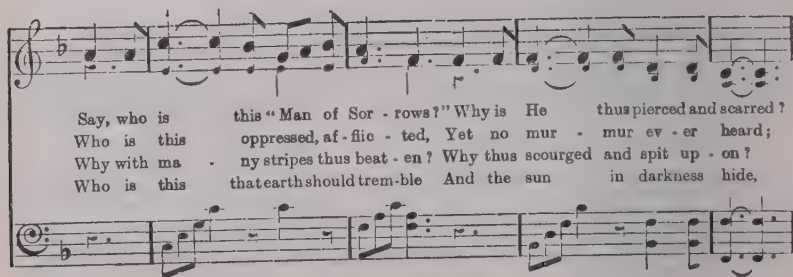
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



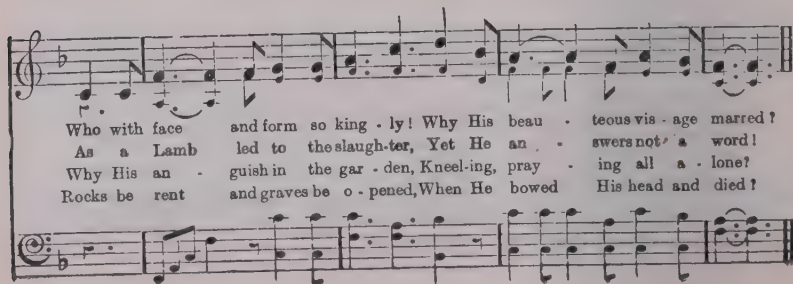
1. Who is this that com-eth from E - dom, Crim-son-red His gar-ments dyed,
 2. Who is this, despised and re-ject-ed, Who the wine - press trod a - lone?
 3. Who is this with bear-ing so king - ly, And a crown His brow a - dorns,
 4. Who is this on Cal - va-ry's moun-tain, Dy - ing there such shameful death?



In His hands are cru - el nail-prints, And a spear - wound in His side?
 Who is this by all for-sak - en, Left to com - fort there are none?
 Not of gold and gems be - fit - ting, But of mock - ing, cru - el thorns?
 Who for His tor-men - tors pray - ing, With His last ex - pir - ing breath?



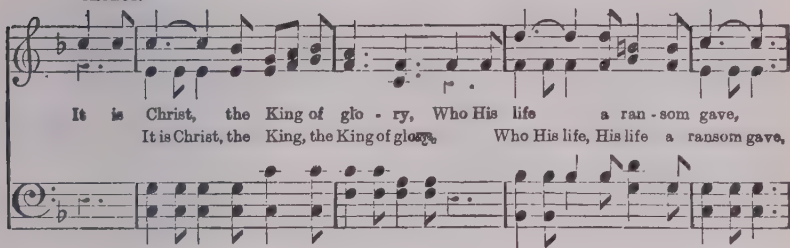
Say, who is this "Man of Sor - rows?" Why is He thus pierced and scarred?
 Who is this oppressed, af - flic - ted, Yet no mur - mur ev - er heard;
 Why with ma - ny stripes thus beat - en? Why thus scourged and spit up - on?
 Who is this that earth should trem-ble And the sun in darkness hide,



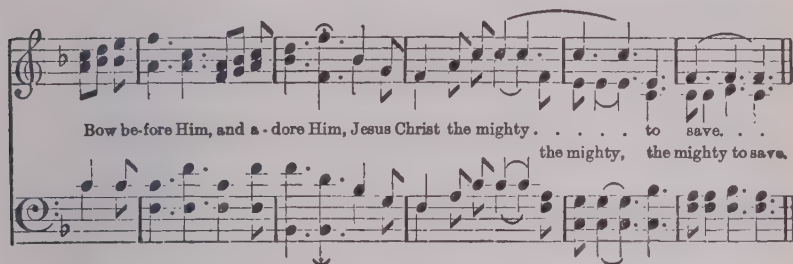
Who with face and form so king - ly! Why His beau - teous vis - age marred?
 As a Lamb led to the slaugh-ter, Yet He an - swers not a word!
 Why His an - guish in the gar - den, Kneel-ing, pray - ing all a - lone?
 Rocks be rent and graves be o - pened, When He bowed His head and died!

Who is this Man of Sorrows?—Continued.

CHORUS.



It is Christ, the King of glo - ry, Who His life a ran - som gave,
It is Christ, the King, the King of glo - ry, Who His life, His life a ransom gave,



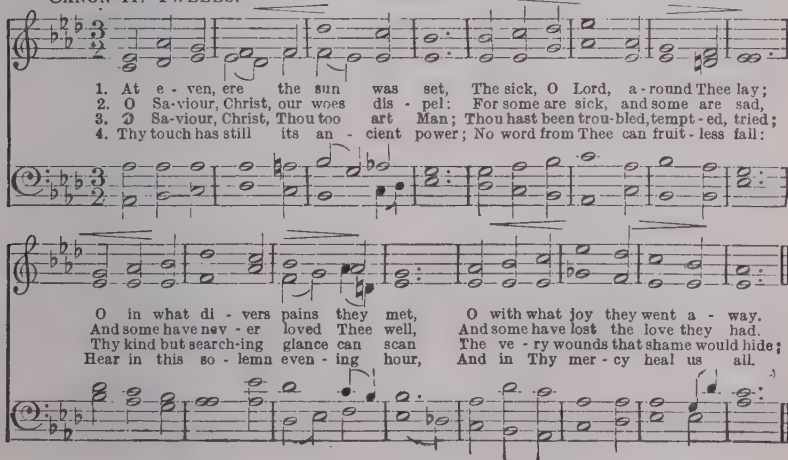
Bow be - fore Him, and a - dore Him, Jesus Christ the mighty to save . . .
the mighty, the mighty to save.

703 At Even, ere the Sun was Set.

CANON H. TWELLS.

ABENDS.

H. S. OAKELEY.



1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;
2. O Sa - viour, Christ, our woes dis - pel: For some are sick, and some are sad,
3. O Sa - viour, Christ, Thou too art Man; Thou hast been trou - bled, tempt - ed, tried;
4. Thy touch has still its an - cient power; No word from Thee can fruit - less fail:

O in what di - vers pains they met, O with what joy they went a - way.
And some have nev - er loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had.
Thy kind but search - ing glance can scan The ve - ry wounds that shame would hide;
Hear in this so - lemn even - ing hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all.

Words by DAVID J. BEATTIE.

JAMES E. STEWART.

Adapted by R. F. BEVERIDGE.

Accompaniment by W. GARDNER HUNTER.

INTRODUCTION.

SOLO. *With expression.*

1. I have a hope which gleams a - far,
2. Loved with a love which can - not wane,
3. When earth recedes and heav'n ap - pears,

Con espressione.

Like ancient bea - con light,
Fill'd with a per - fect peace;
Up - on my vis - ion clear;

O - ver the rest - less
With Je - sus reign - ing
When sweetest strains of

waves of time, From heav'n's un - mea - sured height.
in my heart, My joy shall nev - er cease.
an - gel song Fall soft - ly on my ear;

Only to see my Saviour's Face—continued.

Bright in the glo - ry beams that hope - Je - sus is the Source di -
 Walk - ing by faith and not by sight, Lean - ing on my heav'nly
 'Mid scenes su - per - nal joys sublime, In that realm surpassing

vine; I shall be - hold Him some sweet day, And
 Guide, Till glo - ry's heights I gain at last - For
 fair, Heav'n will be in - com - plete, un - til, I

rall.
 claim Him ev - er mine.
 ev - er sat - is - fied.
 see my Sa - viour there.

CHORUS. Dolce.
rall. On - ly to see my
 On - ly to see my blessed
 Sa - viour's face, Gaze up - on that love - ly brow;
 Sa - viour's face, Just to gaze up - on that love - ly brow;

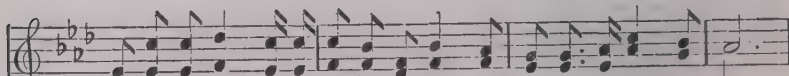
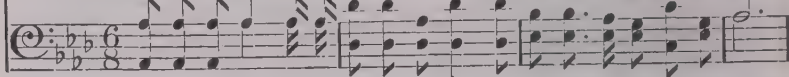
p Once bound with cru - el thorns for me, *cres.* A crown a dorns it now.

705 Walk in the Light of the Shining Way.

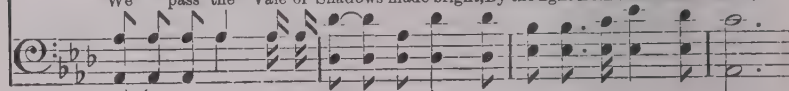
Words and Music by JAMES COLVILLE.



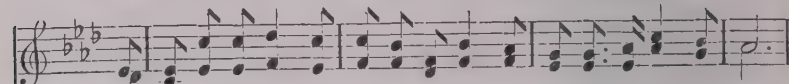
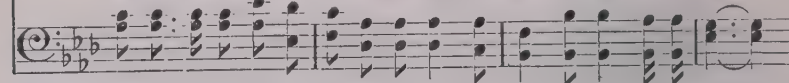
1. Walk in the light of the hea-ven-ly way, Where Je-sus doth ev-er a-bide,
2. When o-ver your path the shadows may fall, And dreary or dark seems the day,
3. When at the close of the pil-grim-age way, The way that is narrow and straight;



Walk in the path of the shin-ing light, There's safety whate'er be-tide;
Let this be your song as you journey a-long, 'Tis light in the heav'n-ly way;
We pass the Vale of Shadows made bright, By the light from the Golden Gate;



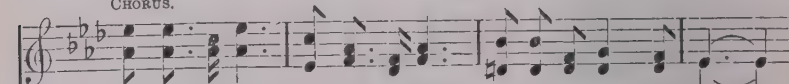
Walk in the light of the hea-ven-ly way, There is joy, glad joy, ev-er-more.
There is blessing for thee in the hea-ven-ly way, That leads to you ci-ti-ty of light,
Then we'll sing His glorious praises on high, When earth's darkest night is past



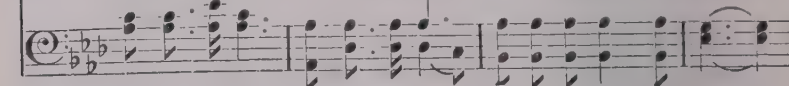
'Tis precious to know, wher-e'er you may go, The Mas-ter is on-be-fore.
Oh, joy of the ran-somed, bliss of the free, The rays from the throne gleam bright.
Sing with the an-gels of Light for aye, And rest in the Lord at last.



CHORUS.



Walk in the light, walk in the light, Walk in the light al-way;



Walk in the Light, etc.—Continued.

The path of the just is the shin - ing light That shines till the per - fect day.

706

Oh! Touch Him Too,

M. COLQUHOUN.

M. COLQUHOUN. Harmonised by A. M. MACKAY.

1. She came to Je - sus, one of old, Who sent her He has not re - vealed;
 2. She heard, she came, she touch'd the hem Of His loose garment in the way;
 3. I came with all my guilt and sin; Knelt in con - tri - tion at His feet;
 4. Oh come to Him, and rest as - sured, What - e - ver thy sin He'll welcome thee;

This on - ly are we plain - ly told, How she by sim - ple faith was healed.
 Im - med - iate - ly through her weak frame, She felt the thrill of health that day.
 The Ho - ly Spi - rit en - tered in, And wrought in me a change com - plete.
 Who - ev - er came to Him was cured, And from all doubt and fear set free.

CHORUS.

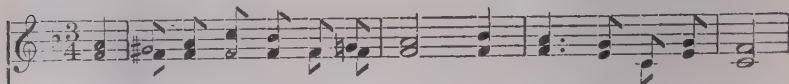
Oh! touch Him too. Oh! touch Him too. There's vir - tue still in Christ for thee;

His blood can cleanse, His power can save, Though crim - son - dyed your sins may be.

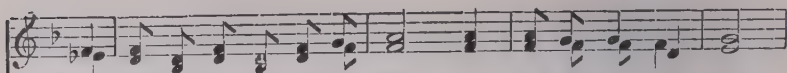
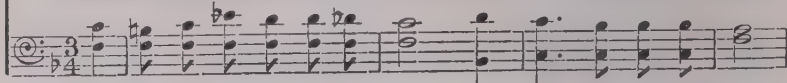
When I Shall Fall Asleep.

MOSES GAGE SHIRLEY.

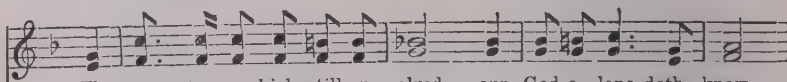
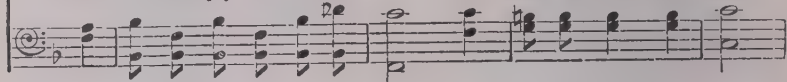
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



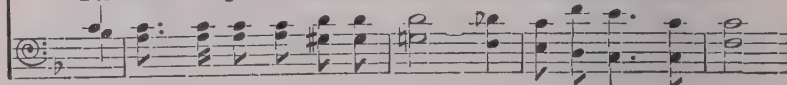
1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a - sleep,
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep,
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep,



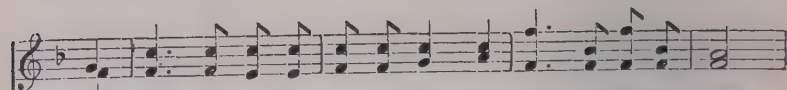
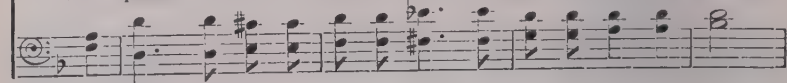
And, leaving all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep -
And, passing from you, I shall see a - far the gold - en street,
But O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep!



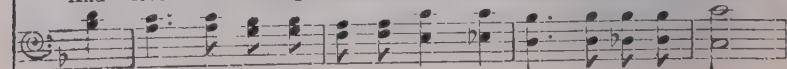
That mys - ter - y which, still un - solved, our God a - lone doth know,
And sain - ted forms of those who dwell up - on the oth - er shore,
For where I go we know that God has promised per - fect rest,



(And those who walk by crys - tal streams where heav'nly breez - es blow,
Be - hold the loved ones who from us a - while have gone be - fore,
And peace for ev - 'ry ach - ing heart, and ev - 'ry trou - bled breast;



Where grief nor sor - row ev - er come, nor trou - bled billows sweep;
Where soft and cool - ing path - ways lie, where none shall ev - er weep -
And love more last - ing than our own He'll give to me to keep,



When I Shall Fall Asleep.—Continued.

rit.

Some day the Reap-er will ap-pear, and I shall fall a . sleep.
 Some day the hour for me will come, and I shall fall a . sleep.
 When all my bur-dens are laid down, and I have gone to sleep.

708

Sun of my Soul.

"Abide with us; for the day is far spent" (Luke xxiv. 29).

JOHN KEEBLE.

"MARGARET."

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sa - viour dear, It is not
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out
 4. If some poor wan - d'ring child of Thine, Have spurn'd to
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere through the

night if Thou be near; Oh, may no earth - born
 eye lids gen - tly steep, Be my last thought—How
 Thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when
 day the voice di - vine; Now, Lord, the gra - cious
 world our way we take; Till, in the o - cean

cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes!
 sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sa - viour's breast!
 night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin.
 of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

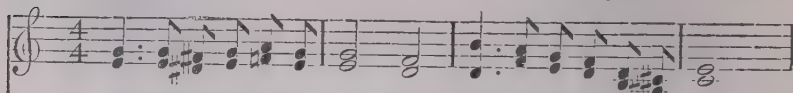
709 Come and Roll away the Stone.

"Jesus said, Take ye away the stone" (John xi. 39).

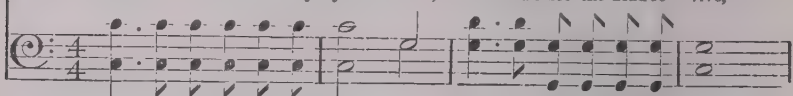
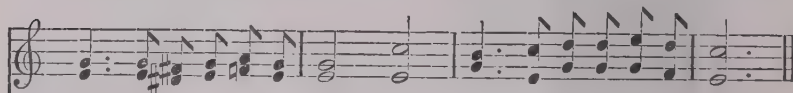
E. J. P.

E. J. PARKER.

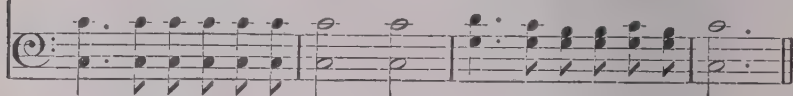
Altered and Harmonised by RICHARD MURPHY.




1. Gathered round the grave of Laz - 'rus, Friends and two fond sis - ters weep,
2. See, the Son of God is pray - ing, Groan - ing, sighing, weeping sore,
3. Weep - ing mourn - ers dry your tears, Ye shall see the dead re - vive,


'Tis the loss of friend and bro - ther, Makes their ach - ing hearts to beat.
See, O see, how much He lov'd him Who lies cold and si - lent there.
Je - sus speaks the word of pow - er And the dead come forth a - live.



CHORUS.



Come and roll a - way the stone, Come and roll a - way the stone,
Come and roll away the stone, Come and roll away the stone,




Let no hin - drance bar the way, Come and roll a - way the stone.



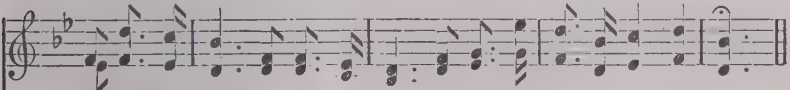
I'm Saved by Grace.

KATE ULMER.

M. L. McPHAIL.



1. How shall I tell the matchless love, That brought my Sav-iour from a - bove ;
2. No pow'r had I my soul to save, But He the ran - som free-ly gave ;
3. No works I boast, no mer - it claim, My trust is stay'd on His dear name ;
4. Ah ! some glad day His face I'll see, Who gave this price-less boon to me ;



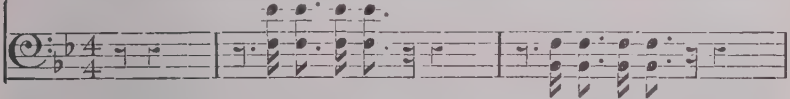
From His e - ter - nal throne on high, For me to suf - fer, bleed and die ;
He bore the curse, en-dured the pain, That I thro' Him might live a - gain.
The pre-cious blood He shed for me, Hath purchased par-don full and free.
And then, as ne'er be-fore, I'll sing The wor - thy prais-es of my King.



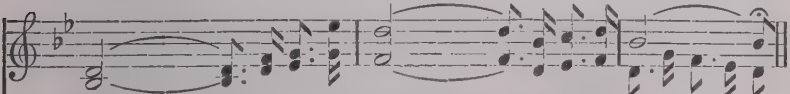
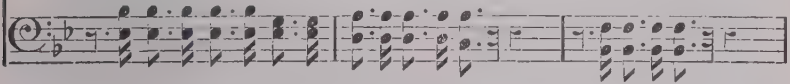
CHORUS.



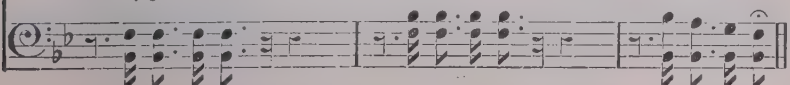
Oh, praise His name,..... I'm saved by grace,..... I'll sing it
Oh, praise His name, I'm saved by grace,



till..... I see His face, Then glori - fied..... by grace a -
I'll sing it till I see His face, I see His face, Then glorified

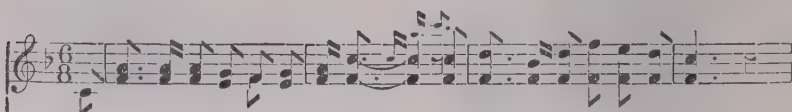


lone, Thro' endless years..... I'll make it known.....
by grace a-lone, Thro' endless years I'll make it known.

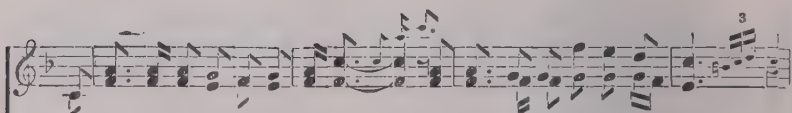
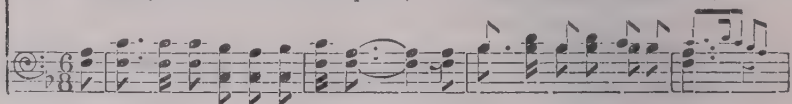


Mrs. C. H. M.

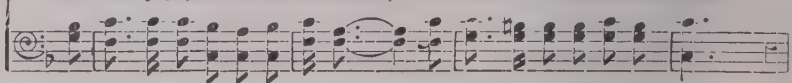
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



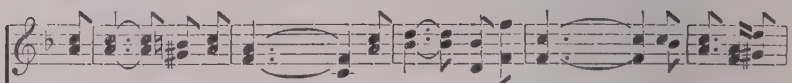
1. My heart is enraptur'd with Je - sus; My con-stant companion is He;
2. A per - fect de-light I am find-ing, Communing with Him day by day;
3. If fel-low-ship here is so bles-sed, Oh, who can con-ceive the delight,
4. When death, our last foe has been con-quer'd, And we shall have entered the rest,



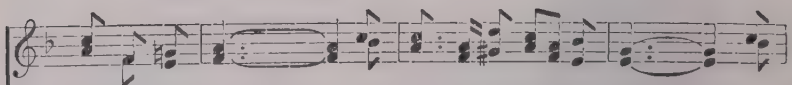
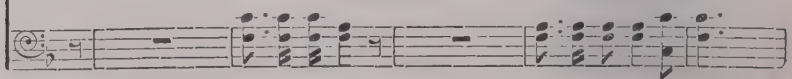
His love to my heart is more pre-cious Than a-ny-thing earth-ly could be.
 A light on my path e-ver shin-ing While walk-ing with Him in the way.
 When eye to eye we shall be-hold Him, When faith has been merg'd into sight?
 The cit-y prepar'd for the ran-somed, The home of the blood-wash'd and blest.



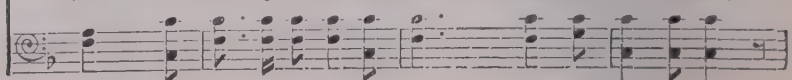
CHORUS.



But what will it be? Oh, what will it be? A sin-ner re-
 What will it be? What will it be? A sin-



deemed by His grace, . . . Be-hold-ing Him face to face, . . . Oh,
 ner re-deemed by His grace, Be-hold - ing Him face to face,



What Will it be?—Continued.

what will it be? My soul! oh, what will it be? what will it be?

712 Since Jesus came into My Heart.

R. H. MCDANIEL

CHAS. H. GABRIEL

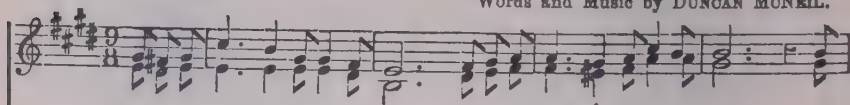
1. { What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought,
I have light in my soul which so long I have sought,
2. { I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure,
And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
3. { There's a light in the val - ley of Death now for me,
And the gates of the Ci - ty be - yond I can see,
4. { I shall go there to dwell in that Ci - ty I know,
And I'm hap - py, so hap - py as on - ward I go,

1st. Since Je-sus came in - to my heart! 2nd. Since Je-sus came in - to my heart.

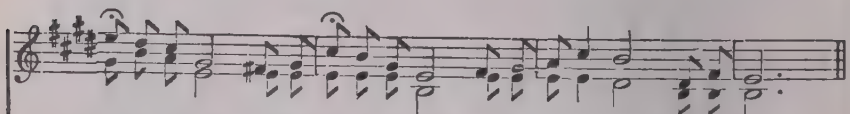
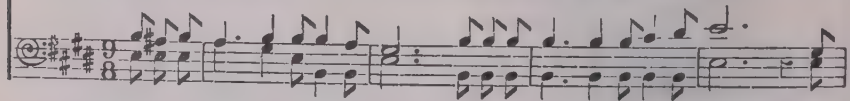
CHORUS.
Since Je-sus came in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came into my heart,
Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in - to my heart,
Floods of joy o'er my soul, Like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Jesus came in - to my heart.

Who Could it Be?

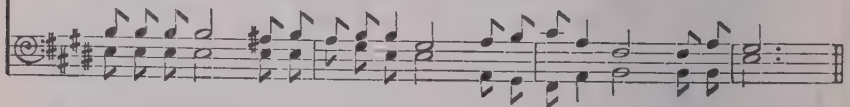
Words and Music by DUNCAN McNEIL.



1. When I was wea-ry and ill at ease, Worldly allurements had fail'd to please, I
2. When I was seeking for guiding light, Groping my way thro' the dark, dark night, I
3. When all a-lone in my miser-y, Wond'ring if a - nyone car'd for me, I
4. When unbe-lief had been swept a - way, God gave a vis - ion of Cal - va - ry, I



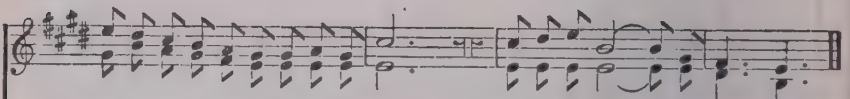
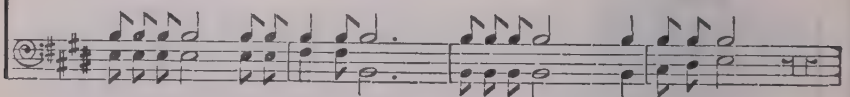
heard a sweet voice gently calling to me, And I wonder'd who it could be.
 heard a sweet voice saying "Come un-to Me," And I wonder'd who it could be.
 heard a sweet voice saying "I died for thee," And I wonder'd who it could be.
 saw on the tree Je - sus dy - ing for me, And I knew then who it could be.



CHORUS.



Who could it be that was calling me, Out of my sin and mis - er - y;



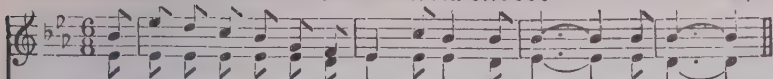
Who could it be that was caring for me. Who could it be? ... but Je - sus.



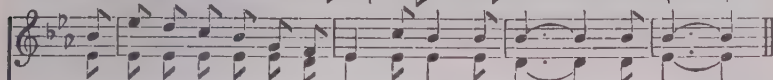
714 D. McNEIL.

Don't be Downhearted.

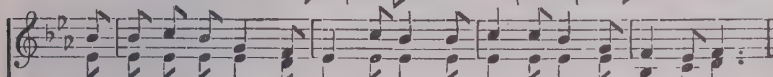
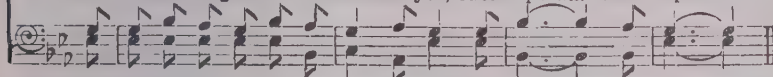
D. McN.



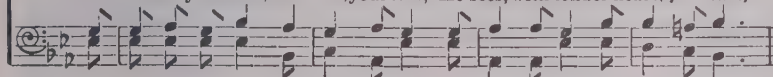
1. Have you ev-er heard what the sparrows say? Cheer up! cheer up!
2. The sil-ver and gold all be-long to Him, Cheer up! cheer up!
3. When clouds are so dark that you can't see thro', Cheer up! cheer up!



And Je-sus has said they are fed each day, Cheer up! cheer up!
 And pray'r is the key if you would be in, Cheer up! cheer up!
 And do not for-get that the Lord sees you, Cheer up! cheer up!



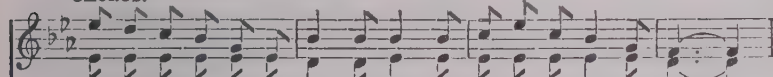
For ye are of val-ue more than they, And God Who feeds them day, by day,
 Your Fa-ther in heav'n, Who can't deceive, Has told us all if we believe,
 He knows all your trials, Year doubts, your fears, He sees, with tender heart, your tears,



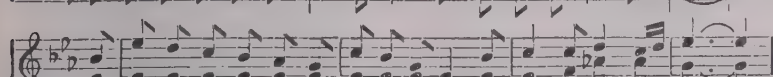
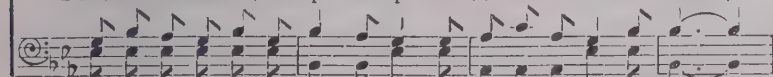
Will nev-er turn His child a-way, Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!
 We need but ask and shall receive, Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!
 Have faith in God till He appears, Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up!



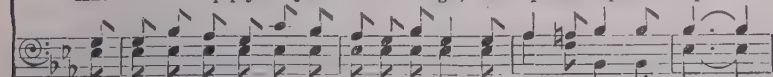
CHORUS.



Don't be down-hearted, look up! look up! For Je-sus is on the throne;



And He will sup-ply all your need from on high, Cheer up! cheer up! cheer up! ...

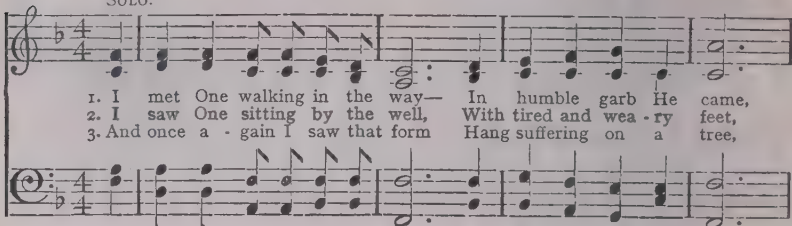


Harmonised by D. M. Thomson.

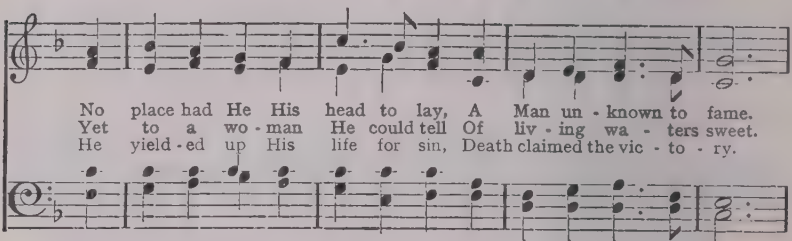
715 What Manner of Man is this?

J. F. GREIG.
SOLO.

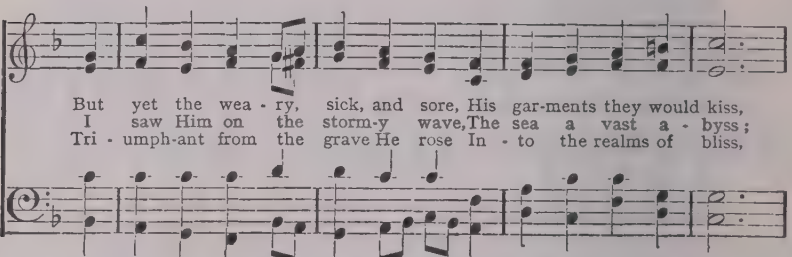
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



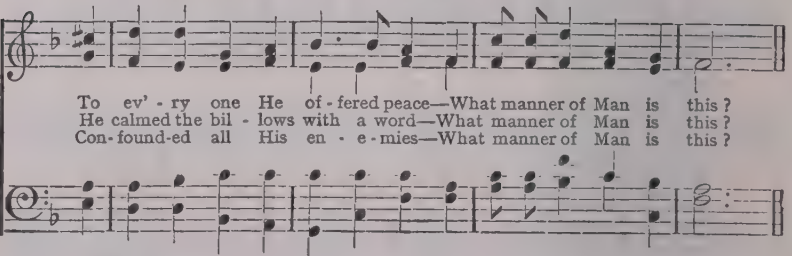
1. I met One walking in the way— In humble garb He came,
2. I saw One sitting by the well, With tired and wea-ry feet,
3. And once a - gain I saw that form Hang suffering on a tree,



No place had He His head to lay, A Man un - known to fame.
Yet to a wo - man He could tell Of liv - ing wa - ters sweet.
He yield - ed up His life for sin, Death claimed the vic - to - ry.

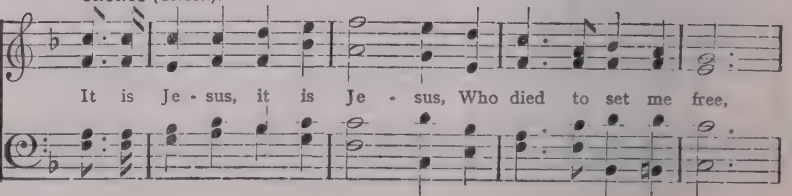


But yet the wea - ry, sick, and sore, His gar - ments they would kiss,
I saw Him on the storm - y wave, The sea a vast a - byss;
Tri - umph - ant from the grave He rose In - to the realms of bliss,



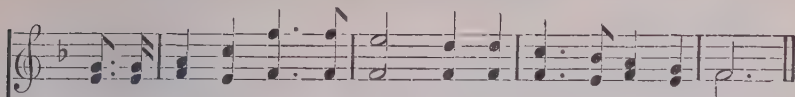
To ev' - ry one He of - fered peace—What manner of Man is this?
He calmed the bil - lows with a word—What manner of Man is this?
Con - found - ed all His en - e - mies—What manner of Man is this?

CHORUS (CHOIR).



It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, Who died to set me free,

What Manner of Man is this?—Continued.

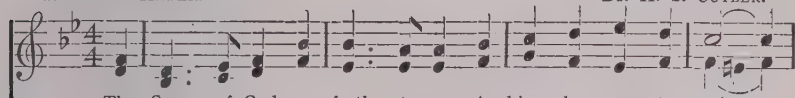


It is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry.

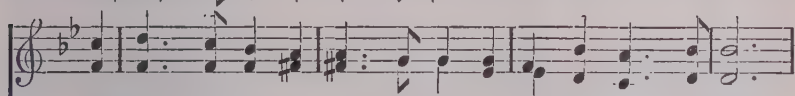
716 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.


Dr. H. S. CUTLER.



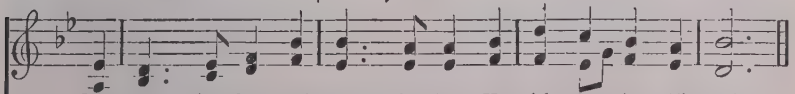
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save;
A - round the Sa - viour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;



Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,
Like him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain,

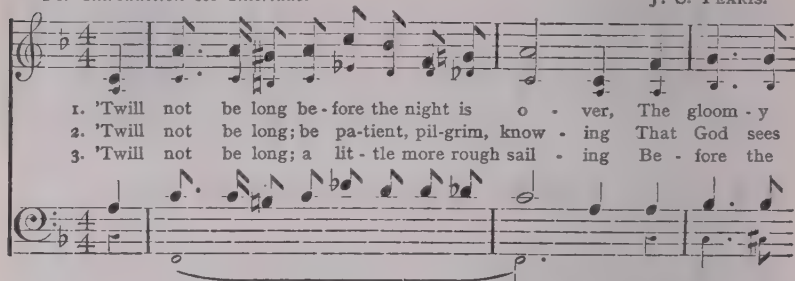


Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in his train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

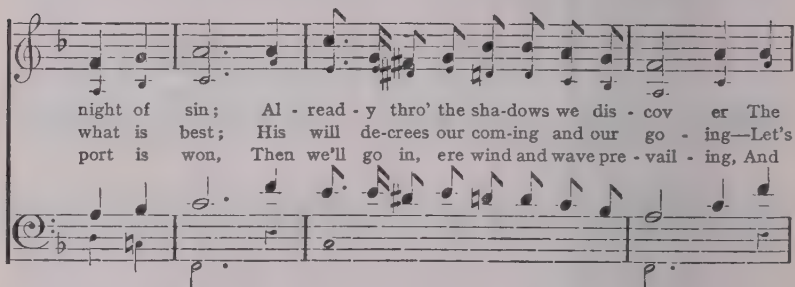
EBEN E. REXFORD.

For Introduction see Interlude.

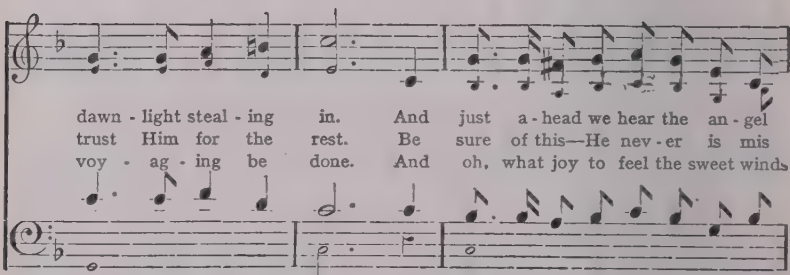
J. S. FEARIS.



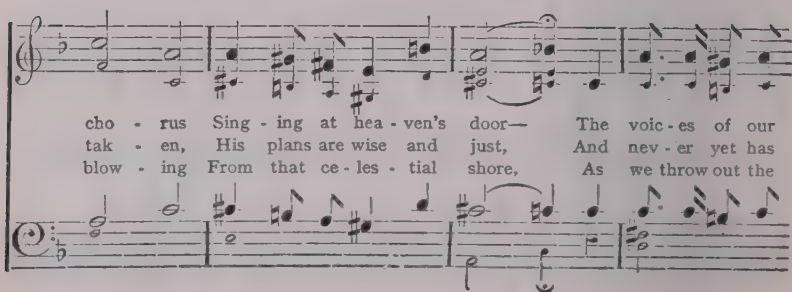
1. 'Twill not be long be-fore the night is o-ver, The gloom-y
 2. 'Twill not be long; be pa-tient, pil-grim, know-ing That God sees
 3. 'Twill not be long; a lit-tle more rough sail-ing Be-fore the



night of sin; Al-read-y thro' the sha-dows we dis-cov-er The
 what is best; His will de-crees our com-ing and our go-ing—Let's
 port is won, Then we'll go in, ere wind and wave pre-vail-ing, And

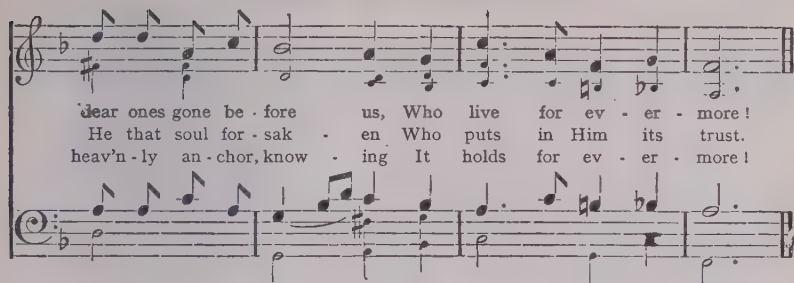


dawn-light steal-ing in. And just a-head we hear the an-gel
 trust Him for the rest. Be sure of this—He nev-er is mis
 voy-ag-ing be done. And oh, what joy to feel the sweet winds



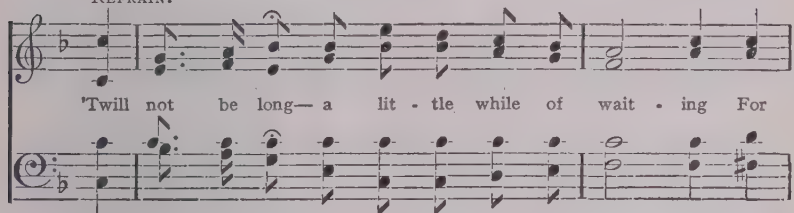
cho-rus Sing-ing at hea-ven's door— The voic-es of our
 tak-en, His plans are wise and just, And nev-er yet has
 blow-ing From that ce-les-tial shore, As we throw out the

'Twill Not Be Long—continued.

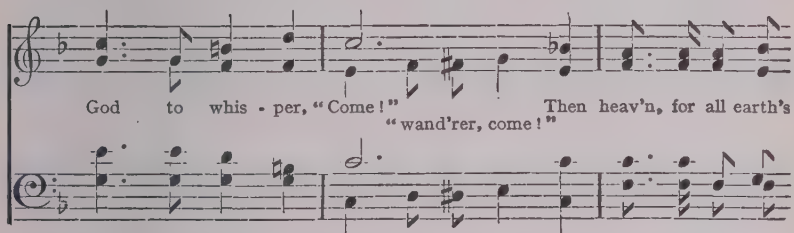


Dear ones gone be - fore us, Who live for ev - er - more!
 He that soul for - sak - en Who puts in Him its trust.
 heav'n - ly an - chor, know - ing It holds for ev - er - more!

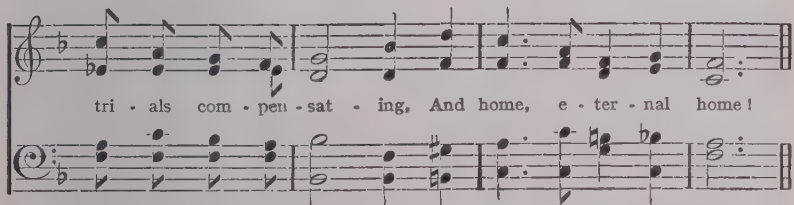
REFRAIN.



'Twill not be long— a lit - tle while of wait - ing For



God to whis - per, "Come!" Then heav'n, for all earth's
 "wand'rer, come!"



tri - als com - pen - sat - ing, And home, e - ter - nal home!

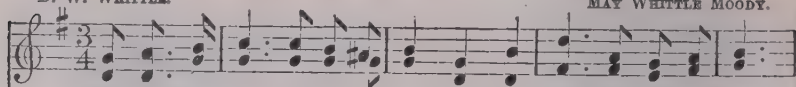
INTERLUDE.



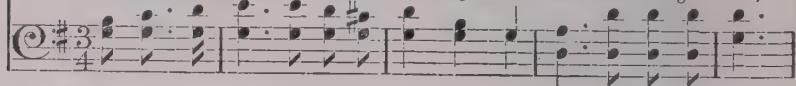
No More the Curse.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



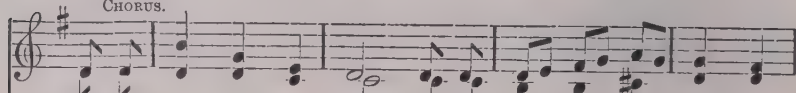
1. No more the curse! O Christ, we praise Thee! Thy blood the tri-umph wins;
2. No more of pain and care-worn fa - ces, No forms bowed with dis - ease;
3. No more of night, the day is dawn - ing, The Lord is draw - ing near!
4. No more the curse, no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun - ger o'er;



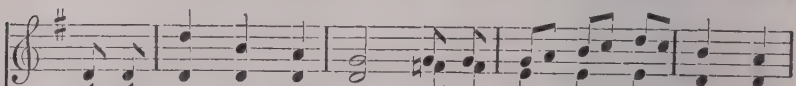
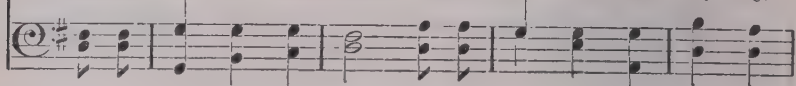
The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re - pla - ces His par - a - dise of peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morn - ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more!



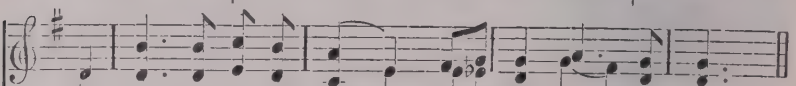
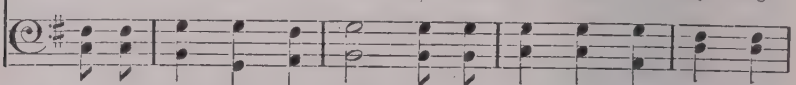
CHORUS.



"There shall be no more curse, Nei - ther sor - row, nor cry - ing;



There shall be no more pain, Nei - ther dark - ness, nor dy - ing;



And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."



Heave Out the Anchor.

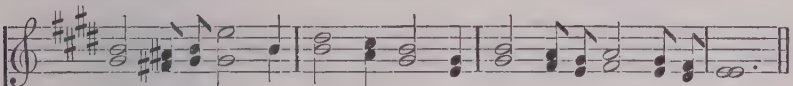
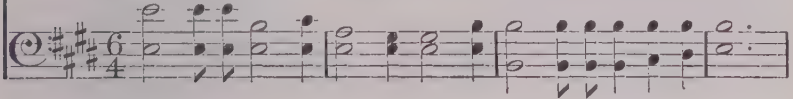
This hymn by the Fraser Brothers was suggested on hearing the following incident related:—The Mission yacht *Albatross* was sailing through a narrow channel when the wind fell and a strong current set in. As the tide turned the boat drifted, and the crew cast out all the anchors, but found they would not hold, and the yacht was almost driven out of the Sound, narrowly escaping collision with another vessel. It was afterwards learned that the bottom was sandy and covered with seaweed.—[Ed.]

JAMES FRASER.

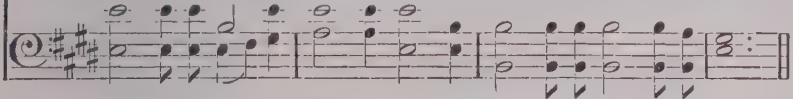
WILLIAM FRASER.



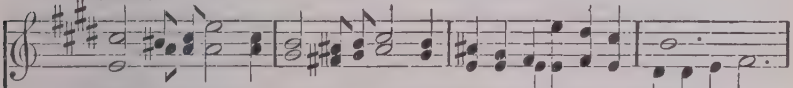
1. Ov - er the bil - lows drift - ing, drift - ing, Sail - or on life's stormy sea,
2. Strong is the cur - rent driv - ing, driv - ing, Near - er your bark's drifting fast,
3. Winds of tempta - tion blow - ing, blow - ing, Fierce - ly the wild passions roar,
4. Je - sus, my an - chor rea - dy, rea - dy, A - ble and will - ing is He,



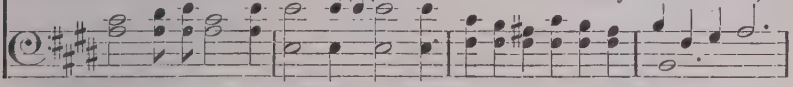
See o'er each wild wave lift - ing, lift - ing, Soon on the rocks you may be.
Cease then your fee - ble striv - ing, striv - ing, Ere hope for ev - er be past.
Sin like a cur - rent flow - ing, flow - ing, On - ward to ru - in's dread shore.
Firm as a mountain stea - dy, stea - dy, Je - sus thy an - chor will be.



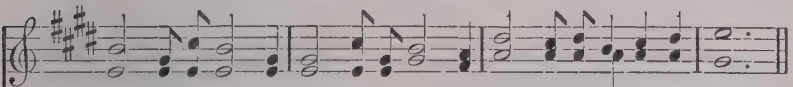
CHORUS.



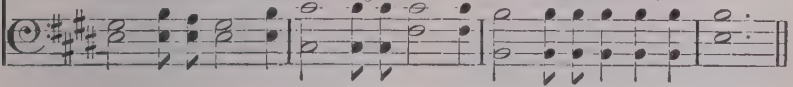
Heave out the anchor, heave out the anchor, Shoreward your vessel is tossed,
your ves - sel is tossed,
CH. to v. 4.—Je - sus the Sa - viour, Je - sus the Sa - viour, Je - sus thy Saviour will be,
thy Saviour will be,



an - chor, an - chor,
Sa - viour, Sa - viour,



Heave out the an - chor, heave out the an - chor, Ere on the rocks you are lost.
Trust Him for ev - er, no - thing can sev - er Je - sus, the Saviour, and thee.



The "Glory" Song.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When all my la-bours and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

1. beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
2. heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
3. round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sa-viour, I know,

CHORUS.
Oh, that will be

1. Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.
2. Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.
3. Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me.

Oh, that will
Oh, that will be

glory for me, glory for me, glory for me, When by His grace
be glory for me, - glory for me, glory for me, When by His grace
glory for me, glory for me, glory for me,

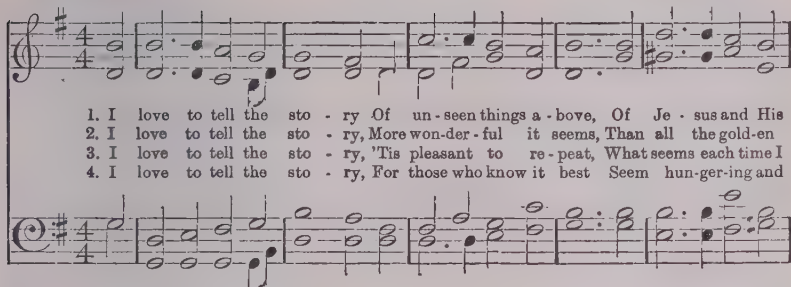
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

721

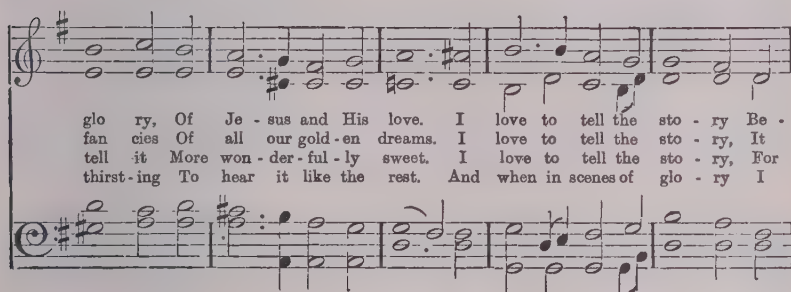
3 Love to Tell the Story.

Miss HANKEY.

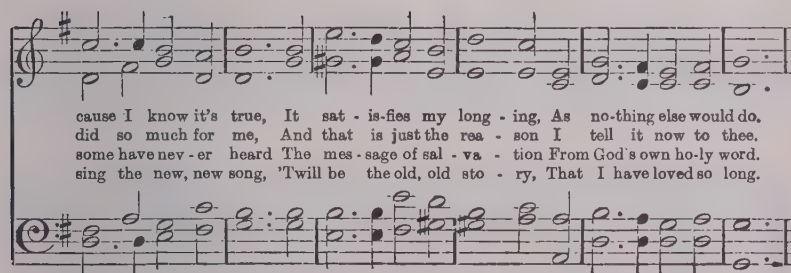
A. H. MANN.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems, Than all the gold - en
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Tis pleasant to re - peat, What seems each time I
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and



glo ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry Be -
 fan cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It
 tell it More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For
 thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when in scenes of glo - ry I



cause I know it's true, It sat - is - fies my long - ing, As no - thing else would do.
 did so much for me, And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry, That I have loved so long.

722

Jesus Loves Me.

To the Tune of "The 'Glory' Song" opposite.

1. I am so glad that our Father in heaven
 Tells of His love in the Book He has given;
 Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
 This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

Chorus.—I am so glad Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me;
 Wonderful thing in the Bible I see,
 This is the dearest that Jesus loves me.

2. Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
 When in His beauty I see the great King;

This shall my song in eternity be,
 Oh what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

3. Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,
 Love brought Him down my poor soul to
 redeem;
 Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,
 Oh I am certain that Jesus loves me.

4. In this assurance I find sweetest rest,
 Trusting in Jesus I know I am blest;
 Satan dismayed from my soul now doth flee,
 When I just tell Him that Jesus loves me.

The Children's Hosanna.

NEAL A. MCAULAY.

J. S. FEARIS.

1. I dreamed one night, not long a-go, Of man-sions in the skies,
 2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet-er tones than all,
 3. And when from slum-ber I a-rose, To serve my Lord and King,

Where those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize;
 Di-rect-ing Chris-tian work-ers here, In words I now re-call;
 I felt that I the lit-tle lambs To Christ in love might bring;

I saw a-mong the hap-py throng The chil-dren bright and fair;
 "For-bid them not," He gen-tly said, "The chil-dren bring to Me,
 And then I cried for dai-ly grace Their pre-cious souls to cheer,

I heard their voic-es clear and sweet With mu-sic fill the air.
 Their por-tion in the world of light Redeemed shall ev-er be."
 Till they could sing like yon-der choir, Ho-san-na! bright and clear.

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring, Ho-san-na! Ho-
 we bring,

The Children's Hosanna—Continued.

san - na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Our songs of
love we bring, Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! To Christ, the children's King.
we bring,

724

Beulah Land.

C. A. M.

(CHORUS.)

C. AUSTIN MILES.

I'm liv - ing on the mountain un - derneath a cloudless sky, I'm
Praise God!

drink - ing at the foun - tain that nev - er shall run dry, Oh, yes! I'm feasting on the

man - na from a boun - ti - ful sup - ply, For I am dwelling in Beu - lah Land.

From "New Songs of Pentecost," by permission.

Hark! hark, my Soul.

F. W. FABER.

PILGRIMS.

H. SMART.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of
 4. Rest comes at length; though life be long and drea - ry, The day must
 5. An - gels, sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by
 dawn, and dark-some night be past; Faith's jour - ney ends in
 frag - ments of the songs a - bove, Till morn - ing's joy shall

bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 e - choes sweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 welcomes to the wea - ry, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 end the night of weep - ing, And life's long sha - dows break in cloud-less love.

An - gels of Je - - sus, an - - gels of light,

Hark! Hark, my Soul—Continued.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

726

Brightest and Best.

R. HEBER.

"SPRINGFIELD."

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de vo - tion, O-dours of
 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple o - bla - tion, Vain - ly with
 5. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

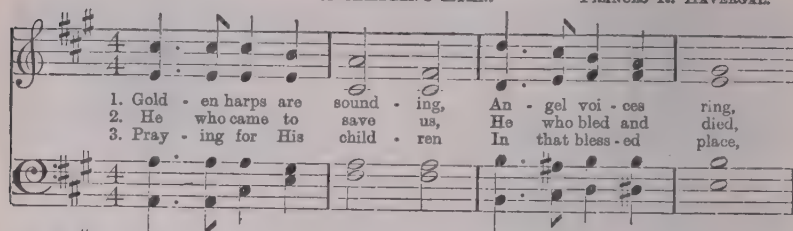
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the hor-
 head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in
 E dom, and offerings di - vine, Gems of the moun-tain and
 gifts would His fa - vour se - cure; Rich - er by far is the
 dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the hor-

i - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in-fant Re - deem-er is laid.
 slumber re - clin - ing, Ma - ker and Mon-arch and Sa-viour of all.
 pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for-est or gold from the mine?
 heart's a-dor - a - tion; Dear-er to God are the prayers of the poor.
 i - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in-fant Re - deem-er is laid.

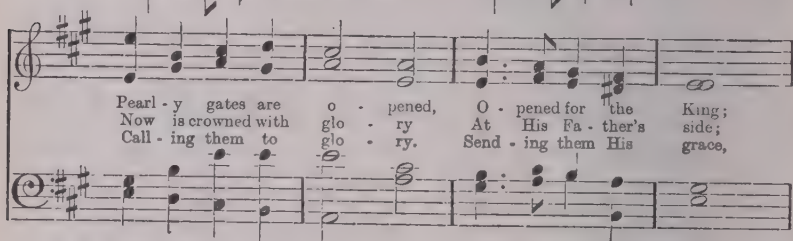
Golden Harps are Sounding.

A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

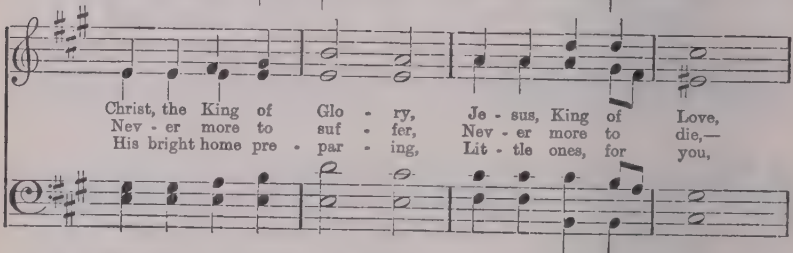
FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.



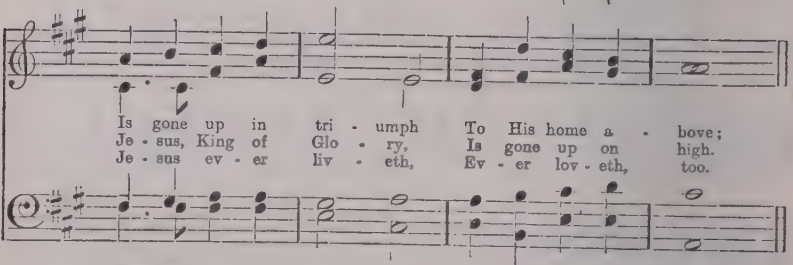
1. Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces ring,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died,
 3. Pray - ing for His child - ren In that bless - ed place,



Pearl - y gates are o - pened, O - pened for the King;
 Now is crowned with glo - ry, At His Fa - ther's side;
 Call - ing them to glo - ry. Send - ing them His grace,

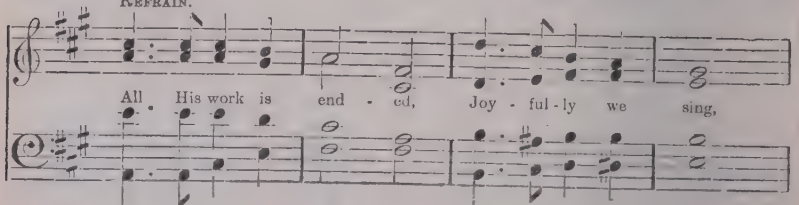


Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
 Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die,—
 His bright home pre - par - eth, Lit - tle ones, for you,



Is gone up in tri - umph To His home a - bove;
 Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high.
 Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth, too.

REFRAIN.



All His work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing,

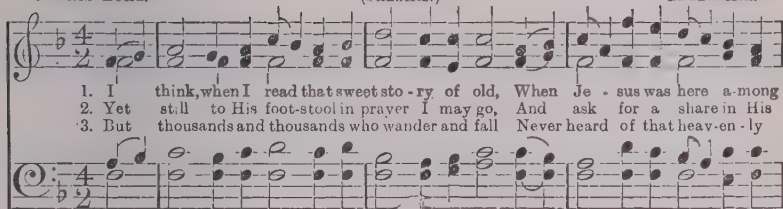
The Sweet Story.

JEMIMA LUKE.

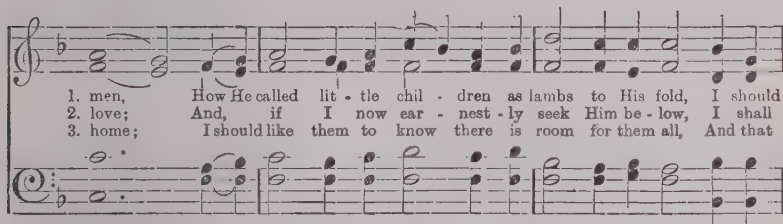
CHILDREN'S HYMN.

(SALAMIS.)

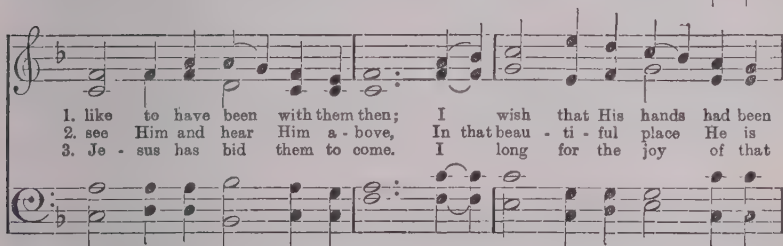
GREEK AIR.



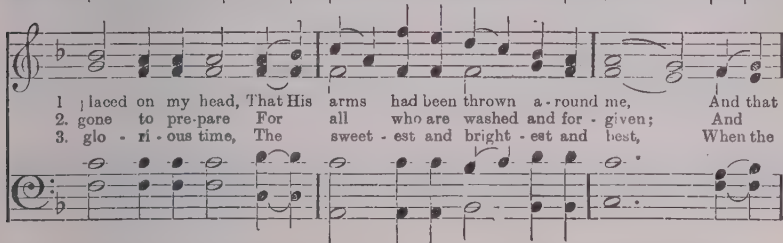
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong
 2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His
 3. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall Never heard of that heav - en - ly



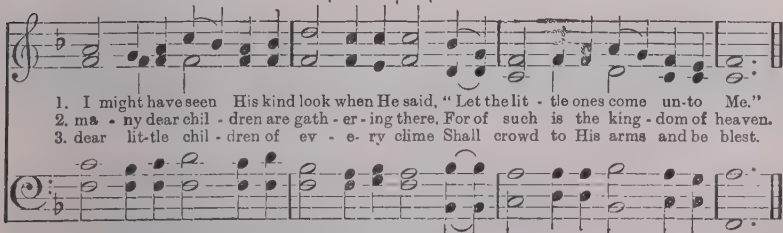
1. men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should
 2. love; And, if I now ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low, I shall
 3. home; I should like them to know there is room for them all, And that



1. like to have been with them then; I wish that His hands had been
 2. see Him and hear Him a - bove, In that beau - ti - ful place He is
 3. Je - sus has bid them to come. I long for the joy of that



1. placed on my head, That His arms had been thrown a - round me, And that
 2. gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and for - given; And
 3. glo - ri - ous time, The sweet - est and bright - est and best, When the



1. I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
 2. ma - ny dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, For of such is the king - dom of heav - en.
 3. dear lit - tle chil - dren of ev - e - ry clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.

Dear Little Stranger.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won - der - ful
 2. An - gels de - scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant - ed a ten - der and
 3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Mon - arch, and

Saviour, was born; There was none to re - ceive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
 si - lent re - frain; Then a won - der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
 Saviour of all; I will love Thee for - ev - er! grieve Thee? no, nev - er! Thou didst for

CHORUS.

an - gels were watching that morn. } Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, slept in a man - ger,
 shepherds on Beth - le - hem's plain. } But with the poor He slumber'd secure, The
 me make Thy bed in a stall.

1st Time. No down - y pil - low un - der His head;
2nd Time. dear lit - tle babe in His bed.

When my Saviour Came.

J. F. GREIG.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.

1. When my Sav - iour came to this earth be - low, He was born a Babe in a
 2. He was good and kind to His par - ents dear, Said no an - gry words, never
 3. When His lit - tle feet oft - en tired at play, Then His mo - ther sang Him a

sta - ble low, So my heart is glad and my love I'll show, For He once was a
 knew a fear, So I'll al - ways strive to be like Him here, For He once was a
 lul - la - by, So I'll al - ways think of Him day by day, For He once was a

CHORUS.

child like me (just like me), For He once was a child like me. But I

nev - er can love Him, As loved He should be; He said, "Teach lit - tle chil - dren

to come un - to Me," He said, "Teach little children to come un - to Me."

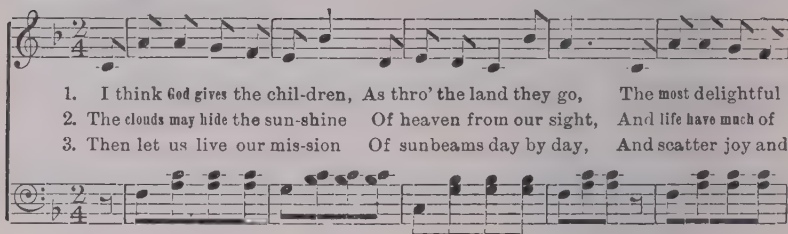
4. To the Temple courts He was wont to go,
 For He longed to learn what a child should know,
 So I want my mind to enlarge and grow,
 For He once was a child like me.
5. Then in after years how He suffered sore,
 That we all might live, all our sins He bore;
 So I'll do His will, love Him more and more,
 For He once was a child like me.

We are Little Sunbeams.

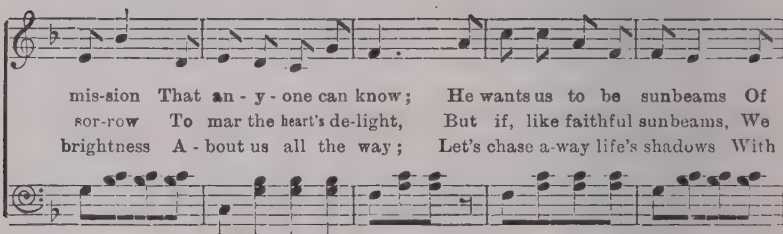
CHILDREN'S HYMN.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

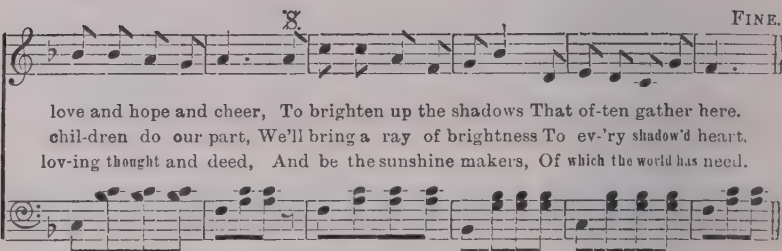
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I think God gives the chil-dren, As thro' the land they go, The most delightful
 2. The clouds may hide the sun-shine Of heaven from our sight, And life have much of
 3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sunbeams day by day, And scatter joy and



mis-sion That an - y - one can know; He wants us to be sunbeams Of
 sor-row To mar the heart's de-light, But if, like faithful sunbeams, We
 brightness A - bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's shadows With

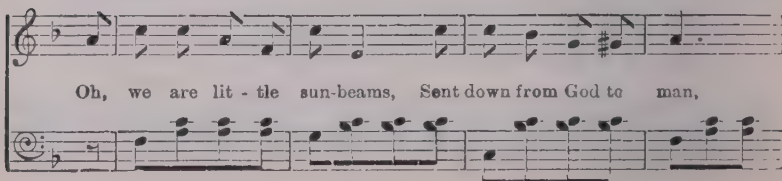


love and hope and cheer, To brighten up the shadows That of-ten gather here.
 chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To ev-'ry shadow'd heart.
 lov-ing thought and deed, And be the sunshine makers, Of which the world has need.

D.S.—In all life's shad-y pla-ces We shine as best we can.

CHORUS.

D.S.



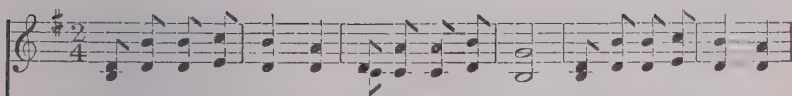
Oh, we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man,

Little Raindrops.

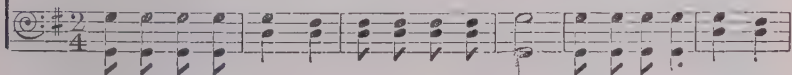
(CHILDREN'S HYMN.)

LAURA M. WINSLOW.

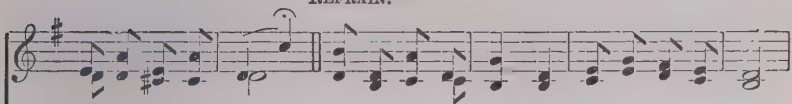
J. S. FEARIS.



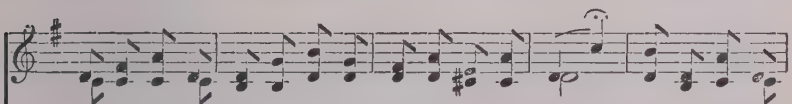
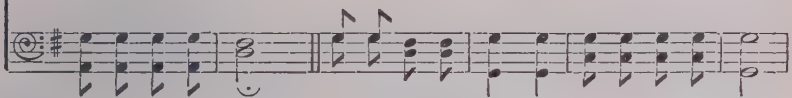
1. When God sees the flow - ers Need His ten - der care, He sends little raindrops
2. We are lit - tle rain - drops, God has sent us here, From His fount of bless - ing
3. Ev - 'ry drop re - flect - ing God's most tender love, Helps to light the pathway
4. Tho' we are but raindrops, We are glad to know That we have a mis - sion



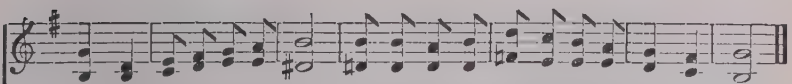
REFRAIN.



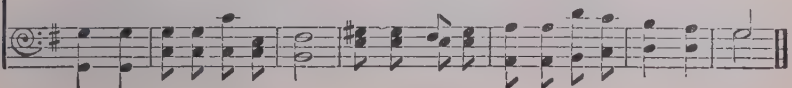
With a bless - ing there.
 Bringing hope and cheer. Bus - y lit - tle raindrops, Let us be to - day,
 To the home a - bove.
 In this world be - low.



As we strive to scat - ter blessings All a - long the way, Helpful lit - tle

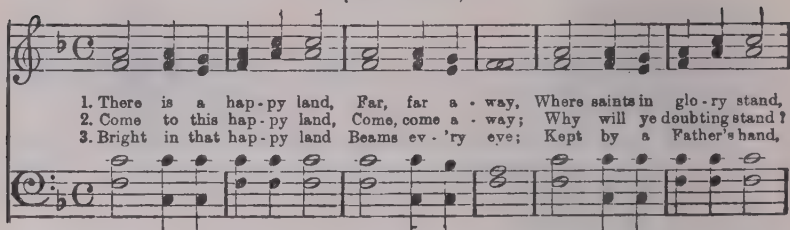


raindrops Will we be to - day, Do - ing work for Je - sus In a raindrop's way.

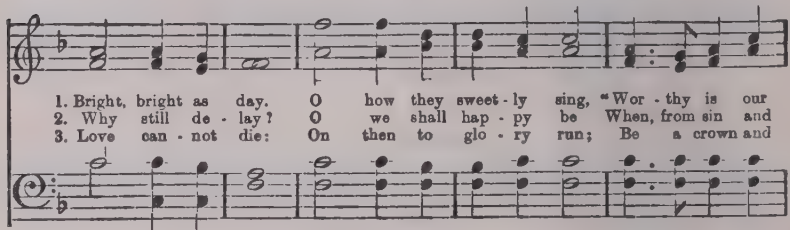


There is a Happy Land.

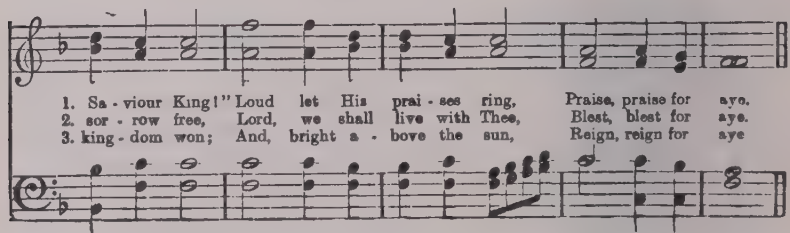
(HAPPY LAND.)



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way, Where saints in glo-ry stand,
 2. Come to this hap-py land, Come, come a-way; Why will ye doubting stand?
 3. Bright in that hap-py land Beams ev-'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,



1. Bright, bright as day. O how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor- thy is our
 2. Why still de-lay? O we shall hap-py be When, from sin and
 3. Love can-not die: On then to glo-ry run; Be a crown and



1. Sa-viour King!" Loud let His prai-ses ring. Praise, praise for aye.
 2. sor-row free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 3. king-dom won; And, bright a-bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye

Yield not to Temptation.

- 1 YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
 Each victory will help you some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you, comfort, strengthen,
 and keep you;
 He is willing to aid you, He will carry you
 through.

- 2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.
- 3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown:
 Through faith we shall conquer, though often cast down;
 He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
 Look ever to Jesus, He'll carry you through.

737

Jesus is our Shepherd.

"GOSHEN"—6.5.6.5. D.

Canon HUGH STOWELL.

Dr. C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

1. Je - sus is our Shepherd, wip - ing ev - 'ry tear, Fold - ed in His
 2. Je - sus is our Shepherd, well we know His voice, How its gentlest
 3. Je - sus is our Shepherd, for His sheep He bled; Ev - 'ry lamb is
 4. Je - sus is our Shepherd, guard - ed by His arm, Though the wolves may
 5. Je - sus is our Shepherd, with His good - ness now, And His ten - der

1. bos - 'om, what have we to fear? On - ly let us fol - low
 2. whis - per makes our heart re - joice; Ev - en when He chid - eth,
 3. sprin - kled with the blood He shed; Then on each He set - teth
 4. rav - en, none can do us harm; If we tread death's val - ley,
 5. mer - cy He doth us en - dow; Let us sing His prais - es

1. whither He doth lead, To the thirsty des - ert or the dew - y mead.
 2. tend - er is His tone, None but He shall guide us; we are His a - lone.
 3. His own se - cret sign, "They that have My spir - it, these," saith He, "are Mine."
 4. dark with fear - ful gloom, We will fear no e - vil, vic - tors o'er the tomb.
 5. with a glad - some heart, Till in heaven we meet Him, nev - er more to part.

737A

Out of the Pit.

Psalms xl. 2.

J. F.

CHORUS.

JAMES FITCH.

He took me out of the pit, And from the mir - y clay, . . . He set my

feet on a rock, Es - tab - lish - ing my way; He put a song in my mouth, Our

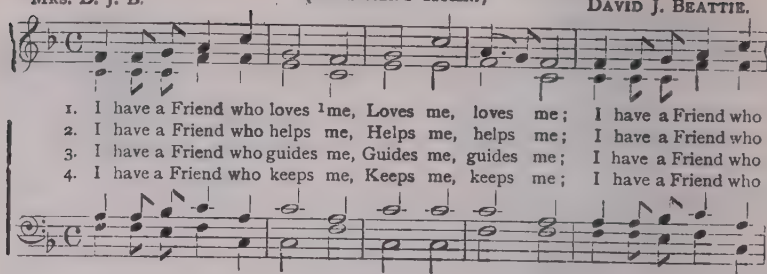
God to mag - ni - fy, . . . And He'll take me some day To His home on high.

That Friend is Jesus!

MRS. D. J. B.

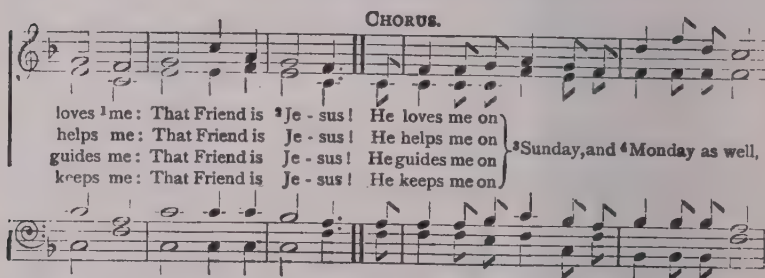
(CHILDREN'S HYMN.)

DAVID J. BEATTIE.



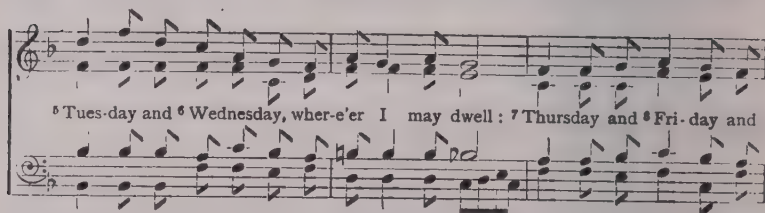
1. I have a Friend who loves ¹me, Loves me, loves me; I have a Friend who
 2. I have a Friend who helps me, Helps me, helps me; I have a Friend who
 3. I have a Friend who guides me, Guides me, guides me; I have a Friend who
 4. I have a Friend who keeps me, Keeps me, keeps me; I have a Friend who

CHORUS.

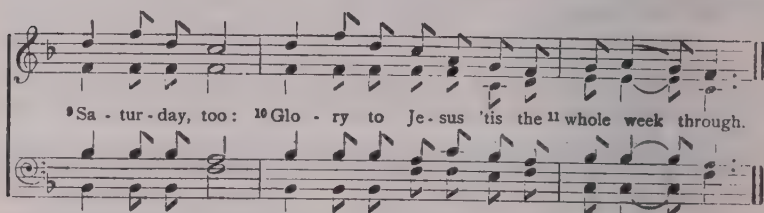


loves ¹me: That Friend is ²Je - sus! He loves me on
 helps me: That Friend is Je - sus! He helps me on
 guides me: That Friend is Je - sus! He guides me on
 keeps me: That Friend is Je - sus! He keeps me on

³Sunday, and ⁴Monday as well,



⁵Tues-day and ⁶Wednesday, wher-e'er I may dwell: ⁷Thursday and ⁸Fri-day and



⁹Sa - tur-day, too: ¹⁰Glo - ry to Je - sus 'tis the ¹¹whole week through.

The above may be used as an Action Song for the little ones.

(1) Raise right hand, and point to breast with forefinger.

(2) Point up; look up.

(3) Raise left hand in front, with fingers spread out; and begin by pointing with the forefinger of right hand to thumb of left, and so on, over all the fingers.

(4), (5), (6), (7). Then continue (8), (9), on

right hand, beginning with thumb. Lift the forefinger well up at each day of the week.

(10) Clasp hands in front.

(11) Extend arms outward, with palms slightly turned up.

The actions in verses 2, 3, and 4 are the same as indicated in the first verse.

739 Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam.

Nellie Talbot.

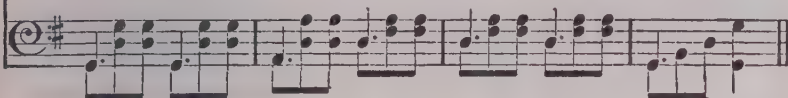
E. O. Excell.



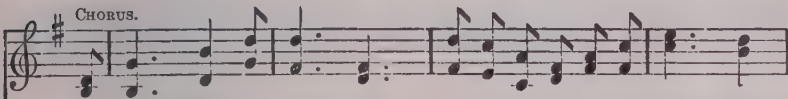
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me, To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus, I can, if I but try,



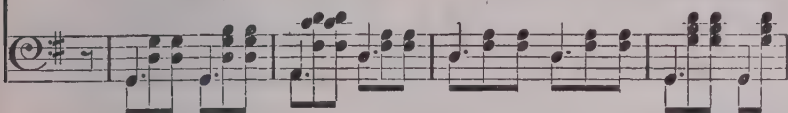
In ev-'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play,
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev-er re-flect-ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serving Him moment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



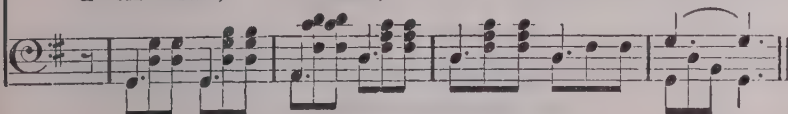
CHORUS.



A sun beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam,



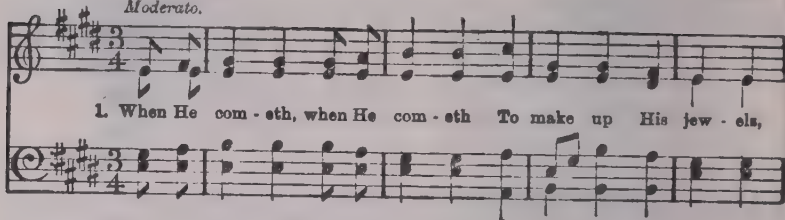
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.



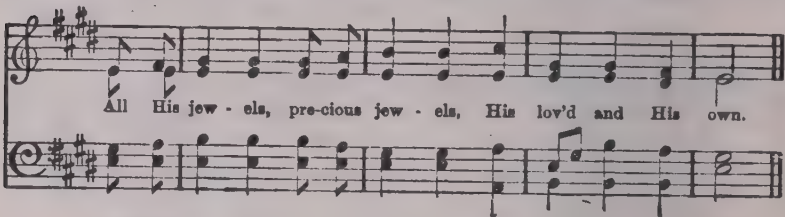
When He Cometh.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

G. F. Root.

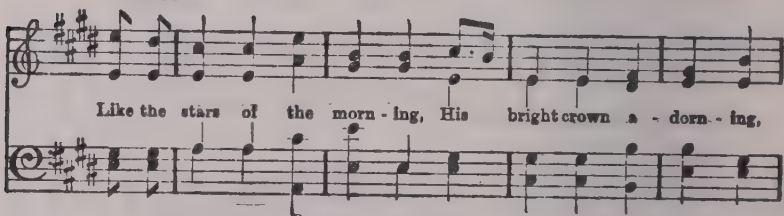
Moderato.


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,

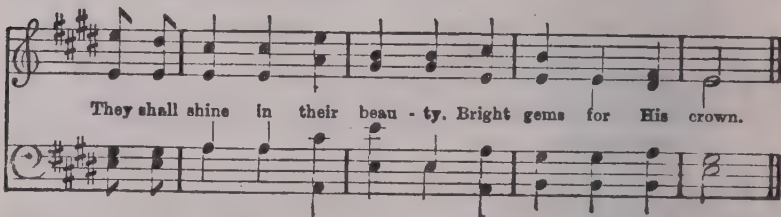


All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His lov'd and His own.

CHORUS.



Like the stars of the morn - ing, His brightcrown a - dorn - ing,



They shall shine in their beau - ty. Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather
Bright gems for His kingdom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3. Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

741

Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"FAITH"—7.6.7.6. D.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gentle breast, There, by His love o'er-shadowed,

REF.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gentle breast, There, by His love o'er-shadowed,

FINE.

Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. Hark, 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to

Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

D.C.

me, . . . O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me:
Firm on the Rock of ages,
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus.

741A

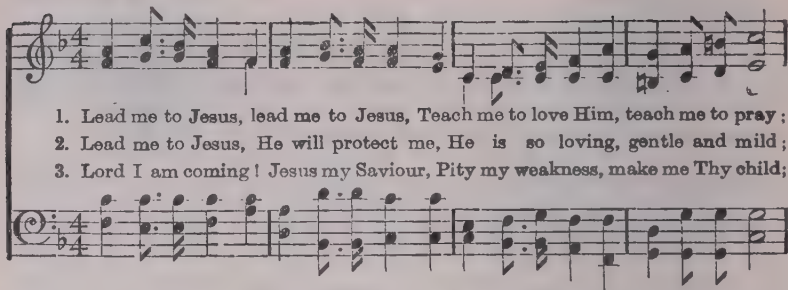
I'm on the Rock.

CHORUS.

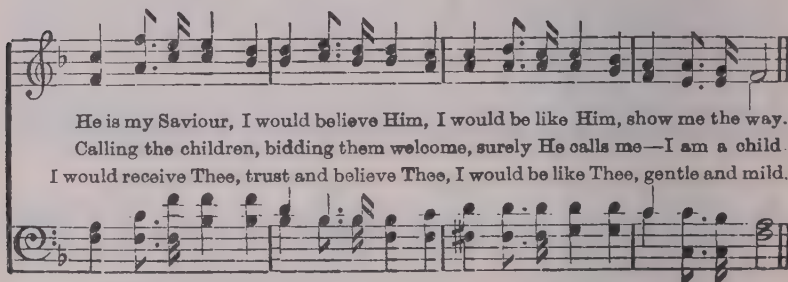
I'm on the Rock, Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm on the Rock to stay, Hallelujah! For He

stay, . . .


lift - ed me from the mire and clay, And I'm on the Rock to stay.



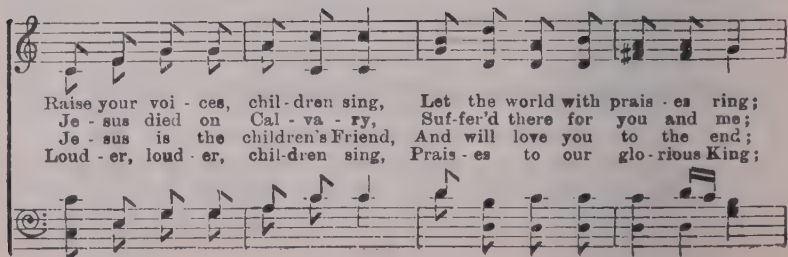
1. Lead me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus, Teach me to love Him, teach me to pray ;
 2. Lead me to Jesus, He will protect me, He is so loving, gentle and mild ;
 3. Lord I am coming ! Jesus my Saviour, Pity my weakness, make me Thy child ;



He is my Saviour, I would believe Him, I would be like Him, show me the way.
 Calling the children, bidding them welcome, surely He calls me—I am a child.
 I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee, I would be like Thee, gentle and mild.




1. Raise your voi - ces, chil-dren sing, Chil-dren sing, chil-dren sing;
 2. Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry;
 3. Je - sus is the children's Friend, Children's Friend, children's Friend,
 4. Loud - er, loud - er chil - dren sing, Chil-dren sing, chil-dren sing,



Raise your voi - ces, chil-dren sing, Let the world with prais - es ring;
 Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Suf-fer'd there for you and me;
 Je - sus is the children's Friend, And will love you to the end;
 Loud - er, loud - er, chil-dren sing, Prais - es to our glo - rious King;

Raise your voices, children sing—*continued.*

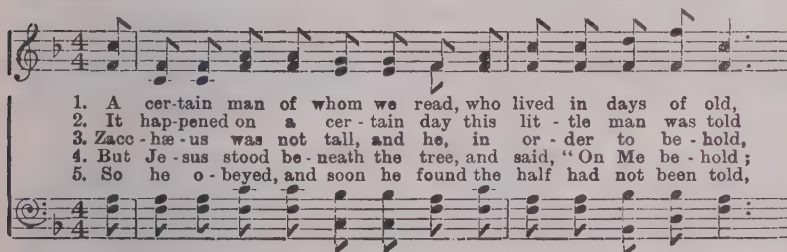


Prais-es ring, prais-es ring, Let the world with prais-es ring.
 Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Suf-fer'd there for you and me.
 Children's Friend, children's Friend, And will love you to the end.
 Glo-rious King, glo-rious King, Prais-es to our glo-rious King.

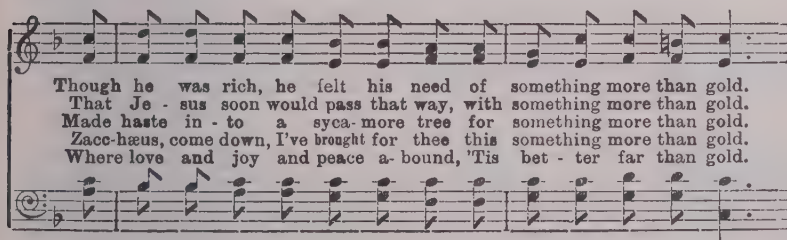
744 **Something More than Gold.**

Arranged.

Arranged for this work.

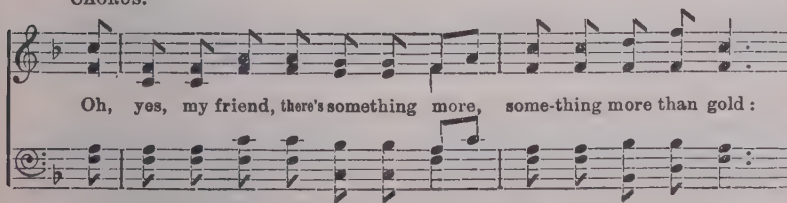


1. A cer-tain man of whom we read, who lived in days of old,
 2. It hap-pened on a cer-tain day this lit-tle man was told,
 3. Zacc-hæ-us was not tall, and he, in or-der to be-hold,
 4. But Je-sus stood be-neath the tree, and said, "On Me be-hold;
 5. So he o-beyed, and soon he found the half had not been told,

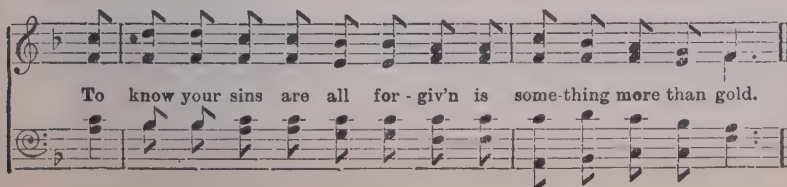


Though he was rich, he felt his need of something more than gold.
 That Je - sus soon would pass that way, with something more than gold.
 Made haste in - to a sycamore tree for something more than gold.
 Zacc-hæus, come down, I've brought for thee this something more than gold.
 Where love and joy and peace a-bound, 'Tis bet-ter far than gold.

CHORUS.



Oh, yes, my friend, there's something more, some-thing more than gold :



To know your sins are all for-giv'n is some-thing more than gold.

Choruses.

745

The Homeland Shore.

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

We will sing upon the homeland shore, Joyous songs of praise for ev-er - more,

Safely home at last with an chor fast, We'll sing upon the home-land shore.

The musical score for 'The Homeland Shore' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

746

We will Gather.

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

We will gath - er beyond the riv - er, Where there are partings nev - er,

With Christ to dwell for ev - er, In the land of e - ter - nal day.

The musical score for 'We will Gather' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

747

Jesus has Redeemed me.

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

Jesus has redeem'd me, Yes, yes, yes! That is why I'm singing, Sing - ing;

The musical score for 'Jesus has Redeemed me' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Jesus has Redeemed me—*continued.*

rall.

I am His for ev - er, Saved by grace divine, Simply by be - lieving Romans ten & nine.

748

Precious Jesus.

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

Pre - cious Je - sus how I love Him, He is aye the same,

Faith - ful ev - er, chang - ing nev - er, Glo - ry to His name.

749

G-r-a-c-e.

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

It was G - R - A - C - E, Snapp'd the chains of slav - er - y, Now I'm

rall.

right with God on the upward road, Waft it all a-broad, G - R - A - C - E

Choruses.

750

J. P. S.

Saved.

J. P. SCHOLFIELD.

Saved by His pow'r di-vine, Saved to new life sublime!

Life now is sweet and my joy is complete for I'm saved, saved, saved!

751

W. G. H.

Vivace.

Jesus Always.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Je - sus, Je - sus from early morn till night, Je - sus, Je - sus has made my life so bright;

Je - sus, Je - sus has fill'd my heart with song, I'll sing of Jesus and His love the whole day long.

752

W. G. H.

Moderato.

Jesus Only.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Je - sus Je - sus on - ly, He alone can save, Life to me He gave;

Jesus Only—continued.

Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Tell the world that He alone can save.

This musical score is for the chorus 'Jesus Only'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

753 Just when I need Him most.

W. POOL.

C. H. GABRIEL.

Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;

Je - sus is near to com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

This musical score is for the chorus 'Just when I need Him most'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

754 I would be like Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

B. D. ACKLEY.

Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;

Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

This musical score is for the chorus 'I would be like Jesus'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature. The melody in the treble staff includes a triplet of eighth notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Choruses.

755

Sow, Sow, Sow.

THOS. R. CUPPLES.

1 Sow, sow, sow, for God will fruit bestow, 2 Scatter seeds of scripture truth ev'ry where you go;

1 Sow, sow, sow, You may not see it grow, 5 But it will set your heart a-glow, 6 Then sow, sow, sow.

Suitable for Actions thus, 1 Action of sowing. 2 Point up.
3 Point all around. 4 Hands together then swing apart.
5 Point to eyes. 6 Rub breast with palm of hand.

756

God has Blotted them Out.

Legato.

1. God has blot-ted them out, I'm happy and glad and free,
2. Christ is com-ing a - gain, Is com-ing a - gain for me;

God has blot-ted them out, I'll turn to I - saiah and see,
Christ is com-ing a - gain, I'll turn to His word and see,

Chap - ter for - ty four, Twen - ty two and three; He's
Fourteenth chapter of John, Ver - ses one to three; He's

Choruses.

God has Blotted them out.—continued.

blotted them out, and now I can shout for that means me.
com-ing a - gain, I read ve - ry plain, And that for me.

757

He's the Saviour for me.

(MATT. 1-21.)

Words and Music by ROBERT G. MOWAT.

1. O, He's the Sa-viour for me, He died on Cal - va - ry's tree;
2. O, I am hap-py in Him, He fills my cup to the brim;

He cleansed my soul and He made me whole, And He's the Sa-viour for me.
I lie and rest on His lov-ing breast, For I am hap-py in Him.

758

Mine.

ANNA HUDSON.

R. FRANK LEHMAN.

Mine! mine! mine! I know Thou art mine;

Sa - viour, dear Sa - viour, I know Thou art mine.

Choruses.

759

Happy on Sunday.

THOS. R. CUPPLES.

1 Happy on Sun-day, Happy on Mon-day, 2 Happy the whole year round; 3 From

4 Summer till spring, of 5 Je sus I sing, 6 Now I'm heav'nward bound.

Suitable for Actions thus

- 1 Clap hands, keeping time.
- 2 Describe circle with right hand.
- 3 Point to left. 4 Point to right.
- 5 Point to lips. 6 Point up.

760

Romans Ten and Nine.

THOS. R. CUPPLES.

Ro-man ten and nine, is a fav'rite verse of mine, Con-fess-ing Christ as

Lord I am saved by grace di-vine, For there the words of prom-ise, in

gold-en let-ters shine, Ro-mans, ten and nine.

761

My Lord faileth never.

D. J. B.

DAVID J. BEATTIE.

My Lord fail-eth nev-er, His love is for ev-er, Now
noth-ing can sev-er My Lord and I.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes.

762

Going Thro'.

W. G. H.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

With a swing.

The bat-tle may be stiff and the foe be ve-ry strong, But I'm
striving for the right and I'm up against the wrong: Je-sus is my Captain and I
know He'll guide me true, And with such a Commander to lead me, I'm go-ing thro'.

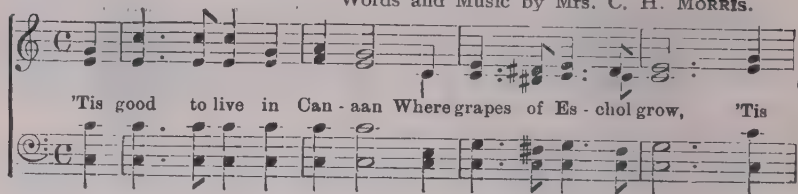
The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. There are triplets marked with a '3' in the final line of the score.

Choruses.

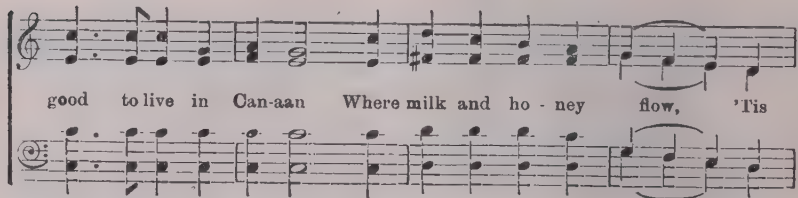
763

'Tis good to live in Canaan.

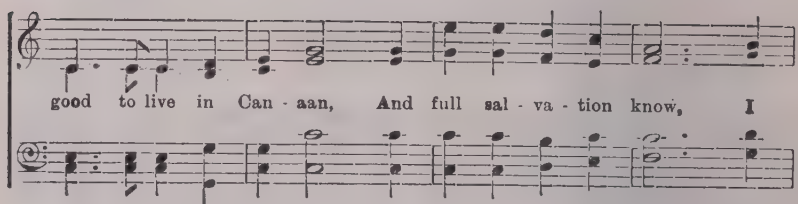
Words and Music by Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



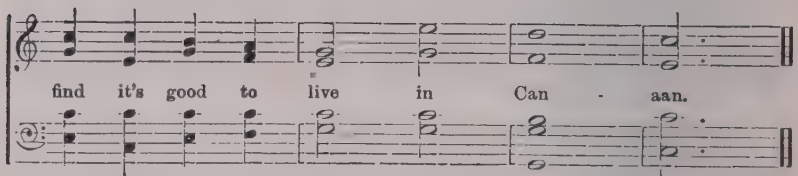
'Tis good to live in Can - aan Where grapes of Es - chol grow, 'Tis



good to live in Can-aan Where milk and ho - ney flow, 'Tis



good to live in Can - aan, And full sal - va - tion know, I



find it's good to live in Can - aan.

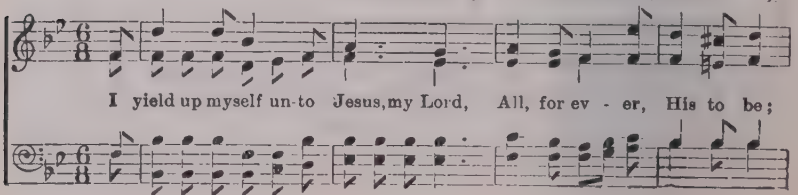
764

I yield myself to Jesus.

R. G. M.

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

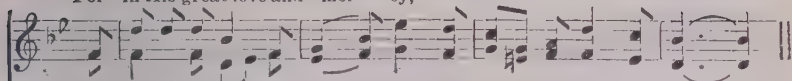
I yield my-self to Je - sus, All, for e - ver, His to be;



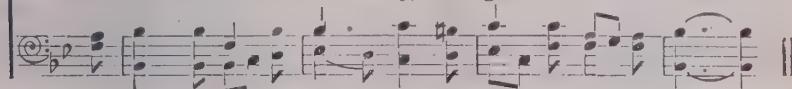
I yield up myself un-to Jesus, my Lord, All, for ev - er, His to be;

3 yield myself to Jesus.—continued.

For in His great love and mer - cy,



For in His love and mer - cy, He gave Him self for me.



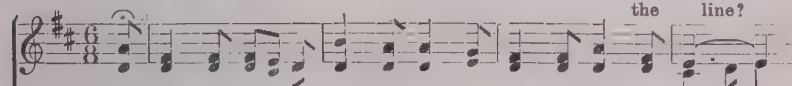
765

○, who will cross the line?

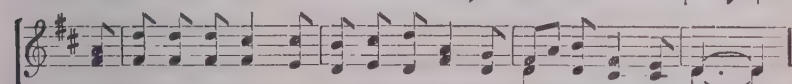
R. G. M.

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

the line?



O, who will cross the line to-night? O, who will cross, will cross the line?



From dark ness to light, From sin's bitter night, O, who will cross the line?



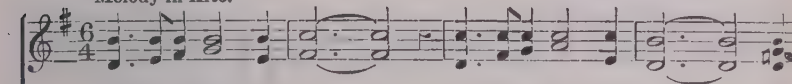
766

Jesus wants you.

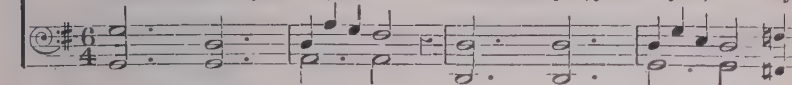
Suggested by REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

Words and Music by
W. GARDNER HUNTER.

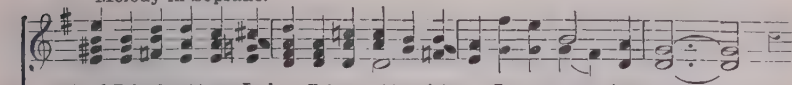
Melody in Alto.



Je-sus wants you, just you, Je-sus wants you, just you; By



Melody in Soprano.



blood He has bought you, In love He has sought you, 'Tis you Je-sus wants, just you.



Copyright.

Choruses.

767 There is sunshine in My soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

O there's sun shine, bless - ed sun - shine, While the

O there's sunshine in my soul, bless - ed sunshine in my soul,

peace - ful, hap - py moments roll; When Je - sus shows His

happy moments roll;

smil - ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

768 In all Thy ways.

MRS. ROBINA A. JARVIE.

Proverbs 36.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Allegretto.

In all thy ways, thro' all thy days, Acknowledge God for well it pays; When

His safe coun - sel shall di - rect, No fail - ure thou may' st then ex - pect.

769

Gather up the Sunshine.

W. G. H.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Joyful.

Gath - er up the sunshine by the way, Oth - er lives to

bright - en day by day; Scat - ter gleams of lov - ing kind - ness

while you may, Gather up the sunshine by the way. (by the way.)

Copyright.

770

Goodbye—the Lord be with you.

R. F. B.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

Good - bye, the Lord be with you, Good - bye, Je - ho vah bless you;

Good-bye, Good-bye,

His fa - your rest up - on you, Un - til we meet a - gain.

His favour

1. A few more days of grief and woe, A few more suf-frings here be-low,

Then home to glo-ry we shall go, To the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

CHORUS.

Free grace, free grace and dy-ing love, Free grace and dy-ing love, Free grace and

dy-ing love, In the New Je-ru-sa-lem. Oh, 'way o-ver Jor-dan, Lord,

'Way o-ver Jor-dan, Lord, 'Way o-ver Jor-dan, Lord, To the New Je-ru-sa-lem.

2. Who here will march to win the prize,
And take the kingdom in the skies,
Where joy nor friendship never dies,
In the New Jerusalem?
3. My soul feels happy while I sing;
I'll shout salvation to my King;

- I feel my soul is on the wing
For the New Jerusalem.
4. The saints in raiment white shall stand,
With harps and crowns at God's right hand;
Oh, how I long to join that band
In the New Jerusalem.

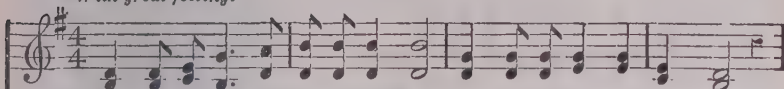
Nobody Knows but Jesus.

FLORA KIRKLAND, alt.

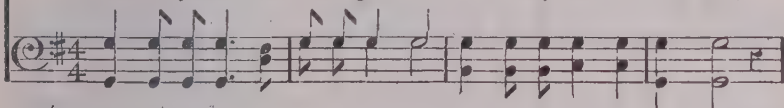
Arr. by W. J. K.

PLANTATION MELODY.

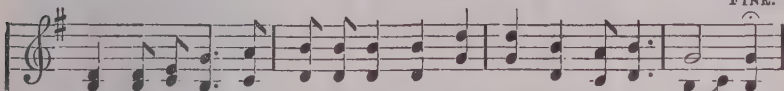
With great feeling.



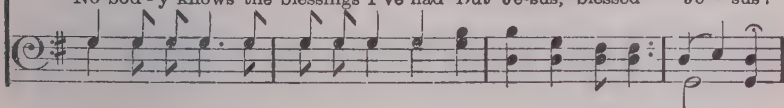
1. No - body knows the troubles I've had, No-body knows but Je - sus,
2. No - body knows the trials I've had, No-body knows but Je - sus,
3. No - body knows the sorrows I've had, No-body knows but Je - sus,
4. No - body knows the blessings I've had, No-body knows but Je - sus,



FINE.



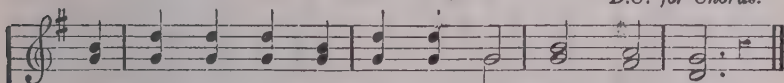
No-bod - y knows the troubles I've had But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus !
 No-bod - y knows the tr - ials I've had But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus !
 No-bod - y knows the sorrows I've had But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus !
 No-bod - y knows the blessings I've had But Je - sus, blessed Je - sus !



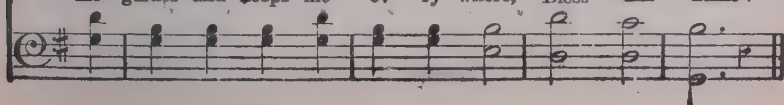
When I was sink - ing down in sin, Je - sus came ;
 When Sa - tan's snares had com - passed me, Je - sus came ;
 When heav - y la - den crushed with grief, Je - sus came ;
 He knows my wants, he hears my prayer, Praise His name ;



D.C. for Chorus.



His pard' - ning mer - cy took me in ; Bless His name !
 He broke the chains and set me free, Bless His name !
 He bore my bur - dens, brought re - lief, Bless His name !
 He guides and keeps me ev - 'ry where, Bless His name !



773 We shall Walk through the Valley.

We shall walk thro' the valley and the shadow of death, We shall walk thro' the valley in

peace, If Je - sus Him-self shall be our lead - er, We shall walk thro' the

FINE.

val - ley in peace. {1. We shall meet those Chris-tians there, meet them there, We shall
2. There will be no sor - row there, sor-row there, There will

meet those Chris - tians there, meet them there, If Je - sus Him-self shall be our
be no sor - row there, sor-row there, If Je - sus Him-self shall be our

D.C.

lead - er, We shall walk through the val - ley in peace.
lead - er, We shall walk through the val - ley in peace.

774

Steal Away.

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je-sus! Steal a-way,

Steal away home, I hain't got long to stay here. 1.2.3. My Lord calls me, He

calls me by the thunder, lightning, The trumpet sounds it in my soul, I haint got long to stay here.

p *D.C.*

775 Have you heard how they crucified my Lord?

1. Have you heard how they crucified my Lord? Have you heard how they crucified my Lord?

Oh sometimes it caus-es me to tremble, tremble, tremble,

When I hear how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.

- 2 Have you heard how they crowned Him 4 Have you heard how they laid Him in the
with the thorns? (*repeat.*) tomb? (*repeat.*)
Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble, Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble,
When I hear how they crowned Him with When I hear how they laid Him in the
the thorns. tomb.
- 3 Have you heard how they pierced Him in 5 Have you heard how the Saviour rose
the side? (*repeat.*) again? (*repeat.*)
Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble, Oh sometimes it causes me to tremble,
When I hear how they pierced Him in the When I hear how the Saviour rose agin.
side.

Jubilee Songs.

776

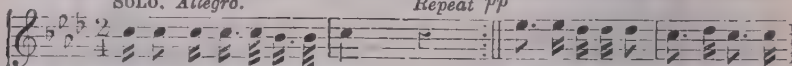
Golden Slippers.

JUBILEE MELODY.

SOLO. *Allegro.*

Arranged by W. GARDNER HUNTER.

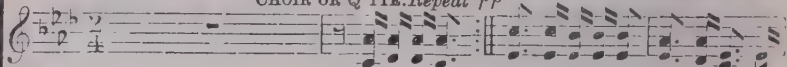
Repeat *pp*



1. What kind of shoes you going to wear ?
2. What kind of crown you going to wear ?
3. What kind of robe you going to wear ?
4. What kind of song you going to sing ?

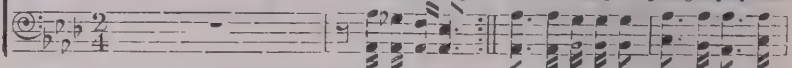
Golden slippers I'm go-ing to wear that
Star-ry crown I'm go-ing to wear that
Pure white robe I'm go-ing to wear that
Gold-en harp I'm go-ing to play that

CHOIR OR Q'TTE. Repeat *pp*

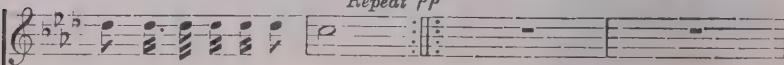


1. Golden slippers,
2. Star-ry crown.
3. Pure white robe,
4. New new song,

Golden slippers I'm go-ing to wear that
Star-ry crown I'm go-ing to wear that
Pure white robe I'm go-ing to wear that
Gold-en harp I'm go-ing to play that



Repeat *pp*



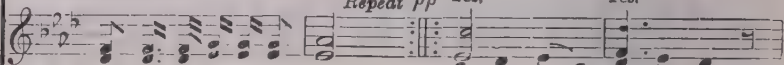
1. out-shine the glit-ter-ing sun.
- 2.3.4. out-shines

CHORUS.

Repeat *pp*

Yes,

Yes,



1. out-shine the glit-ter-ing sun.
- 2.3.4. out-shines

Yes, my Lord, Yes, my Lord,

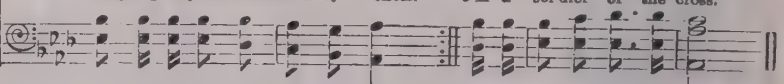


Repeat Chorus. *pp*



I'm going to join the heav'n-ly choir.

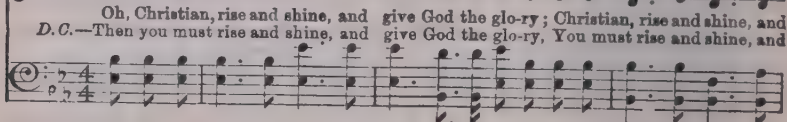
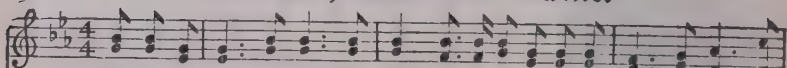
I'm a sol-dier of the cross.



777

Christian, Rise and Shine.

Oh, Christian, rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry ; Christian, rise and shine, and
D. C.—Then you must rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry, You must rise and shine, and



Christian, Rise and Shine—Continued.

FIN.

give God the glory; Chris-tian, rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry; Chris-tian, rise, rise and shine.
give God the glory, You must rise and shine, and give God the glo-ry, You must rise, rise and shine

8.

Do you want to be a real-ly happy Christian, Do you want to be a
D.S.—Yes, I want to be a real-ly happy Christian; Yes, I want to be a

D.S. and D.C.

real-ly hap-py Christian, Do you want to be a real-ly hap-py Christian, full of joy, joy divine?
real-ly hap-py Christian; Yes, I want to be a real-ly hap-py Christian, full of joy, joy divine!

778

Oh Stand the Storm.

Oh! stand the storm, it won't be long We'll anchor by-and-by, Stand the storm, it

- won't be long, We'll anchor by - and-by.
1. My ship is on the o - cean,
 2. She's mak - ing for the kingdom, We'll
 3. Shall I meet you in the kingdom?

D.C.

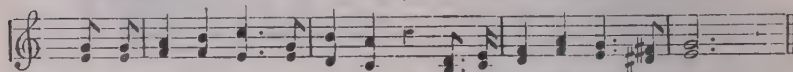
My ship is on the o - cean,
anchor by-and-by, She's mak - ing for the kingdom, We'll anchor by - and-by.
Shall I meet you in the kingdom?

R. F. BEVERIDGE.
DUET. S.C.

W. KANE.



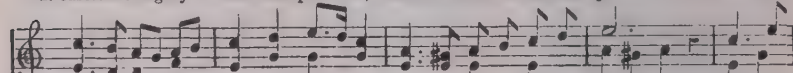
1. Lo! the Sa-viour now as-cend-eth, He who died our souls to win;
2. First fruits of the re-sur-rec-tion, Je-sus lives, and we are free;



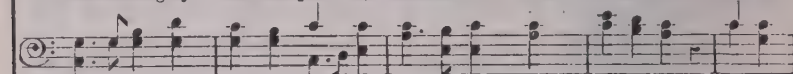
1. O-pen wide, ye gates e-ter-nal, Let the King of Glo-ry in.
2. Saints and an-gels fall be-fore Him, He hath triumphed glo-rious-ly.

FULL CHORUS.

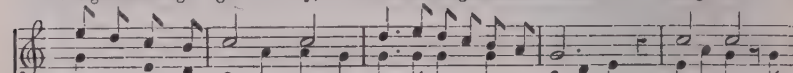
1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Spread His fame from shore to shore; Christ as-
2. Christ the mighty work com-plet-ed, Ransomed us from Sa-tan's power, Now He



1. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Spread His fame from shore to shore; Christ as-
2. Christ the mighty work com-plet-ed, Ransomed us from Sa-tan's power, Now He



1. cendeth, glo-ry, hon-our, Be to Him for ev-er-more. King of
2. reigns the King of glo-ry, Lives and reigns to die no more. King of



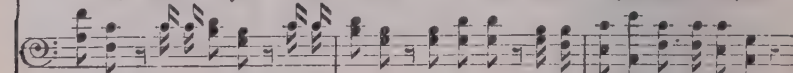
1. cend-eth, glo-ry, hon-our, Be to Him for ev-er-more. King of kings for
2. reigns the King of Glo-ry, Lives and reigns to die no more. King of kings for



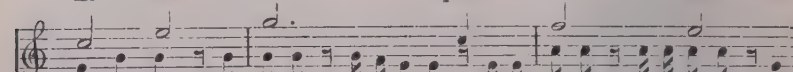
kings, oh! won-drous sto-ry,



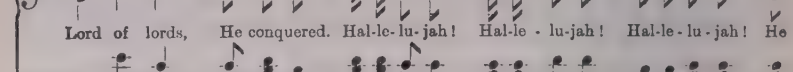
ev-er. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-iah 'or ev-er! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!



He hath con- - - quered all our



Lord of lords, He conquered. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! He



King of Glory—Continued.

foes; Christ, our Lord, . . . our Lord, . . . the King of
conquered. Christ, our Lord, . . . our Lord, . . . the King of

D.C. for verse 2.
Glo - ry: First born from the dead a - rose.

Wor - thy, wor - thy is the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise His name!

Glo - ri - fy Him! mag - ni - fy Him! Our Re-deem - er, Lord, and King!

Wor - thy, worthy is the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name! Glo - ri - fy Him!

mag - ni - fy Him! Our Re-deem - er, Lord, and King! Halle - lu - jah!
mag - ni - fy Him! Our Re-deem - er, Lord, and King! Hal-le-lu - jah!

780

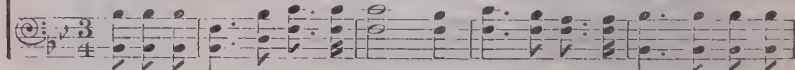
I am Redeemed.

JULIA STERLING.

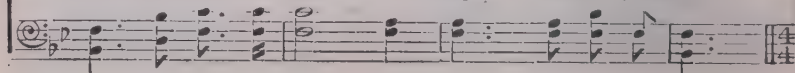
IRA D. SANKEY.



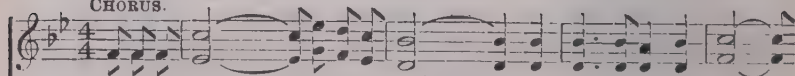
1. I am redeem'd, oh, praise the Lord! My soul from bondage free, Has found at
2. I looked, and lo, from Calv'ry's Cross A heal - ing fountain streamed, It cleansed my
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free; And, by His mighty power, The blood that
4. All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, I know that He is mine! For on my
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mortal ev - er dreamed, I'll cast my



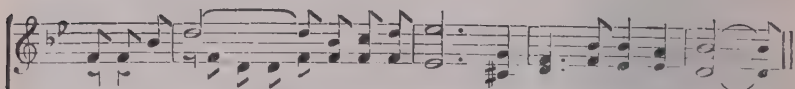
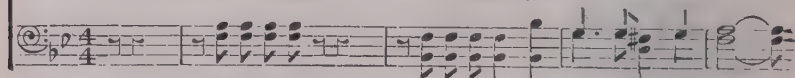
last a rest - ing place In Him who died for me!
heart, and now I sing, Praise God I am redeemed!
washed my sins a - way Still cleans - eth ev - 'ry hour.
heart the Spi - rit seals His pledge of love di - vine.
crown at Je - sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed!"



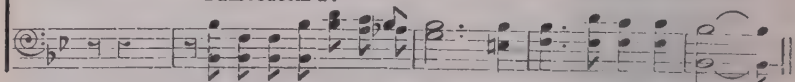
CHORUS.



I am re - deem'd! I am re - deem'd! I'll sing it o'er and o'er!
I am redeem'd! I am redeem'd!



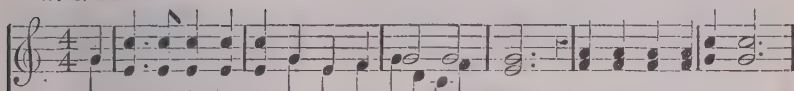
I am re - deem'd! Oh, praise the Lord! Re-deem'd for ev - er - more!
I am redeem'd!



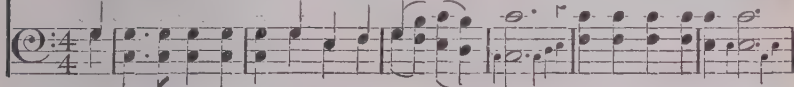
A Volunteer for Jesus.

W. S. BROWN.

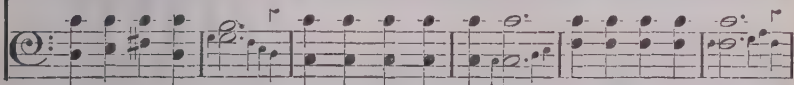
CHARLES H. GABRIEL.



1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Soldiers for the con-flict,
 2. Yes, Je-sus calls for soldiers Who are fill'd with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
 3. 'He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
 4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faithful

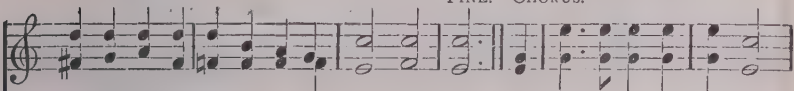


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quickly, With a read-y cheer?
 Ev'-ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
 Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
 Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

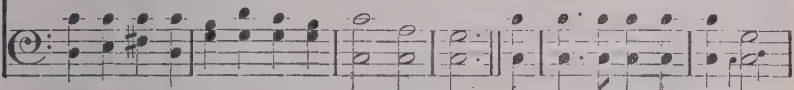


D.S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;

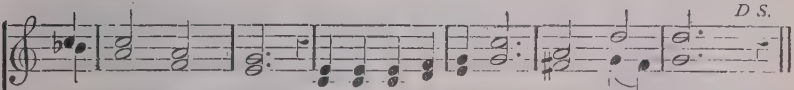
FINE. CHORUS.



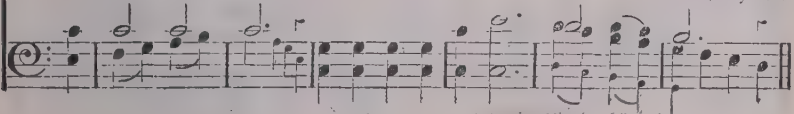
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? } A vol-un-tee for Je-sus,
 Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? }
 Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? }
 Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee? }



Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-tee?

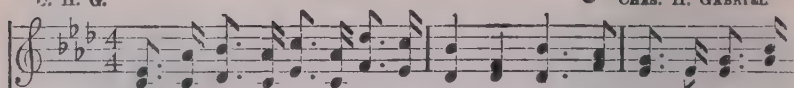


A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?
 Oh, why not?

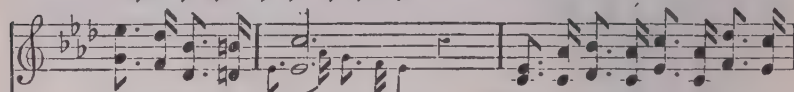
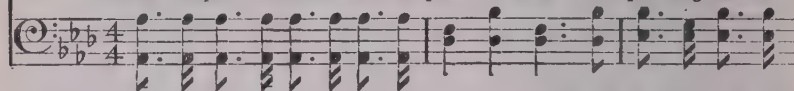


C. H. G.

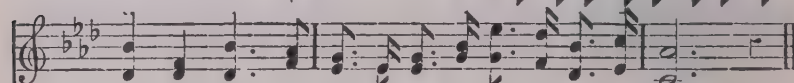
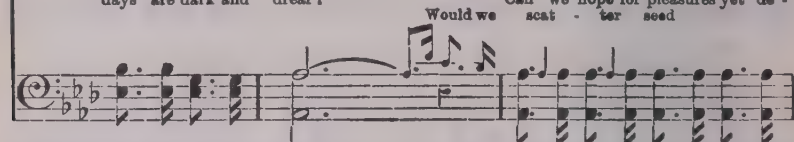
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



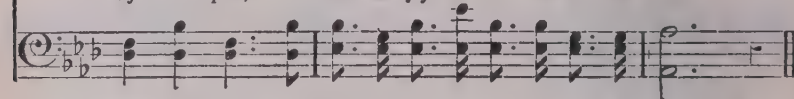
1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a - round, With - out the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sunshine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the



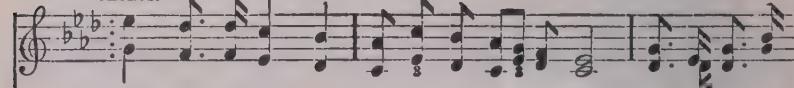
of re - fresh - ing rain, Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His
days are dark and drear! Can we hope for pleasures yet de -



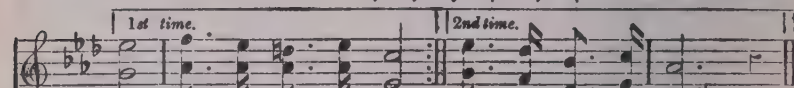
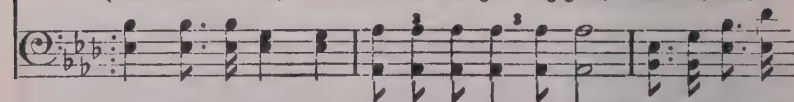
fal - low ground, And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win?
ny the pain, Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?



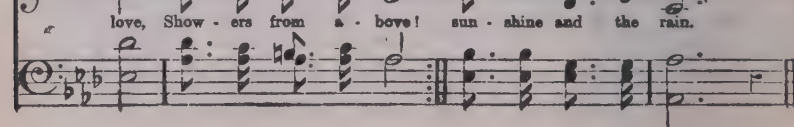
CHORUS.



{ Sun - shine and rain, re - fresh - ing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and
{ Sun - shine and rain, to nour - ish the grow - ing grain, Send us, Lord, the

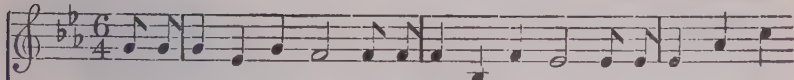


love, Show - ers from a - bove! sun - shine and the rain.

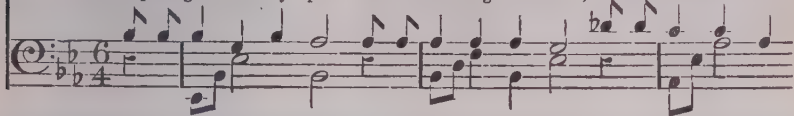


Mrs. C. H. M.

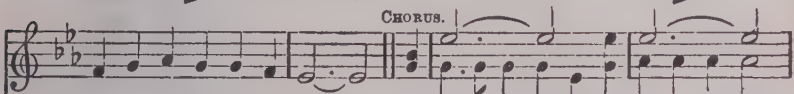
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. O so long was my bark toss'd a - bout on life's sea, But I've an-chor'd in
2. Safe - ly moor'd to the Rock which no tem - pest can shake, I have an-chor'd in
3. In the har - bour of faith there is safe - ty and rest, I have an-chor'd in
4. Deep - er grow - eth my peace as I'm near - ing the shore, I have an-chor'd in



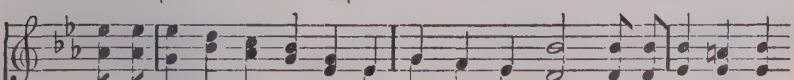
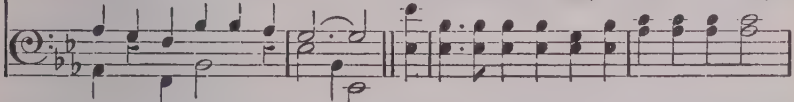
Je - sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gen - tly call - ing to me, And I've
 Je - sus at last; Tho' the billows in fu - ry a - round me may break, I have
 Je - sus at last; And a deep, settled peace now is fill - ing my breast, I have
 Je - sus at last; And by sim - ply be - liev - ing I'm safe ev - er - more, I have



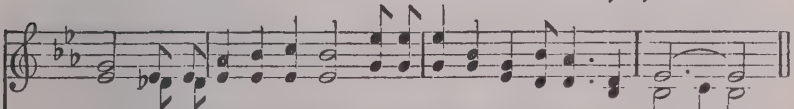
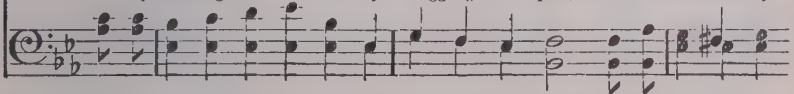
CHORUS.

anchor'd in Je - sus at last.

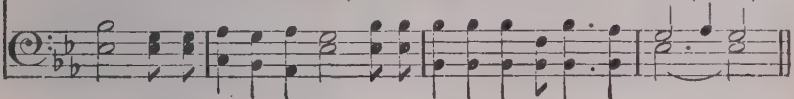
At last! . . . at last! . . .
 I've anchor'd in Je - sus, I've anchor'd at last,



All my doubt - ings are o - ver, my strug - gling is past, And the load of my



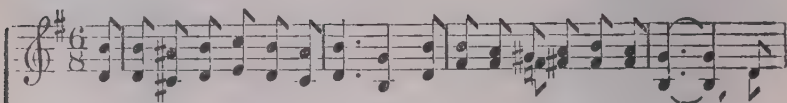
sin at His feet I have cast, I have anchor'd in Je - sus at last (at last).



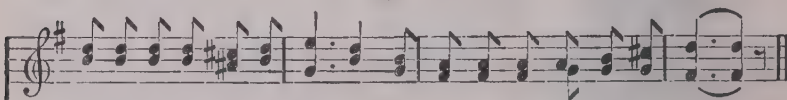
Holding My Hand.

MRS FRANK A. BRECK.

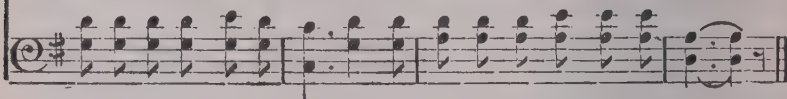
F. H. HUTCHINS.



1. The billows of Jordan are swelling, And in the dark waters I stand; But
2. I fear not the valley of shadows, For Jesus my Comforter is; And
3. O, I will go home on the promise, The promise so sure and so strong; I



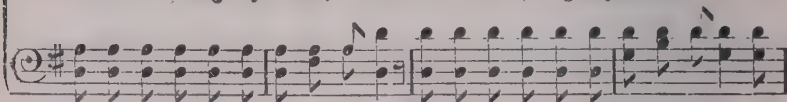
Je-sus has promised to keep me, And Je-sus is hold-ing my hand.
I shall go home on the promise, For there is no promise like His.
know it will car-ry me o-ver To gladness and glor-y and song.



CHORUS



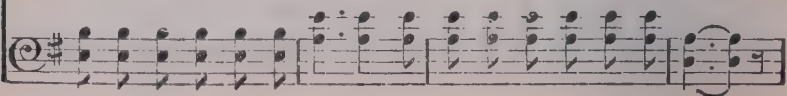
Hold - ing my hand, Hold - ing my hand, Yes,



Jesus is holding, is holding my hand, Jesus is holding, is holding my hand, Yes,



Je-sus has promised to keep me, And safe on that promise I stand;



Holding my Hand—continued.

Hold - ing my hand, Hold - ing my hand, Yes,

Holding my hand, holding my hand, Safely I stand, safely I stand, Yes,

Je - sus has promised to keep me, And safe on that promise I stand :

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Ask : Seek : Knock.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Matt. vii. 7.

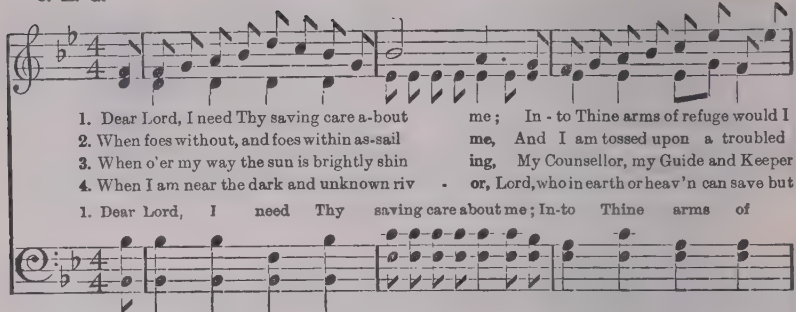
W. F. STEWART.

1. Ask, the Lord will hear your cry, He is ev - er ve - ry night,—
 2. Seek, and ye shall sure - ly find Peace and com - fort to your mind,—
 3. Knock, He'll o - pen wide the gate, For the mor - row do not wait;
 4. Ask; to Him your needs con - fide, Seek; from you He will not hide;

Ne - ver will He pass you by, Ask to-day of Je - sus.
 Christ brings joy to all man - kind; Seek to-day for Je - sus.
 Has - ten ere it be too late, Knock! come now to Je - sus.
 Knock; the door will o - pen wide,— Glo - ry be to Je - sus.

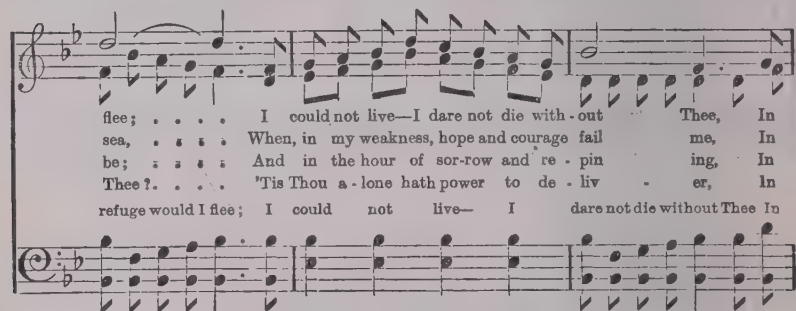
C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



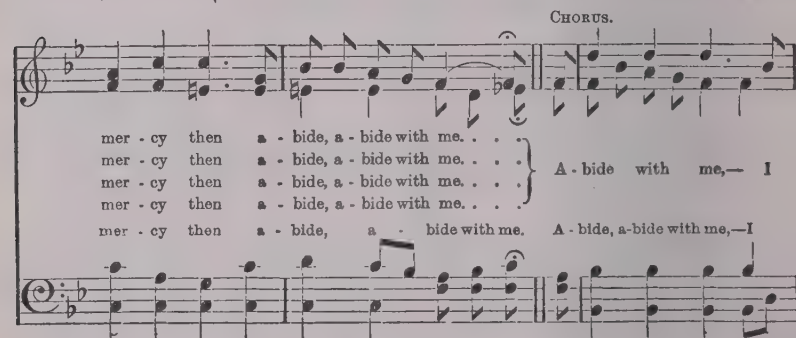
1. Dear Lord, I need Thy saving care a-bout me; In - to Thine arms of refuge would I
 2. When foes without, and foes within as-sail me, And I am tossed upon a troubled
 3. When o'er my way the sun is brightly shin ing, My Counsellor, my Guide and Keeper
 4. When I am near the dark and unknown riv - or, Lord, who in earth or heav'n can save but

1. Dear Lord, I need Thy saving care about me; In-to Thine arms of

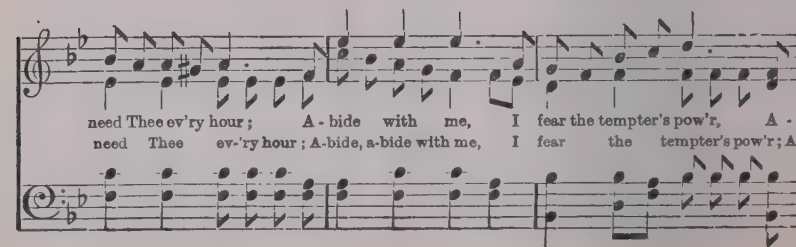


flee; I could not live—I dare not die with-out Thee, In
 sea, When, in my weakness, hope and courage fail me, In
 be; And in the hour of sor-row and re-pin ing, In
 Thee? 'Tis Thou a-lone hath power to de-liv-er, In
 refuge would I flee; I could not live— I dare not die without Thee In

CHORUS.



mer-cy then a-bide, a-bide with me. . . } A-bide with me,— I
 mer-cy then a-bide, a-bide with me. . . }
 mer-cy then a-bide, a-bide with me. . . }
 mer-cy then a-bide, a-bide with me. . . }
 mer-cy then a-bide, a-bide with me. A-bide, a-bide with me,— I



need Thee ev'ry hour; A-bide with me, I fear the tempter's pow'r, A -
 need Thee ev'ry hour; A-bide, a-bide with me, I fear the tempter's pow'r; A -

Abide with Me—Continued.

Abide with me, in sunshine and in show'r; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
 Abide, abide with me, in sunshine and in show'r; In life, in death, O Lord, abide, a-bide with me.

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Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING GOULD.

ROBERT G. MOWAT.

1. Onward! Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Sa-tan's le - gions flee; On, then, Christian sol - diers,
 3. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
 4. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 5. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hail's found-a - tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre - vail;
 In the tri - umph song. "Glo - ry, laud and hon - our Un - to Christ the King!"

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See! His banners go!
 Brothers, lift your voic - es, Loud your anthems raise.
 One in hope, in doc - trine, One in cha - ri - ty, } Onward! Christian sol - diers,
 We have Christ's own pro - mise, And that can - not fail.
 This, thro' countess a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

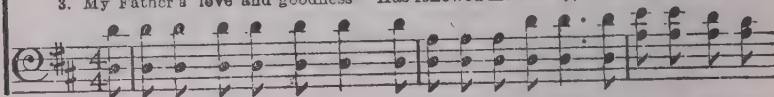
Countless Blessings.

HARRIET E. JONES.

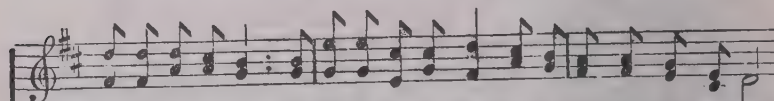
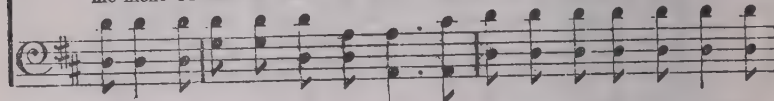
H. L. GILMOUR.



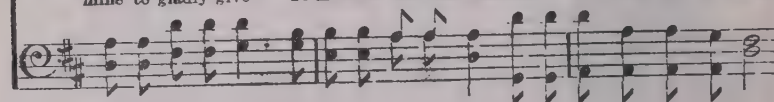
1. When I would count my blessings I fail to name them o'er, For they by far out-
 2. Sometimes when cares are pressing, And murmurs would arise, Then suddenly some
 3. My Father's love and goodness Has followed me al-way, Yes, ev-ry hour and



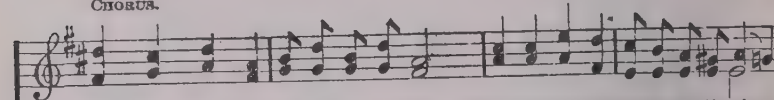
number The sands up-on the shore; They come to me so free-ly From
 blessing, Comes sweetly from the skies; And as I pause a mo-ment To
 mo-ment Of each re-turn-ing day; Thanksgiving, love, and prais-es, Be



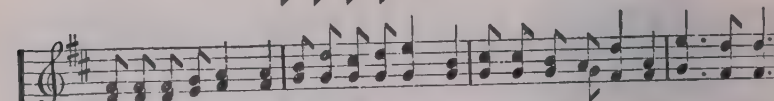
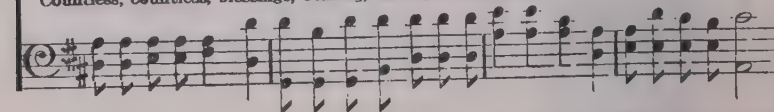
the Almighty Hand, I'm lost in ad-o-ra-tion, Of Him who holds command.
 count my blessings o'er, I find they far outnumber The sands up-on the shore.
 mine to gladly give To Him for countless blessings I con-stant-ly re-ceive.



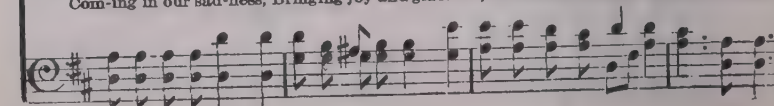
CHORUS.



Count-less bless-ings Coming o'er and o'er, Far out-num-ber sands up-on the shore,
 Countless, countless, blessings, Coming, coming o'er and o'er,



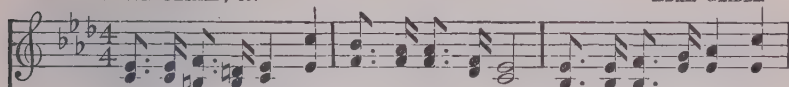
Com-ing in our sad-ness, Bringing joy and gladness, Let us praise our Fa-ther ev-er-more.



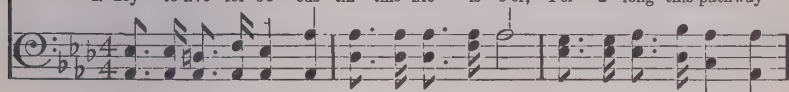

789 Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.


ADAM GEIBEL.



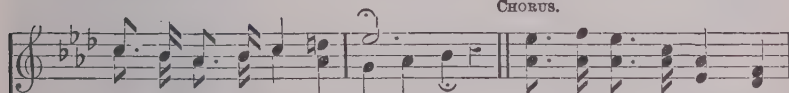
1. Standing like a light-house on the shores of time, Look-ing o'er the waves of
 2. There are hu-man shipwrecks ly-ing all around! O what mo-ral darkness
 3. Do not let the bush-el co-ver up your light, Keep your lamp in or-der,
 4. Try to live for Je-sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway

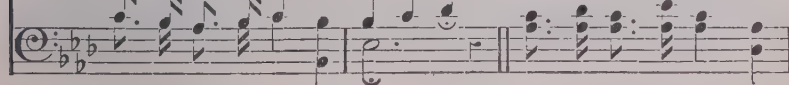
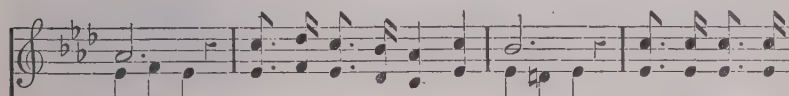
darkness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sub-lime;
 ev-ry-where is found! Warn some o-ther ves-sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a blessing, bright-en up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till He bids you wel-come on the o-ther shore,




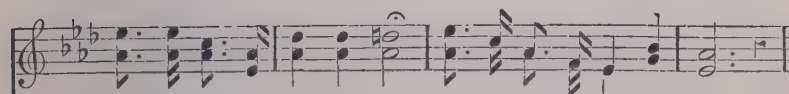
CHORUS.



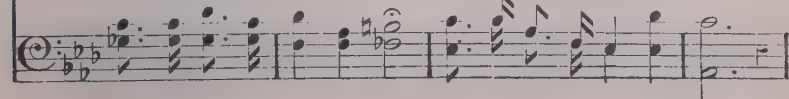
Let the gos-pel light shine out. Let the gos-pel light shine

out, shine out, Let the gos-pel light shine out, shine out, While your lamp is

burn-ing, keep the win-dows clean, Let the gos-pel light shine out.



Hallelujah for the Blood.

Mrs C. H. M.

Mrs C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood, for the sin-cleansing fountain, For the
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood; sing for joy, all ye nations, And re-
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood; hal - le - lu - jah for ev - er, We shall

Lamb has been slain, and the ran-som price paid; Ful - ly cancelled was the
 joice that the work of re-demp-tion is done; Here is pardon free for
 sing it a - new in the kingdom of God, Where the anthems of the

debt, when on Cal - va - ry's mountain All the sin of this world up-on
 all, and a per-fect sal - va-tion Thrc the sin-cleansing blood of the
 light shall be silent, no, nev-er, Ev - er-more hal - le - lu - jah for

p CHORUS.

Je - sus was laid.
 Cru - ci - fled One.
 Christ and the Blood. } There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit-y,

cres. *mf.*
 Un-til Je-sus our Saviour from glo - ry came down; He was mighty to

Hallelujah for the Blood—continued.

The musical score is written for a choir in two parts: Soprano (treble clef) and Bass (bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The third system ends with a repeat sign.

save, He was strong to de - liv - er, He has brought us sal - va - tion, a

robe and a crown. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, sing the triumphant

strain; Hal - le - lu - jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

4 Hallelujah for the blood; out of great tribulation

See the witnesses stand, in white garments arrayed,
And their jubilee for ever, in glad adoration,
"Unto him who for sin an Atonement has made."

5 Hallelujah for the blood; come, ye heart-sick and weary,

'Tis the voice of the Saviour that bids you to come,
Tho' you've wandered far away in the desert land dreary,
Your Father is waiting to welcome you home.

CHORUS—

There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pity,
Until Jesus our Saviour from glory came down;
He was mighty to save, He was strong to deliver,
He has brought us salvation, a robe and a crown.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, sing the triumphant strain;
Hallelujah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way - side,
 2. Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow - ing,
 3. Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev - er,

Scat-ter-ing precious
 Scat-ter-ing precious
 Scat-ter-ing precious

seed on the hill - side;
 seed, free - ly sow - ing;
 seed, trust-ing ev - er;

Scat-ter-ing precious seed o'er the field, wide,
 Scat-ter-ing precious seed, trust-ing, know - ing,
 Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en - deav - our,

Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.
 Sure - ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. } Sow - ing in the morn - ing,

Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,

Sow - ing at the noon - tide; Sow - ing in the
 Sow-ing the seed at noontide, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed.

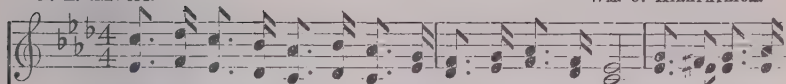
pp

eve - ning, Sow-ing the precious seed by the way.
 Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

Jericho Must Fall.

E. E. HEWITT.

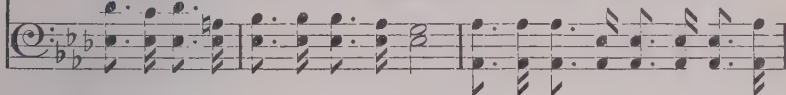
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Tell the won-drous sto - ry of the Lord's de - liv - 'ring might; Let the men-tion
2. See the trust - ful peo - ple as they march the walls a - round, Till, at God's ap -
3. On - ward, then, be - liev - ing, when the Mas - ter's voice is heard. Tak-ing hope and



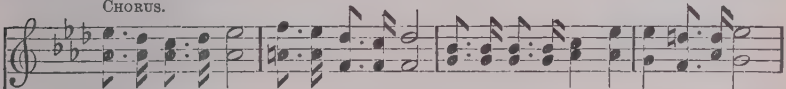
of His name put ev - 'ry fear to flight; Let the tri - umphs of the past re -
pointed time, the sev - en trum - pets sound; Then, with joy - ful shouts of praise, the
courage from His soul - in - spir - ing word; Let us ral - ly, one and all, a -



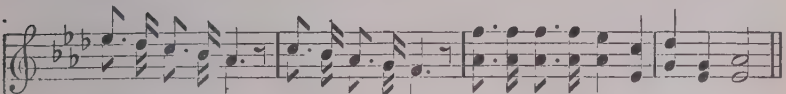
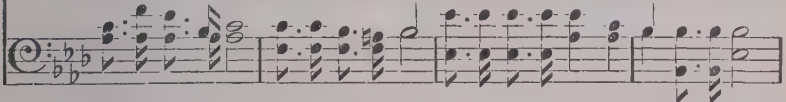
vive our faith to-day, Helping us to o - vercome our foes a - long the way.
fal - len stones they see; Forward, still! for Israel's God will give the vic - to - ry.
gainst the host of sin; Who - so trust - eth in the Lord, the crown of life shall win.



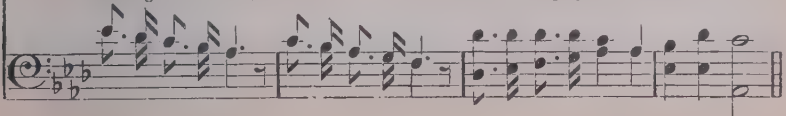
CHORUS.



Raise the vic - tor shout, Fling His banner out, Let the Voice of Tri - umph still ev - 'ry doubt;



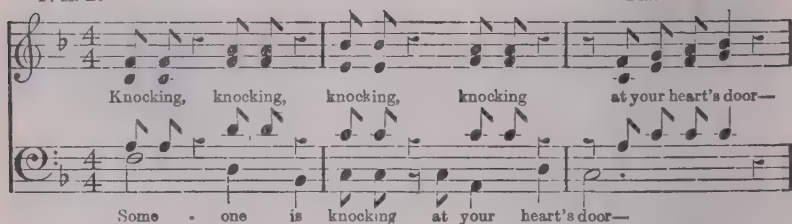
March against the wall, Jer - i - cho must fall; Crown our mighty Saviour Lord of all.



Will You Let the Saviour in?

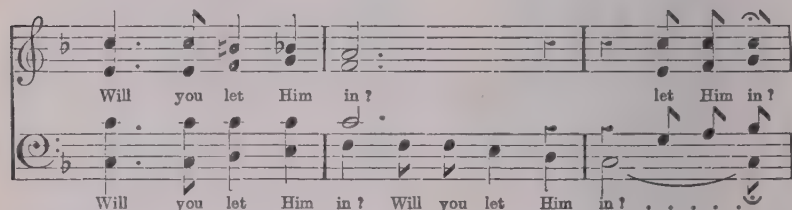
F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



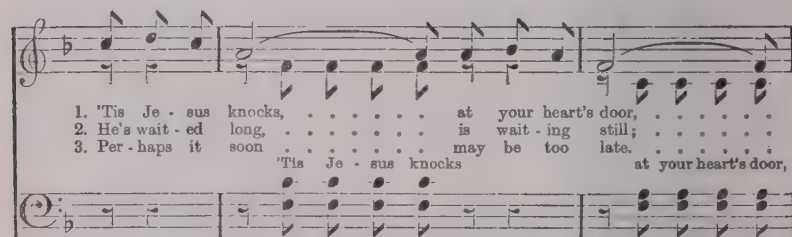
Knocking, knocking, knocking, knocking at your heart's door—

Some one is knocking at your heart's door—



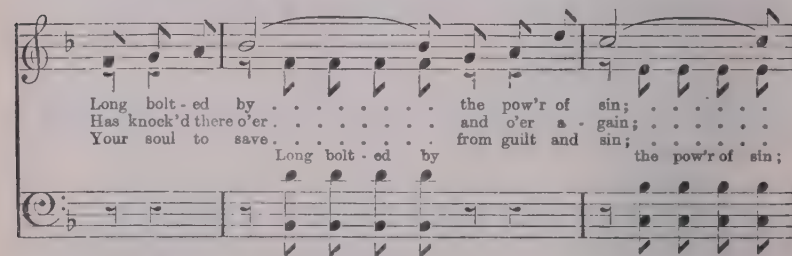
Will you let Him in? let Him in?

Will you let Him in? Will you let Him in?



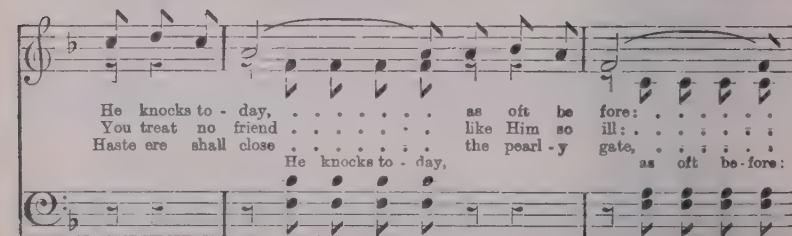
1. 'Tis Je - sus knocks, at your heart's door,
 2. He's wait - ed long, is wait - ing still;
 3. Per - haps it soon, may be too late.

'Tis Je - sus knocks at your heart's door,



Long bolt - ed by the pow'r of sin;
 Has knock'd there o'er and o'er a - gain;
 Your soul to save. from guilt and sin; the pow'r of sin;

Long bolt - ed by



He knocks to - day, as oft be fore:
 You treat no friend like Him so ill:
 Haste ere shall close the pearl - y gate, as oft be - fore:

He knocks to - day,

Will You Let the Saviour in?—Continued.

Oh, will you let the Sa- viour in?
 Oh, will you let Him knock in vain?
 And let the bless- ed Sa- viour in!
 Oh, will you let the Sa- viour in, Sa- viour in?

REFRAIN.

Oh, will you let the Sa- viour in?

Oh, will you let the Sa- viour in? He'll cleanse you

He'll cleanse you from the deep- est sin; He knocks to- day,
 from the deep- est sin; He knocks to - day

as oft be- fore: Oh, will you let the Sa- viour
 as oft be - fore: Oh, will you let the Sa- viour

in, let Him in? Oh, will you let the Sa- viour in?
 in. Oh, will you let the Sa- viour in?

Carry Gladness.

T. M. T.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Where-so - e'er you jour-ney,
 2. Though the clouds a - bove you
 3. Though you're poor and need - y,
 4. E - ven though in sick - ness,

In what - ev - er place,
 Dark and dark - er grow,
 With - out land or cot,
 Let your joy ap - pear,

Take your glad-ness with you,
 Fix your eyes on Je - sus,
 Be ye ev - er thank - ful
 Why be sad and cheer - less ?

Keep a cheer - ful face.
 He who loves you so.
 For the Chris-tian's lot.
 Christ is al - ways near.

CHORUS.

Glad . . . ness, car - ry glad . . . ness, Car ry

Chris-tian, car - ry glad - ness, Chris-tian, car - ry glad-ness,

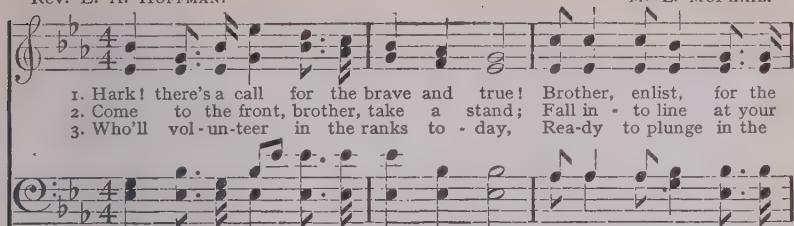
gladness in your heart of love ; Sad . . . ness, ban-ish
 your heart of love ; Christian, banish sadness,

sad . . . ness, Christian, ev - er trust in Christ a-bove.
 Christian, banish sadness, in Christ a-bove.

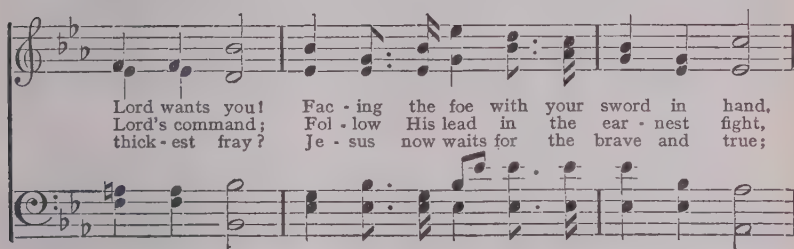
795 Hark! There's a Call for the Brave.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. Hark! there's a call for the brave and true! Brother, enlist, for the
 2. Come to the front, brother, take a stand; Fall in - to line at your
 3. Who'll vol-un-tee in the ranks to - day, Rea-dy to plunge in the

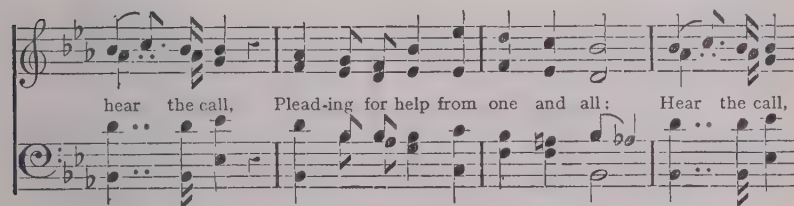


Lord wants you! Fac - ing the foe with your sword in hand,
 Lord's command; Fol - low His lead in the ear - nest fight,
 thick - est fray? Je - sus now waits for the brave and true;

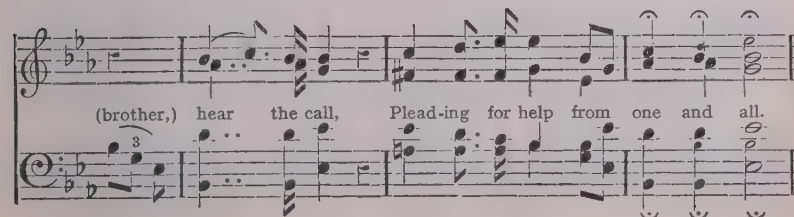
CHORUS.



Brave-ly go forth at your Lord's command.
 Con-quer for God, and for truth and right. } Hear the call, (brother,)
 Brother, en - list! for the Lord wants you.



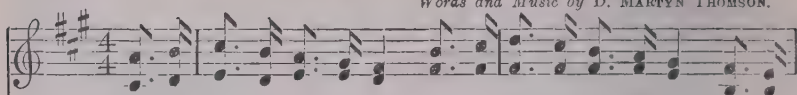
hear the call, Plead-ing for help from one and all; Hear the call,



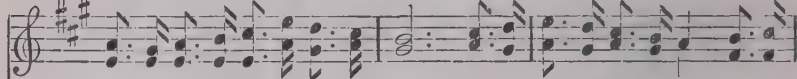
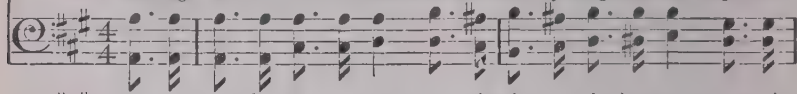
(brother,) hear the call, Plead-ing for help from one and all.

Soldiers of the King.

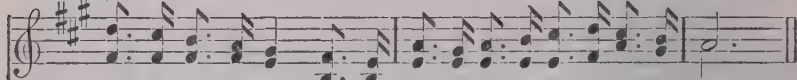
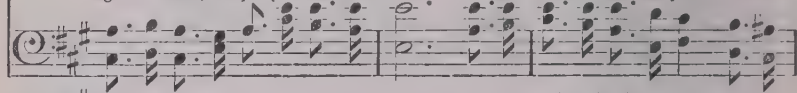
Words and Music by D. MARTYN THOMSON.



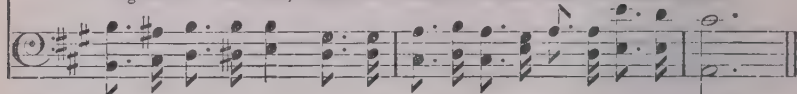
1. We are sol - diers of the King, As we march we sweet - ly sing Glad ho -
2. Foes we meet both great and strong, For we fight a - gainst the wrong, But the
3. To the ar - my of our King Ev - 'ry day we seek to bring Oth - er
4. Cou - rage! sol - diers of the Cross! Count all earth - ly things but loss, Fight the



san - nas to our Lead - er in the fight; We have left the path of sin, And no
 or - ders of our Captain we o - bey; In our Leader's name we fight, Clad in
 sol - diers who will join us in the fight; With the sword of faith in hand, A u -
 fight of faith, nor put your ar - mour down, Till the hosts of darkness yield, And our

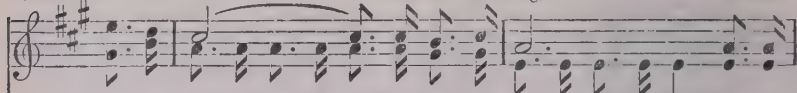


long - er walk there - in, We are battling for the truth with all our might.
 ar - mour clean and bright, So we conquer all our foes a - long the way.
 ni - ted fear - less band, We'll go forward in the fray for God and right.
 King has won the field, Then in heaven we shall wear the vic - tor's crown.

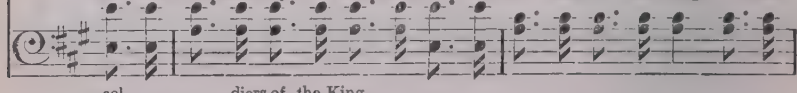


CHORUS.—We are sol - diers of the King,

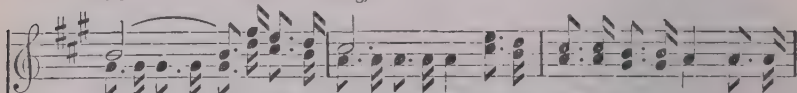
We are



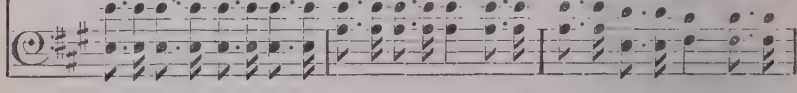
We are sol - diers, loy - al sol - diers, We are sol - diers of the King, We are



sol - diers of the King,



soldiers, loy - al soldiers, We are soldiers of the King, In our Leader's name we go, And we'll



Soldiers of the King—Continued.

ritard. We are sol - - diers of the King.

con - querev'ry foe, We are soldiers, loy - al soldiers, We are soldiers of the King.

We are soldiers, loy - al sol - diers of the King.

797

In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -
 2. With for - bid - den plea - sures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor - did
 3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe, Or should pain at -
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wa - ver, With a
 trea - sures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance Sad Geth -
 tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
 turn - eth To the dust a - gain, On Thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that

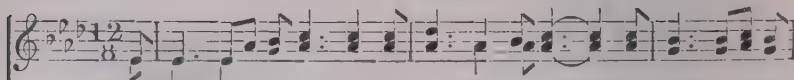
look re - call, Nor for fear nor fa - your Suf - fer me to - fall
 sem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er sem - blance, Cross - crown'd Calva - ry.
 hand to see, Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

Oh, Glorious Morning!

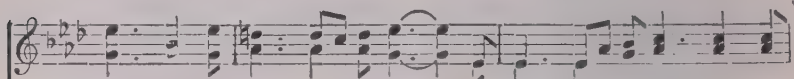
W. W. D.

FOR MALE VOICES.

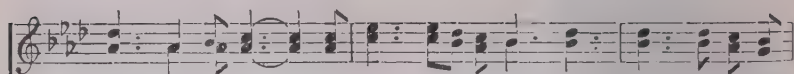
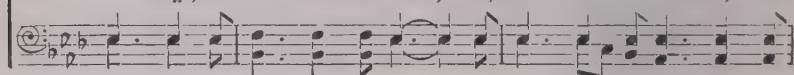
P. P. BLISS.



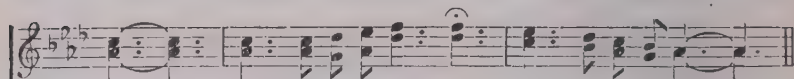
1. Oh, glorious morn, when the Sa-viour a - woke! When death's dark do -
2. Oh, glad, joyful morn, when the sunbeams burst forth From Christ's empty
3. With wings of the light, o'er the land, o'er the wave, Go tell the glad



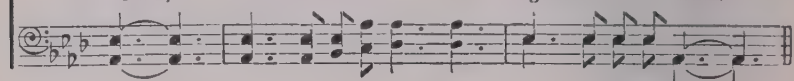
min - ion for ev - er He broke; When vic - t'ry He gained o - ver
tomb to give light to the earth! A dawn of a day that shall
ti - dings, He liv - eth to save; Till, sweet - er and loud - er, the



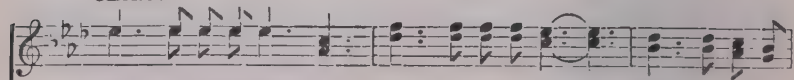
Sa - tan and hell, And an - gels re-joic - ing His triumph did
ne'er know a night, For Christ has a - ris - en, the Life and the
earth takes the strain, And mil - lions of voi - ces sing forth the re -



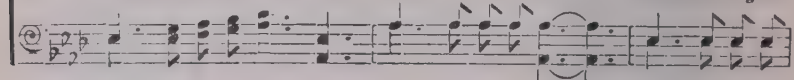
tell, And angels re-joic - ing His triumph did tell.
Light, For Christ has a - ris - en, the Life and the Light!
frain, And millions of voi - ces sing forth the re - frain.



CHORUS.



Oh, glo - ri - ous morn - ing! When Je - sus a - rose! And sent the glad



Oh, Glorious Morning!—continued.

mes - sage that conquers our foes! Oh, tidings so bless - ed, — the

Lamb that was slain Now liv-eth for ev - er in glo-ry to

reign, Now liv-eth for ev - er in glo-ry to reign!

799

♫ magnify the Lord.

MRS. NEEDHAM PHILLIPS.

Psalm xxxiv. 3.

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

Adagio.

1. O mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, On this His ho-ly day; To -
 2. O mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, In this His ho-ly place; To -
 3. O mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, In spi-rit and in truth; To -
 4. O mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, Let us His love pro-claim; To -

- geth-er let us sing His praise, To - geth-er let us pray.
 - geth-er let us wit-ness To the won-ders of His grace.
 - geth-er let us wor-ship Him Our guide in age and youth
 - geth-er let our voic-es raise Ho-san-nas to His name.

800 I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FELLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er liv-eth, And on the earth . . . a-gain shall
 2. I know His pro-mise nev-er fail-eth, The word He speaks . . . it can-not
 3. I know my mansion He pre-par-eth, That where He is . . . there I may

And on the earth

1. stand!
 2. die;
 3. be;

I know e-ter-nal life He giv-eth, That grace and
 Tho' e-ru-al death my flesh as-sail-eth, Yet I shall
 O wondrous thought, for me He car-eth, And He as

a-gain shall stand;

CHORUS.

1. power . . . are in His hand.
 2. see . . . Him by-and-bye.
 3. last . . . will come for me.

I know, I know, that Je-sus
 I know, I know,

liv-eth, And on the earth . . . a-gain shall stand; I know I

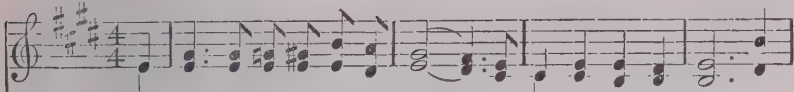
And on the earth

know . . . that life He giv-eth, That grace and power . . . are in His hand.
 I know, I know, That grace and power

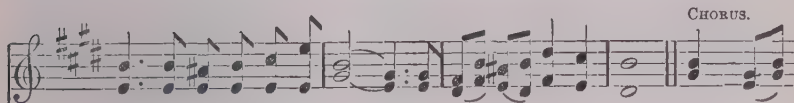
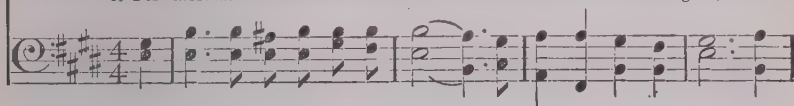
801 My Soul has found a Healing Stream.

E. E. HEWITT.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

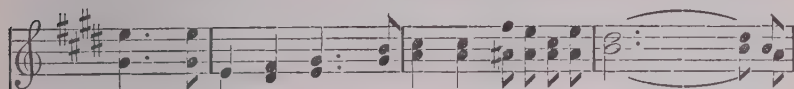


1. My soul has found a heal-ing stream, And sings in hap-py strains, "There
2. I toiled a-long a rug-ged road By bur-dens sore-ly pressed; "I
3. That bless-ed voice has mighty power To sat-is-fy and cheer; "How
4. Then let me that dear name con-fess, His falth-ful ser-vant be; "Shall
5. For those who bear the cross for Him From Him a crown shall gain; "There

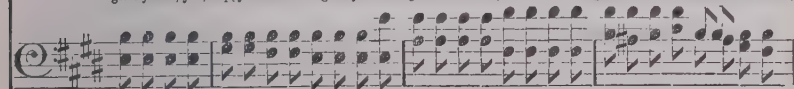


CHORUS.

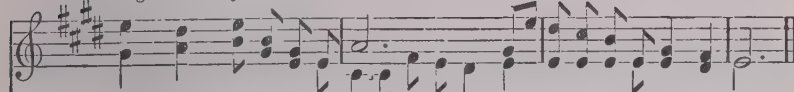
is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins," Hap-py
heard the voice of Je-sus say, Come un-to Me and rest,"
sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear,"
Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?"
is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign." Hap-py strains that



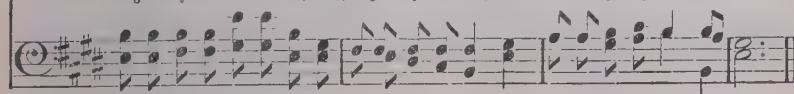
strains that glad-ly tell The great sal-va-tion, all is well; . . . Come,
gladly tell, yes, happy strains that gladly tell The great sal-va-tion, all is well, The great sal-va-tion, all is well; Come,

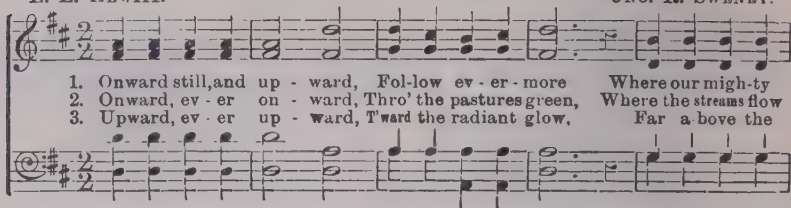


mag-ni-fy the Lord with me,

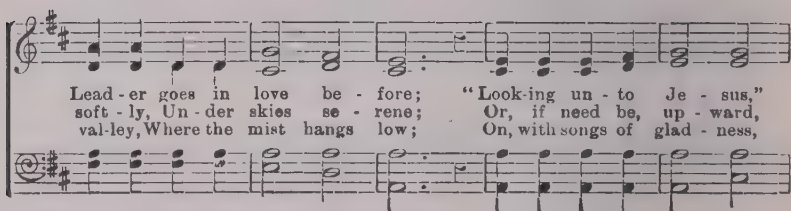


mag-ni-fy the Lord, Come,
mag-ni-fy the Lord with me, Come, mag-ni-fy the Lord, To Him all glo-ry ev-er be.

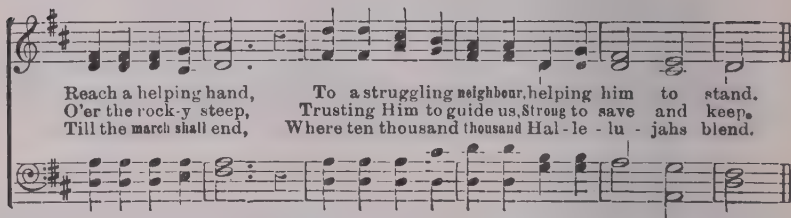




1. Onward still, and up - ward, Fol - low ev - er - more Where our migh - ty
 2. Onward, ev - er on - ward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
 3. Upward, ev - er up - ward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the

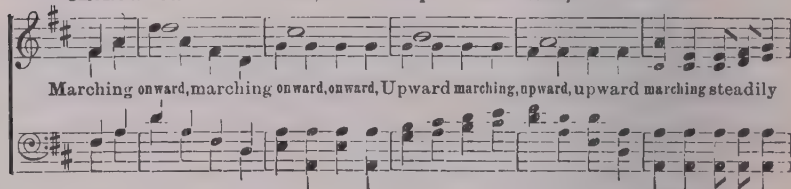


Lead - er goes in love be - fore; "Look - ing un - to Je - sus,"
 soft - ly, Un - der skies se - rene; Or, if need be, up - ward,
 val - ley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of glad - ness,

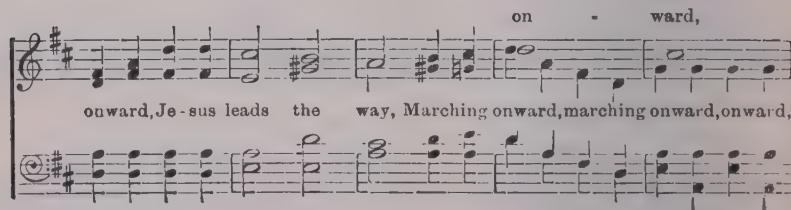


Reach a helping hand, To a struggling neighbour, helping him to stand.
 O'er the rock - y steep, Trusting Him to guide us, Stroug to save and keep.
 Till the march shall end, Where ten thousand thousand Hal - le - lu - jahs blend.

CHORUS. On - ward, up - ward,



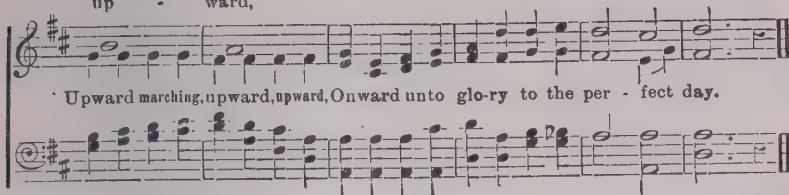
Marching onward, marching onward, onward, Upward marching, upward, upward marching steadily



on - ward,
 onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching onward, marching onward, onward,

Onward and Upward—continued.

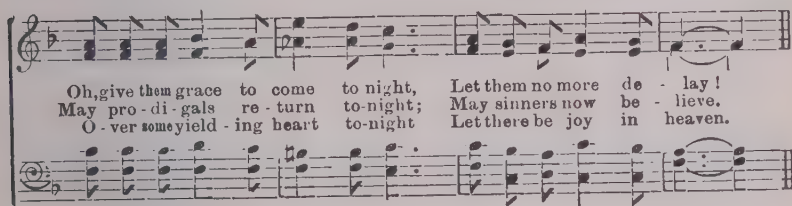
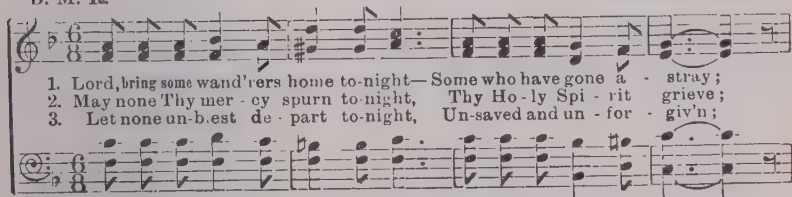
up - ward,



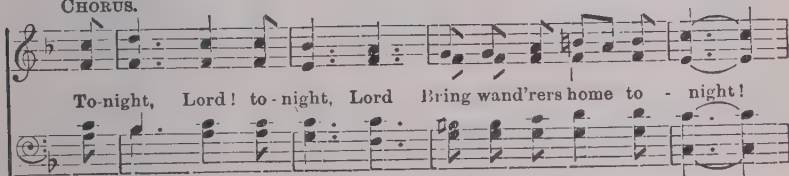
803 Lord, bring some Wanderers Home.

B. M. R.

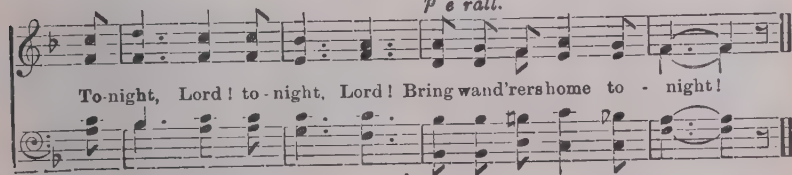
R. MANSELL RAMSEY.



CHORUS.



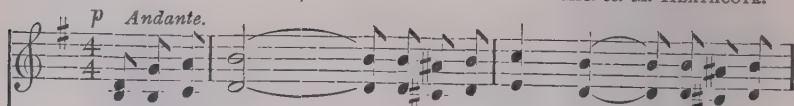
p e rall.



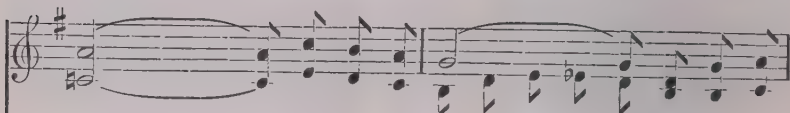
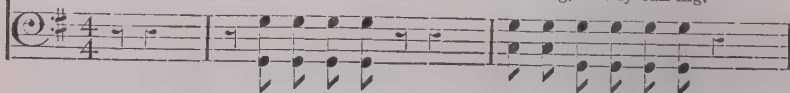
I'll Follow Thee.

A. M. H.

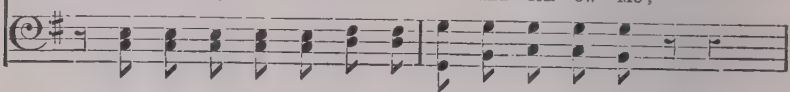
Mrs. A. M. HEATHCOTE.



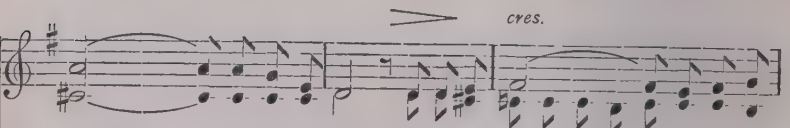
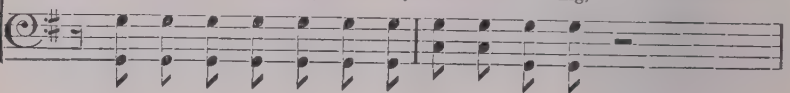
1. I heard a voice so soft-ly call - ing,.... "Take up thy
 2. The world was cold and vain its pleas - ure,.... My wea-ry
 3. I saw the poor..... the maimed, the low - ly,.... Look un-to
 4. I drew me near,..... the road was thorn-y,..... And worldlings
 i. I heard a voice calling, soft-ly call-ing,



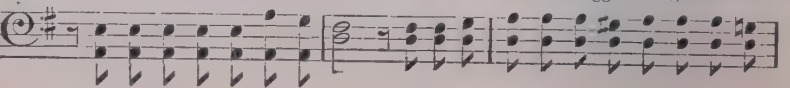
cross,..... and fol - low Me ; "..... A tem - pest
 heart..... saw all was drear;..... It heaped on
 Je - sus, look and live;..... I felt a
 scoffed,..... the cross was there, 'Twas nar - row
 "Take up thy cross, and foll - ow Me ;"



o'er..... my heart was fall - ing,..... A liv - ing
 me its smiles with meas - ure,..... I looked to
 wish to be made ho - ly, I knew that
 too..... no room for help - er, I knew His
 A tem - pest o'er my heart, my heart was fall - ing,

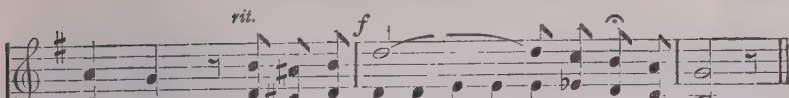


cross..... this was to me. I struggled sore,..... I struggled
 find each leaf was sear; And sick and wea - ry, heavy
 He..... would me for-give; I stood a - far,..... I hastened
 ear would hear my pray'r; And past the throng,..... and thro' the
 A liv-ing cross I struggled sore,



I'll Follow Thee—Continued.


rit. *f*



vain - ly, No oth - er light..... my eyes could see.
 lad - en, I dreamt I saw my help was near.
 on - ward, I heard His voice, "My peace I'll give."
 fol - ly, I laid me low,..... I laid me there.
 No oth - er light




CHORUS. *mp* *cres.*



I'll fol - low Thee,..... of life the Giv - er, I'll fol - low
 I'll fol - low Thee,



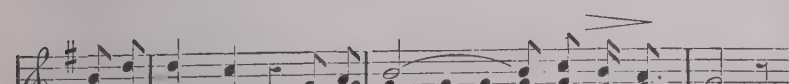
mf



Thee,..... suffring Re - deem - er; I'll fol - low Thee,..... de -
 I'll fol - low Thee, I'll fol - low Thee,



f



ny Thee nev - er, By Thy grace..... I'll fol - low Thee.
 By Thy grace



5 I heard His voice unto me saying,
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me;"
 My heart is Thine, now Thee obeying,
 Speak all Thy will, dear Lord, to me;
 Make weakness strength, Thy power now give me,
 And from this hour I'll follow Thee.

6 His cross I took—which cross no longer,
 A hundred-fold brings life to me;
 Of weary days I often ponder,
 Of days that now bring liberty;
 My heart is filled with joy o'erflowing,
 His love and life are light to me.

Pilot Me.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. On the o - cean of life we are sail - ing, For the Ca - naan a -
 2. For He knows where the dan - gers are lurk - ing, Where the rocks and the
 3. Soon the ha - ven our barques will be near - ing, The Je - ru - sa - lem

bove we are bound; We are cer - tain the port to be gain - ing Since the
 hid - den reefs lie; We are safe tho' the bil - lows are break - ing, And the
 gold - en and fair; Soon the lights of the ci - ty ap - pear - ing, Soon the

CHORUS,

heav - en - ly Pi - lot we've found. } Pi - lot me, pi - lot me;
 hungry waves dash mountain high.
 home of the ransomed we'll share. } O Saviour, pi - lot, pi - lot me;

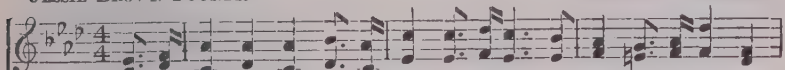
Take the helm in Thine own hand, Bring my sink - ing barque to land; Pi - lot
 Pi - lot me

me, . . . pi - lot me, . . . Pi . . . lot me, . . .
 pi - lot me, Sa - viour, pi - lot me, Je - sus, Saviour, pi - lot e - ven me.


806 The Way of the cross leads home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but
 2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sa-viour
 3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er -

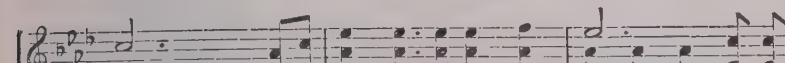


this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light, If the
 trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime, Where the
 more; For my Lord says, "Come," and I seek my home, Where He




CHORUS.

way of the cross I miss. } The way of the cross leads
 soul is at home with God. }
 waits at the o - pen door.



home, leads home; The way of the cross leads home, leads home, It is



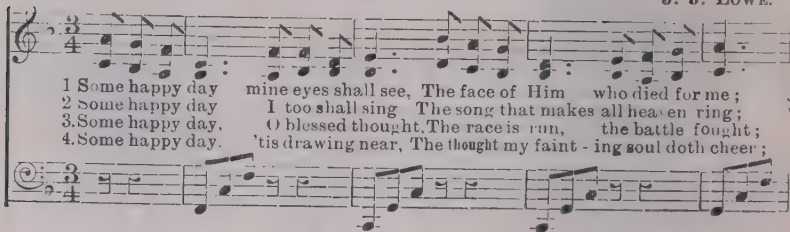
sweet to know, as I on-ward go. The way of the cross leads home.

807

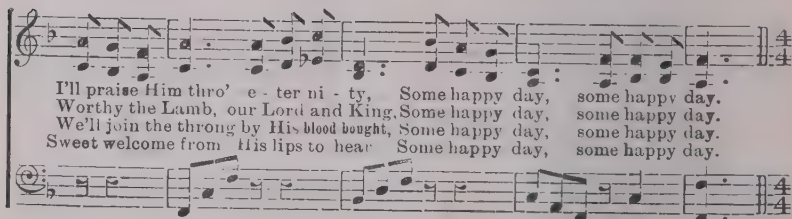
Some Happy Day.

JOHN JAMES.

J. J. LOWE.

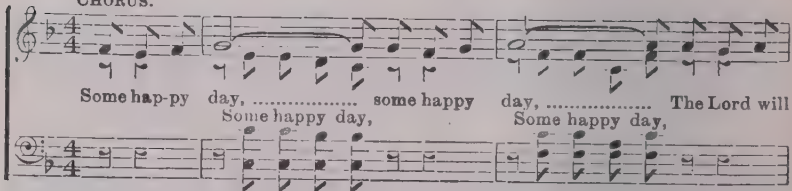


1 Some happy day mine eyes shall see, The face of Him who died for me;
 2 Some happy day I too shall sing The song that makes all heaven ring;
 3 Some happy day, O blessed thought, The race is run, the battle fought;
 4 Some happy day, 'tis drawing near, The thought my faint - ing soul doth cheer;

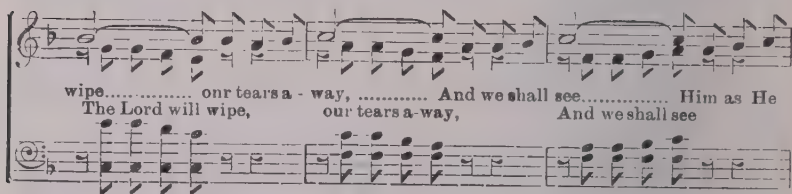


I'll praise Him thro' e - ter ni - ty, Some happy day, some happy day.
 Worthy the Lamb, our Lord and King, Some happy day, some happy day.
 We'll join the throng by His blood bought, Some happy day, some happy day.
 Sweet welcome from His lips to hear Some happy day, some happy day.

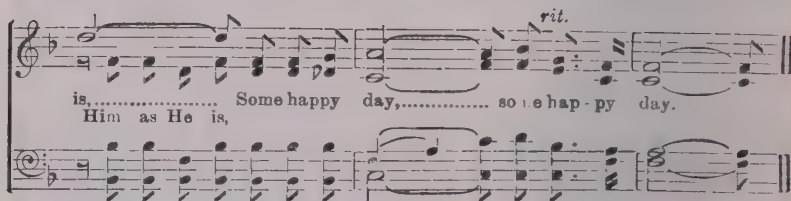
CHORUS.



Some hap-py day, some happy day, The Lord will
 Some happy day, Some happy day,



wipe..... our tears a - way, And we shall see..... Him as He
 The Lord will wipe, our tears a-way, And we shall see



is,..... Some happy day,..... so e hap - py day.
 Him as He is, *rit.*

There is a Better World.

(As sung by the Albatross Mission Quartette.)

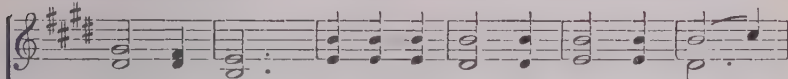
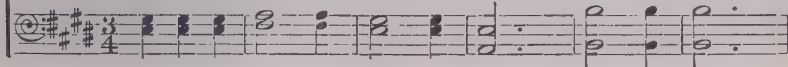
Melody by W. F. STEWART.

Harmonised by R. F. BEVERIDGE.

Words by H. KINGSBURY.



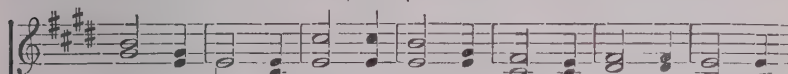
1. There is a bet - ter world they say, Oh so bright!
 2. No clouds e'er pass a - long its sky, Hap - py land!
 3. Tho' we are sin - ners ev - 'ry - one, Je - sus died!



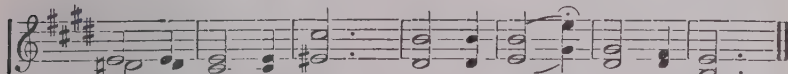
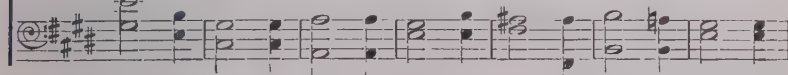
Oh so bright! Where sin and woe are done a - way,
 Hap - py land! No tear-drop glis - tens in the eye,
 Je - sus died! And tho' our crown of peace is gone,



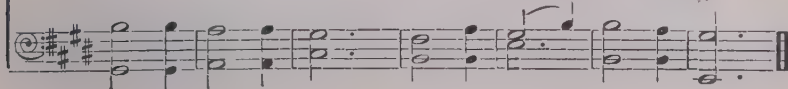
Oh so bright! Oh so bright! And mu - sic fills the
 Hap - py land! Hap - py land! They drink the liv - ing
 Je - sus died! Je - sus died! We may be cleans'd from



balm - y air, And an - gels with bright wings are there, And harps of
 streams of grace, And gaze up - on the Sa - viour's face, Whose bright ness
 ev - 'ry stain, We may be crown'd with peace a - gain, And in that

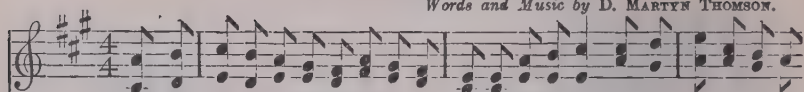


gold and man - sions fair, Oh so bright! Oh so bright!
 fills the ho - ly place, Hap - py land! Hap - py land!
 land of bliss may reign, Je - sus died! Je - sus died!

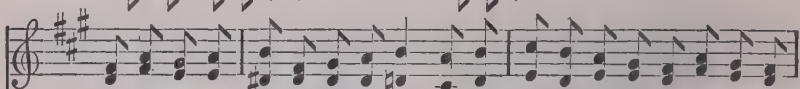
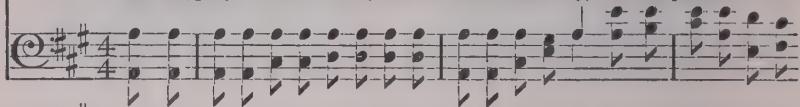


On the Golden Shore.

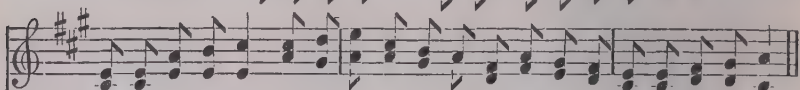
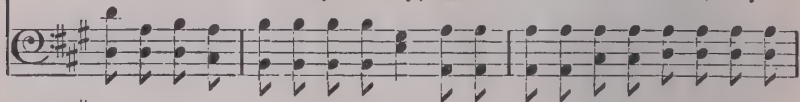
Words and Music by D. MARTYN THOMSON.



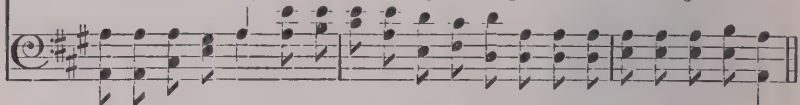
1. At the hal-le-lu-jah meeting, o-ver on the golden shore, When our earthly toil is
 2. There we'll meet with all our lov'd ones, when we reach that hap-py land; Oh, what meetings and what
 3. There we'll meet with all the martyrs, who for Christ their lives laid down; Here they suffer'd for their
 4. Sin-ner, put your trust in Je-sus, come to Him without de-lay, For His precious word as-



end-ed, and our sor-row here is o'er, We will sing the praise of Je-sus, gathered
 greetings, as we walk the gold-en strand: There our part-ings will be o-ver, for we'll
 Mas-ter, there they wear the martyr's crown: But the sweetest songs of rapture that through
 sures us He will not turn you a-way; Then when all of life is end-ed, and your



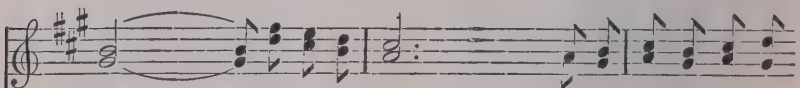
by the cry-stal sea, And we'll praise the Lord who saved us throughout all o-ter-ni-ty.
 meet to part no more, And we'll all shout hal-le-lu-jah when we reach the gold-en shore.
 countless a-ges pour Are from sinners saved by Je-sus o-ver on the gold-en shore.
 la-bour here is o'er, You'll be wait-ed by the an-gels o-ver to the gold-en shore.



CHORUS.



O-ver on the gold-en shore, Yes, o-ver
 At the hal-le-lu-jah meet-ing o-ver on the gold-en shore, Yes, at the



on hal-le-lu-jah the gold-en shore,
 hal-le-lu-jah meeting o-ver on the gold-en shore, There our sor-row will be



On the Golden Shore—Continued.

ov - er, and we'll praise the Lord for ev - er At the meet - ing on the gold - en shore.

810

Some Glad Morning.

JAMES ROWE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Cloudless skies will meet my sight, All my wrongs will end in right,
 2. Miss - ing friends for whom I sigh, Deep - er as the years go by,
 3. With my bur - den laid a - side, I shall wake be - yond the tide
 4. I shall hear the an - gels sing, And the bells of heav - en ring,

I shall thrill with pure de - light, Some glad morn - ing.
 I shall meet in yon - der sky, Some glad morn - ing.
 And be ful - ly sat - is - fied, Some glad morn - ing.
 I shall stand be - fore the King, Some glad morn - ing.

CHORUS.

Some glad morn - ing, Some fair dawn - ing,

I shall reach tho bless - ed goal. Some glad morn - ing.

811 The Three Bidders for the Soul.

mp Moderato.

B. COLLIER.

1. In bright an-gel-ic garb ap-pear ing, With words so seem-ing-ly di-

cres.
vine, . . . In ac cents sub-tle and en-dear-ing, The Templer

f *p*
bids thee to his shrine. "I of-fer thee earth's brightest

treasure, A sun-ny sky, . . . A sun-ny sky, smil-ing

cres.
sea, a smil-ing sea, A brimming cup, A brimming cup, of sweet-est

The Three Bidders for the Soul—*Continued.*

mf *rit.*

plea - sure, If thou wilt fall . . and wor - ship me, . .

f CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Choose ye to-day, 'tis the Spir-it's plead-ing voice; Choose ye to

The image shows a musical score for a chorus. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a style typical of 19th-century hymnals, with notes and rests on the staves. Below the staves, the lyrics are written in a Gothic-style font. The lyrics are: "Choose ye to-day, 'tis the Spir-it's plead-ing voice; Choose ye to". The word "Spir" is hyphenated across the two staves. The music ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

day, make the Sa-viour now your choice; Je - sus a - lone can your

crav-ing heart re-joice, Choose ye to-day ere the Spir-it pass a-way.

2. The *World* with manifold attractions,
Is also bidding for thy soul;
“O give me now thy heart's affections,
I'll bring thee to thy cherished goal.
Is wealth and glory thy ambition?
Is it to fame thou dost aspire?
If thou wilt close with my condition,
I'll give thee all thy heart's desire.”
3. One Bidder more thy choice is waiting,
He yearns, He claims thee as His own!
“Child of my heart, why hesitating?
For Thee I left the Father's throne.

For thee I trod the path of anguish,
For thee endured the crown of thorn,
Thro' death and darkness I did languish
To bring to thee a brighter dawn."

4. Thou bleeding Lamb, Thy love has broken
This stony heart, my choice is made;
The deed is done, Thy blood the token,
My all is on Thine altar laid ;
The *Tempter's* snare, the *World's* alluring
Shall never draw me from Thy side,
Henceforth for Thee the worst enduring,
I'll dwell beneath Thy riven side.

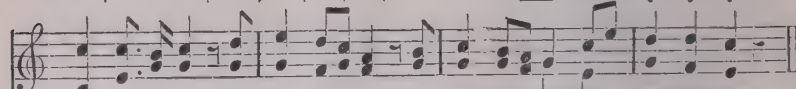
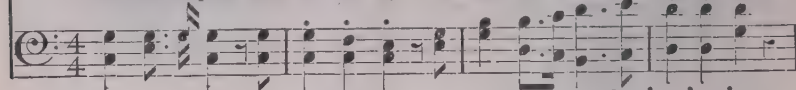
He is Risen.

WM. KANA.

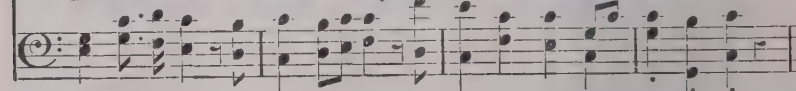
F. Fermata.



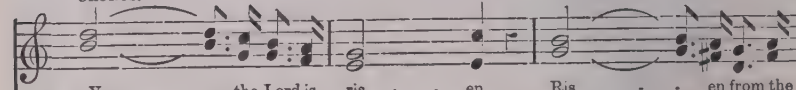
1. Come see the place where Je - sus lay, The Lord a rose ere dawn of morn,
2. Come see the place where Je - sus lay, 'Twas but a lit - tle while the grave
3. Come see the place where Je - sus lay, Nor weep like Ma - ry sad and lone;
4. Come see the place where Je - sus lay, From cru - el hands and tor - ture freed;



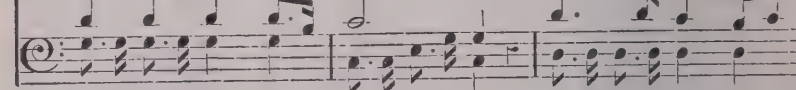
Life usher'd in the Gos - pel day, Death's bands are snapt and fet - ters torn.
 Could hold the Lord of life a prey, The Son of God He rose to save.
 No friend hath borne Him hence a - way, Or sol - dier dared to move the stone.
 The death robes lie and mould - er may, The Lord's not here, He's ris'n in - deed.



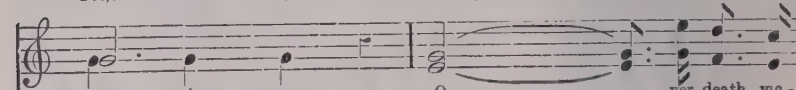
CHORUS.



Yes, the . . . the Lord is ris . . en, Ris - en from the
 Yes, the Lord is ris . . en Ris - en from the



Yes, the Lord is ris . en, Ris - en from the grave, Yes, the Lord is ris . en,



grave, the grave, O - ver death vic -
 grave, the the grave, O - ver death vic



Ris - en from the grave, O - ver death vic - tor - ious,



tor . . . ious, Might - ty now to save, to save.



Mighty now to save, O - ver death victor - ious, Mighty now to save.

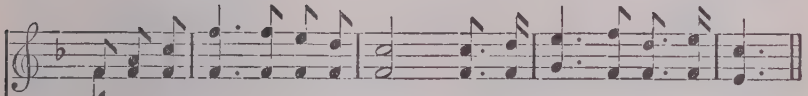
Hallelujah! Grace is free.

JAS. FRASER.

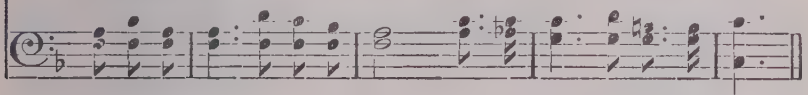
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



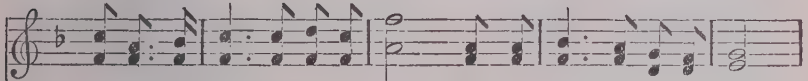
1. I love to think of Christ, my King, Who did sal - va - tion free - ly bring;
2. O won - drous is the crim - son flood! O pre - cious is the cleansing blood!
3. What greater love could ev - er be, To die up - on the cru - el tree,
4. And when I reach that sil - ver strand, And join that ho - ly, hap - py band,



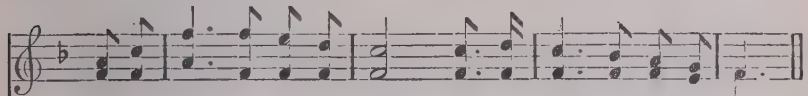
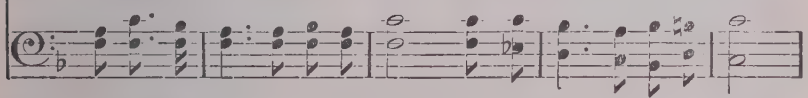
So while I live I mean to sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free,
 My Je - sus as my sure - ty stood, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free.
 And ran - som such a wretch as me? Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free.
 This song I'll sing in that bright land, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free.



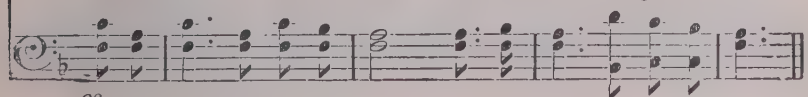
CHORUS.



O Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free, This my song shall ev - er be:



Je - sus died to set me free, Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free.



The Fight is On

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ring-ing out, The cry, "To arms!" is
 2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye sol-diers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
 3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise

heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing on to vic-to-ry, The
 vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mour God has giv-en you, And
 spans the east-ern sky; His glorious name in ev-'ry land shall honoured be, The

CHORUS. Unison.

tri-umph of the right will soon ap-pear.
 in His strength un-to the end en-dure. } The fight is on, O Chris-tian
 morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray. . . . With ar-mour

gleaming, and col-ours streaming, The right and wrong en-gage to-day;

The Fight is On—Continued.

Harmony.

The fight is on, but be not weary, Be strong and in His might hold fast;

If God be for us, His banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last.
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

815

Jesus Calls Us.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

CASTLEVIEW.

W. F. STEWART.

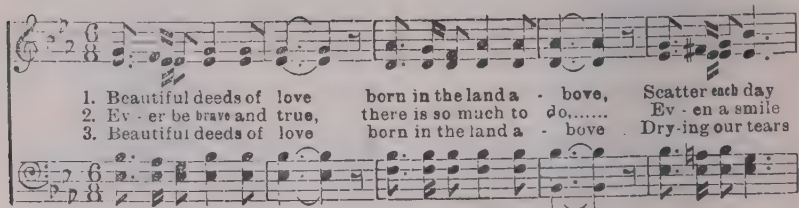
1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. As, of old, a - pos-tles heard it By the Gal-il-e-an lake,
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store,
4. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
5. Je - sus calls us; by thy mer-cies, Sa-viour may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet vi-cesoundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me!
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred, Leaving all for His dear sake.
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

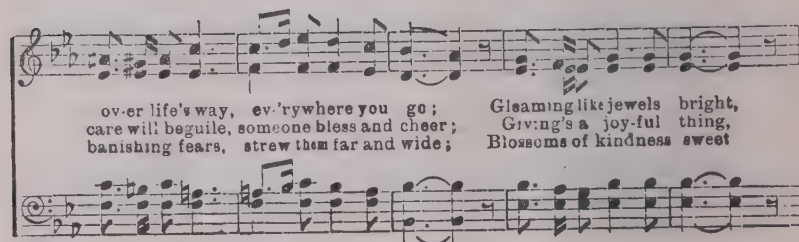
Deeds of Love.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

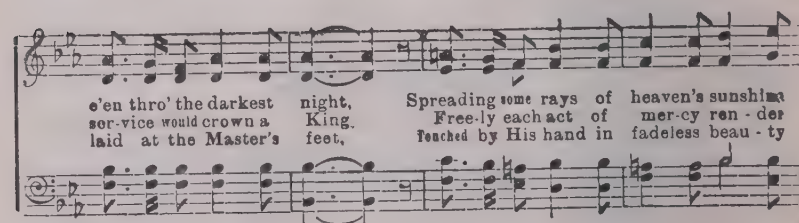
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Beautiful deeds of love born in the land a - bove, Scatter each day
 2. Ev - er be brave and true, there is so much to do..... Ev - en a smile
 3. Beautiful deeds of love born in the land a - bove Dry - ing our tears

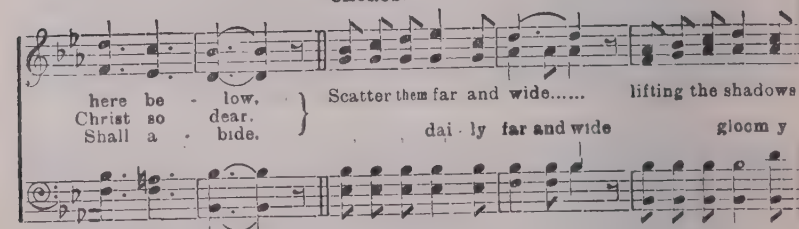


ov - er life's way, ev - 'rywhere you go; Gleaming like jewels bright,
 care will beguile, someone bless and cheer; Giv - ing's a joy - ful thing,
 banishing fears, strew them far and wide; Blossoms of kindness sweet

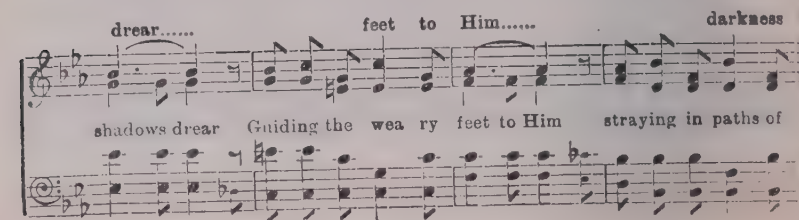


e'en thro' the darkest night, Spreading some rays of heaven's sunshine
 sor - vice would crown a King, Free - ly each act of mer - cy ren - der
 laid at the Master's feet, taught by His hand in fadeless beau - ty

CHORUS.



here be - low, Scatter them far and wide..... lifting the shadows
 Christ so dear, dai - ly far and wide gloom y
 Shall a - bide.



drear..... feet to Him..... darkness
 shadows drear Guiding the wea - ry feet to Him straying in paths of

Deeds of Love—Continued.

here,..... far and wide,..... kind-ly

darkness here, Scatter them dai-ly far and wide, beau-ti-ful deeds of

love,
deeds of love, Telling of Christ so dear, as we point to, bliss a - bove....

817

Lead, kindly Light.

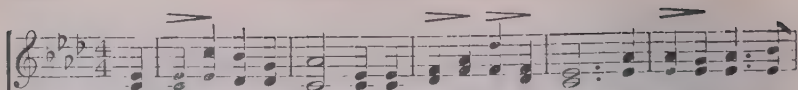
To Tune 516.

- 1 LEAD, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on;
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step enough for me.

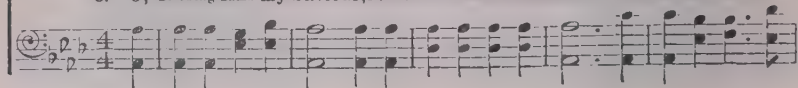
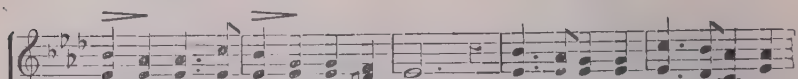
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on;
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

- 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile

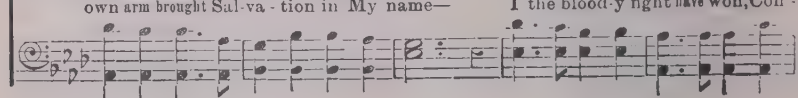
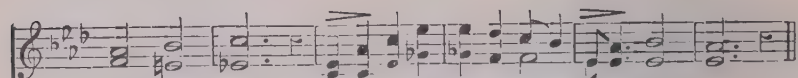
Mighty to Save.



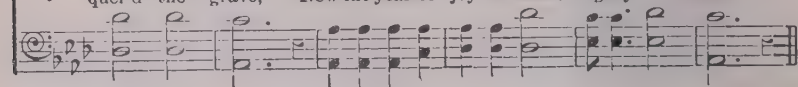
1. O who is this that com-eth From Edom's rud-dy plain, With wound-ed side, with
 2. O why is Thine ap-par-el With pur-ple-stain all dyed, Like them that tread the
 3. O, Bleeding Lamb my Saviour, How could'st Thou bear such shame? With mercy fraught Mine

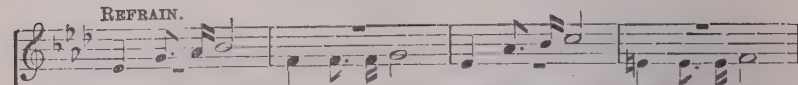
garments dyed? O tell me now thy name!— I that saw thy soul's distress, A
 wine press red—O why this crimson tide?— I the wine-press trod alone 'neath
 own arm brought Sal-va-tion in My name— I the blood-y fight have won, Con-

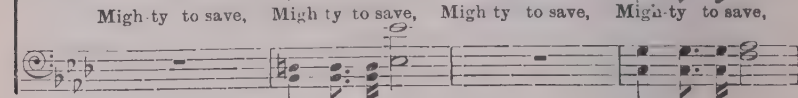
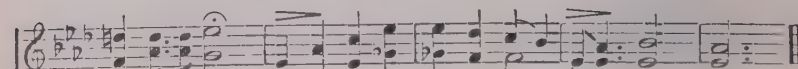
ran-som gave— I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save!
 dark'ning skies; Of the people there was none mighty to save!
 quer'd the grave, Now the year of joy is come, mighty to save!



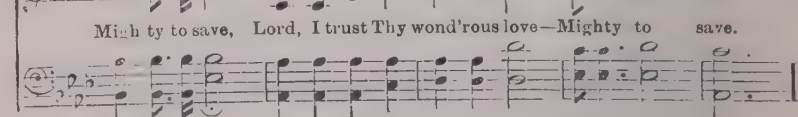
REFRAIN.



Migh-ty to save, Migh-ty to save, Migh-ty to save, Migh-ty to save,

Migh-ty to save, Lord, I trust Thy wond'rous love—Mighty to save.

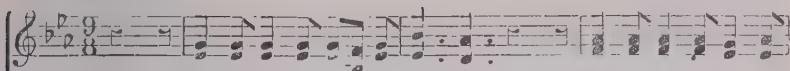


819

Anchored to the Rock.

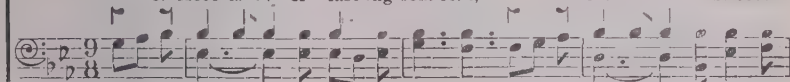
F. L. CORNISH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Rest-ing in the love of Je - sus,
2. I can hear the sur-ges tread-ing
3. Here is cy - er - last-ing com-fort,

Sweet-ly rest-ing ev-'ry
Up and down life's stormy
Here is found the sweetest



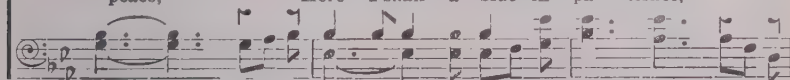
1. Rest-ing in

Sweet-ly rest-ing



day,
beach,
peace,

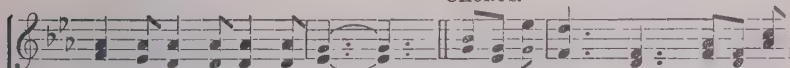
Anchor'd to the Rock of A - ges,
But up on this sure Foun-da - tion,
Here I shall a - bide in pa - tience,



Anchor'd to

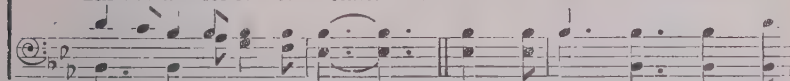
Till the

CHORUS.



Till the shadows flee a - way.
I am far beyond their reach.
Till life's storms for ev - er cease.

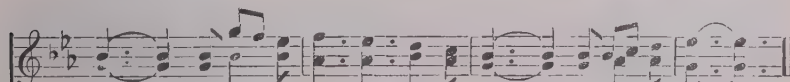
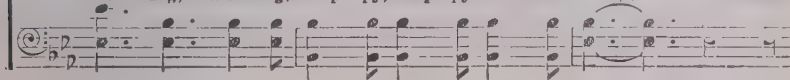
I am rest - ing, sweet-ly



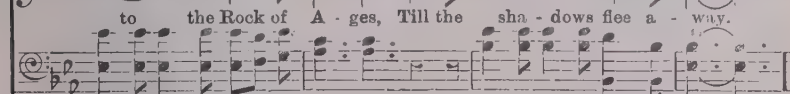
sha - dows



rest - ing, Rest-ing, hap - py, hap - py all the day, Anchor'd



to the Rock of A - ges, Till the sha - dows flee a - way.



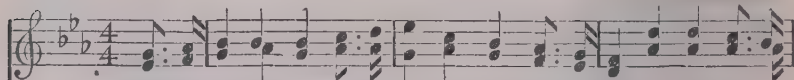
Anchor'd to the Rock of A - ges,

Till the shadows flee a - way.

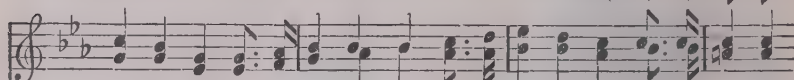
Jesus is Mighty to Save.

Mrs. C. H. M.

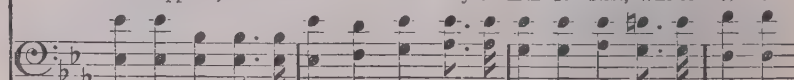
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



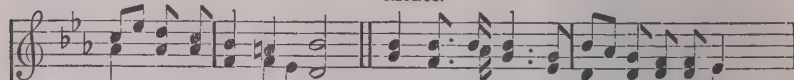
1. When the tempests rage and the storms beat high, There is ref-uge near, and a
2. Not a cloud so dark but His love shines thro', Not a shade so deep but His
3. Not a teardrop falls but the Saviour knows, And His great heart throbs with our
4. Nev-er yet in vain has a sin-ner cried, Nev-er yet in vain was the



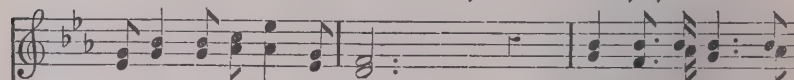
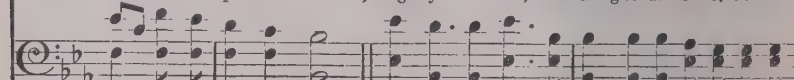
shel-ter nigh; He who calm'd the winds and the roll-ing wave Is Je-ho-vah
face we view; For His arm is strong and His heart is kind, All who in Him
bit-ter woes; For He knows our flesh and our fee-ble frame, Ev-'ry pang we
blood appli-; Who-so-ev-er will may in Him be blest, Who-so-ev-er



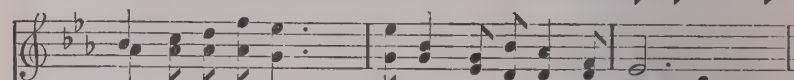
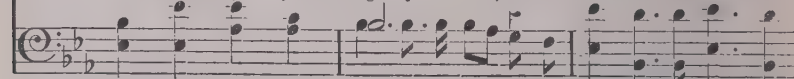
CHORUS.



still and is strong to save.	}	Might-y to save, and strong to de-liv-er,
trust shall a Sa-viour find.		
feel, He has known the same.		
will find a per-fect rest.		
	}	Might-y to save, and strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus



Je-sus is might-y to save; Might-y to save, and
is might-y, yes, might-y to save; He is

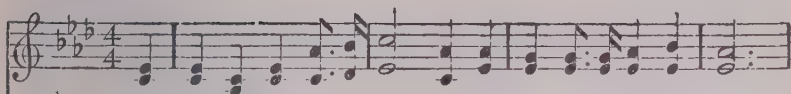


strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus is might-y to save.
Je-sus is might-y, yes, might-y to save.



C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



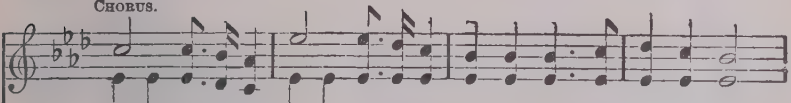
1. I stand a - mazed in the pres - ence Of Je - sus, the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He pray'd—"Not My will but Thine;"
3. In pi - ty an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light,
4. When with the ran-som'd in glo ry, His face I at last shall see,



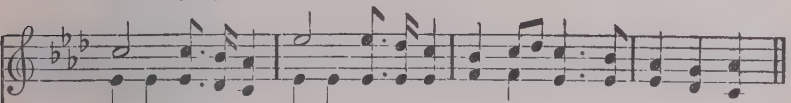
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un - clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - row He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



CHORUS.

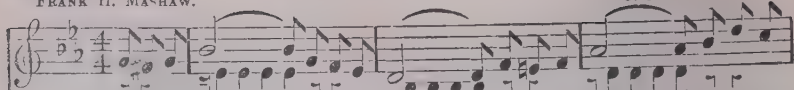


How marvellous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be—
 Oh, how marvellous! oh, how won - der - ful!

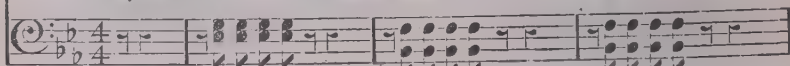


How marvellous! how won - der - ful! Is my Saviour's love for me.
 Oh, how marvellous! oh, how won - der - ful!





1. Beyond the sea, . . . that rolls between . . . This world of care . . . and things un-
 2. Beyond the sea, . . . lies heav'n's fair shore, Where all of sin . . . and earth are
 3. No more shall beat . . . the flood of years . . . A-cross these forms . . . so frail and
 4. Beyond the sea, . . . there's rest and peace, There Je-sus bids . . . His children



1. Beyond the sea, that rolls between This world of care



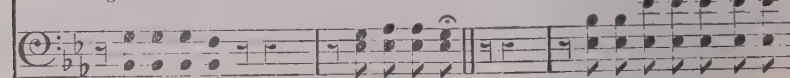
seen, There is a land of endless day, Where all our
 o'er; Where care and toil have passed away; Where weary
 worn; No more shall roll the sea of tears A-cross these
 come; Beyond the sea the tempests cease, There angels



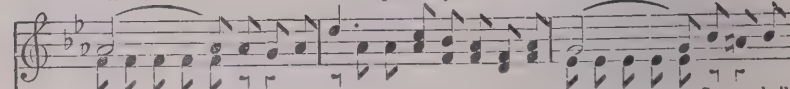
and things unseen, There is a land of endless day.



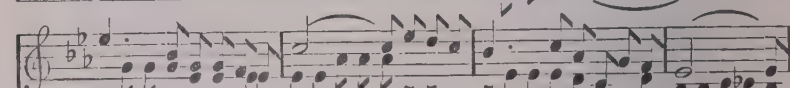
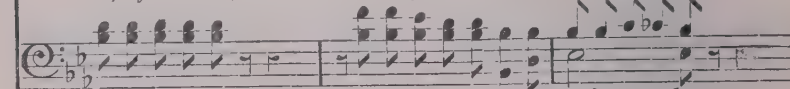
tears are wip'd a-way. } Beyond the sea, the restless, rolling
 feet no more shall stray. }
 hearts by anguish torn. }
 sing a "welcome home." } Beyond the



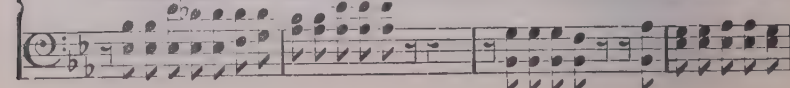
Where all our tears are wiped away.



sea, I hear my loved ones gently call-ing me, I soon shall
 sea, beyond the sea, I hear my loved ones calling, gently calling me,



leave the troubled shores of time. . . . And dwell for aye in that celestial clime.
 I soon shall leave the shores of time, the shores of time, And dwell for aye in that celestial clime.



Calling the Prodigal.

C.H.G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. { God is call - ing the prod - i - gal, come without de - lay, Hear, O
 Tho' you've wander'd so far from His presence, come to - day, Hear Him
 2. { Pa - tient, lov - ing, and ten - der - ly still the Father pleads, Hear, O
 Oh! re - turn while the spir - it in mer - cy in - ter - cedes, Hear Him
 3. { Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare, Hear, O
 Lo! the ta - ble is spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear Him

1st time. || End time.
 hear Him calling, calling now for thee } call - ing still.
 lov - ing voice } for thee. calling still.

CHORUS.
 Call - ing now for thee, . . . Oh! wea - ry prodigal,
 Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee, weary prodigal, come,

come, Call - ing now for thee,
 weary prodigal, come, Calling now for thee, Calling now for thee,

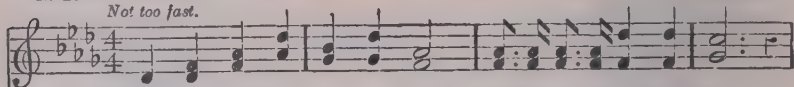
Oh! wea - ry prod - i - gal, come.
 wea - ry prod - i - gal, come, wea - ry prod - i - gal, come.

Let the Blessed Sunlight in.

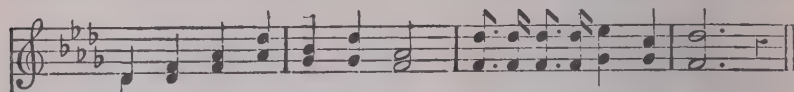
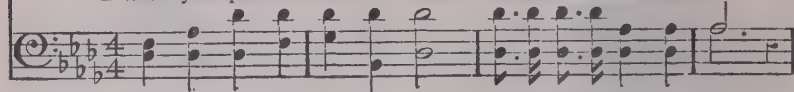
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

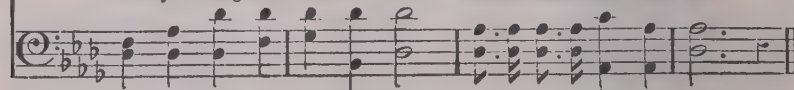
Not too fast.



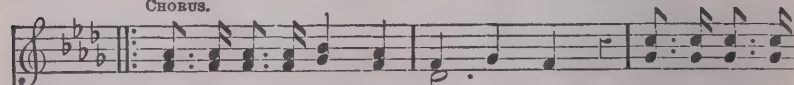
- | | | |
|--------------|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Would you | al - ways cheer - ful be? | Let the blessed sun - light in; |
| 2. Would you | bright-en drea - ry days? | Let the blessed sun - light in; |
| 3. Would you | ease a bur - den'd heart? | Let the blessed sun - light in; |
| 4. Would you | speed the truth a - broad? | Let the blessed sun - light in; |



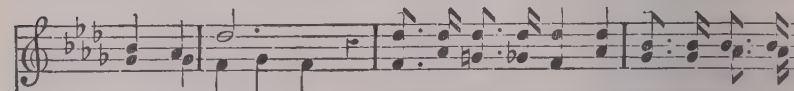
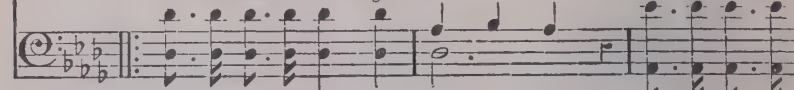
Would you	bid the dark - ness flee?	Let the blessed sun - light in.
Would you	fill your heart with praise?	Let the blessed sun - light in.
Would you	joy and strengthim - part?	Let the blessed sun - light in.
Would you	bring the world to God?	Let the blessed sun - light in.



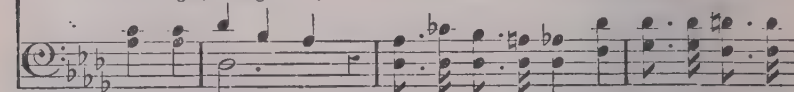
CHORUS.



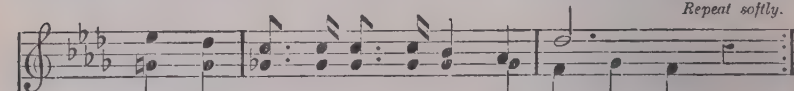
Let the bless - ed sun - light,	sun - light in,	Let the bless - ed
Let the bless - ed sun - light	in,	Let the bless - ed



sun - light in;	Would you nev - er wea - ry	When the days are
sun - light, sun - light in;		



Repeat softly.



drear - y?	Let the bless - ed sun - light in.
	sun - light in.



I know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends,
 2. He's mine be - cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
 3. He's mine be - cause He's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be - hold,

It is my Lord and Christ div - ine, My Lord, because I know He's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at His shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know He's mine.
 Then, while His arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."

CHORUS.

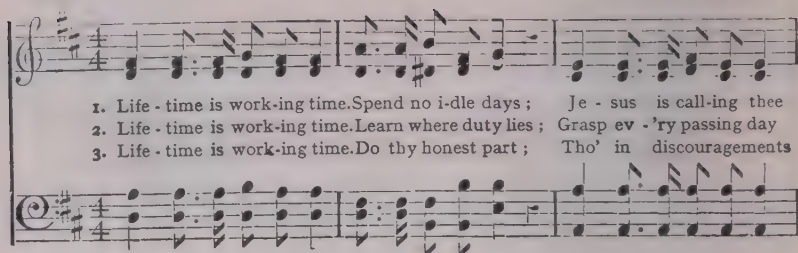
I know He's mine, . . . this friend so dear, . . . He lives with
 I know He's mine, . . . this friend so dear,

me, . . . He's ev - er near; . . . Ten thou - sand
 He lives with me, . . . He's ev - er near;

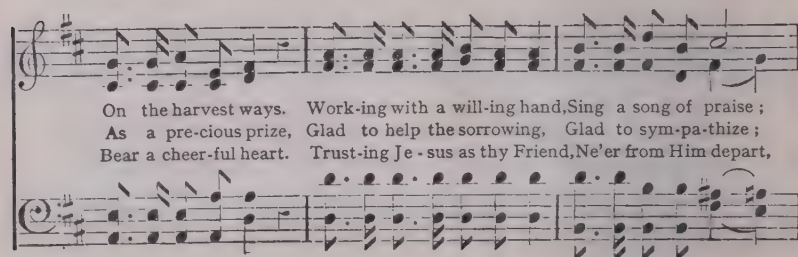
charms . . . around Him shine, . . . And, best of all, I know He's mine. .
 Ten thousand charms . . . around Him shine,

Mrs. CARRIE E. BRECK.

E. S. LORENZ.

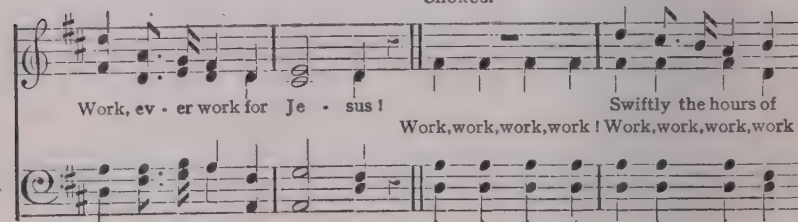


1. Life - time is work-ing time. Spend no i-dle days ; Je - sus is call-ing thee
 2. Life - time is work-ing time. Learn where duty lies ; Grasp ev - 'ry passing day
 3. Life - time is work-ing time. Do thy honest part ; Tho' in discouragements

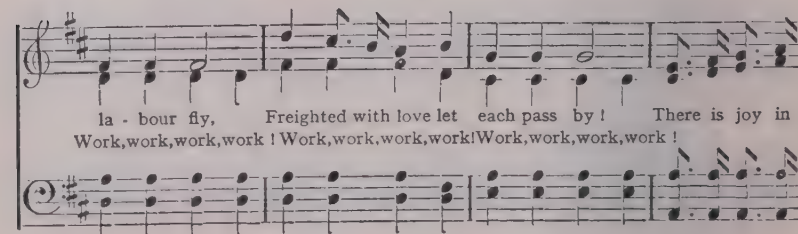


On the harvest ways. Work-ing with a will-ing hand, Sing a song of praise ;
 As a pre-cious prize, Glad to help the sorrowing, Glad to sym-pa-thize ;
 Bear a cheer-ful heart. Trust-ing Je - sus as thy Friend, Ne'er from Him depart,

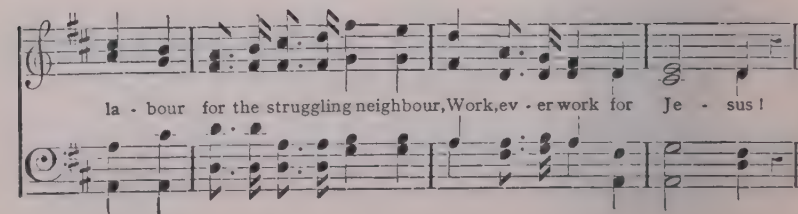
CHORUS.



Work, ev - er work for Je - sus ! Swiftly the hours of
 Work, work, work, work ! Work, work, work, work !



la - bour fly, Freight-ed with love let each pass by ! There is joy in
 Work, work, work, work ! Work, work, work, work ! Work, work, work, work !



la - bour for the struggling neighbour, Work, ev - er work for Je - sus !

Toiling for Jesus.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Bright-ly, sweet-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with
 2. Glad-ly, sweet-ly, we will tell the sto-ry Of His love to
 3. Meek-ly, meek-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Walk-ing faith-ful.

will-ing hands to do What-so-e'er to us He hath ap-point-ed,
 mor-tals here be-low; Christ, the bright-ness of the Fa-ther's glo-ry,
 ly the path He trod; Lead-ing wan-d'ers to the dear Re-deem-er,

CHORUS.

Faith-ful-ly our mis-sion we'll pur-sue. } Toil ing for
 Free-ly here His bless-ing will be-stow. } Toil-ing, toil-ing
 Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God.

Je-sus, Joy-ful-ly we go: ves, joy-ful-ly we go;
 for the Mas-ter,

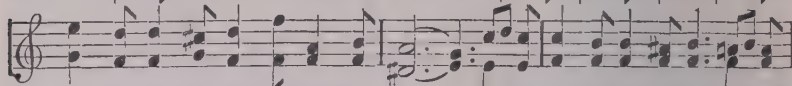
Toil-ing for Je-sus, In His vineyard here be-low.
 Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter.

E. E. HEWITT.

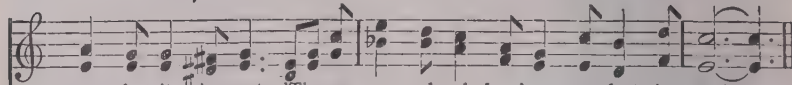
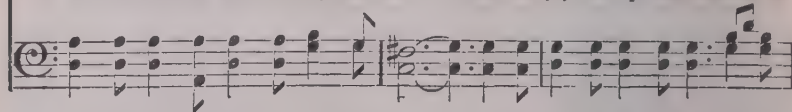
T. MARTIN TOWNE.



1. Sing the sweet-est song of all, it will glad-den troubled hearts, Sing the
2. Sing the sweet-est song of all, when you strive His will to do, As you
3. Sing the sweet-est song of all, 'twill re-ech-o to His praise, Who in-
4. Sing the sweet-est song of all, 'tis the strain they chant on high, As they



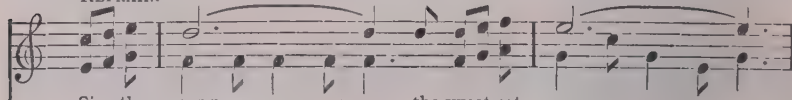
bless-ed name of our Re-deem-er, King; 'Tis a song of peace and joy, heav'nly
 la-bour in His vineyard, day by day; It will freshen hope and cheer, it will
 vites the heav-y la-den and op-pressed; Sing His nev-er-failing grace, sing His
 lift their voic-es 'round the crys-tal sea; Let our joy-ful lips be tuned to the



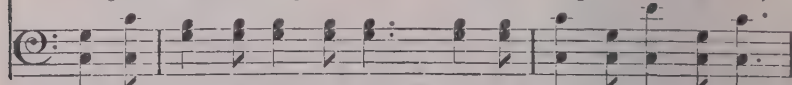
com-fort it im-parts, 'Tis a car-ol of love's ev-er-last-ing spring.
 make you strong and true, It will help you scat-ter ros-es by the way.
 good-ness all the days, Till the wea-ry wand'ers turn to Him for rest.
 cho-rus of the sky, Singing, glo-ry, glo-ry, bless-ed Lord, to Thee.



REFRAIN.



Sing the song.....the sweet-est song,
 Sing the sweet-est song of all, 'Tis the song of love di-vine,



I am His.....and He is mine.
 I am His and He is mine.



Never grow Weary.

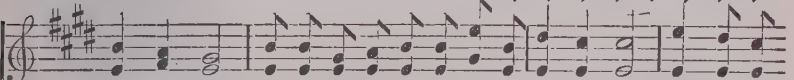
T. MORE.

Melody by J. B. MORE.

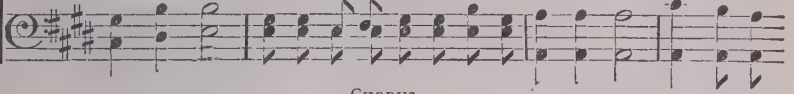
Harmonised by D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. Sing-ing on your journey all a - long the way, Tell-ing souls of Jesus, who have
2. Working ev'-ry moment, time is fly-ing fast, Bring-ing in the lost ones ere the
3. Marching quickly onward to the heav'nly land, Sound-ing forth His praises, His own



gone a - stray ; Telling them of pardon, peace and endless day—Nev - er grow
day is past ; Lead them to the Saviour, joy is found at last—Nev - er grow
blood-wash'd band ; Tell of Him who suffer'd, lend a helping hand—Nev - er grow



CHORUS.

Nev-er grow weary on the way,



wea-ry on the way. } Nev-er grow weary, grow weary on the way,
wea-ry on the way. } Nev-er grow weary on the way, on the way,
wea-ry on the way. }



Nev-er grow wea-ry on the way,



Nev-er grow wea-ry, grow weary on the way, Soon we'll be rewarded if we
Nev-er grow wea-ry on the way, on the way,



Nev-er grow wea - ry, weary on the way,

Nev-er grow wea-ry on the way.



faith - ful stand, Nev - er grow wea-ry, grow wea-ry on the way.

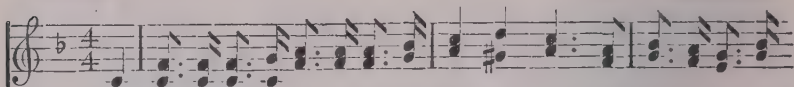


Nev - er grow wea-ry on the way.

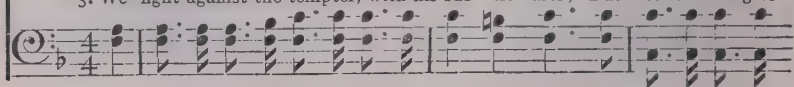
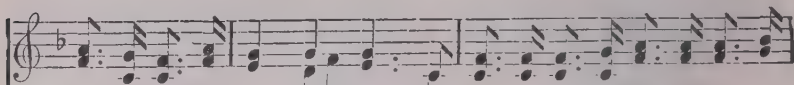
We shall Win the Victory.

E. E. HEWITT.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.




1. The world is full of e - vil, and the fight is on, And on - ly thro' King
 2. We'll take the Christian armour, faith shall be our shield, His Word, the sword of
 3. We fight against the tempter, with his sub - tle arts; But to the King of

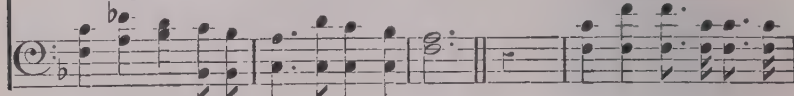

Je - sus is the bat - tle won; We'll ral - ly round His ban - ner till the
 conquest on the bat - tle - field; And with sal - va - tion's helmet, we shall
 Glo - ry we up - lift our hearts; His grace will keep us faith - ful till the





CHORUS.



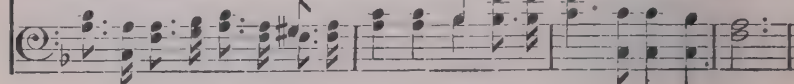
day is done, We shall win the vic - to - ry. } We shall win the vic - to -
 nev - er yield, We shall win the vic - to - ry. }
 foe de - parts, We shall win the vic - to - ry. } We shall win the vic - to -

ry, We shall win the vic - to - ry; When be -
 ry, the vic - to - ry, We shall win the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry;

fore the Lord we fall, and on His name we call, We shall win the vic - to - ry.



831

Speak a Word.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Speak a word, a loving word for Je-sus, Ev - 'ry-where you go;
 2. Speak a word, a tender word for Jesus, To the sin - sick soul;
 3. Speak a word, a warning word for Jesus, Speak it day by day;

Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere you go;
 Speak a word to some sin-sick soul;
 Speak a word, speak it day by day;

Tell poor sinners how He died to save them From e - ter - nal woe.
 Tell him Christ, who came to save the vilest, Waits to make him whole.
 Strive to lead some weak and wand'ring brother In the nar - row way.

From their woe, from e-ter-nal woe.
 Waits to save; waits to make him whole.
 In the way, in the narrow way.

CHORUS.

Speak a word for Je - sus, speak it quick - ly, Swift - ly
 Speak, oh, speak it quick - ly, Swift - ly

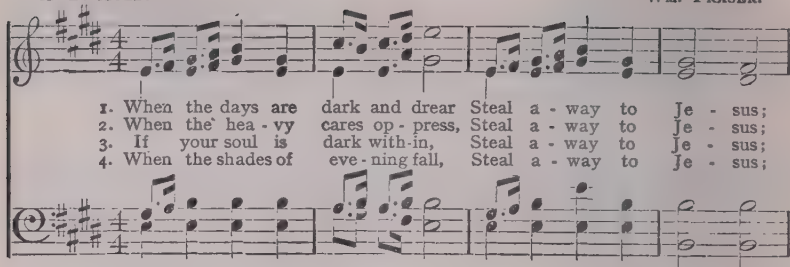
glides the time a - way, Dai-ly tell the wondrous sto-ry
 swift - - ly glides the time a-way,

Of the Master's glo-ry, Speak a lov-ing word to - day.
 oh, speak a word for Christ to-day.

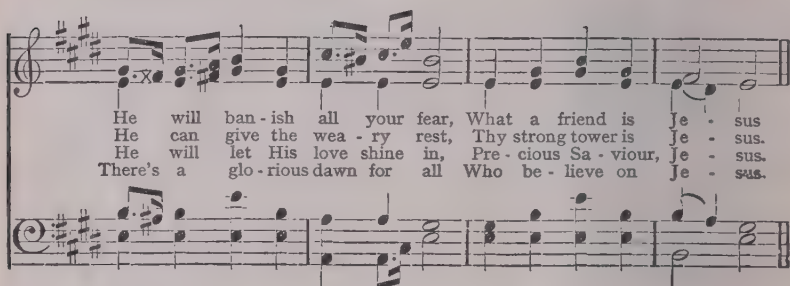
Steal Away.

A. B. AULD.

WM. FRASER.

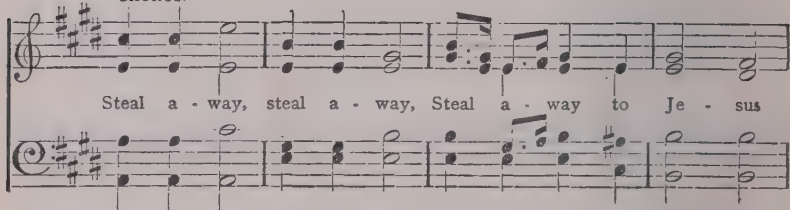


1. When the days are dark and drear Steal a - way to Je - sus;
 2. When the' hea - vy cares op - press, Steal a - way to Je - sus;
 3. If your soul is dark with-in, Steal a - way to Je - sus;
 4. When the shades of eve - ning fall, Steal a - way to Je - sus;

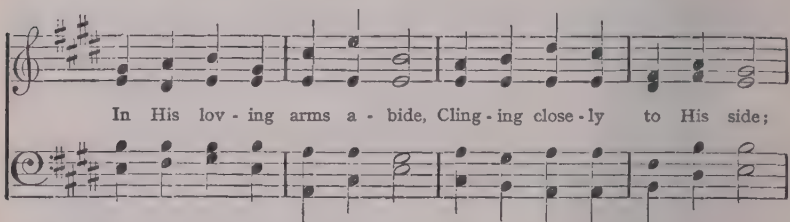


He will ban - ish all your fear, What a friend is Je - sus
 He can give the wea - ry rest, Thy strong tower is Je - sus.
 He will let His love shine in, Pre - cious Sa - viour, Je - sus.
 There's a glo - rious dawn for all Who be - lieve on Je - sus.

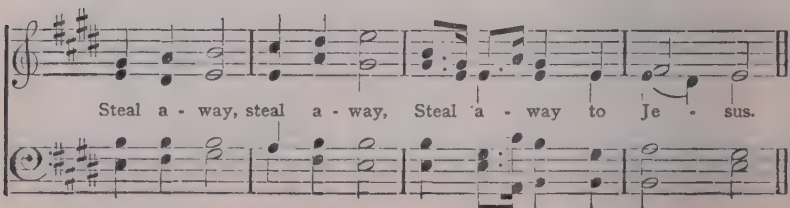
CHORUS.



Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus



In His lov - ing arms a - bide, Cling - ing close - ly to His side;



Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus.

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Glory, Glory to His Name!

C. G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. To my Sa - vour cling - ing, All the way I'm sing - ing, Glo - ry,
 2. Blind, He safe - ly leads me; Faint, He free - ly feeds me, Glo - ry,
 3. Walk - ing close be - side me, He will guard and guide me, Glo - ry,

glo - ry to His name! For He in mer - cy sought me,
 glo - ry to His name! In fear, His grace up - holds me,
 glo - ry to His name! Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! O'er Jor - dan He will take me,
 D.S.—His life in love He gave me, FINE.

With His blood He bought me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 Weak, His love en - folds me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 And in heav'n a - wake me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.
 Yes, He died to save me, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

1st time.
 All the day long, This is my song, Hal-le-lu-jah to the King for-
 Sa-vour di-vine, I'm singing, of rapture,
 Re-deem-er, Yes, He is mine! (Omit.)
 Oh, praise Him,

2nd time. D.S.
 ev - er-more to reign! Glo - ry to the Lamb for sinners slain!
 Oh, hal - le - lu - jah!

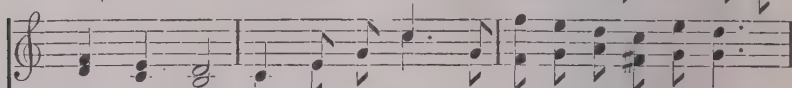
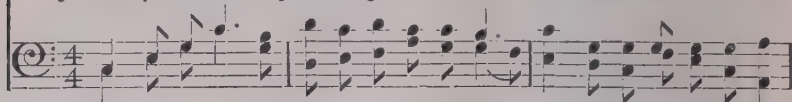
Praise ye the Lord.

JAMES FRASER.

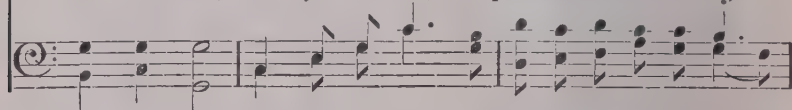
JOHN FRASER and R. F. B.



1. Praise ye the Lord, O praise His name for ev-er, For He did die for us on
 2. Praise ye the Lord, O praise His mer-cy ev-er, Un-wor-thy sin-ners now ex-
 3. Praise ye the Lord, O praise His grace for ev-er, Grace like a riv-er o'er this



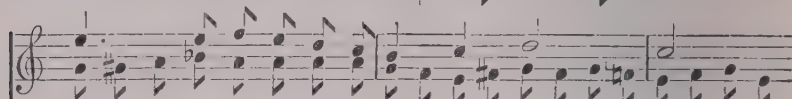
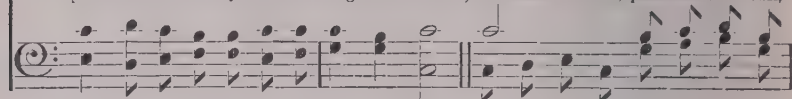
Cal - va - ry, Praise ye the Lord, O praise His power for ev - er,
 alt - ed high; Praise ye the Lord, O praise His love for ev - er,
 earth doth flow; Praise ye the Lord, O praise His truth for ev - er,



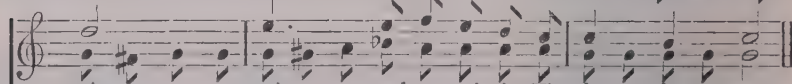
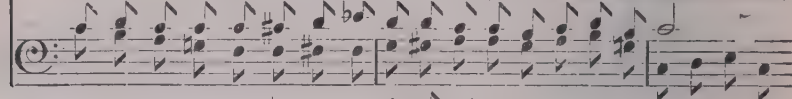
CHORUS.



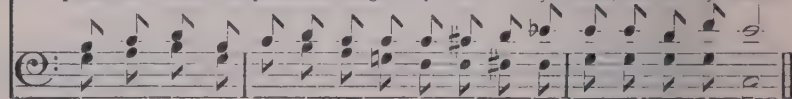
For He has ris-en now to set us free. } Praise, praise,
 By His own precious blood to God made nigh. }
 Ho-liest of Ho-ly God no change can know. } Praise and bless Him, praise and bless Him,



praise and mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name, Praise,
 praise and mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name, His ho-ly name, Oh, bless Him, Praise and bless Him,



praise, praise and mag-ni-fy His ho-ly name.
 praise and bless Him, praise and magni-fy His ho-ly name, His ho-ly name.



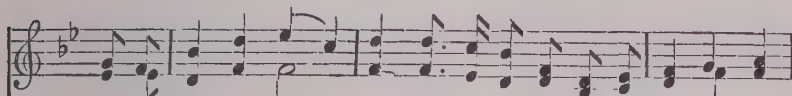
In the Cleft of the Rock.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

J. S. FEARIS.



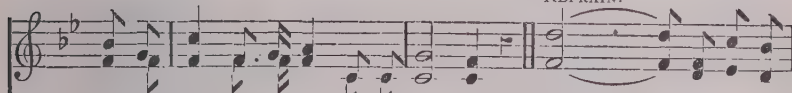
1. High as the mountain tho' the bil - lows roll, In Je - sus' keeping
 2. O soul, be faith-ful, to the end en - dure, Trust - ing His prom - is -
 3. When thro' the Jor - dan I must take my way, His staff will comfort



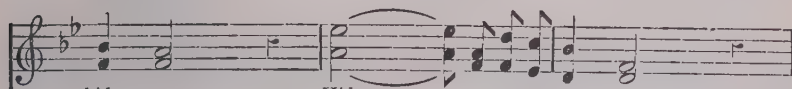
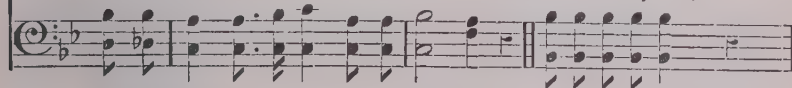
I will trust my soul; He can the rag - ing seas and wind con - trol,
 es for ev - er sure; Kept in the fort - ress of His love se - cure,
 me and be my stay; O - ver the riv - er there is end - less day,



REFRAIN.



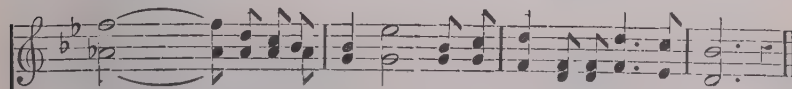
In the cleft of the Rock He will hide me. Hide . . . me, safely
 Hide me, safely hide,



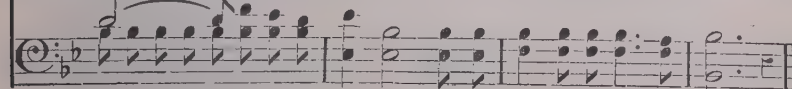
hide me, Hide . . . me, safely hide me, Hide . . . me, safely
 Hide . . . me, safely hide,



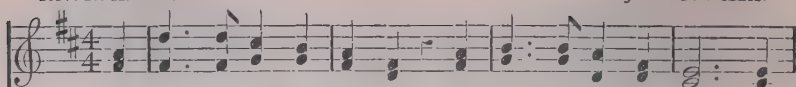
Hide me, safely hide, Hide me, safely hide, Hide me in the Rock,



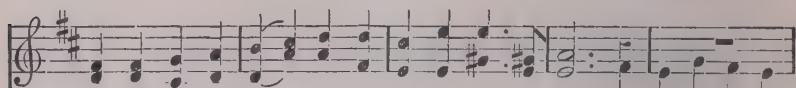
Hide . . . me from all dan - ger, In the Rock that was cleft for me.




Hide me from all danger, from all dan - ger,



1. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, 'Tis God's re-deem-ing love, It
 2. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It keeps me ev - 'ry hour; For
 3. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It cheers me day by day; My

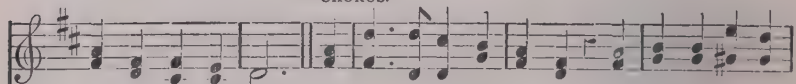


comes with light and glo - ry From Him who reigns a - bove. I love the blessed
 Christ, the Prince of glo - ry, Im-parts His sav - ing pow'r. I love the blessed
 hope, my joy, my glo - ry, I own its gen - tle sway. I love the blessed




sto - ry, Its theme, the Lamb of God, Who left His home in glo - ry, For
 sto - ry, 'Tis man-na to my soul; The balm of life and glo - ry, It
 sto - ry, My por-tion ev - er - more; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, When

CHORUS.



me to shed His blood. } I love the gos-pel sto - ry, It nev - er can grow
 makes my spi-rit whole.
 earth-ly cares are o'er.



old; It helps me on to glo - ry, The more I hear it told.

The Redeemed Me.

MAUD FRAZER.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. Full of glo-ry was the day when my burden roll'd away, When to me His joy and
 2. Oh, how wonderful the love that could bring Him from above, For my sins up-on the
 3. He is calling! hear His voice, how it makes my heart rejoice; Trust Him now, His promis

peace the Saviour gave, When His voice of love divine touch'd this sin - ful heart of mine, And I
 Cross His life to give! At His pierced feet I fall, and to Him sur-render all For the
 - es are tried and true; In His love no change can be, and His pard'ning grace is free, All that

CHORUS.

prayed the Crucified to heal and save. } He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, Jesus
 One who died for me henceforth I'll live. } He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, Je-sus
 Christ has done for me He'll do for you. } He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, Je-sus

heard the pray'r I made and He re - deemed me, He re - deemed me, He re -
 heard the pray'r I made and He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me, He re - deemed me, He re -

deemed me, In His mercy, love and pi-ty He re - deemed me.
 deemed me, He re-deemed me, In His mercy, love and pi-ty He re-deemed me, He re-deemed me.

The Cloud and Fire.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der -
 2. To and fro, as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
 3. All the day of their wand'rings they were fed, To the land of the pro - mise

ness to dwell, Trust - ing they in their God to lead the way To the
 thro' the gale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their
 they were led, By the hand of the Lord in guid - ance sure, They were

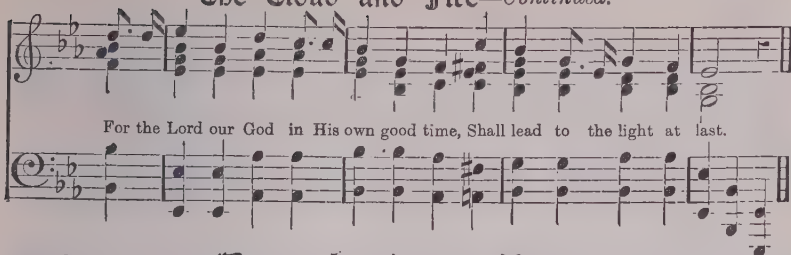
CHORUS.

light of per - fect day.
 faint - ing hearts to cheer. } So the sign of the fire by night, And the
 brought to Canaan's shore.

sign of the cloud by day, Hov'ring o'er, just be - fore, As they jour - ney

on their way, Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

The Cloud and Fire—Continued.



For the Lord our God in His own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

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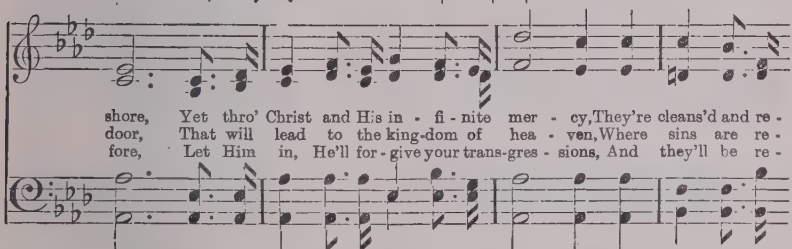
Remembered no More.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



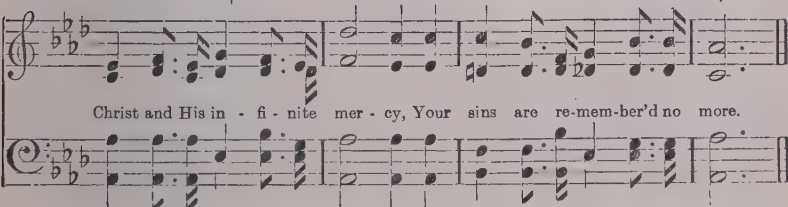
1. Tho' your sins may be red and like scar - let, Out - num-b'ring the sands on the
 2. Hear the voice that in love now en - treats you To en - ter the wide o - pen
 3. At the door of your heart Christis knock-ing, He oft - en has knock'd there be-



shore, Yet thro' Christ and His in - fi - nite mer - cy, They're cleans'd and re -
 door, That will lead to the king-dom of hea - ven, Where sins are re -
 fore, Let Him in, He'll for-give your trans-gres - sions, And they'll be re -



REFRAIN. *ritard,* *a tempo.*
 mem - ber'd no more. Re - mem - ber'd no more, Re - mem - ber'd no more, Yet thro'

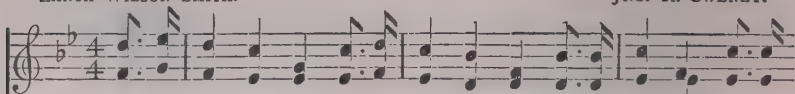


Christ and His in - fi - nite mer - cy, Your sins are re-mem-ber'd no more.

Soldiers of the Cross.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



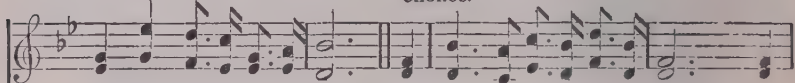
1. Hear the shout and song of the gath'ring throng, As they march in ma-jes-
2. If you wait-ing stand for the Lord's command, Be as watch-men, vig-il-
3. In the march of life there is toil and strife, But no harm can reach the
4. When the dawn of peace, with its sweet release, Brings the day our hearts have



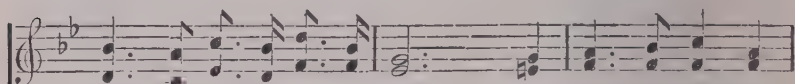
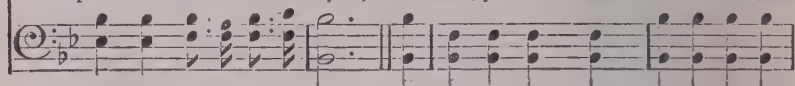
ty and might; In the strife with sin, they will sure-ly win, For a-
 ant and true; In the threat'ning harm, sound a quick a-larm, For the
 faith-ful heart; For the sword we wield, and the Gos-pel shield, Turn a-
 longed to see, To the vault-ed skies, un-to God shall rise, Songs of



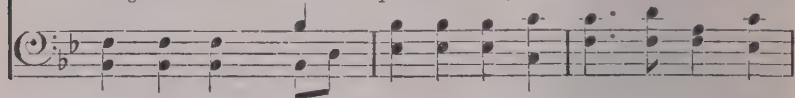
CHORUS.



bove them rules the God of Right. Be brave, ye soldiers of the cross, Be
 con-quest may depend on you. }
 side the tempter's cru-el dart. }
 praise and shouts of vic-to-ry. } Be brave, ye sol-diers of the cross, Be



strong to suf-fer pain or loss; The Great Com-mand-er
 strong to suf-fer pain or loss;



trusts in you, Be val-iant, faith-ful, firm and true (be true); Your



Soldiers of the Cross—Continued.

lives are pledged to high en - deav - our, Till sin is swept a - way for -

ev - er, And heav'n with earth u - nite in songs of vic - to - ry.
And heav'n, and heav'n with

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"Jesus."

UNKNOWN.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

1. I've tried in vain a thou - sand ways, My fears to quell, my
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I
3. He died, He lives, He reigns, He pleads, There's love in all His
4. Tho' some should sneer, and some should blame, I'll go with all my

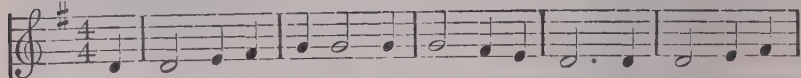
hopes to raise; But what I need the Bi - ble says, Is ev - er
can - not feel; For light, for life, I must ap - peal In sim - ple
words and deeds, There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs, For ev - er -
guilt and shame; I'll go to Him be - cause His name, A - bove all

on - ly Je - sus, Is ev - er on - ly Je - sus.
faith to Je - sus, In sim - ple faith to Je - sus.
more in Je - sus, For ev - er - more in Je - sus.
names is Je - sus, A - bove all names is Je - sus.

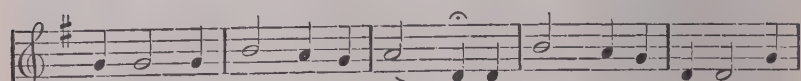
J. L. McDONALD.

DUET. SOPRANO AND TENOR.

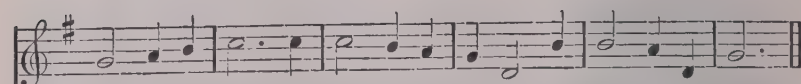
E. O. EXCELL.



1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bour for all, The vine-yard needs
 2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth - er's in need, His cries as - cend
 3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
 4. Why stand ye here i - dle? oh, la - bour each day, To lead men to
 5. Why stand ye here i - dle? a harp and a crown Are wait - ing in




workmen, the weeds are grown tall, The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
 heav'nward, then pray you give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
 warn-ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
 Je - sus, the Truth, Life, and Way; The Spi - rit has promised its
 glo - ry for sons of re - nown, Who la - bour and suf - fer for



lack of strong hands, "Why stand ye here i - dle?" The Mas - ter de - mands.
 suf - fers to - night, Then ren - der as - sist-ance; oh, dare to do right.
 sin and from shame, And give to the Sa - viour to praise His dear name.
 pre - sence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen till la - bours shall end.
 tru - est and best, Then la - bour and en - ter the ha - ven of rest.

CHORUS.



Oh, why stand ye . . . stand ye i - dle? . . . Oh,
 Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh,

Why Stand ye here Idle?—Continued.

why . . . stand ye i - dle? Oh, why . . . stand ye
 why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so

i - dle, all day, i - dle all day, dle all day? The
 i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The

har - vest is pass - ing, . . . The har - vest is
 har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is

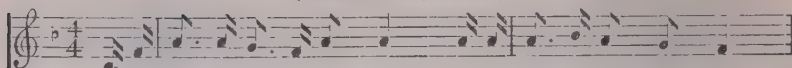
- vest is pass - ing, . . . The har - vest is
 pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is

pass - ing, . . . pass - ing a - way.
 pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

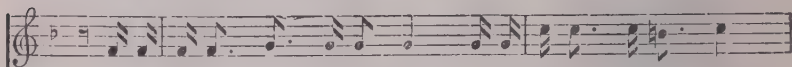
My Mother's Songs.

(Dedicated to my Mother).

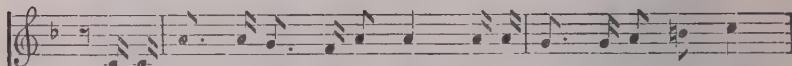
D. MARTYN THOMSON.



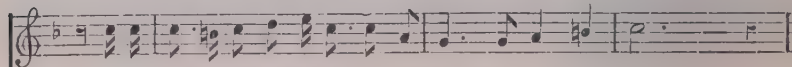
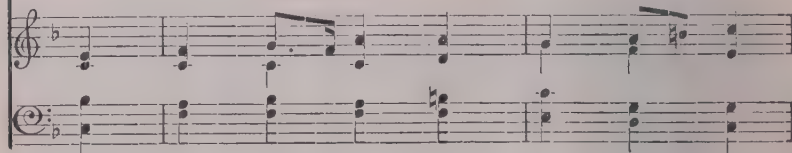
1. As I lay one night a-dream-ing of the days that now are gone,
 2. Hark! the sing-ing now is ov - er, I can hear her voice in pray'r,
 3. But a - las! I'm on - ly dream-ing, ne'er her face I'll see a - gain,



I was carried back to child-hood, to a quiet lit-tle home;
 For her child she's gen - tly plead-ing, kneeling by the old arm - chair,
 Many years has that dear mo-ther in a quiet churchyard lain;



After years of sin and sor - row, I had sought my home once more,
 'Tis a pray'r of faith and pi - ty, yet her words with love still ring,
 Tho' from me she's gone for ev - er, yet her words with love still ring,



And I heard my mother singing Songs she sang in days of yore:
 Then she stops—I pause to list-en, I can hear her sweet-ly sing:
 By her grave in dreams while standing, I can hear her sweetly sing:



My Mother's Songs—Continued.

To be sung after first verse.

A - bid with me: fast falls the ev - en - tide; The darkness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid: When o - ther help - ers

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bid with me

To be sung after second verse.

{ Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high.

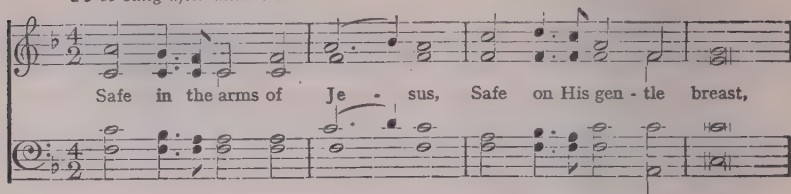
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.

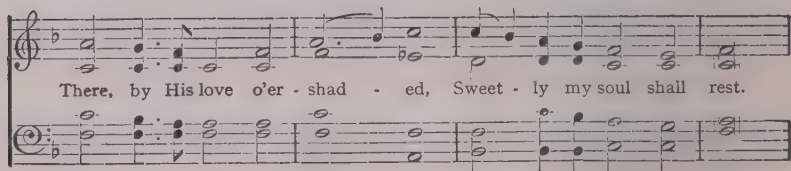
Choir Pieces.

My Mother's Songs—Continued.

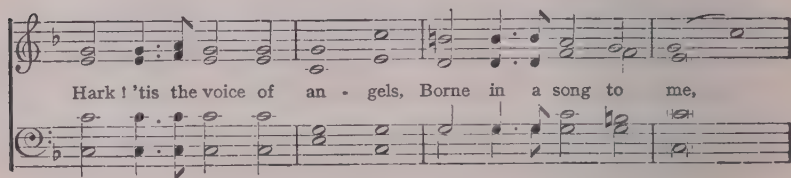
To be sung after third verse.



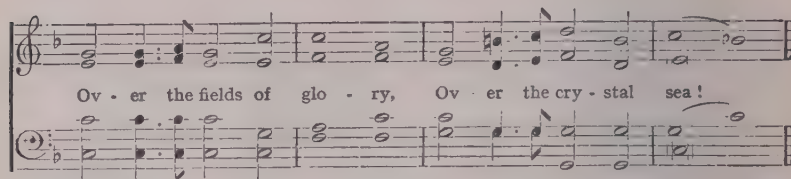
Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

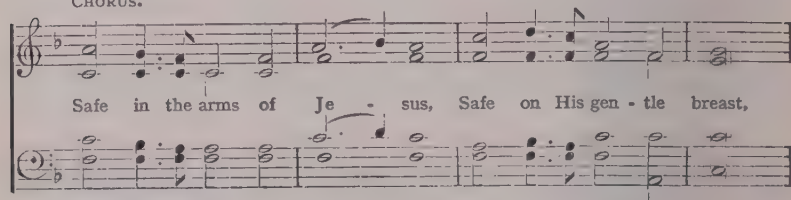


Hark ! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

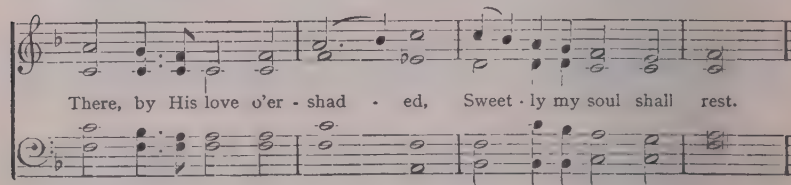


Ov - er the fields of glo - ry, Ov - er the cry - stal sea !

CHORUS.



Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



There, by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CARL F. PRICE.

1. Foun-tain of life that flows for me Out of the depths of a
 2. Foun-tain of life, my hope re-store, Let me re-turn to Thy
 3. Foun-tain of life, how sweet the hours, Blest with the balm of ce-
 4. Je-sus my Lord, the past for-give, Take me a-gain in Thy

bound-less sea; Fain would I rest and the bright waves hear,
 joy once more; Let me come back and the bright waves hear,
 les-tial flowers; O for a breath of their fra-grant air,
 fold to live; Let me come back to Thy arms and home,

D.S.—Whis-per a-gain to this heart of mine
 FINE. CHORUS.

Mur-mur-ing low, as the eve draws near. Fount-ain of
 Mur-mur-ing low, as the eve draws near. }
 Steal-ing at eve in my bow'r of pray'r. }
 Nev-er a-gain from Thy love to roam. } Fount-ain of life,

Give me a pledge of Thy peace di-vine.

life..... flow-ing for me,.....
 fount-ain of life, flow-ing so free-ly, so free-ly for me,

All..... the day long..... I have sighed.... for Thee,
 All the day long, all the day long I have sighed for Thee, for Thee.

Come unto Me.

SOPRANO OR TENOR SOLO.

Arranged and adapted by D. MARTYN THOMSON.

Org. "Come unto Me, all ye that la-bour, Come un-to Me, and I will

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be .

rall. dim. pp

give you rest." Org. 1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say,
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say,

un-to Me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay
hold I free-ly give The liv-ing wa-ter, thirsty

"Come un-to Me and find sweet rest, Lay down, thou
"Be-hold to you I free-ly give The liv-ing

Come unto Me—Continued.

down one, Thy head up - on My breast."..... I
Stoop down and drink and live."..... I

wea-ry one, lay down Thy wea - ry head up - on My breast."
wa - ter, thirsty one, Stoop down, stoop down, and drink and live."

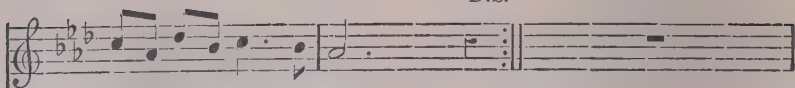
came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and
came to Je-sus and I drank Of that life-giv-ing

I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry was
I came to Je-sus and I drank Of that stream.

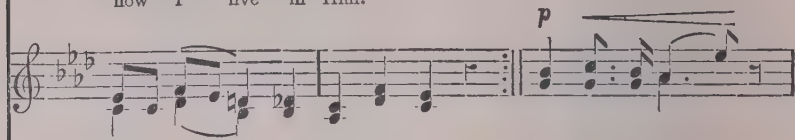
[illegible]

Come Unto Me—Continued.

D.S.

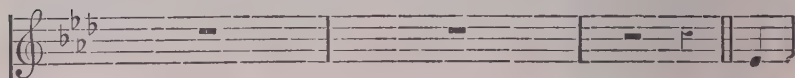
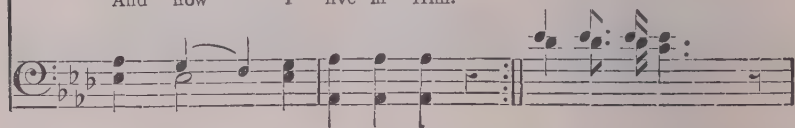


He has made me glad.
now I live in Him.

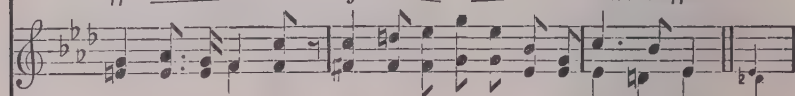


And He has made me glad.
And now I live in Him.

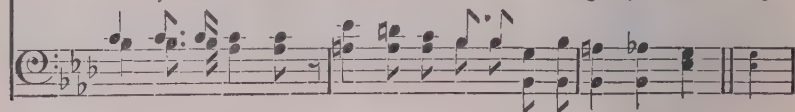
"Come un - to Me,



pp *f* *rall. dim. pp* 3: 1

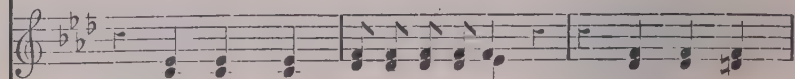


all ye that la - bour, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest." Org.



heard the voice of Je - sus say,

"I am this dark world's



3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,

"I am the



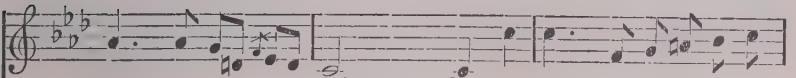
Come unto Me—Continued.



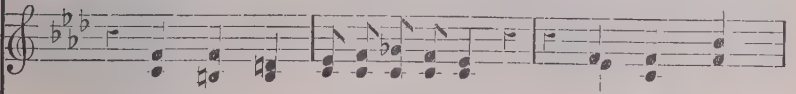
Light;..... Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And



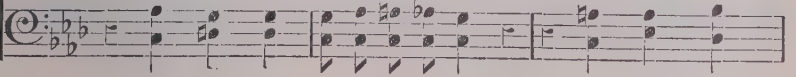
Light, this dark world's Light; Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise,



all thy day be bright."..... I look'd to Je-sus, and I



and all thy day, thy day be bright." I look'd to



found In Him my Star, my Sun, And



Je-sus and I found In Him my Star, in Him my Sun,



Choir Pieces.

Come unto Me—Continued.

in that Light of life I'll walk, Till trav - elling days are

And in that Light of life I'll walk, Till trav - elling

done. "Come un-to Me, all ye that

p *pp*

days are done. "Come un - to Me, all ye that la - bour,

pp

la - bour; Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest.".....

f *rall. dim. pp*

Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest, I will give you rest."

Love Rescued Me.

Choir Pieces.

(As sung by the Albatross Mission Quartet.)

W. GARDNER HUNTER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Out up on life's o-cean wild, Know-ing no peace with God,
 2. Souls now sinking deep in sin, Christ Jesus ful - ly saves;
 3. Mists may oft obscure the way, Hiding the rocks from sight,

I was sinking
 Lov-ing-ly He'll
 But by faith I

deep er down. 'Teath my sins heav-y load;
 lift you up, Out of the an - gry waves;
 fix my eyes On Christ the Harbour light;

Then I saw the Saviour's hand,
 He will keep you day by day,
 And when reefs of sin are past,

Stretched out my soul to save—
 On life's tempestuous sea,
 When stormwinds blow no more,

Christ in mercy rescued me From sins dark wave.
 Oh! be saved by trusting Christ Who res - cued me.
 I shall see Him face to face On yon - der shore.

CHORUS.

Love res-cued me! e - ven me! Love res-cued me! e - ven me! When sinking be-
 Christ Jesus a-

1st time.

D.S. | 2nd time.

neath the wave,
 lone can save; Love res-cued me. Love res-cued me.

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Music owned by R. H. Coleman.

Come, O My Soul.

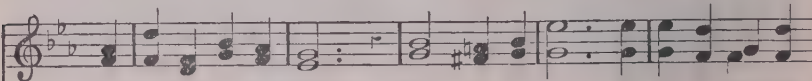
"THE EVERLASTING SONG."

LIZZIE EDWARDS.


JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Come, O my soul, my ev-'ry pow'r a-wak-ing, Look un-to Him
 2. Think, O my soul, how pa-tient-ly He sought thee, Far, far a-way
 3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de-vo-tion Rise to His throne,
 4. Soon, O my soul, thine earthly house for-sak-ing, Soon shalt thou rise

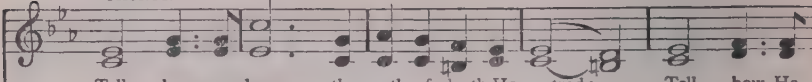


1. whose goodness crowns thy days; While in-to song an-gel-ic choirs are
 2. up-on the mountains steep, Then in His arms how ten-der-ly He
 3. thy Saviour, Friend, and Guide; Sing of His love, that, like a might-y
 4. the bet-ter land to see; Then will thy harp, a no-bler strain a-

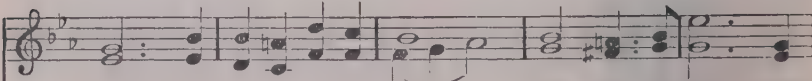


1. break-ing, Oh, let thy voice its thank-ful tri-bute raise.
 2. brought thee, Home to His fold a wea-ry, wand-'ring sheep.
 3. o-cean, Flows un-to thee, and all the world be-side,
 4. wak-ing, Praise Him who died to pur-chase life for thee.

CHORUS.



Tell how a-lone the path of death He trod; Tell how He



lives, thine Ad-vo-cate with God: Lift up thy voice, while

Come, O My Soul.—Continued.

heav'n's tri-umphant throng, Swell at His feet the ev-er-last-ing song.

848

I will Arise.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "I will a - rise and go to my Father;" Long have I wan-der'd far from His face;
 2. "I will a - rise and go to my Father;" Bow'd with contri-tion, bur-den'd with care;
 3. "I will a - rise and go to my Father;" Tatter'd and bruise'd and wea-ry of heart;
 4. "I will a - rise and go to my Father;" Surely He's watching, calling for me;

Hum-bly con-fess-ing all my trans-gres-sions, Now I will seek His pardon-ing grace.
 At the King's ta-ble, spread by His boun-ty, Is there not bread enough and to spare?
 He the best robe will bring for my wear-ing, Riches of bless-ing free-ly im-part.
 Look-ing in love from heaven's bright win-dows, Ev-ry re-turn-ing footstep He'll see.

CHORUS.

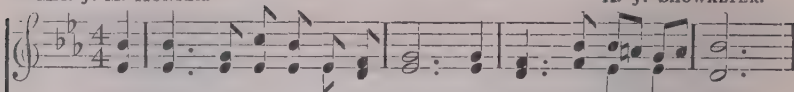
"I will a - rise and go to my Fa-ther," From the far coun-try, stormy and wild;

"I will a - rise and go to my Father;" He will re-ceive His pen-i-tent child.

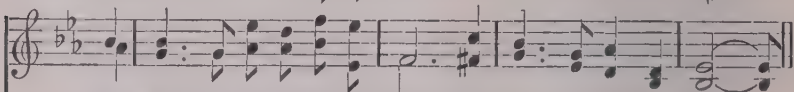
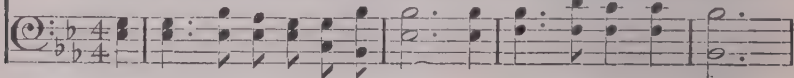
My Dearest Friend.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

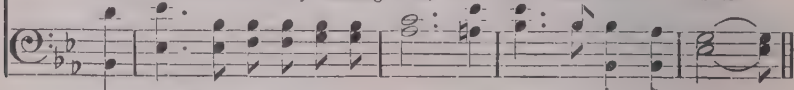
A. J. SHOWALTER.



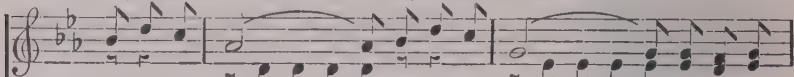
1. I have a Friend, a pre-cious Friend, Who keeps me day by day,
2. I need not feel one anx-ious thought, Or know one press-ing care,
3. O sin - ner, take Him for your Friend, His grace is free to all;
4. 'Tis sweet to feel His presence near, And on His strength re - ly;
5. 'Tis sweet to work for such a Friend, Dear Lord, our ef - forts guide,



On whom his hopes of heav'n de-pend, Who is my guide and stay.
But that I may, His word hath taught, Take un - to Him in pray'r.
He will the trust-ing soul de - fend, Nor suf - fer it to fall.
To know that He thro' life will cheer, Sup - port when death is nigh.
For if Thou wilt Thy blessing send, The work shall e'er a - bide.



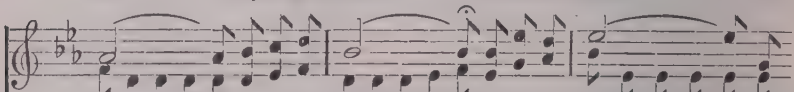
REFRAIN.—My dearest Friend, my tru-est Friend,



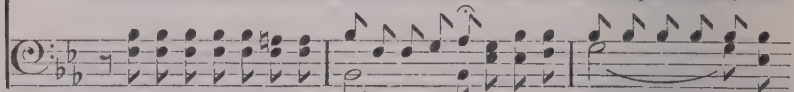
My dear-est Friend, my truest Friend, My Friend in



life, My Friend in death ; Unto His name let



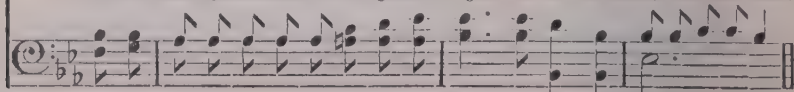
life, my Friend in life, My Friend in death, my Friend in death ; Unto His name let praise as-cend, Un-



praise as-cend, breath,



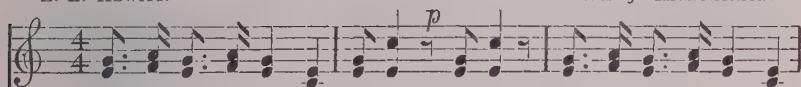
to His name let praise as-cend, With glad, with glad, ex-ult - ant breath, ex-ultant breath.



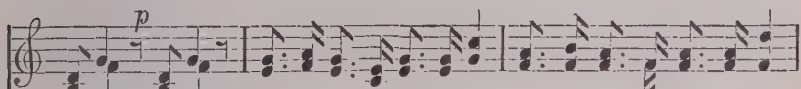
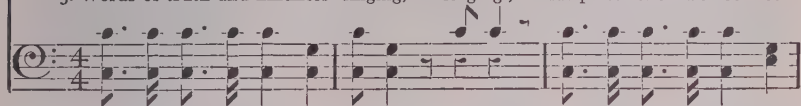
850 Keep the Household Angels Singing.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep the household angels singing, singing; Keep the pleasant mu - sic
 2. Joy - ful be our voi - ces singing, singing; Hearts with grateful mu - sic
 3. Words of truth and kindness singing, singing; Help to one an - oth - er



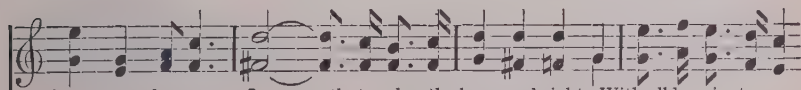
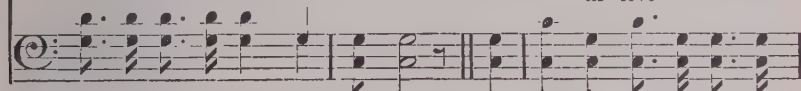
ringing, ringing; Gen - tle love and cheerfulness, Shall our hap - py fire - sides bless,
 ringing, ringing; Dai - ly tri - als, dai - ly care, Patience shows us how to bear;
 bringing, bringing; Hav - ing char - i - ty for all, Trusting God, whate'er be - fall,



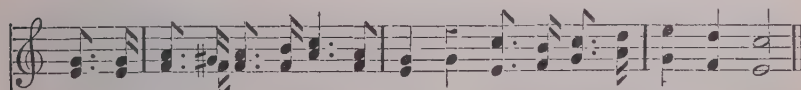
CHORUS.



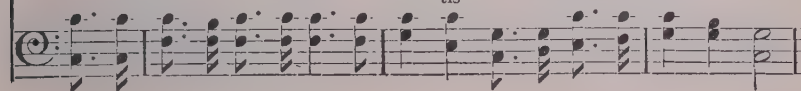
Keep the household an - gels sing - ing, 'Tis love..... that makes the
 'tis love



home so hap - py; Love... that makes the home so bright; With all her sis - ter an -
 'tis love




gels Arrayed in heav'nly light, 'Tis love, love that makes the home so bright.
 'tis





The Blood has Never Lost its Power.

Mrs. C. H. M.

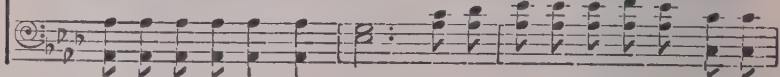

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



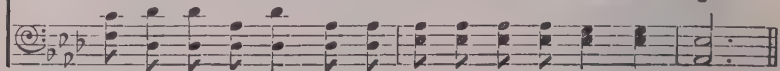
1. In the mist-y days of yore Jes-us' precious blood had pow'r, E'en the
 2. I was lost and steeped in guilt, but the blood for sinners spilt Wash'd a-
 3. God in mer-cy asks you why, bro-ther sin-ner will you die When such
 4. Bring your burdens, come to-day, turn from all your sins a-way, He can

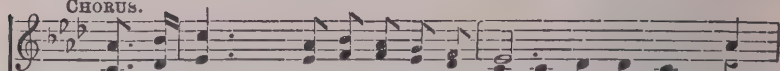
thief up-on the cross to save; Like a bird his spir-it flies to its
 way my sins and set me free; Now and ever-more the same, praise, O
 full re-demption He pro-vides? You have but to look and live, life e-
 full-y save and sanc-ti-fy; From the wrath to come now flee, let your

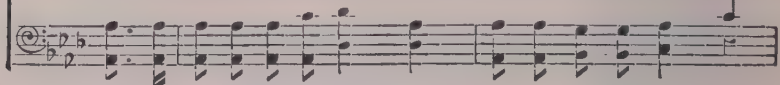
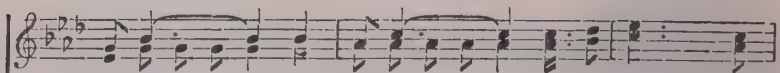
home in Par-a-dise, Thro' the power of Cal-v'ry's crim-son wave.
 praise His ho-ly name! Will the cleansing stream a-vail-ing be.
 ter-nal He will give, For the power of Cal-v'ry still a-bides,
 name re-cord-ed be With the blood-wash'd and re-deem'd on high.




CHORUS.



And the blood has never lost its power, No
 precious blood has nev-er, nev-er lost its power,

nev-er,..... no, nev-er,..... Je-sus' blood, a-
 Nev-er lost its power, nev-er lost its power, Je-sus' blood a



The Blood has Never Lost its Power—continued.

- vails for me for ev - er,..... And will nev - er lose its power.
 me for ev - er

352 The Lights of Home, sweet Home.

JAMES ROWE.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. When skies are veiled and tem - pests rave, When drenched by chilling foam ;
 2. When Sa - tan lures us from the fold, And in the dark we roam,
 3. How com - fort - ing, in sor - row's night, When earth seems full of gloom,
 4. Dear Lord, in - crease our faith in Thee, And, till we cease to roam,

How sweet to see, be - yond the wave, The lights of home, sweet home (sweet home).
 What joy, when we once more be - hold The lights of home, sweet home (sweet home).
 To see, by faith's un - fail ing sight, The lights of home, sweet home (sweet home).
 Thro' life's dark hours, O may we see The lights of home, sweet home (sweet home).

CHORUS.

The lights of home, sweet home (sweet home), The lights of home, sweet home ;

O how they cheer, and quell each fear, The lights of home, sweet home (sweet home).

My Saviour Face to Face.

W. C. AGAR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am glad I found the Saviour, for He makes my heart re-joice, And I
 2. Yes, I know He ev-er loves me, dai-ly guides my err-ing feet, And I'm
 3. When life's sun is slow-ly sett-ing, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
 4. When I tread the crys-tal pavement of the New Je-ru-sa-lem, Where my

feel with-in my soul His sav-ing grace; But I want to talk with Jesus, hear His
 rest-ing in His ten-der, fond em-brace; But I want to know Him better, and my
 near the end-ing of life's wear-y race; In my heart will be this longing, none but
 Sav-iour has prepared for me a place, Where the angel choirs are sing-ing praise and

lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....
 dear Redeem-er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....
 Christ can sat-is-fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....
 glo-ry to the Lamb, Oh, then I'll see my Saviour face to face.....
 D.S.—ev-er-last-ing throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.....
 see my Saviour face to face.

CHORUS.
 Oh, I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath lov'd me and re-
 (Last r.—Oh, then I'll see, etc.) see my Saviour face to face,

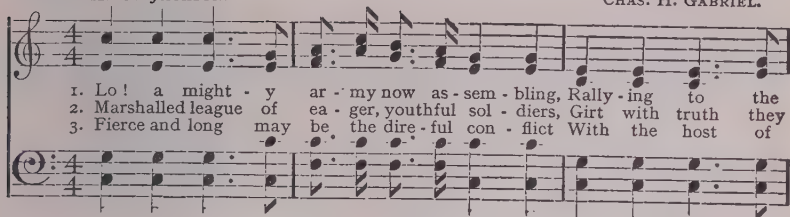
D.S.
 • deemed me by His grace, In His kingdom, crown'd with glo-ry on His
 and re-deem'd me by His grace,

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Lo! a Mighty Army.

Rev. H. G. JACKSON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

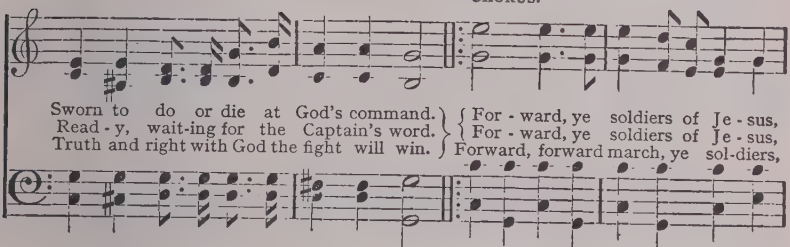


1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem - bling, Rally - ing to the
 2. Marshall'd league of ea - ger, youthful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
 3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of

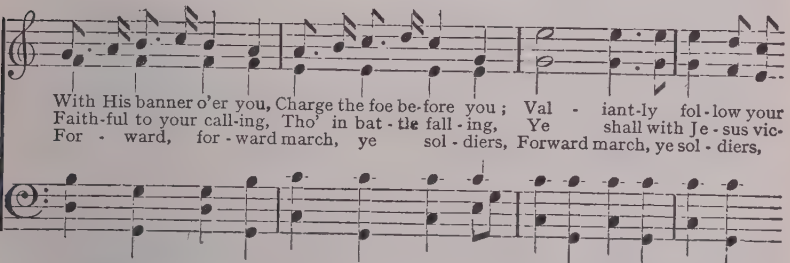


cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a - gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
 bear the Spirit's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
 un - be - lief and sin, Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,

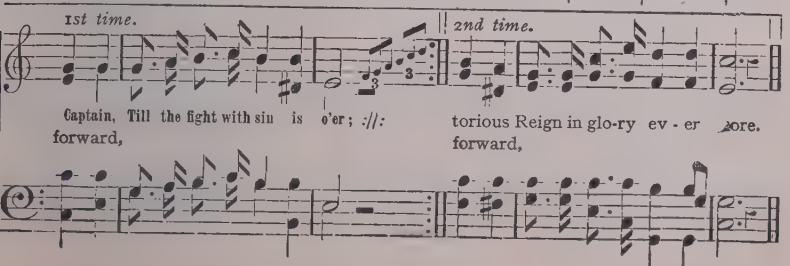
CHORUS.



Sworn to do or die at God's command. { For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
 Read - y, wait - ing for the Captain's word. { For - ward, ye soldiers of Je - sus,
 Truth and right with God the fight will win. } Forward, forward march, ye sol - diers,



With His banner o'er you, Charge the foe be - fore you; Val - iant - ly fol - low your
 Faith - ful to your call - ing, Tho' in bat - tle fall - ing, Ye shall with Je - sus vic -
 For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers, Forward march, ye sol - diers,

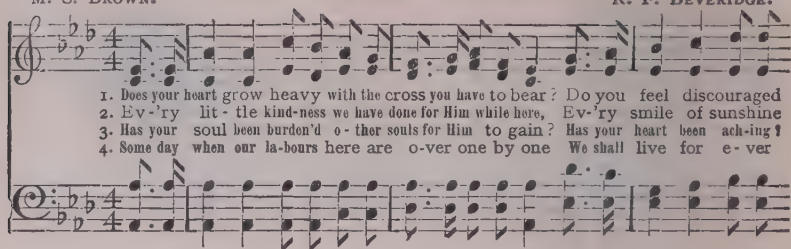


1st time. 2nd time.
 Captain, Till the fight with sin is o'er; //: torious Reign in glo - ry ev - er more.
 forward, forward,

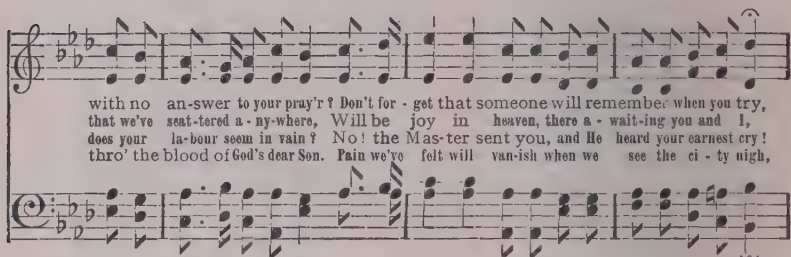
Glory by and by.

M. S. BROWN.

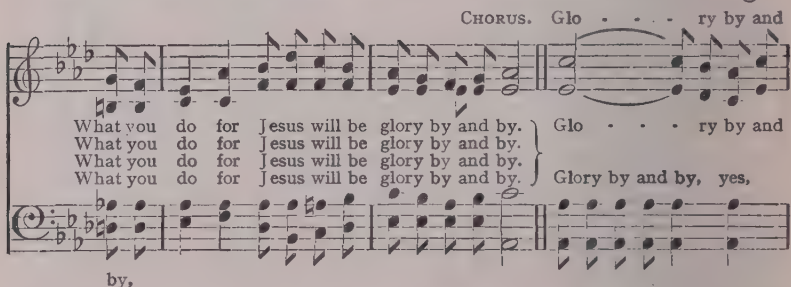
R. F. BEVERIDGE.



1. Does your heart grow heavy with the cross you have to bear? Do you feel discouraged
 2. Ev'-ry lit-tle kind-ness we have done for Him while here, Ev'-ry smile of sunshine
 3. Has your soul been burden'd o-ther souls for Him to gain? Has your heart been ach-ing?
 4. Some day when our la-hours here are o-ver one by one We shall live for e-ver

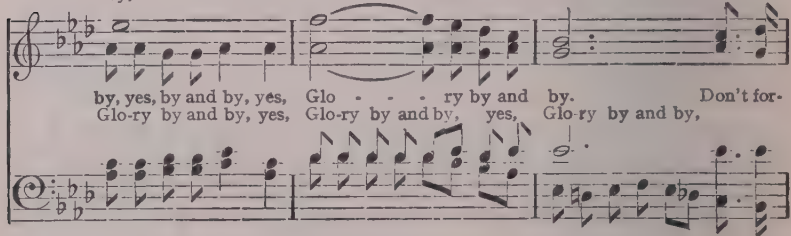


with no an-swer to your pray'r? Don't for-get that someone will remember when you try,
 that we've seat-tered a-ny-where, Will be joy in heaven, there a-wait-ing you and I,
 does your la-bour seem in vain? No! the Mas-ter sent you, and He heard your earnest cry!
 thro' the blood of God's dear Son. Pain we've felt will van-ish when we see the ci-t-y nigh,

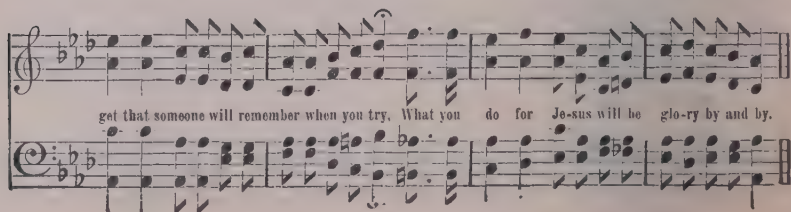


CHORUS. Glo - - - ry by and

What you do for Jesus will be glory by and by. } Glo - - - ry by and
 What you do for Jesus will be glory by and by. }
 What you do for Jesus will be glory by and by. }
 What you do for Jesus will be glory by and by. } Glory by and by, yes,



by,
 by, yes, by and by, yes, Glo - - - ry by and by. Don't for-
 Glo-ry by and by, yes, Glo-ry by and by, yes, Glo-ry by and by,

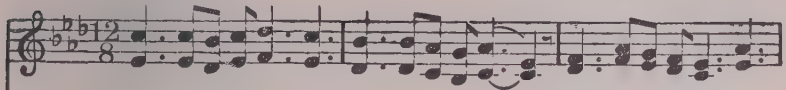


get that someone will remember when you try. What you do for Je-sus will be glo-ry by and by.

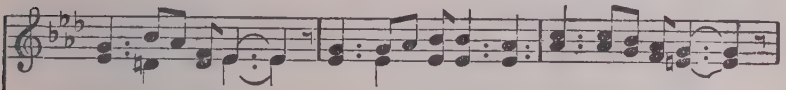
856 Rest of the Weary, Saviour and Friend.

Dr. J. S. B. MONSELL.

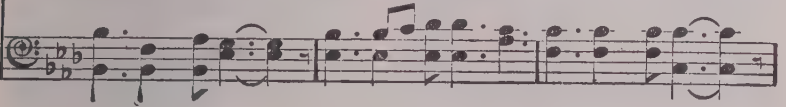
Tenderly.



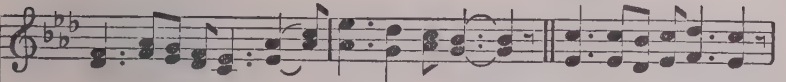
- | | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Rest of the wea - ry, | joy of the sad, | Hope of the dreary, |
| 2. Pil - low where ly - ing, | Love rests its head, | Peace of the dying, |
| 3. When my feet stum - ble, | To Thee I cry, | Crown of the humble, |



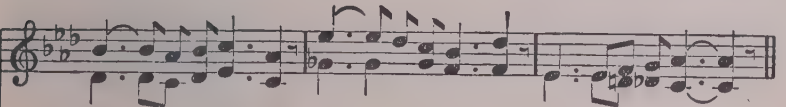
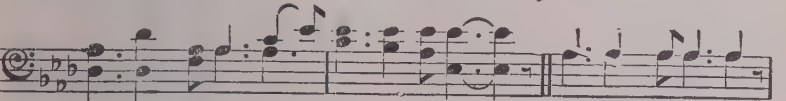
- | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Light of the glad ; | Home of the stranger, | Strength to the end, |
| 2. Life of the dead ; | Path of the low - ly, | Prize at the end, |
| 3. Cross of the high ; | When my steps wander, | O - ver me bend, |



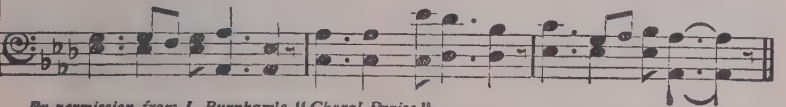
CHORUS.



- | | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Re - fuge from dan - ger, | Saviour and Friend. | } Rest of the wea - ry, |
| 2. Breath of the ho - ly, | Saviour and Friend. | |
| 3. Tru - er and fond - er, | Saviour and Friend. | |



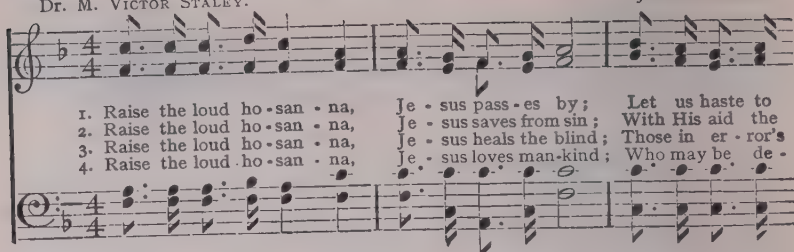
Rest of the wea - ry, Rest of the wea - ry, Sa - viour and Friend.



Raise the Loud Hosanna.

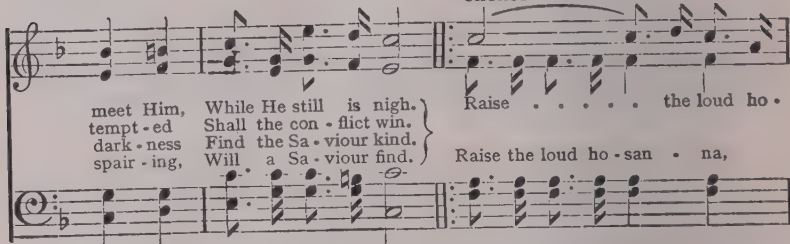
Dr. M. VICTOR STALEY.

J. M. HARRIS.



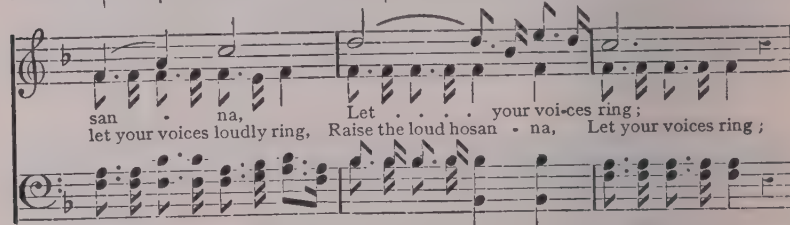
1. Raise the loud ho-san - na, Je - sus pass-es by; Let us haste to
 2. Raise the loud ho-san - na, Je - sus saves from sin; With His aid the
 3. Raise the loud ho-san - na, Je - sus heals the blind; Those in er - ror's
 4. Raise the loud ho-san - na, Je - sus loves man-kind; Who may be de -

CHORUS.

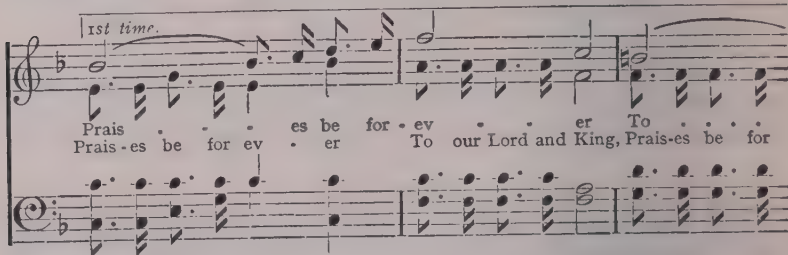


meet Him, While He still is nigh. Raise the loud ho -
 tempt-ed Shall the con - flict win.
 dark-ness Find the Sa - viour kind.
 spair-ing, Will a Sa - viour find.

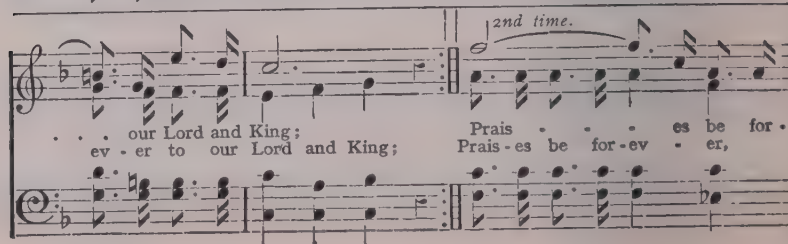
Raise the loud ho-san - na,



san na, Let your voices ring;
 let your voices loudly ring, Raise the loud hosan - na, Let your voices ring;



1st time.
 Prais-es be for ev - er To our Lord and King, Prais-es be for
 Prais-es be for ev - er To our Lord and King, Prais-es be for



2nd time.
 . . . our Lord and King; Prais-es be for -
 ev - er to our Lord and King; Prais-es be for - ev - er,

Raise the Loud Hosanna—Continued.

ev - er, To... our Lord and King.
To our Lord and King, All prais-es be for - ev - er To our Lord and King.

858

We'll Follow Thee.

GRACE GLENN.

In marching time.

Theme from BEETHOVEN.

Arranged by F. L. BRISTOW.

pp
1. Step by step and day by day, March we on our for-ward way;
2. Step by step and one by one, Lives be - gin and lives are done;
3. Step by step, the task is small, None too great for each and all;

Nev - er back-ward, nev - er still, Guid - ed by our Lead - er's will.
True and firm for Je - sus' sake, Let us make each step we take.
Just by this and noth - ing more, Shall we reach the heav'n - ly shore.

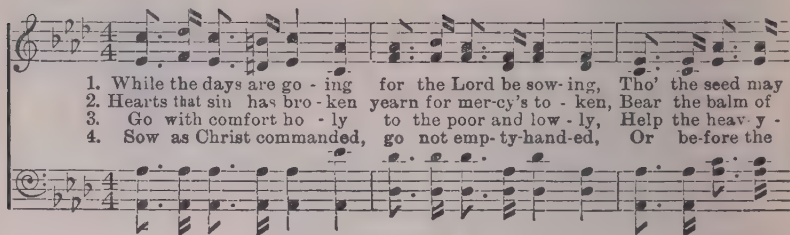
CHORUS.
ff
Sa-viour, Mas - ter, teach us where All Thy per - fect pathways are;

pp *V* *cres.*
Weak and hum - ble tho' we be, Step by step we'll fol - low Thee.
Step by step we'll fol - low Thee.

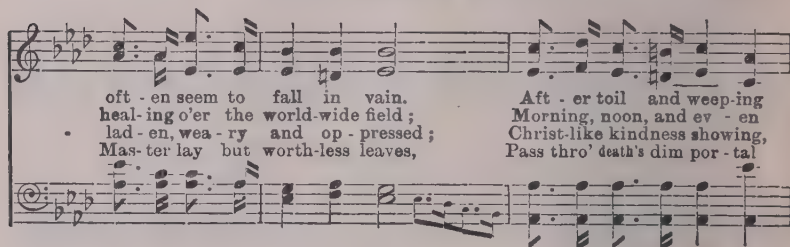
Precious Golden Grain.

JENNIE WILSON.

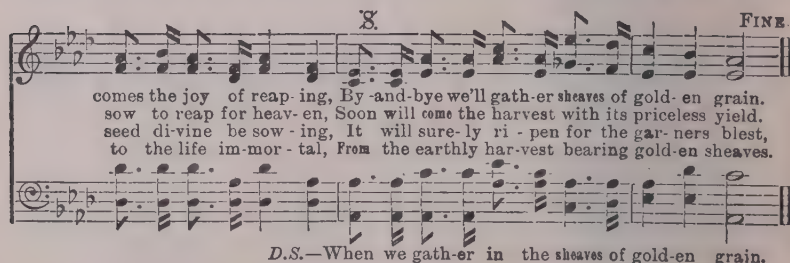
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. While the days are go - ing for the Lord be sow - ing, Tho' the seed may
 2. Hearts that sin has bro - ken yearn for mer - cy's to - ken, Bear the balm of
 3. Go with comfort ho - ly to the poor and low - ly, Help the heav - y -
 4. Sow as Christ commanded, go not emp - ty - hand - ed, Or be - fore the

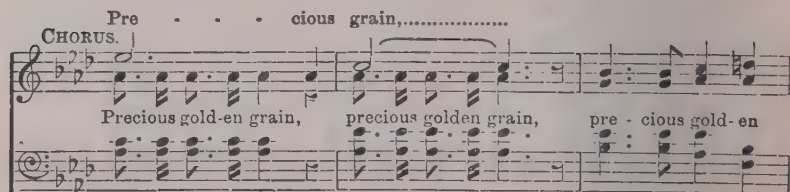


oft - en seem to fall in vain. Aft - er toil and weep - ing
 heal - ing o'er the world - wide field; Morning, noon, and ev - en
 lad - en, wea - ry and op - pressed; Christ - like kindness showing,
 Mas - ter lay but worth - less leaves, Pass thro' death's dim por - tal

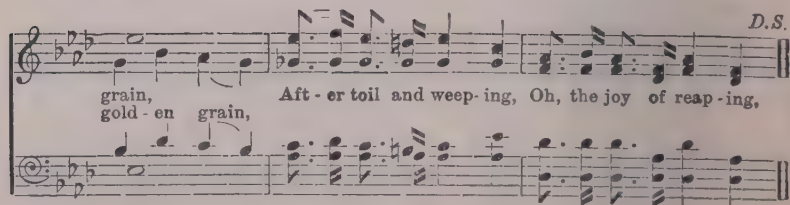


comes the joy of reap - ing, By and - bye we'll gath - er sheaves of gold - en grain.
 sow to reap for heav - en, Soon will come the harvest with its priceless yield.
 seed di - vine be sow - ing, It will sure - ly ri - pen for the gar - ners blest,
 to the life im - mor - tal, From the earthly har - vest bearing gold - en sheaves.

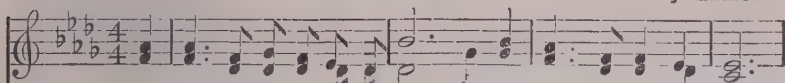
D.S.—When we gath - er in the sheaves of gold - en grain.



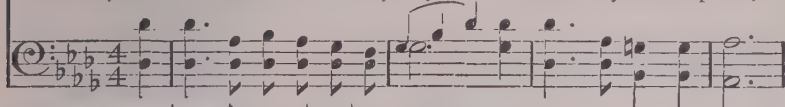
Pre - - - cious grain,.....
 CHORUS.
 Precious gold - en grain, precious golden grain, pre - cious gold - en



grain, gold - en grain, Aft - er toil and weep - ing, Oh, the joy of reap - ing,



1. O Fa-ther, when my troubled soul Is toss'd on storm-y sea,
2. And when the night is drear and dark, So that I can - not see,
3. When in the cheerless wild-er-ness, I far a-stray may be,
4. O Fa-ther, lead me all my way, And make my foot-steps free,



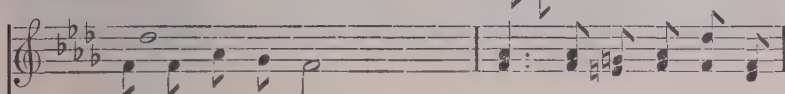
When bil - lows roar, and tor - rents pour, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
 No gleam of star, no moon a - far, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
 The path unknown, my-self a - lone, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.
 The way to go I nev - er know, Come, Lord, and lead Thou me.



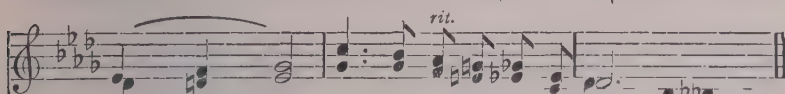
CHORUS.



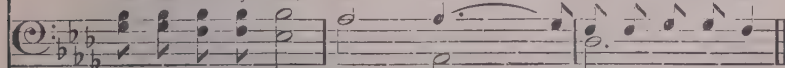
Lead me when the bil-lows roar, Lead me when the torrents
 Lead me when the billows roar, O lead me, Lead me



pour, when the tor - rents pour, O lead me, Lead me on the storm - y
 when the tor - rents pour, O lead me, Lead me on me



sea, Bless - ed Saviour, lead Thou me, O lead Thou me.
 on the storm-y sea, Bless ed Saviour, lead Thou me.



Lead Thou me.

Gracious Promises.

Hon. HENRY S. WASHBURN.

SOLO. *Obbligato.*

FRANK J. ROBERTSON.

1. Oft in hours . . . of pain and con - flict, Come these
2. Ere the bruised reed is broken, He will

gracious words to me, . . . Full of tender
deign . . . to hear my prayer, . . . That no trial

Come these gracious words to me, Full of tender
He will deign to hear my prayer, That no trial

ness and pi - ty, "As thy days . . . thy strength shall
shall be - fall me, Great - er than . . . my heart can

der - ness and pi - ty, "As thy days thy
al shall be - fall me, Great - er than my

Gracious Promises—Continued.

be." . . . Not a spar - row ev - er fall - eth, Nor a bear. . . . Oh, the peace . . . this promise bring - eth ! All of strength shall be. heart can bear. Not a spar - row ev - er fall - eth, Oh, the peace this pro - mise bring-eth !

lamb . . . be-wildered stray, . . . But His lov - ing arms en - doubt . . . and fear a - side, . . . That my trust - ing heart may Not a lamb be - wildered stray, But His lov - ing All of doubt and fear a - side, That my trust - ing

fold them, As they shel - ter me to - day. . . . ev - er, In His bound - less love con - fide. . . . arms en - fold them, As they shel - ter me to - day. heart may ev - er, In His bound - less love con-fide.

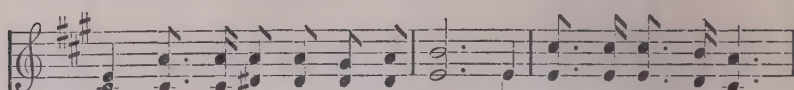
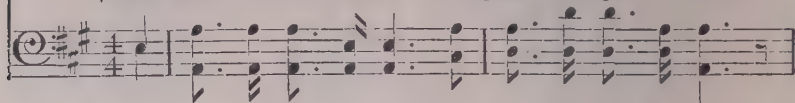
Where the Living Waters Flow.

Words Arr.

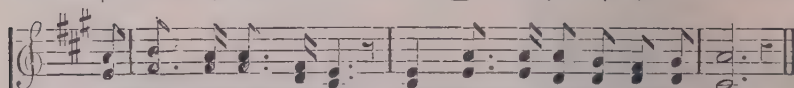
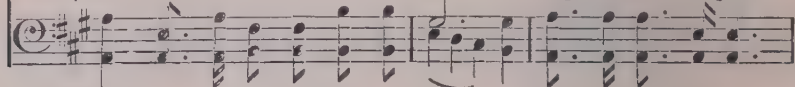
EDWARD E. NICKERSON.



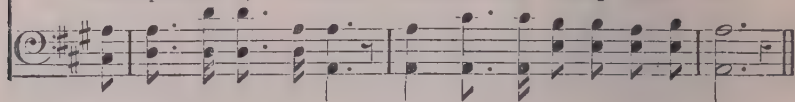
1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is giv'n,
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price - less joys were bought,
 3. Come, with the ran-som'd train, The Sa-viour's prais - es sing,
 4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,



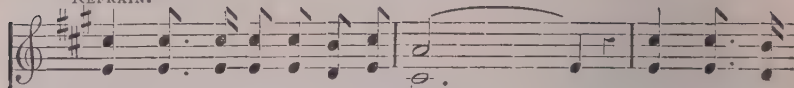
1. Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 2. Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 3. Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Re - jice! the Lamb was slain,
 4. Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Tri - umph-ant thro' His grace,



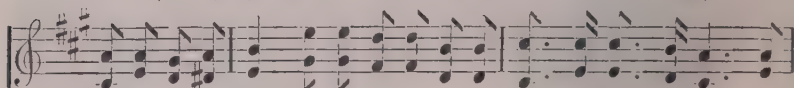
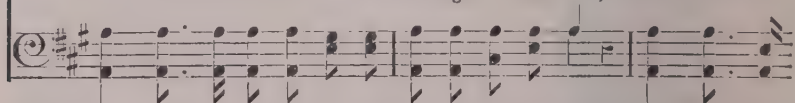
- Love fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 Made per - feci by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.



REFRAIN.



- Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow, . . . wa - ters flow, Down where the
 liv - ing wa - ters flow,



- tree of life doth grow. Hal - le - lu - jah! I am liv - ing in the light, For



Where the Living Waters Flow—Continued.

Je-sus and the right, Down where the liv-ing wa-ters flow.
liv-ing wa-ters flow.

863

In Summer-land.

Rev. W. B. WILLIAMS.

POWELL G. FITHIAN. Arr. by C. R.

Slowly.

1st TENOR.
(*sue lower.*)

2nd TENOR.
(*sue lower.*)

1. The sun will ne - ver set In Sum - mer - land;
2. No one will lose the way In Sum - mer - land;
3. "No sick-ness" is the theme In Sum - mer - land;
4. No death is ev - er known In Sum - mer - land;

1st BASS.

2nd BASS.

1. No eyes with tears are wet In Sum - mer - land;
2. Nor ev - er go a - stray In Sum - mer - land;
3. For health doth reign su - preme In Sum - mer - land;
4. For life is on the throne In Sum - mer - land;

cres.

1. No shade of dark - 'ning night Will shut the view from sight,
2. No mountain hard to climb, Yet all is grand, sub - lime,
3. The air is brac - ing pure, The fare doth life se - cure,
4. No mourning for the dead, No heav - y hearts, like lead,

f

pp rit.

1. Nor e'er be - cloud the light, In Sum - mer - land.
2. With end - less sum - mer clime, In Sum - mer - land.
3. And no one needs a cure In Sum - mer - land.
4. But end - less joy in - stead, In Sum - mer - land.

864 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ANTHEM.

ISAAC WATTS.

Composed by D. MARTYN THOMSON.

When I sur - vey the won - drous Cross, On which the Prince of

Glo ry died; My rich - est gain I count but loss, And

pour con - tempt on all my pride, My rich - est gain I

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.

When I Survey the Wonderful Cross—*Continued.*

For - bid it, . . . Lord, that I should

boast Save in the death of Christ, my God

All the vain things that charm me

most, : sa cri fice them to His blood.

See from His head, Hi hands, His feet.

Choir Pieces.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross—Continued.

Sor - row and love flow
Sor - row and love Sor - row and love flow

This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C).

ming - - led down,
ming - led down. Did e'er such love and

This system contains the next two measures. The lyrics continue across the measures. The musical notation includes a fermata over the final note of the first measure in the treble staff.

sor row meet, Or thorns com - pose so

This system contains the next two measures. The lyrics continue across the measures. The musical notation includes a fermata over the final note of the first measure in the treble staff.

rich a crown, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?

This system contains the next two measures. The lyrics continue across the measures. The musical notation includes a fermata over the final note of the first measure in the treble staff.

Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent, a

This system contains the final two measures of the piece. The lyrics continue across the measures. The musical notation includes a fermata over the final note of the first measure in the treble staff.

When 3 Survey the Wondrous Cross—Concluded.

present far too small, that were a pres - ent far too small,

Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, Love so a-maz-ing, so di -

Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine,

vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all,

Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all,

Love so a-maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

D.S.

Rall. 2nd time.

De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Jesus shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

Composed by D. MARTYN THOMSON.

Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc-cess-ive

journeys run; His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, TILL
kingdom stretch from shore to shore, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,

moons shall wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

SOPRANO SOLO.

To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less praises crown His

p To Him shall prayer be made, And

Jesus shall Reign—Continued.

head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise, With

praises crown His head, His name like perfume rise,

ev - 'ry morning sa - cri - fice, His name like sweet perfume shall

His name like sweet perfume shall rise, like perfume rise, with ev 'ry morn - ing

rall. *a tempo.*

rise . . . With ev - 'ry morning sa - cri - fice.

sa - cri - fice, His name like perfume rise with ev - 'ry morn - ing sa - cri - fice.

Choir Pieces.

Jesus shall Reign—Continued.

f
Bless-ings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns, The pris-ner leaps to
Bless-ings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns,

lose His chains; Bless-ings abound wher-e'er He reigns, The
Bless-ings abound wher-e'er He reigns,

p Slower.
pris-ner leaps to lose His chains; The wea-ry find e-

ter-nal rest, The wea-ry find e-ter-nal rest, The

wea-ry find e-ter-nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

Jesus shall Reign—Continued.

Tempo I.

Then all the earth shall rise and bring Pe-cul-iar honours to our King,

Pe-cul-iar honours to our

An - gels descend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men,

King,

And earth re - peat the loud A - men, Re - peat the loud A - men, Re -

the loud . . . A - men, The

peat the loud A - men, Re - peat the loud A - men, the loud A

loud . . . A - men, the loud . . . A - men,

rall.

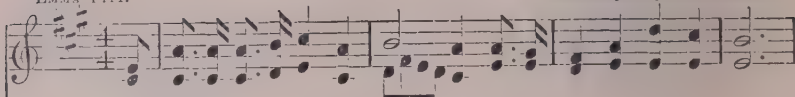
men, A - men, A - men, the loud A - men.

I Hope to Meet You There.

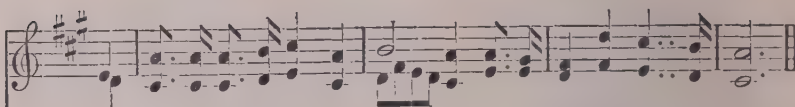
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Re-arranged by W. FRASER.

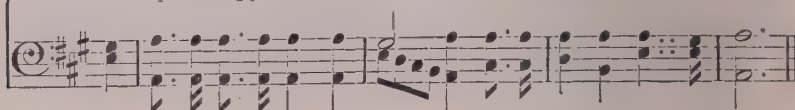
EMMA PITT.



1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the Tree of Life so fair;
3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;



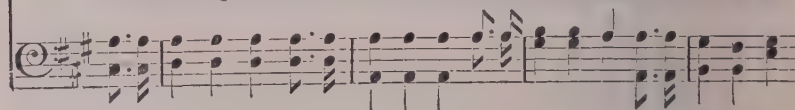
- I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry On the bless - ed shin - ing shore.
 I hope to praise our dear Re - deem - er For the grace that brought me there.
 I hope to clasp your hand re - joic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.



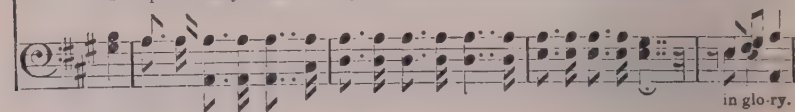
CHORUS.

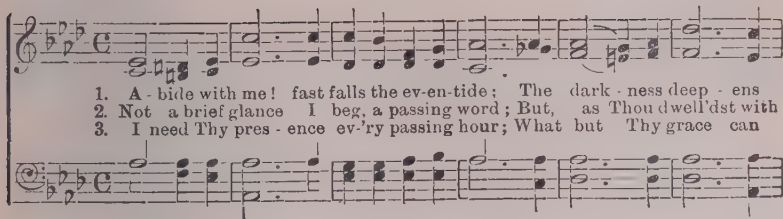


On the shin - ing shore, on the gold-en-stand, In our Father's home in that hap-py land,

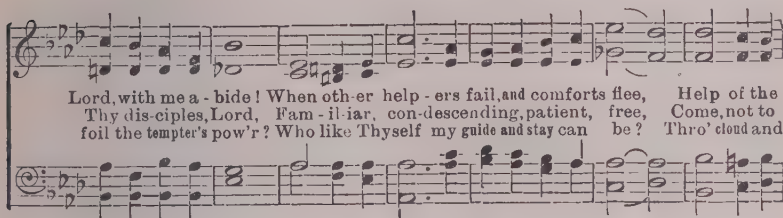


I hope to meet you there, I hope to meet you there, A crown of vict'ry wearin glo - ry.

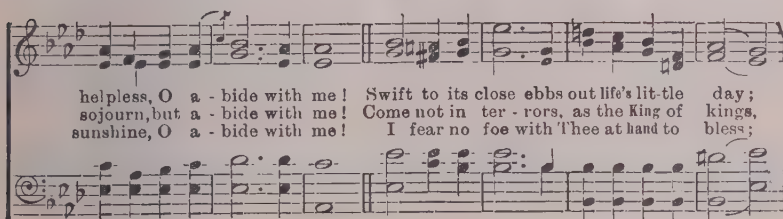




1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev-en-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens
 2. Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word; But, as Thou dwelld'st with
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev'-ry passing hour; What but Thy grace can



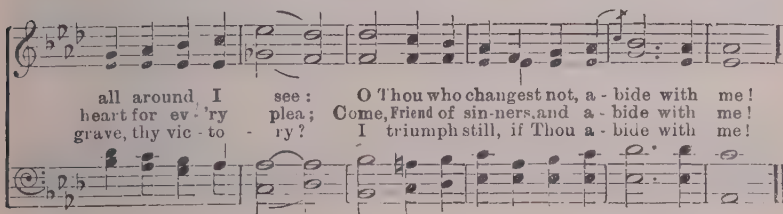
Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the
 Thy dis-ciples, Lord, Fam-il-i-ar, con-descending, patient, free, Come, not to
 foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and



helpless, O a - bide with me! Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day;
 sojourn, but a - bide with me! Come not in ter-rors, as the King of kings,
 sunshine, O a - bide with me! I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;



Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way; Change and de-cay in
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings, Tears for all woes, a
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting? Where,



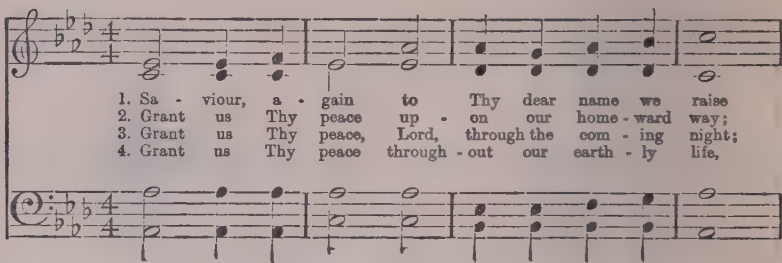
all around, I see: O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
 heart for ev'-ry plea; Come, Friend of sin-ners, and a - bide with me!
 grave, thy vic-to-ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me!

868 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name!

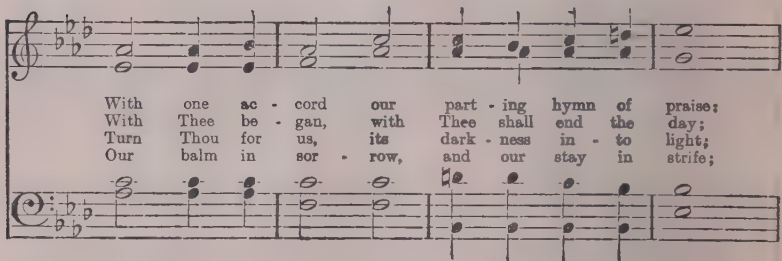
JOHN ELLERTON.

ELLERS. 10a.

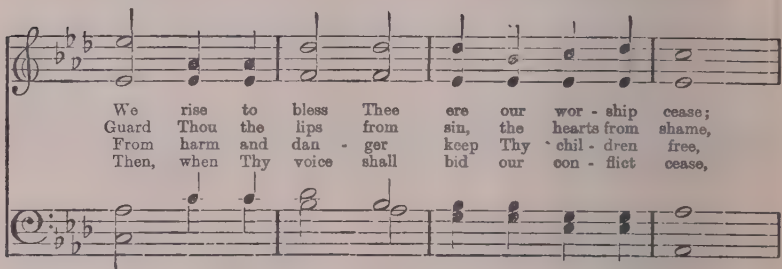
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sa - viour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home - ward way;
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the com - ing night;
 4. Grant us Thy peace through - out our earth - ly life,

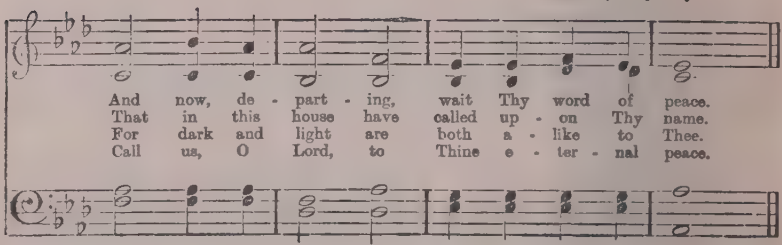


With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise;
 With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
 Turn Thou for us, its dark - ness in - to light;
 Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;



We rise to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free,
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease,

rit. . . .

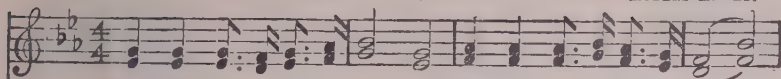


And now, de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

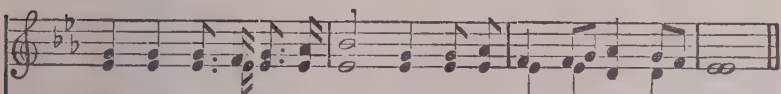
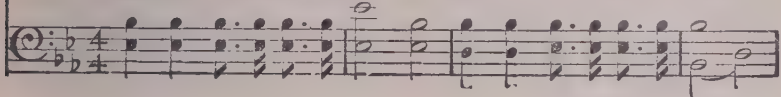
369 Shall We Gather at the River.

R. L.

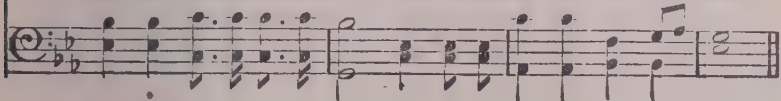
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Shall we ga - ther at the ri - ver, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the ri - ver, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing ri - ver, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the ri - ver, Mir - ror of the Sa - viour's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing ri - ver, Soon our pil - grimage will cease;



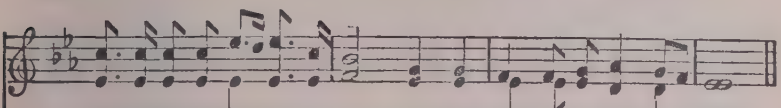
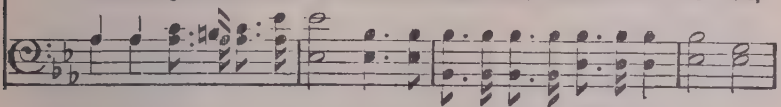
1. With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flowing from the throne of God?
2. We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gol - den day.
3. Grace our spi - rits will de - li - ver, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
4. Saints whom death will nev - er se - ver Lift their songs of sav - ing grace
5. Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.



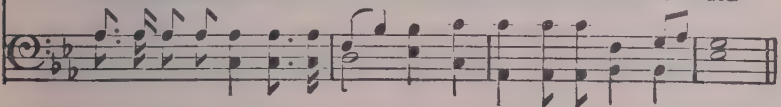
REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll ga - ther at the ri - ver, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful ri - ver,



Ga - ther with the saints at the ri - ver That flows from the throne of God.



870 The Day Thou Gavest, Lord.

By permission of Committee of English Hymnal.

(St. CLEMENT.)

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.

1. The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended; The
 2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un-sleep-ing, While
 3. As o'er each con-tin-ent and is-land The

1. dark-ness falls at Thy be-hest; To Thee our morn-ing
 2. earth rolls on-ward in-to light, Thro' all the world her
 3. dawn leads on an-o-ther day, The voice of pray'r is

1. hymns as-sand-ed, Thy praise shall sanc-ti-fy our rest.
 2. watch is keep-ing, And rests not now by day or night.
 3. nev-er si-lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a-way.

4. The sun that bids us rest is waking
 Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
 And hour by hour fresh lips are making
 Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5. So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
 Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
 Thy kingdom stands and grows for ever,
 Till all Thy creatures own Thy way.

871 Abide with Me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTH:

(EVENTIDE—C.M.)

W. H. MONK.

1. A-bide with me; fast falls the eventide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide;
 2. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 3. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;

When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-fort flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a-bide with me!
 Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless, ills have no weight and tears no bitterness:
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory? I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

God be With You.

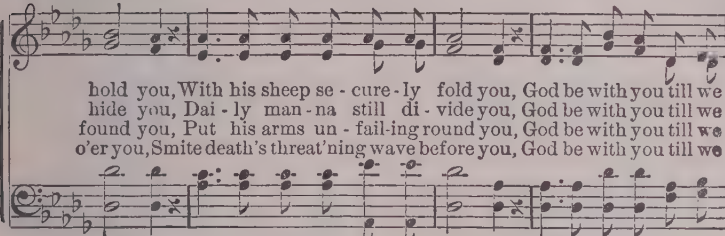
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

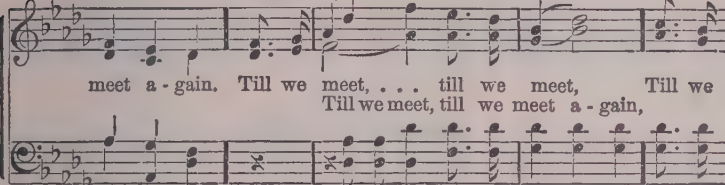


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his wings se-cure-ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing



hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we
 hide you, Dai-ly man-na still di-vide you, God be with you till we
 found you, Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we

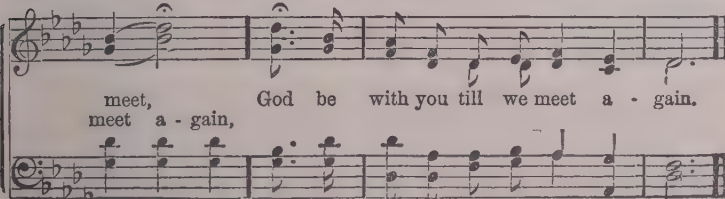
CHORUS.



meet a-gain. Till we meet, . . . till we meet, Till we
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



meet at Je-sus' feet, Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, Till we meet, till we



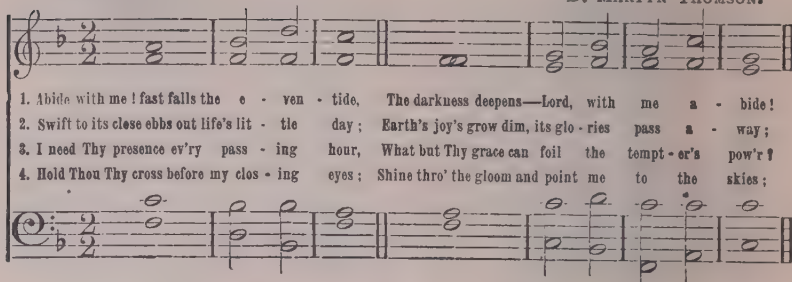
meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
 meet a-gain,

Abide with Me.

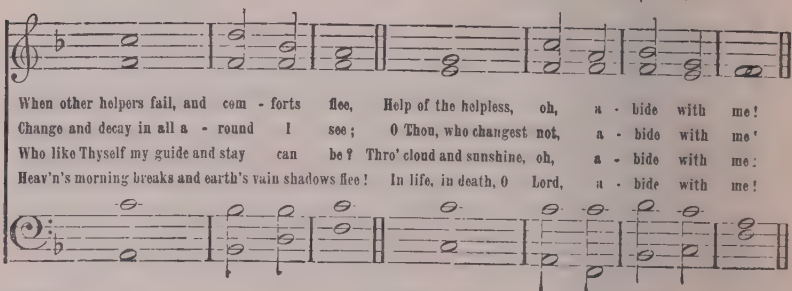
DOUBLE CHANT. (*Per recte et retro.*)

H. F. LYTE.

D. MARTYN THOMSON.



1. Abide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a - bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joy's grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy presence ev'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;

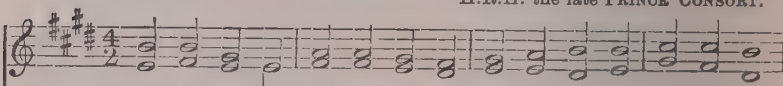


When other helpers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and decay in all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

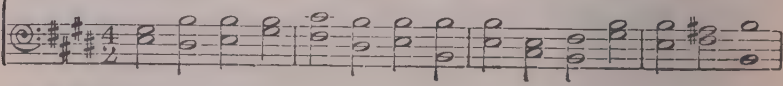
Gotha.

(DISMISSAL HYMN.)

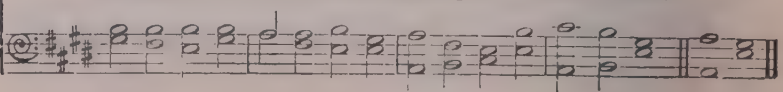
H.R.H. the late PRINCE CONSORT.



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
 2. Thanks we give and a - dor - a - tion For Thy Gos-pel's joy - ful sound;
 3. May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,



Let us each, Thy love possess-ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives be found, A-men.
 With the Ho - ly Spir-it's fa-vour, Rest up-on us from a - bove.



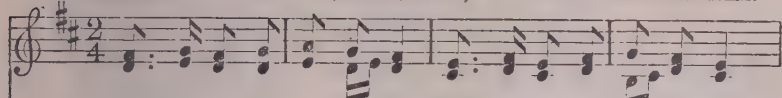
875

Father, Bless us ere we Part.

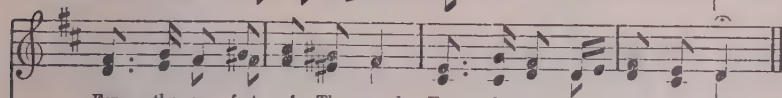
R. F. BEVERIDGE.

(PARTING HYMN.)

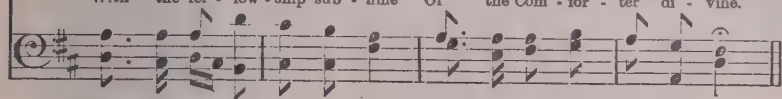
GEO. MARKS EVANS.



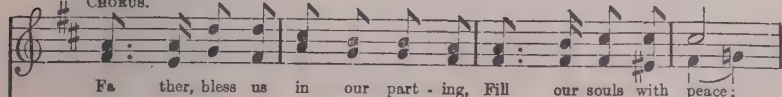
1. Fa - ther, bless us ere we part, Take the thanks of ev - 'ry heart,
2. Per - ils oft be - set our path, Fears and foes, Sa - tan - ic wrath;
3. With Thy boun-teous-lov - ing hand, Shep - herd us un - til we stand,
4. May Thy grace and peace, O God, Rest on all who love the Lord,



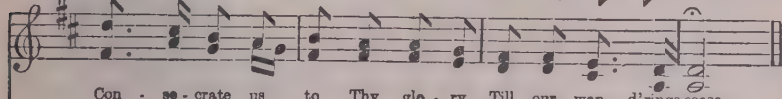
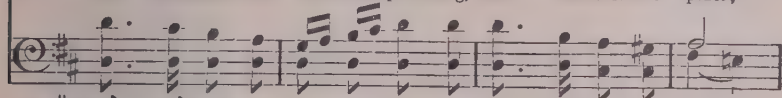
For the com - fort of Thy word, For the pre - sence of our Lord.
Guard Thy fee - ble saints from harm, By Thy great Al - might - y arm.
Robed in Thine Own right - eous - ness, Safe in glo - ry through Thy grace.
With the fel - low - ship sub - lime Of the Com - for - ter di - vine.



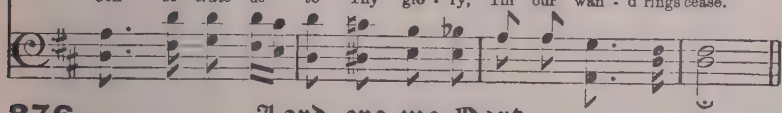
CHORUS.



Fa - ther, bless us in our part - ing, Fill our souls with peace;



Con - se - crate us to Thy glo - ry, Till our wan - d'rings cease.

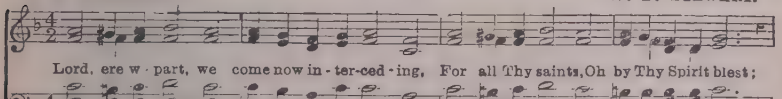


876

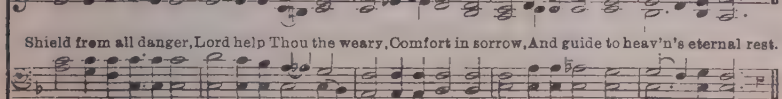
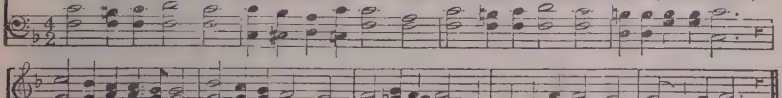
Lord ere we Part.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.

W. F. STEWART.



Lord, ere w - part, we come now in - ter - ced - ing, For all Thy saints, Oh by Thy Spirit blest;



Shield from all danger, Lord help Thou the weary, Comfort in sorrow, And guide to heav'n's eternal rest.

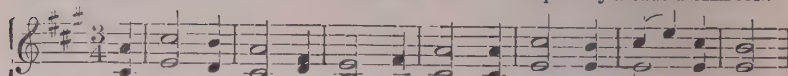
FAVOURITE PSALMS AND PARAPHRASES.

877

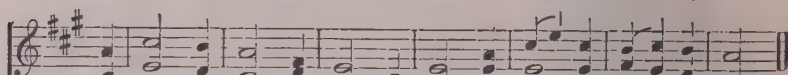
I waited for the Lord my God.

Psalm No. 40.

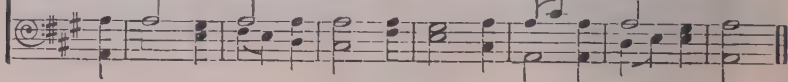
BALLERMA. C.M. Adapted by ROBERT SIMPSON.



1. I wait-ed for the Lord my God, and pa-tient-ly did bear;
 2. He took me from a fear-ful pit, and from the mi-ry clay;
 3. He put a new song in my mouth, our God to mag-ni-fy:
 4. O bless-ed is the man whose trust up-on the Lord re-lies;
 5. O Lord my God, full ma-n-y are the won-ders Thou hast done;



At length to me He did in-cline my voice and cry to hear.
 And on a rock He set my feet, es-tab-lish-ing my way.
 Ma-ny shall see it, and shall fear, and on the Lord re-ly.
 Res-pect-ing not the proud, nor such as turn a-side to lies.
 Thy gra-cious thoughts to us-ward far a-bove all thoughts are gone.

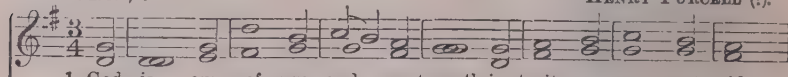


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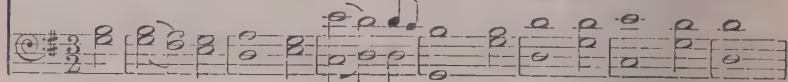
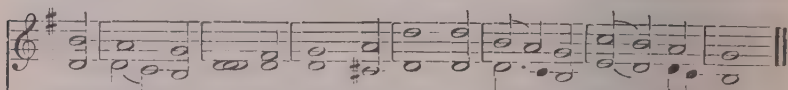
God is our Refuge.

Psalm No. 46.

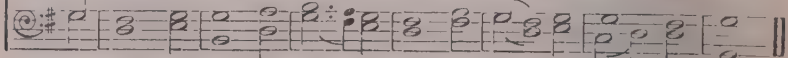
STROUDWATER. C.M. Wilkins's Psalmody, c. 1730.
 HENRY PURCELL (?).



1. God is our ref-uge and our strength, in straits a pres-ent aid;
 2. Tho' hills a-midst the sea be cast; tho' wa-ters roar-ing make,
 3. A riv-er is, whose streams make glad the ci-t-y of our God;
 4. God in the midst of her doth dwell; noth-ing shall her re-move:

Therefore, al-though the earth re-move, we will not be a-fraid:
 And trou-bled be; yea, tho' the hills by swell-ing seas do shake.
 The ho-ly place, where in the Lord most high hath His a-bode.
 The Lord to her an help-er will, and that right ear-ly, prove.

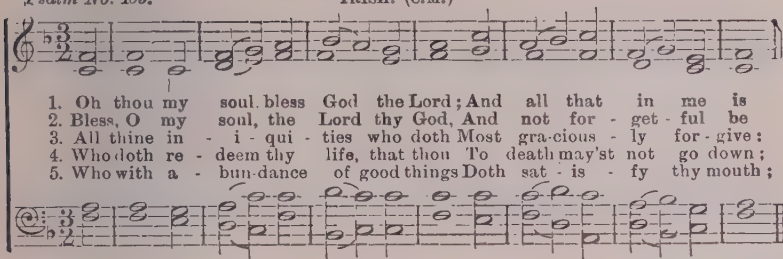


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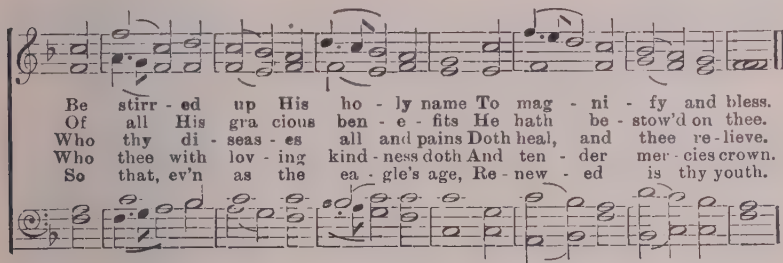
Oh thou my soul.

Psalm No. 103.

IRISH. (C.M.)



1. Oh thou my soul, bless God the Lord; And all that in me is
 2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
 3. All thine in - i - qui - ties who doth Most gra - cious - ly for - give;
 4. Who doth re - deem thy life, that thou To death may'st not go down;
 5. Who with a - bun - dance of good things Doth sat - is - fy thy mouth;



Be stirr - ed up His ho - ly name To mag - ni - fy and bless.
 Of all His gra - cious ben - e - fits He hath be - stow'd on thee.
 Who thy di - seas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
 Who thee with lov - ing kind - ness doth And ten - der mer - cies crown.
 So that, ev'n as the ea - gle's age, Re - new - ed is thy youth.

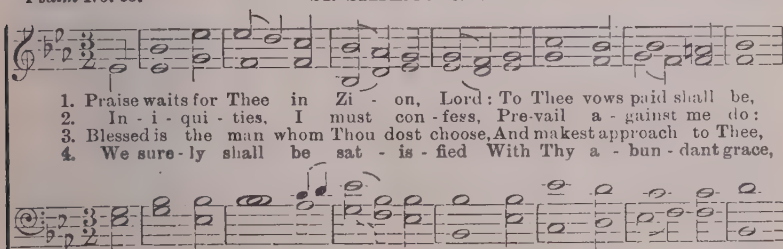
880

Praise waits for Thee.

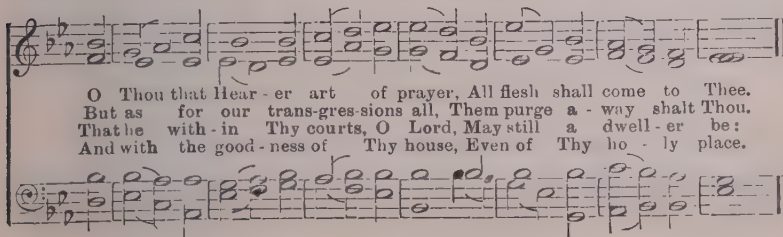
Psalm No. 65.

ST. STEPHEN. C.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



1. Praise waits for Thee in Zi - on, Lord: To Thee vows paid shall be,
 2. In - i - qui - ties. I must con - fess, Pre - vail a - gainst me do:
 3. Blessed is the man whom Thou dost choose, And makest approach to Thee,
 4. We sure - ly shall be sat - is - fied With Thy a - bun - dant grace,



O Thou that hear - er art of prayer, All flesh shall come to Thee.
 But as for our trans - gres - sions all, Them purge a - way shalt Thou.
 That he with - in Thy courts, O Lord, May still a dwell - er be:
 And with the good - ness of Thy house, Even of Thy ho - ly place.

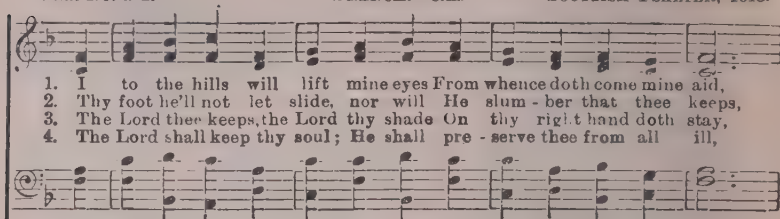
881

3 to the Hills.

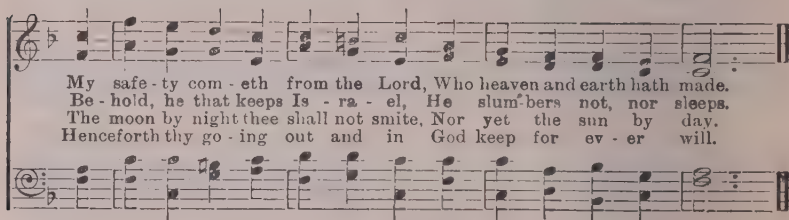
Psalm No. 121.

FRENCH. C.M.

SCOTTISH PSALTER, 1615.



1. I to the hills will lift mine eyes From whence doth come mine aid,
 2. Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will He slum-ber that thee keeps,
 3. The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade On thy right hand doth stay,
 4. The Lord shall keep thy soul; He shall pre-serve thee from all ill,



My safe-ty com-eth from the Lord, Who heaven and earth hath made.
 Be-hold, he that keeps Is-ra-el, He slum-bers not, nor sleeps.
 The moon by night thee shall not smite, Nor yet the sun by day.
 Henceforth thy go-ing out and in God keep for ev-er will.

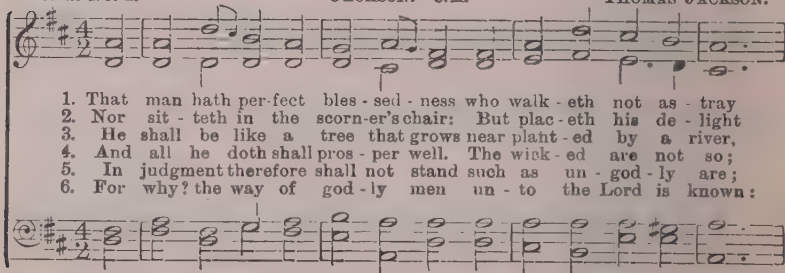
882

That man hath perfect Blessedness.

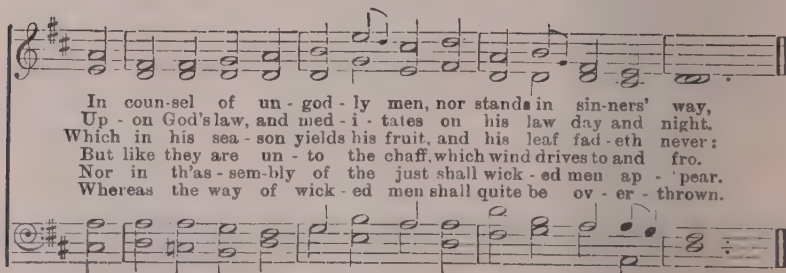
Psalm No. 1.

JACKSON. C.M.

THOMAS JACKSON.



1. That man hath perfect bles-sed-ness who walk-eth not as-tray
 2. Nor sit-teth in the scorn-er's chair: But plac-eth his de-light
 3. He shall be like a tree that grows near plant-ed by a river,
 4. And all he doth shall pros-per well. The wick-ed are not so;
 5. In judgment therefore shall not stand such as un-god-ly are;
 6. For why? the way of god-ly men un-to the Lord is known:



In coun-sel of un-god-ly men, nor stands in sin-ners' way,
 Up-on God's law, and med-i-tates on his law day and night.
 Which in his sea-son yields his fruit, and his leaf fad-eth never:
 But like they are un-to the chaff, which wind drives to and fro.
 Nor in th'as-sem-bly of the just shall wick-ed men ap-'pear.
 Whereas the way of wick-ed men shall quite be ov-er-thrown.

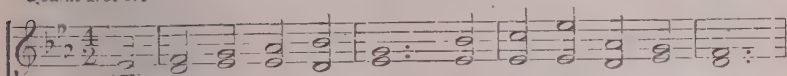
883

Lord, bless and pity us.

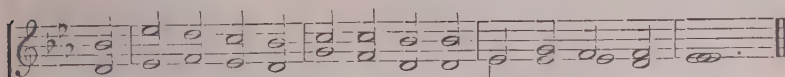
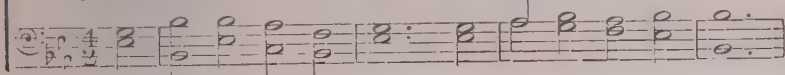
Psal'm No. 67.

FRANCONIA. S.M.

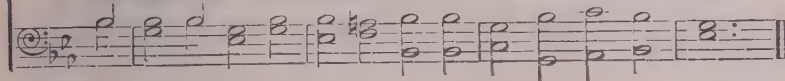
Muller's Choralbuch, 1754.



1. Lord, bless and pi - ty us, Shine on us with Thy face:
 3. Let peo - ple praise Thee, Lord; Let peo - ple all Thee praise.
 4. Thou'lt just - ly peo - ple judge, On earth rule na - tions all.
 6. The earth her fruit shall yield; Our God shall bless - ing send.



That th'earth Thy way, the na - tions all May know Thy sa - ving grace.
 O let the na - tions all be - glad. In songs their voic - es raise:
 Let peo - ple praise Thee, Lord; let them Praise Thee, both great and small.
 God shall us bless; men shall Him fear, Un - to earth's ut - most end.



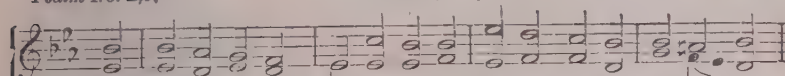
884

Lord Thou art my God.

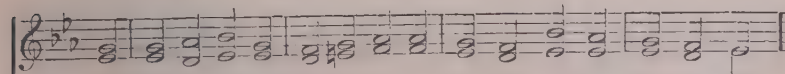
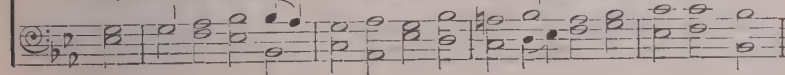
Psal'm No. 145.

MELCOMBE. (L.M.)

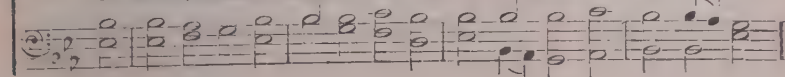
S. WEBBE.



1. O Lord, Thou art my God and King; Thee will I mag - ni - fy and praise;
 2. Each day I rise I will Thee bless, And praise Thy name time with - out end.
 3. Race shall Thy works praise un - to race The migh - ty acts show done by Thee.
 4. Thy wondrous works I will re - cord, By men the might shall be ex - toll'd



I will Thee bless, and glad - ly sing Un - to Thy ho - ly name al - ways.
 Much to be prais'd, and great God is; His great - ness none can com - pre - hend.
 I will speak of the glorious grace, And hon - our of Thy ma - jes - ty;
 Of all Thy dreadful acts, O Lord; And I Thy great - ness will un - fold.



Favourite Psalms : Paraphrases : Tunes.

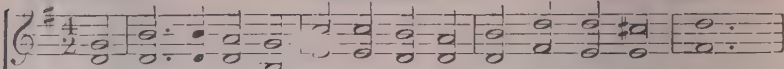
885

Come, let us sing.

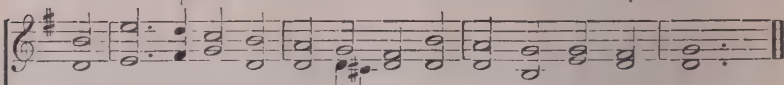
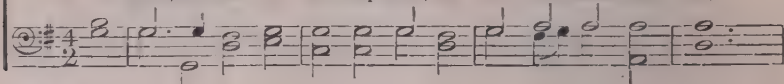
Psalm No. 95.

WINCHESTER. C.M.

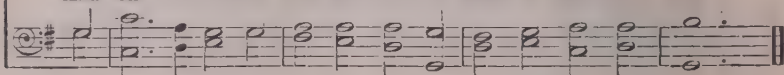
Este's Psalter, 1592.



1. O come, let us sing to the Lord : come, let us ev - 'ry one
2. Let us be - fore His pres - ence come with praise and thankful voice;
3. For God, a great God, and great King, a - bove all gods He is.
4. To Him the spacious sea be - longs, for He the same did make;
5. O come, and let us wor - ship Him, let us bow down with - al,



A joy - ful noise make to the Rock of our sal - va - tion.
 Let us sing psalms to Him with grace, and make a joy - ful noise.
 Depths of the earth are in His hand, the strength of hills is His.
 The dry land al - so from His hands its form at first did take.
 And on our knees be - fore the Lord our Mak - er let us fall.



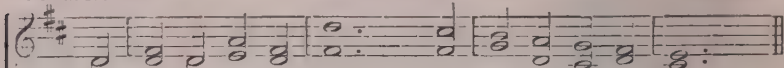
886

Praise God, for He is kind.

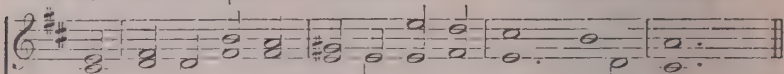
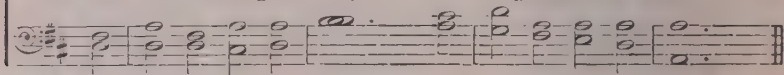
Psalm No. 136.

DARWELL'S.

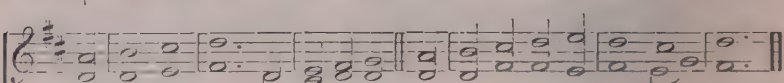
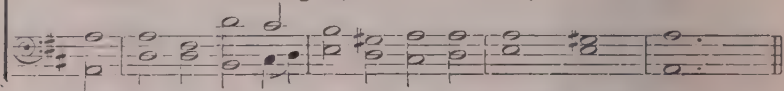
J. DARWELL



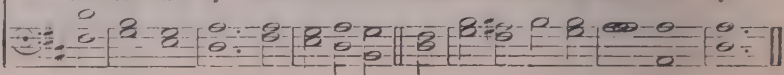
1. Praise God, for He is kind: His mer - cy lasts for aye.
2. Who hath re - men - ber - ed Us in our low en - tate;
3. Who to all flesh gives food; For His grace fail - eth ne'er.



Give thanks with heart and mind To God of gods al - way:
 And us de - liv - er - ed From foes which did us hate:
 Give thanks to God most good, The God of heav'n, for e'er:



For cer - tain - ly His mercies dure Most firm and sure E - ter - nal - ly.



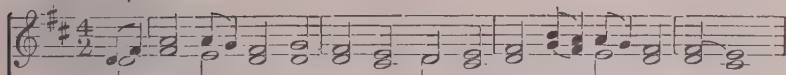
887

☉ send Thy light forth.

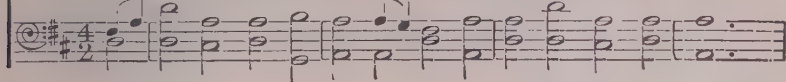
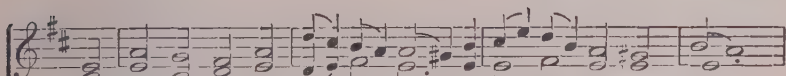
Psalm No. 43.

INVOCATION.

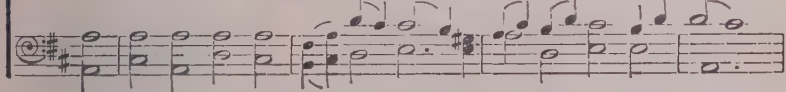
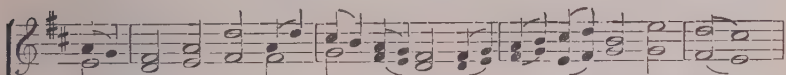
R. A. SMITH.



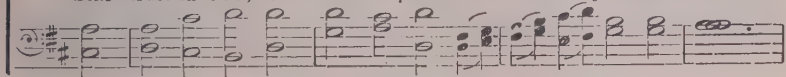
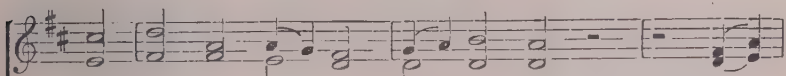
1. O send Thy light forth and Thy truth ; Let them be guides to me,
2. Why art thou then cast down, my soul ! What should dis-cour-age thee ?

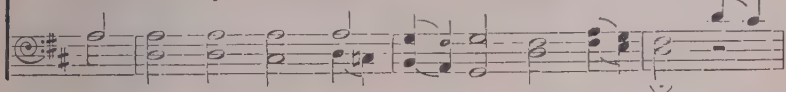
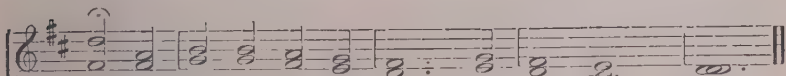
And bring me to Thine ho - ly hill, Even where Thy dwellings be.
And why with vex-ing thoughts art thou Dis-qui - et - ed in me ?

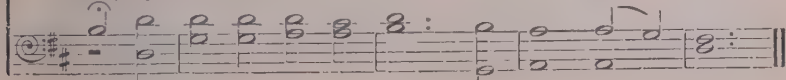
Then will I to God's al - tar go, To God my chief-est joy :
Still trust in God ; for Him to praise Good cause I yet shall have :

Yea, God, my God, Thy name to praise My harp, my
He of my countenance is the health, My God, my

harp, my harp I will em - ploy, I will em - ploy.
God, my God that doth me save, that doth me save.



388 Ye Gates, Lift up Your Heads on High.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH. (Psa. xxiv., 7-10.)

Rev. A. M. THOMSON, D.D.

mf 7. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; ye doors that last for aye,
mf 9. Ye gates, lift up your heads; ye doors, doors that do last for aye,

7. Be lift-ed up, that so the King of Glo-ry en-ter may.
 9. Be lift-ed up, that so the King of Glo-ry en-ter may.

1st time. Verse 8.

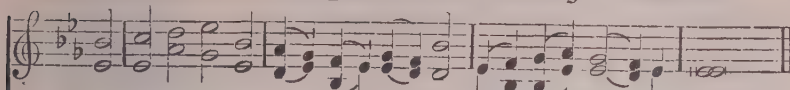
m 8. But who of glo-ry is the King? The Might-y Lord is this;

2nd time. Verse 10.

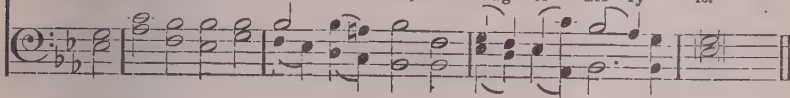
m 10. But who is He that is the King, the King of Glo-ry? who is this?

8. Even that same Lord, that great in might and strong in bat-tle is—
 ¶ 10. The Lord of Hosts, and none but He, the King of Glo-ry is—

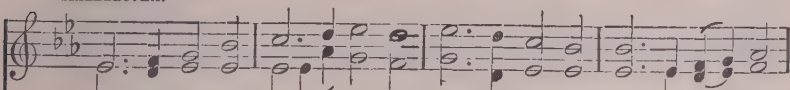
We Gates, Lift up Your Heads on High—Continued.



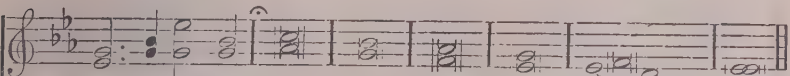
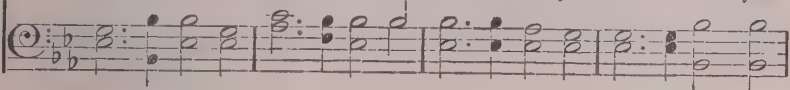
8. Even that same Lord, that great in might and strong in bat-tle is.
10. The Lord of Hosts, and none but He, the King of Glo-ry is.



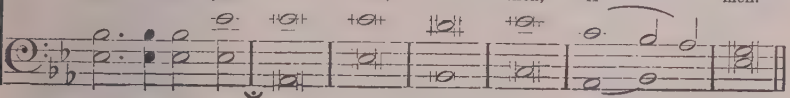
HALLELUJAH.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men.



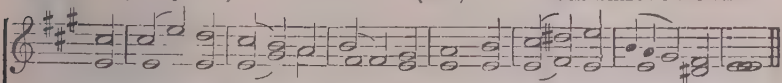
889

Blest Morning.

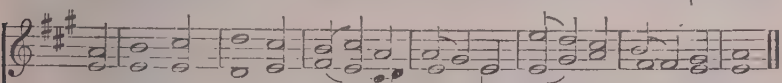
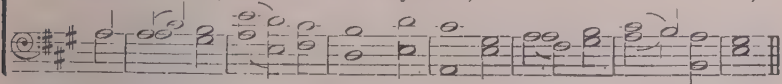
HYMN 4. (end of Par.)

HOWARD'S. (C.M.)

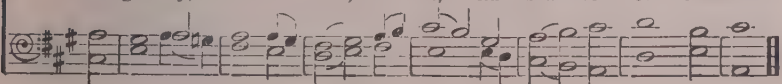
DR. SAMUEL HOWARD.



1. Blest morn-ing! whose first dawning rays, Be-held the Son of God
2. Wrapt in the si-lence of the tomb The great Re-deem-er lay,
3. Hell and the grave com-bin'd their force To hold our Lord in vain;
4. To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom we a-dore,



A-rise tri-umphant from the grave. And leave His dark a-bode.
Till the re-volv-ing skies had brought The third, th'ap-point-ed day.
Sud-den the Con-quer-or a-rose, And burst their fee-ble chain.
Be glo-ry, as it was, and is, And shall be ev-er-more.



890

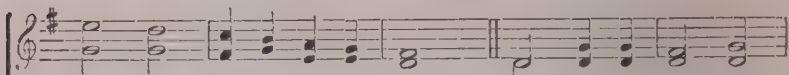
Now Israel May Say.

Psalms No. 124.

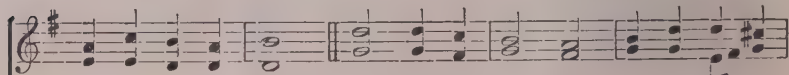
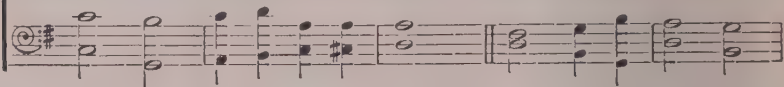
OLD 124TH.



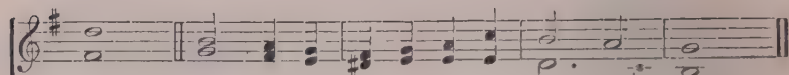
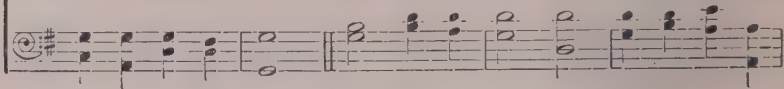
1. Now Is - ra - el may say, and that tru - ly, If that the
 2. Then cer - tain - ly they had devour'd us all, And swallow'd
 3. The rag - ing streams, with their proud swelling waves, Had then our
 4. E'en as a bird out of the fow - ler's snare Es - capes a



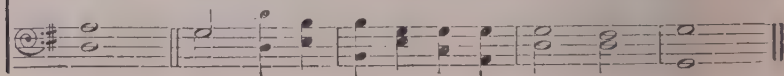
Lord had not our cause main - tain'd; If that the Lord had
 quick, for ought that we could deem; Such was their rage, as
 soul o'er - whelm - ed in the deep. But bless'd be God, who
 - way, so is our soul set free: Broke are their nets, and



not our rights sus - tain'd, When cru - el men a - gainst us fu - rious -
 we might well es - teem, And as fierce floods be - fore them all things
 doth us safe - ly keep, And hath not giv'n us for a liv - ing
 thus es - cap - ed we, There - fore our help is in the Lord's great



- ly Rose up in wrath, to make of us their prey;
 drown, So had they brought our soul to death quite down.
 prey Un - to their teeth and blood - y cru - el - ty.
 name, Who heav'n and earth by His great pow'r did frame.



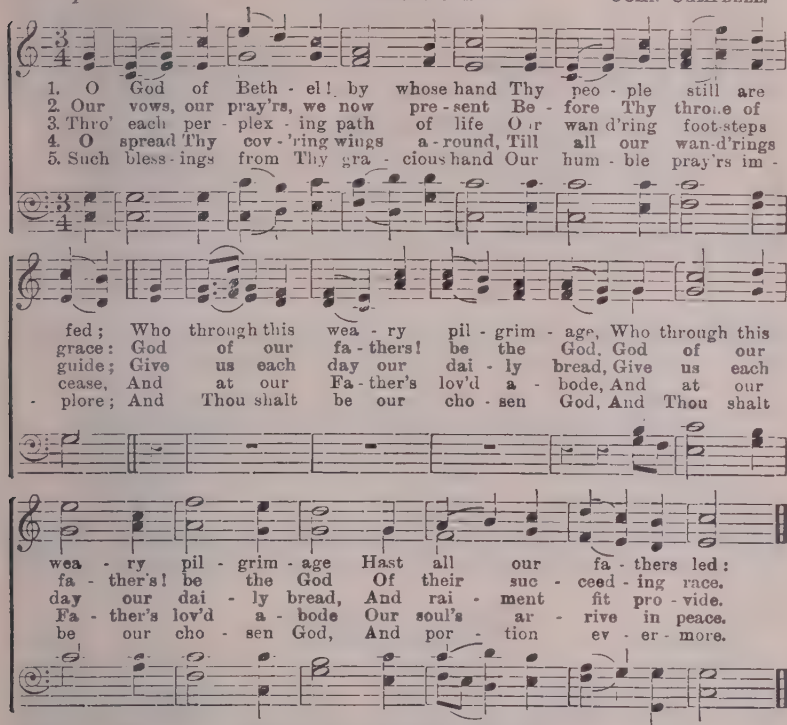
891

Paraphrase No. 2.

God of Bethel.

ORLINGTON. C.M.

JOHN CAMPBELL.



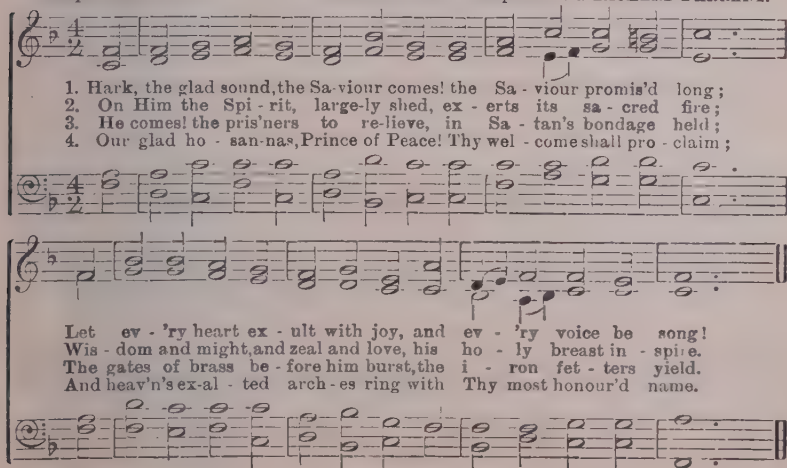
1. O God of Beth-el! by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are
 2. Our vows, our pray'rs, we now pre-sent Be-fore Thy throne of
 3. Thro' each per-plex-ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps
 4. O spread Thy cov-'ring wings a-round, Till all our wan-d'rings
 5. Such bless-ings from Thy gra-cious hand Our hum-ble pray'rs im-
 fed; Who through this wea-ry pil-grim-age, Who through this
 grace: God of our fa-thers! be the God, God of our
 guide; Give us each day our dai-ly bread, Give us each
 cease, And at our Fa-ther's lov'd a-bode, And at our
 plore; And Thou shalt be our cho-sen God, And Thou shalt
 wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led:
 fa-thers! be the God Of their suc-ceed-ing race.
 day our dai-ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro-vide.
 Fa-ther's lov'd a-bode Our soul's ar-rive in peace.
 be our cho-sen God, And por-tion ev-er-more.

892

Hark the Glad Sound.

Paraphrase No. 39.

FARRANT. C.M. Adapted from RICHARD FARRANT.



1. Hark, the glad sound, the Sa-viour comes! the Sa-viour promis'd long;
 2. On Him the Spi-rit, large-ly shed, ex-erts its sa-cred fire;
 3. He comes! the pris'n-ers to re-lieve, in Sa-tan's bondage held;
 4. Our glad ho-san-nas, Prince of Peace! Thy wel-comes shall pro-claim;
 Let ev-'ry heart ex-ult with joy, and ev-'ry voice be song!
 Wis-dom and might, and zeal and love, his ho-ly breast in-spire.
 The gates of brass be-fore him burst, the i-ron fet-ters yield.
 And heav'n's ex-al-ted arch-es ring with Thy most honour'd name.

893

Let not your hearts.

Paraphrase No. 42.

KILMARNOCK. (O.M.)

N. DOUGALL.

1. Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts Be troubled or dis-may'd;
 2. I to my Father's house return; There num'rous man-sions stand,
 3. I go your entrance to se-cure, And your a-bode pre-pare;
 4. Thence shall I come, when a-ges close, To take you home with me;
 5. I am the Way, the Truth, the Life: No son of hu-man race,

But trust in prov-i-dence di-vine, And trust my gracious aid.
 And glo-ry man-i-fold abounds Thro' all the hap-py land.
 Re-gions unknown are safe to you, When I, your Friend, am there.
 There we shall meet to part no more, And still to geth-er be.
 But such as I con-duct and guide, Shall see my Father's face.

894

Father of Peace.

Paraphrase No. 60.

GENESIS xxviii. 20-22.

P. DODDRIDGE.

SALZBURG. C.M.

HAYDN.

1. Fa-ther of peace, and God of love! We own Thy pow'r to save,
 2. Him from the dead Thou brought'st a gain, When by His sa-cred blood,
 3. O may Thy Spi-rit seal our souls, And mould them to Thy will,
 4. That to per-fec-tion's sa-cred height We near-er still may rise,

That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose Vic-tor-ious o'er the grave.
 Con-firm'd and sealed for ev-er-more, Th'e-ter-nal cov-enant stood.
 That our weak hearts no more may stray, But keep Thy pre-cepts still.
 And all we think and all we do, Be pleas-ing in Thine eyes.

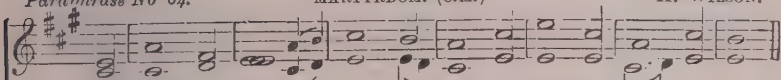
895

Behold the Saviour.

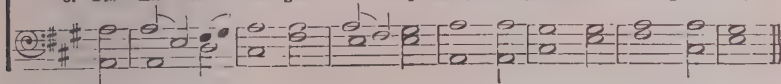
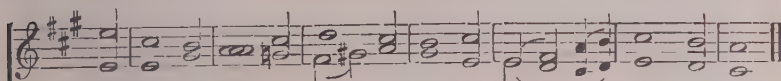
Paraphrase No 64.

MARTYRDOM. (C.M.)

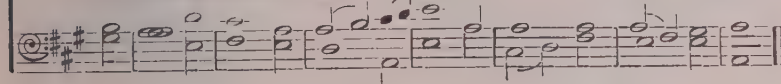
H. WILSON.



1. Be-hold the Sa-viour on the cross, A spec-ta-cle of woe!
 2. Till death's pale en-signs o'er his cheek And trembling lips were spread;
 3. 'Tis fin-ish'd—was His lat-est voice; These sa-cred ac-cents o'er,
 4. 'Tis fin-ish'd—the Mes-si-ah dies For sins, but not His own;
 5. 'Tis fin-ish'd—all His groans are past; His blood, His pain, and toils,
 6. 'Tis fin-ish'd—Le-gal wor-ship ends, And gos-pel a-ges run;

See from His ag-on-iz-ing wounds The blood in-cess-ant flow;
 Till light for-sook His clos-ing eyes, And life His droop-ing head!
 He bow'd His head, gave up the ghost, And suf-fer'd pain no more.
 The great re-demption is com-plete, And Sa-tan's pow'r o'er-thrown.
 Have ful-ly van-quish-ed our foes, And crown'd Him with their spoils.
 All old things now are past a-way, And a new world be-gun.



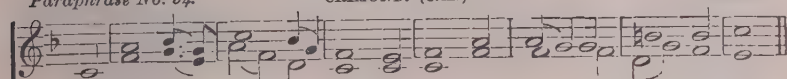
896

I'm not ashamed.

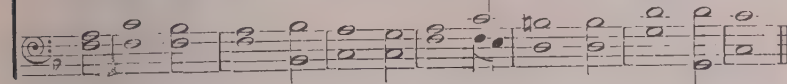
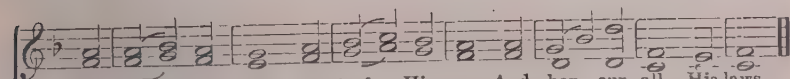
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CRIMOND. (C.M.)

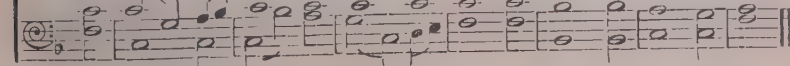
D GRANT.



1. I'm not a-sham'd to own my Lord, Or to de-fend His cause,
 2. Je-sus, my Lord! I know His name, His name is all my boast;
 3. I know that safe with Him re-mains, Pro-tect-ed by His pow'r,
 4. Then will He own His ser-vant's name Be-fore His Fa-ther's face,

Main-tain the glo-ry of His cross, And hon-our all His laws.
 Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 What I've com-mit-ted to His trust, Till the de-ci-sive hour.
 And in the New Je-ru-sa-lem Ap-point my soul a place.

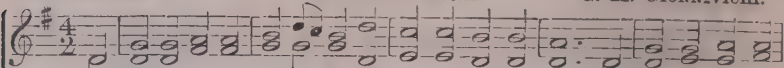


897 How bright those glorious spirits.

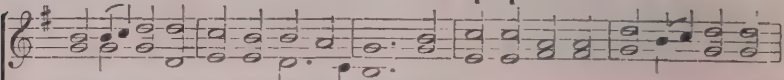
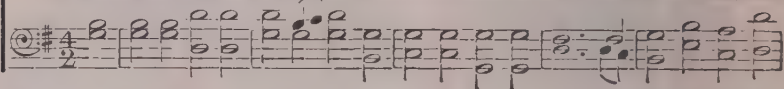
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ISAAC WATTS.

ST. ASAPH. D.C.M.

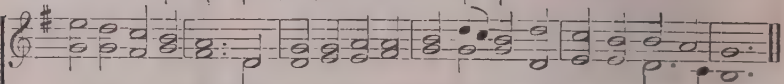
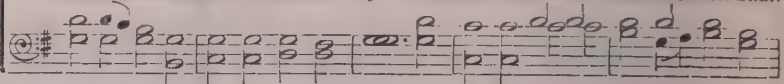
G. M. GIORNIVICHI.



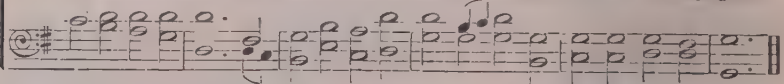
1. How bright those glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white ar-ray? How came they to the
2. Now, with triumphal palms, they stand Before the throne on high, And serve the God they
3. Hunger and thirst are felt no more, Nor suns with scorching ray; God is their sun, whose



bliss ful seats Of ev-er-lasting day? Lo! these are they from sufferings great, Who
love amidst The glo-ries of the sky. His presence fills each heart with joy, Tunes
cheering beams Diffuse e-ter-nal day. The Lamb which dwells a-midst the throne Shall



came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have washed Those robes which shine so bright,
ev-ry mouth to sing; By day, by night, the sa-cred courts With glad ho-sannahs ring.
o'er them still preside; Feed them with nou-rish-ment di-vine And all their foe steps guide.



898 The Lord's my Shepherd.

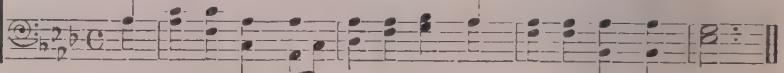
Psalm No. 23.

COVENANTERS' TUNE. C.M.

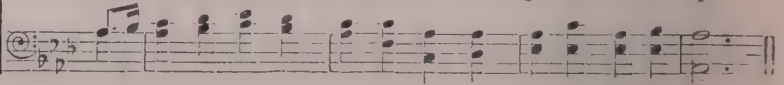
Words next page.



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want. He makes me down to lie
The qui-et wa-ters by, The qui-et wa-ters by



In pastures green: He lead-eth me the qui-et wa-ters by.



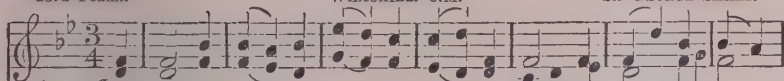
899

The Lord's my Shepherd.

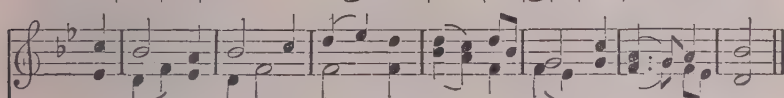
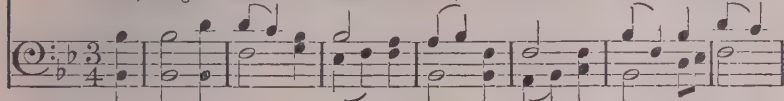
23rd Psalm.

WILTSHIRE. C.M.

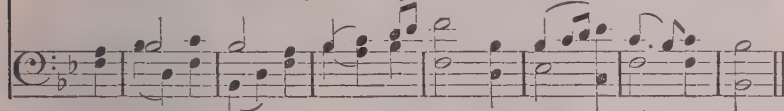
Sir GEORGE SMART.



1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re-store a-gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet will I fear none ill;



In pas-tures green; He lead-eth me The qui-et wa-ters by.
 With-in the paths of right-eous-ness, Ev'n for His own name's sake.
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com-fort still.



4. My table Thou hast furnished
 In presence of my foes;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
5. Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

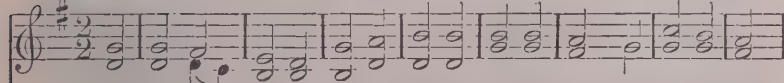
900

All People that on Earth.

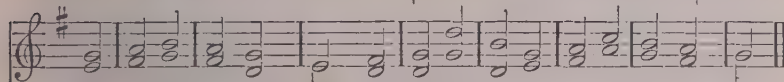
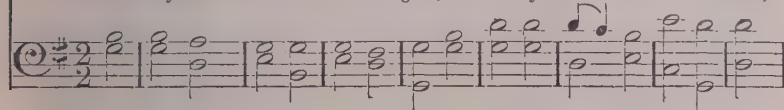
100th Psalm.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L.M.

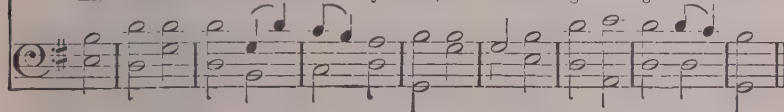
G. FRANCO.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed, With-out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for ev-er sure;



Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
 We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.



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